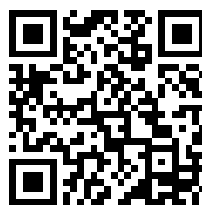
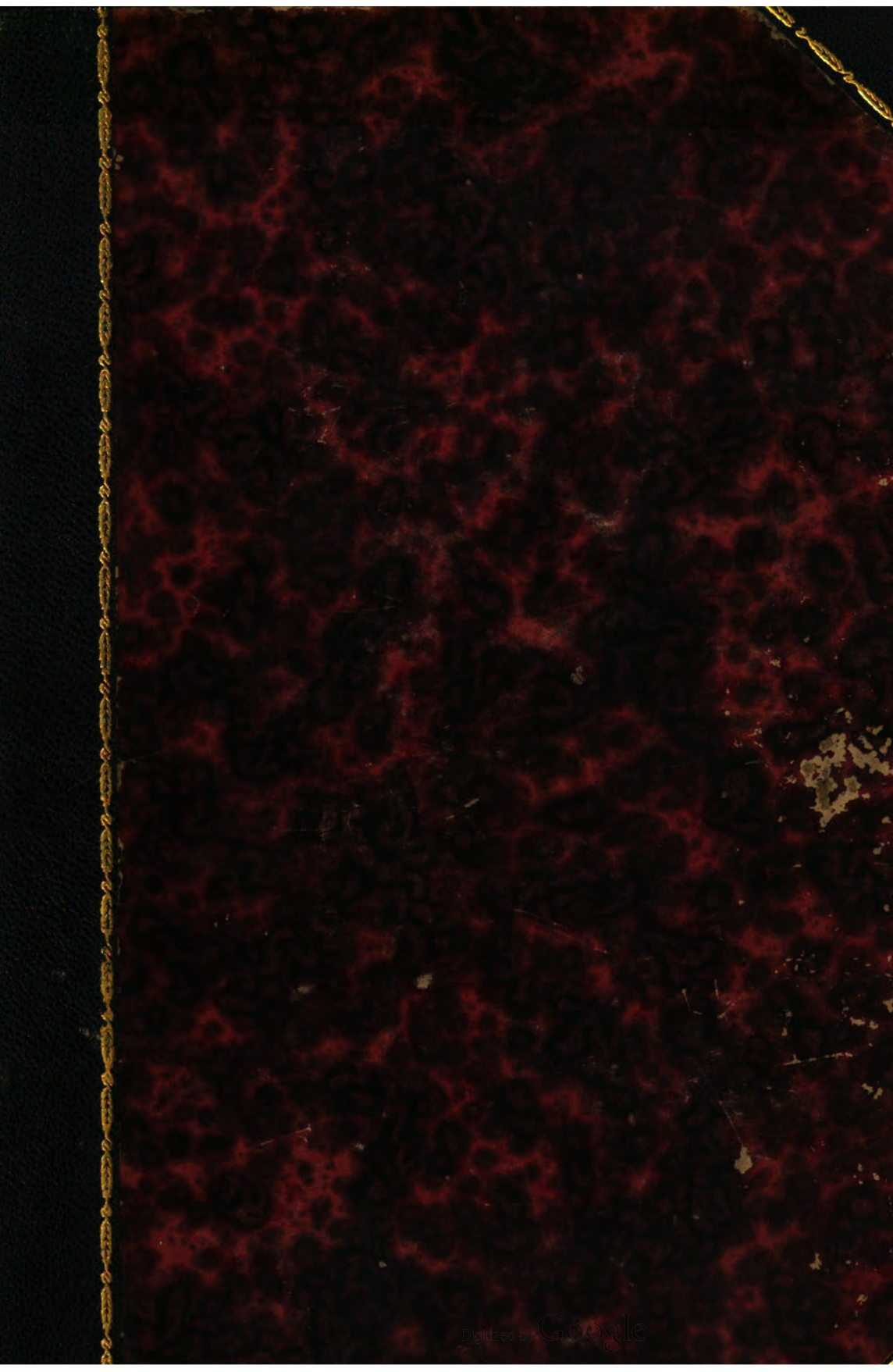

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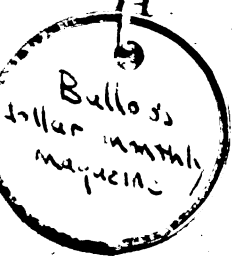
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BALLOU'S
DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XIII.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1861.



BOSTON:
OFFICE OF THE WELCOME GUEST, THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, AND WEEKLY NOVELETTE.
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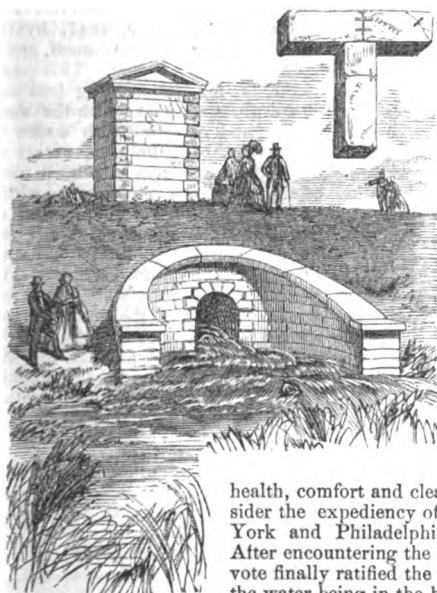
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BOSTON, JANUARY, 1861.

WHOLE No. 73.

THE COCHITUATE WATER-WORKS.



WASTE WIER OF COCHITUATE AQUEDUCT, WEST NEEDHAM.

F. Baldwin composed this board of commissioners—gentlemen eminently qualified to fulfil the important task assigned. The vacancy created by the death of Mr. Jackson was filled by the appointment of Mr. Thomas B. Curtis, and under their superintendence the work was completed in 1848. After Long Pond had been decided on, the commissioners secured the services of Mr. E. Sylvester Chesborough and Mr. W. S. Whitwell, as engineer and assistant engineer, with Mr. Jervis, of the New York Croton Works, as consulting engineer. Work was commenced on the 19th of August, 1846. Long Pond, or Lake Cochituate, the source of the aqueduct, is a large sheet of water lying in the towns of Natick, Framingham and Wayland, and the distance from the reservoir on Beacon Hill to the gate house at the lake, by the line of water-works, is twenty miles. The lake is of irregular shape, with indented shores, and its greatest extent is from north to south. Its area is 684 acres. The aqueduct commences at the eastern shore of the pond, and is carried out some distance into it. The works here consist of a bulkhead arranged with gates, and for the protection of the work, a gate house of granite, delineated on the next page. The aqueduct is built of brick, and is of an egg-shaped oval form, with the broader end downward, the greatest width being five feet, and the extreme height six feet four inches, composed of brick masonry eight inches thick, laid in hydraulic cement. This form of construction secures the greatest strength. A plastering of cement is laid on the inside from the bottom to the top of the water line, and also on the outside from the top to the chord line of the lower or inverted arch. By this means the escape of water from the

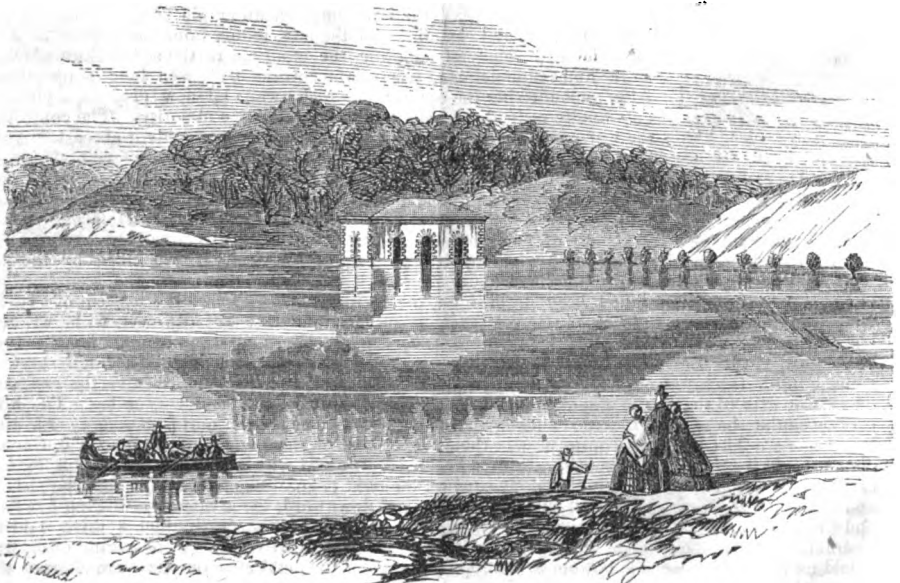
HE interest naturally felt by our citizens in their great system of water-works, has prompted us to offer in the present number of our Magazine a series of views drawn expressly for us by Mr. A. Waud, who visited the whole line of water-works for this purpose, and made his sketches on the spot. His drawings, eight in number, delineate the Waste Wier of the Cochituate at West Needham, the Gate House, Framingham, the Cochituate Dam in the same town, a Viaduct at Newton Lower Falls, the Bridge over the Charles River at Newton Lower Falls, the Brookline Gate House, Large Reservoir at Brookline, and the Beacon Hill Reservoir in this city, a structure Roman in its character of simplicity and solidity. Apart from their illustrative purpose, many of these pictures are pleasing as mere landscapes. Not many years since, the inadequacy and bad water of the city of Boston, the inability of the Jamaica Pond Company to supply the higher parts of the city the total dependence of a large portion of the population on rain water for the purpose of washing, the importance of an ample supply to ensure the

health, comfort and cleanliness of the city, induced our authorities to consider the expediency of adopting the example of the sister cities of New York and Philadelphia, where water-works had been long in operation. After encountering the opposition which awaits all new projects, a popular vote finally ratified the undertaking by a decisive majority. The control of the water being in the hands of the city, the people enjoy it at cost. After an examination of the various sources of supply, a board of commissioners was appointed by the City Council in 1844, "to report the best mode and the expense of bringing the waters of Long Pond (now Lake Cochituate) into the city." The late Patrick T. Jackson, Nathan Hale and James

inside, or its intrusion by percolation from the outside, is guarded against. The aqueduct descends three inches to the mile. At the natural outlet, where the lake flows into Concord River, a dam has been constructed of stone masonry to close the lake or regulate the discharge of water from it. The daily discharge of water through the aqueduct itself is estimated at about 7,000,000 wine gallons. At Newton there is a remarkable piece of work consisting of a tunnel cut through a ledge of rock 2410 feet in length. Through the greater part of this distance the roof of the tunnel consists of solid rock of a hard and durable character; but the remaining portion having a tendency to decompose by exposure to the atmosphere, is lined with brick masonry. Wherever, on the line, pipes are substituted for the aqueduct, waste wiers have been erected for the discharge of such surplus water as is not received by the pipes. Gates to regulate the fall of water are enclosed in suitable buildings. Our first engraving represents one of these water wiers.

The Brookline reservoir has an area of nearly twenty-three acres, twenty-three feet deep in the easterly portion, and ten feet in the westerly. At the western end is a granite structure for the receiving gates, where the great brick conduit enters. The bank surrounding the reservoir consists of earth, principally sloping on each side, and is rendered impervious to water by a bank of puddled earth in the middle, going so far below the natural surface of the earth as was found necessary to connect it with a tight bottom. The exterior front of the embankment, where it rises beyond eight feet in height, is supported at the base by a bank wall, the material of which was taken partly from a quarry foundation within the basin, and partly from the Quincy granite quarries. At the eastern extremity of the reservoir

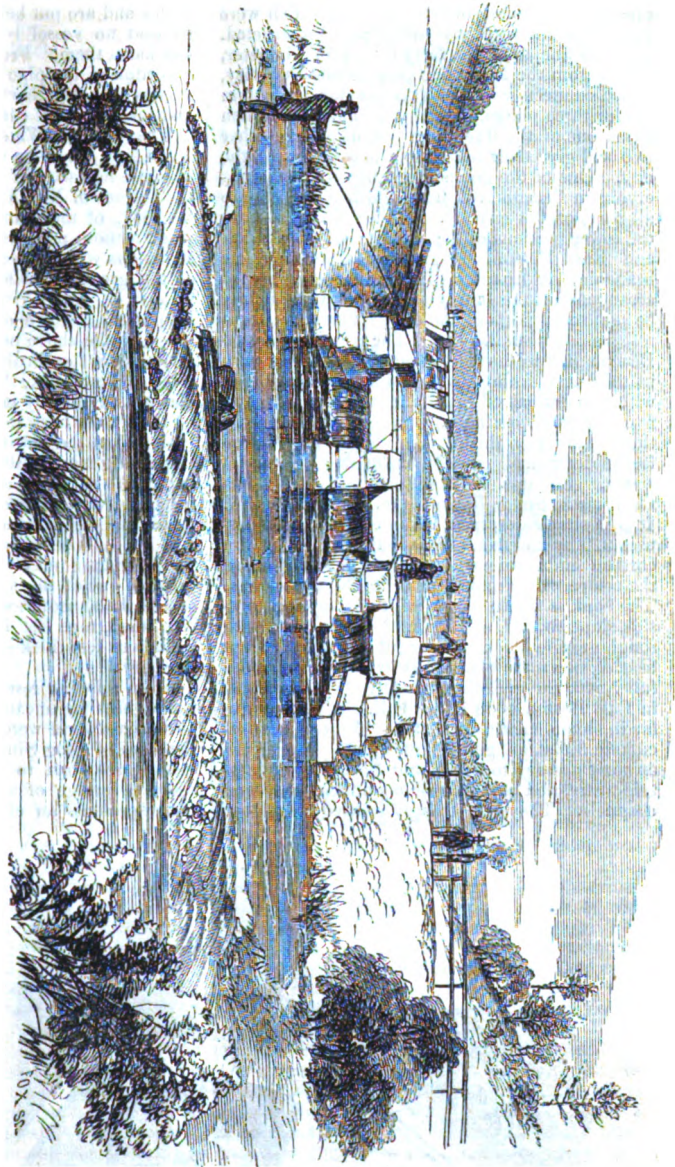
is the beautiful gate house of granite, represented in one of our engravings. The gates to receive and shut off the water are fitted in solid and durable masonry. The floor is on a level with the surface of Lake Cochituate. This building contains the requisite chambers and passages for regulating the delivery of water, either from the reservoir, or, in case of absolute necessity, from the aqueduct itself. These iron pipes, each three feet in diameter, lead from the chambers and connect with the main pipes conducting into the city. The water pipes, laid twenty feet below the ordinary level of the reservoir, enter the city through Brookline and Roxbury, over the Tremont Road. We give a view, among our sketches, of the main reservoir of the city on Beacon Hill, an imposing granite structure, built to endure through time. It is situated near the State House, on a lot of ground bounded by Derne, Temple, Mt. Vernon and Hancock Streets. The corner-stone of the reservoir was laid on Saturday, November 9, 1847, by the mayor, in presence of the City Council, and a vast body of citizens and strangers. This reservoir is of granite, the foundation being laid and every part of the work performed with the most scrupulous fidelity and care, and with a view to the greatest durability. It is built on arches of fourteen and three-fourths span, which, in consideration of the enormous pressure to which they are subjected, were set on foundations of immense strength. The reservoir covers an area of 40,000 feet, and will hold three millions of gallons of water. The water is raised 112 feet above the tide level, and six and a half feet above the level of the floor of the State House. The water was let into the brick aqueduct at the lake October 12, 1848, at 41 o'clock, A. M. No accident marred the introduction of the Cochituate into the city. The celebration took place



GATE HOUSE, LAKE COCHITUATE, FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

October 25, 1848, with imposing ceremonies. The water works are now under the superintendence of Mr. James Slade, City Engineer. We should have mentioned that the conduit is not continued over the valley of the Charles River, but three lines of iron pipes are laid instead, two of them 30 inches, the other 36 inches in diameter. These descend the sides of the valley in the natural earth, but cross the river on a granite bridge of three elliptical arches of thirty feet span, and seven and a half feet rise. These iron mains were each originally nine hundred and seventy-nine feet long. Since the break they have been lengthened about one hundred feet, and are now less liable to accident than formerly. The pipes descend sixty-one feet, and the water in the river is seventy-four feet below the top of the conduit. At each end of this valley are pipe-chambers for regulating the flow of water through the pipes. There is but one ventilator in the whole length. It is found that the water becomes sufficiently aerated while passing through the Brookline reservoir on its way to the city, and that even this one ventilator might be dispensed with. There are four waste weirs on the line of conduit which are used to let off water whenever the conduit is to be cleaned out, or whenever any accident occurs which requires expeditious repairs. It is usual to draw off the water once in each year, to examine, repair and clean it out. Nearly the entire length of the conduit is laid below the natural surface, part of the way thirty feet deep, and in the tunnels from sixty to eighty feet deep. There is a very neat granite viaduct near the Charles River pipe valley. The conduit at this point is in very heavy embankment,

COCHITUATE DAM, FRANKINGHAM, MASS.



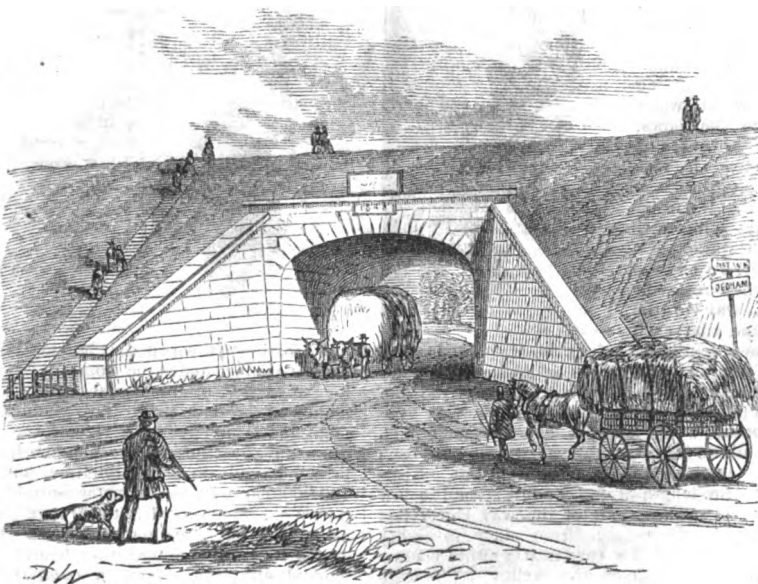
and crossing a town road, it became necessary to build a viaduct under the conduit large enough for the passage of the largest teams in each direction at the same time. This viaduct, embankment and bridge over the river form altogether quite an attraction to the neighborhood. The principal reservoir is in Brookline, and contains 120,000,000 gallons of water suitable for use. There are three sets of gates to regulate the flow of water to the three mains to the city. These are of iron, with composition bearing surfaces, worked with iron screws in composition nuts. The mains leading to the city are of cast iron,

one thirty-six and one thirty inch, which were laid when the work was originally constructed. Another line of pipes, forty inches in diameter, is laid from the Brookline gate house to the city, which connects with the two previously laid in two or three places, in such a manner that when either one of the three lines is shut off, the other two will give their full supply to all parts of the city. One of the mains leads directly to the reservoir on Beacon Hill, from which it radiates to all parts of the city. The other main leads to the lower portions of the city, as well as to South and East Boston, by pipes of a smaller size branching off from it. The main pipes are so arranged that the supply through either one may be sent to all parts of the city. There are three reservoirs within the city. The principal one on Beacon Hill we have noticed. The walls vary in thickness from two and a half to three feet, with foundations of granite four and a half and five feet thick, resting on concrete varying from three to six feet thick. The basin is fourteen feet in depth and contains 2,700,000 gallons of water. Its area is 28,000 square feet. The reservoir in South Boston is on Telegraph Hill. It is in shape a segment of an ellipse, and measures 370 by 260 feet. It is built with an entire earthen embankment, having a puddle wall in the centre which makes it perfectly water-tight. The bank is fifteen feet in width on top, the outside slope sodded, and the inner slope faced with rough granite blocks to prevent the waves from beating down the banks. It will contain when full 7,500,000 gallons of water. The reservoir in East Boston is on Eagle Hill. It is rectangular in shape, measuring 325 by 150 feet. It will contain 5,500,000 gallons of water. The pipes on their passage to South and East Boston cross tide-water, and pass in syphons under four deep channels. They are strongly incased in timber

boxes and are put below the bottom of channels, so that no vessel lying over them at low water can harm them. From Chelsea to East Boston a portion of the pipe is laid with a flexible joint. It was put together on a platform above water and lowered till it came to a firm position.

The Croton Water-Works, supplying New York city, are of an earlier date than ours. The absolute necessity of a supply of pure water for the citizens of New York, led to the undertaking, in 1837, of the immense Croton Aqueduct, a work without precedent since those Roman constructions which have perpetuated the grandeur of the great republic of ancient times. The Croton, a small river rising in the Catskill Mountains, and about sixty miles from New York, at the above period swelled with its tributary stream the lordly Hudson. To bring this river to New York, they stopped it some miles above its mouth by means of a dike, which forced the waters back into a reservoir, a sort of lake hollowed in the centre of fifty acres of land, and containing many million gallons of water. This dam, built of earth, and strengthened with solid masonry, was sixty feet thick at its base, and fifty feet in height. As the reservoir was deeply enclosed, it was necessary, to leave an issue to this immense mass of water, to dig a tunnel through one of the surrounding hills. To this tunnel the aqueduct was joined, six and a half feet broad, nine feet high, and built entirely of walls four feet thick—a masterpiece of hydraulic masonry.

From this first reservoir the aqueduct traverses twelve hills by means of subterranean tunnels, of which several were cut through rock. Near the town of Sing Sing, where the State Prison is located, they had to cross a deep ravine, over which a bridge of a single arch was thrown, which presents an elliptical development of 88



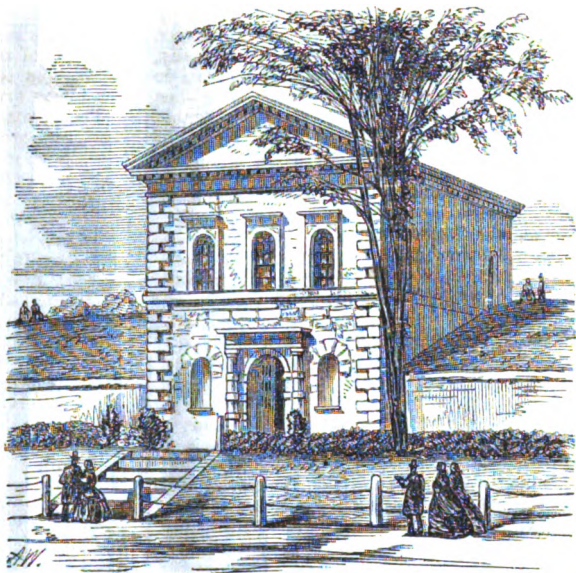
VIADUCT, NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

et, and whose height is a hundred feet above the torrent which dashes noisily into the bed prepared for it. Another ravine, broader but shallower—that of Sleepy Hollow—was crossed by a bridge of five arches. But the most gigantic labor of this structure is the bridge over the Harlem River, which brings the water into Manhattan Island. On issuing from the Harlem Bridge, at King's Bridge, the aqueduct is resumed in masonry, which traverses the hill of Manhattanville, nearly at its summit, in a tunnel a quarter of a mile in length. Then, on issuing from this tunnel, the aqueduct is composed of pipes, like those of the bridge, which descend an inclined plane to the depth of two hundred feet, and afterwards ascend to a similar height on the opposite hill. The valley of Clendenning, the last wet in its whole course, is crossed by means of a bridge, whose highest arch is 40 feet in height.

On the other side of the valley is the first reservoir. It is situated at Yorkville, sixty miles from Croton lake, and forms a parallelogram of a capacity of thirty-five acres, surrounded by a wall of rough masonry about sixty-five feet high. The soil, composed of argillaceous earth mixed with rocks, serves as a base to this immense structure, the interior of which is divided into two reservoirs. These vast basins are destined to form a reserve, in case the flow of the water should be interrupted by any damage to the aqueduct. It contains 160,000,000 gallons water.

The second basin, which is the distributing reservoir, is situated on Murray Hill, in 42d Street. It is smaller than that of Yorkville, but its structure is of more remarkable workmanship. It forms an oblong square, and covers a space of five acres. The bed of the reservoir is of impermeable masonry, covered with flags of gray marble. It is 440 feet square, and is divided into two compartments by a wall 19 feet thick at the base and five at the summit. The four walls which form the parallelogram are 35 feet at the base, and narrow as they rise, so as to form on each face a slightly inclined plane. The perpendicular height of the outer face is 60 feet, that of the inner face, which forms the depth of the reservoir, is 48 feet. The water rises to 40 feet, and composes a mass of twenty-two million gallons. At the eastern extremity of the division wall is a discharging tunnel in masonry, to get rid of the surplus water, which communicates with a subterranean aqueduct ending in the river Hudson. The tunnel is perpendicular; but to prevent the cascade mining the soil as it falls, an enormous block of granite is placed at the bottom, which is always covered with eight feet of water.

The architecture of this reservoir is of severe aspect. It might be taken for one of the fortresses of Upper Egypt, monuments of the Pharaohs and Osirises. It is a structure belonging to the style of the ancient cities found in Yucatan, and whose analogy to those of Egypt is remarkably curious.



BROOKLINE GATE HOUSE.

tan, and whose analogy to those of Egypt is remarkably curious. This reservoir and the Tombs in Centre Street are the only monuments of this kind in New York. From the top of this reservoir, on the esplanade formed by the walls, you have a view of the whole city of New York, and when the sky is clear and limpid, the eye can embrace the magnificent panorama of the empire city of the United States, from the north to the Narrows, and the distant horizon of Staten and Long Islands.*

The two reservoirs we have just described communicate together by a double line of cast iron pipes three feet and a half in diameter. The water is also conveyed into the city by a double range of pipes, from which branch smaller ones at the intersection of each street, forming a vast subterranean network whose innumerable meanderings glide into all the houses of New York, and ascend to the highest story of each building.

In a word, the Croton Aqueduct forms an immense subterranean gallery of masonry, eight feet five and a half inches high, by seven feet five inches broad. This structure extends sixty miles from Croton River to the distributing reservoir. The water traverses sixteen tunnels, varying in length from a hundred and sixty to one thousand nine hundred and ninety-five feet.

At Sing Sing the aqueduct passes over a ravine a hundred feet deep, by the aid of a bridge eighty-eight feet broad and twenty-five feet thick. At Harlem it crosses the river in a place where it is nine hundred feet broad, on a bridge composed of eight arches one hundred and fifty feet each above the water, and seven other arches whose height varies according to the inclination of the two mountains. The length of this bridge is two thousand three hundred and fifty feet. In order to give free passage to the streams and springs intersected by the aqueduct, a hundred and fourteen arches have been built, whose total



LARGE RESERVOIR AT BROOKLINE.

length is nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-five feet. Thirty-five ventilators, raised fourteen feet above the soil, and placed at two miles distance apart, permit the circulation of air in this immense subterranean canal, and allow of descending into it when there are repairs to be made.

The Croton Aqueduct furnishes New York about twenty-seven million gallons of water in twenty-four hours, when the water is at the lowest. This liquid mass is collected in the first reservoir, and flows thence to the second, whence it is distributed to the city.

"MERRIE ENGLAND."

We have no fault to find with all the kindly things that are said just now about the mother country, and we think sincerely that it is about time to bury old grievances, and to let by-gones be by-gones. But when England is held up by Anglomaniacs as a model, we feel disposed to check the spurious enthusiasm by the statement of a few facts respecting her much-vaunted government. In England the elective franchise is held by 1 in every 19 of the gross population; in Scotland by 1 in 30, and in Ireland by 1 in 43! Hurrah for the British constitution! A majority of the House of Commons is elected by one-fifth of the total registered electors of Great Britain! About one-third of the House of Commons is so constituted that it embraces only 6 marquises, 7 earls, 21 viscounts, 34 lords, 25 right honorables, 47 honorables, 56 baronets, 9 knights, 8 lord-lieutenants, 75 deputy and vice-lieutenants, 53 magistrates, 64 placemen, 108 patrons of church livings, 3 admirals, 3 lieutenant-generals, 3 major-generals, 22 colonels, 28 lieutenant-colonels, 16 majors, 43 captains in the army and navy, 21 lieutenants in the same, and 4 cornets.

The soil of Great Britain is divided among 30,000 persons. In 1780, the total number of landed proprietors in England was 250,000, instead of 30,000 as now, and that number is rapidly diminishing, as the process of absorption goes on. The expenses of the royal family, their private spending money, levied in taxes on the nation, amount only to about £700,000 per annum, of which Prince Albert (poor fellow!) receives only about forty or fifty thousand! The expenses of maintaining the royal residences are only about £70,000 a year. The coachmen,

ostilions, and footmen of the queen cost a mere trifle annually—a bagatelle of £12,563. The expenditure of the royal steward for one year (according to the civil list) was £63,907, one item of which was £3130 for washing table linen. From this item it appears that 250,000 table cloths, at 3d. each, must have passed through the hands of the washerwoman, or about linen enough to encircle the entire globe! The full regalia of the crown, to be sure, is rather expensive, it must be confessed—the cost of the jewels alone in the royal bauble being £111,900. The annual cost of the executive government of Great Britain is £919,453, which is only about fifty-seven times the cost of our own, and when we consider what a fine thing it is to be governed as the British people are governed, who but a miser would count the difference?

Then the British institutions can boast of a list of pensioned officials—a thing unknown to our unsophistication. There is scarce one of these gentlemen who does not receive a salary larger than the highest paid to any of our governors. The annual cost of the diplomatic corps is £344,275; but then, for the credit of the country, the noble and honorable ambassadors and envoys live like gentlemen! Of the pensioners for "civil services," many of whom are ladies of slender reputation, some receive £4000 per annum. The Grafton peerage has cost the British nation two millions fifty-seven thousand six hundred and fifty-eight pounds sterling—the House of Marlborough a million and a half

sterling! Then what a fine thing glory is! Let us see at how cheap a rate the "Meteor flag of England" has been supported. The peace establishment of England in thirty-four years cost £549,083,112; the average annual expenditure being nearly equal to that of the whole annual cost of our executive government.

But the church establishment is the crowning glory of the British nation. The revenues of the English church (Church of England and Wales, not reckoning Ireland) amount to £10,000,000 annually in round numbers. The revenue of the Archbishop of Canterbury amounted in one year (1843) to £27,705, that of the Archbishop of York to £20,141. How well do these beneficiaries obey the injunction of Scripture, "not to be given to filthy lucre," because "they that will be rich fall into temptations and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." On the beauties of the State Church of Ireland we have not space to enlarge. Suffice it to say, by way of specimen, that in eight parishes in Ireland, there are 173 church members, that the tithes amount to £4860, and that consequently each man, woman and child costs about £28 per annum. Who will dare deny, after reading the above (in which it will be observed that the sums stated are pounds sterling, the pound being equivalent to \$4 84 of our currency) that England is a great nation, that the blessings promised and bestowed of the British government and throne are unspeakable, and that John Bull ought to be, if he is not, the happiest animal on the face of creation?

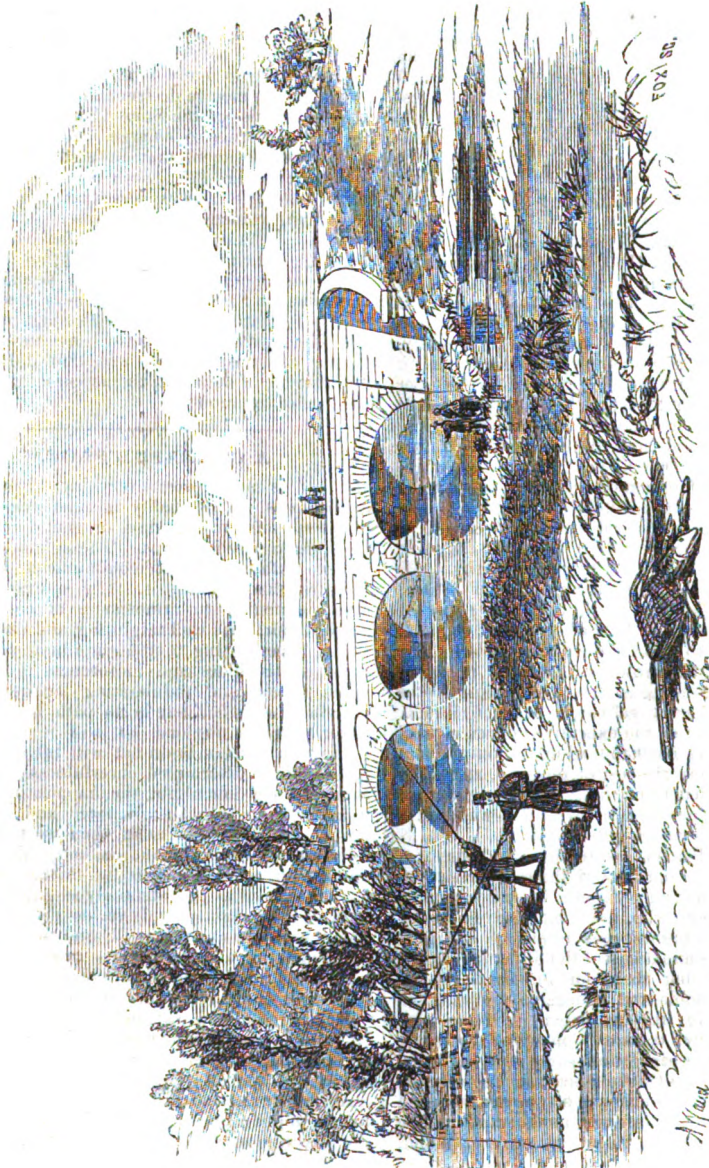
A CHEERFUL FACE.

There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor, hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. Ill comes to us as providentially as good—and is a good, if we rightly apply its lessons; why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and of Christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and sullenness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortune; if death robs us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are only gone before, to the blissful bowers where we shall all meet, to

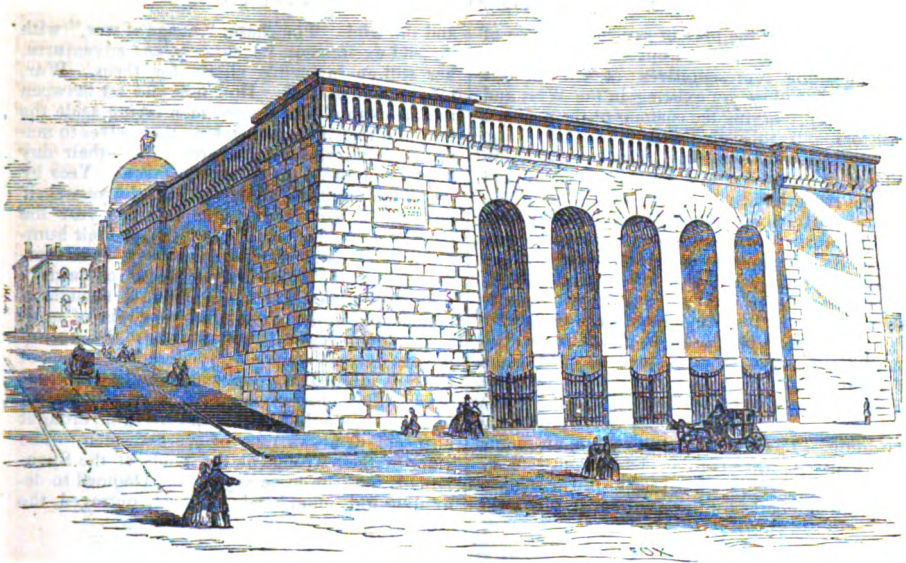
part no more forever. Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. Nothing so helps self-control as cheerfulness. It will be your consoler in solitude, your passport and commendator in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your steady cheerfulness. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay, and vulgarly humorous but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy heart and a pure and quiet spirit.—*Boston Traveller.*

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

When Garrick was in Paris, Preville, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa, and being in a gay humor, he proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly plied between Paris and Versailles, on which road Preville's villa was situated. When they got in, Garrick ordered the coachman to drive on; but the driver answered that he would as soon as he got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick. He determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out



BRIDGE OVER CHARLES RIVER, NEWTON LOWER FALLS.



BEACON HILL RESERVOIR, BOSTON.

or passengers, Garrick slipped out at the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, palmed himself upon the coachman as a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted into the coach each time as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. Garrick whipped out a third time, and addressed himself to the coachman, who said, in a surly tone, that "he had got his complement;" he would have driven off without him had not Preville called out that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would accommodate the gentleman and make room for him.—*Theatrical Annals.*

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

The Paris Journal des Debats, in the course of a letter from Shanghai, states that a number of foreign adventurers have joined the imperial troops, and in their conflicts with the Tai-Ping rebels, are achieving a desperate and bloody reputation. Among these soldiers of fortune is an American named Ward, who, it appears, agrees to capture cities by job-work. The correspondent writes: "Ward had collected a troop of four to five thousand Tagals, belonging to Manila, and about a dozen sailors from different seaports of the east. He and his men were paid by Tou-Tai, or Mayor of Shanghai, three hundred and fifty taels, or about three thousand francs a month, and he enjoyed the title of colonel. The retaking of Sung-Kiang brought the gallant colonel the sum of 87,500 francs. The city of Tsing-Pow, near Shanghai, was taken by the rebels. The Tou-Tai was in great trepidation, but Ward re-assured him, and offered to make all right for a personal reward of 300,000 francs. Arrived at Tsing-Pow he gave the signal of assault, and was received by a shower of balls. But Ward is brave, and he determined to prove himself worthy the confidence of the Tou-Tai. Twice

repulsed, twice he returned to the charge. Climbing the walls with but about fifty of his followers, he found himself face to face with the chief of the Tai-Pings; he fired at him twice but missed. 'You rascal,' replied his adversary, in good English, 'I'll show you I can fire better than you!' and he did show it by shooting the colonel in the stomach and leg. Yet Ward escaped, though the greater portion of his men were lost. He is now at Shanghai; and as he is of good constitution, it is probable that in a few weeks he will be up again and at the head of a band of brigands, anxious to repair his ill luck."

COLLECTING POSTAGE STAMPS.

The Boston Daily Advertiser says that there is now a mania in some circles for collecting postage stamps of all nations. Some collections number three hundred varieties. It says the comparisons of the different heads and legends adopted by the several powers of the world, makes the collections something more than a mere pastime, and gives to it something of the dignity and value of a collection of coins or medals. The stamps of Mauritias and Hawaii, we believe, are accounted among the most rare, and next to these may be named the Russian, for which, acting as amateur stamp-broker, we should readily be authorized to offer a half dozen of the more common Italian, German, or French varieties, and perhaps hundreds of English or American. The great variety of stamps obtainable ceases to be surprising when it is recollected that in each of the countries where they are employed at all, several denominations are issued; and in some of them (as in the United States) there are old and new patterns, all of which are necessary in a complete collection. This elegant and curious "mania" is now chiefly indulged by young ladies, but we cannot tell how soon it may take possession of more mature persons.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE INDIANS.

Accompanying the present article is a series of well engraved illustrations from authentic sketches, delineating representatives of the various tribes of aborigines yet existing in the West and South, still preserving the customs of their savage ancestors, still subsisting chiefly by the chase, and finding their supreme glory in battle, in spite of persistent efforts to civilize them and change their habits, in spite of the progressing wave of civilization rolling towards and from the Pacific, and threatening the ultimate extinction of the primitive lords of the soil. Of the number of Indians still existing in North America, few are seen in the older and more densely settled States. Here and there, surrounded by white men, as at Marshpee, in this State, a little handful cling together, who have adopted some of the habits of the whites, but the impossibility of the co-existence of the Indian and the white man seems an established rule, only proved by exception. There is, with the Indian, an innate repugnance to the regular labor and steady habits which give the white race its pre-eminence. They are emphatically the children of the forest

and the wild. The chase, "image of war," with its wild excitement, its dangers and adventures, has still an invincible charm for them. War, too, is their passion. How few and far between are the examples of the red men laying aside the bow and the rifle, and betaking themselves to mechanical and agricultural arts. No—their day has passed away, their sun has set. Year by year their numbers diminish, year by year their territory is contracted, and year by year the cities of the pale-faces encroach upon their hunting-grounds and wigwams. They have borrowed from the whites only weapons of destruction and potions of death. There is something melancholy in this obliteration of a race of men. Their doom was sealed the moment the keel of the discoverer's caravel grated on the sands of St. Salvador. The white-winged messengers that bore to the shores of the New World the cross, and the standard of Castile and Arragon, brought also the death-warrant of the red men. The story of their wrongs at the hands of the Spaniards is too trite to be repeated. Doomed to degrading toil, plundered, insulted, outraged, the



A LIPAN WARRIOR.



PAPAGOS WOMEN.

gentle savages of the tropics wilted away before the breath of the white invaders. The Indians of the north were made of sterner stuff, and experienced more justice at the hands of the whites. Still they were treated with sufficient severity; and when they chose to send the snake-skin and arrows, in token of defiance, the war they courted was waged with pitiless sternness. The "heathen salvages" were shot like dogs, and in spite of all their bravery and adroitness, and knowledge of the country, they proved no match for the men who had beaten the royal troops at Worcester and Naseby, the iron men of the "Bible and the Sword," who overturned the British monarch. Poetry, song and painting have embalmed the memory of the old possessors of the soil; but they themselves have left no memorials in the lands which they once occupied. Their frail wigwags have long since perished; the ploughshare has obliterated all traces of the graves of the dead, and only here and there a lake, a river, or a mountain, preserves the music of their disused tongue. Why need we wonder that with

so many traditions of departed glory and landed wealth as they possess, they sometimes fiercely turn to bay and avenge the wrongs of their ancestors on the descendants of the men who dispossessed them of their native soil? It is vain to quote the arguments of learned writers to show that nomadic tribes have no right to any territory which is needed by civilized men, it is vain to tell how many jack-knives and brass buttons, and iron nails were given for the site of a city; we must look at these contests from an Indian stand-point. Then, while we admit that the fire and sword must be used to guard our frontiers, we can conceive how it is there that scenes of blood and vengeance occur. Critically examined, there is little to excite sympathy in the Indian character. The Indians are, almost to a man, cruel, haughty and sensual. They degrade their women and load them with the severest tasks. Even their bravery is not of that exalted character which commands admiration, and is always tarnished with ferocity. Mutilation and torture are freely inflicted on the fallen foe, and

a tribe rarely takes the war-path, if it is not sure that its numbers are far greater than those of the enemy. Yet there are many striking traits in the Indian character, a certain picturesqueness of thought and language, hospitality, respect for the dead, contempt of suffering. Poets and romance writers have made the most of these salient features, but it is not in poetry and romance that we are to look for faithful delineations of the Indian race. We must rather seek them in the stories of pioneers and hunters, of travellers who have "summered and wintered" them, of explorers, traders and agents.

The accompanying pictures are all authentic. One of them represents a family of Diegeno Indians on their travels. This people are of the San Diego country, and are among its curiosities. They were converted by the Jesuits many years ago. They became partly civilized and were industrious and happy, and collected many comforts about them. Naturally lazy and incapable of self-government, and deeply imbued with all the traits of the wild Indian, they soon degenerated, after the missions had fallen from under

the rule of the church, and have become worse than in their original condition. Many of their women are said to be beautiful, and all of them are well developed and superbly formed. They imitate the whites in dress, and on a single person one may sometimes see odds and ends of clothing from all parts of the world.

Adjoining the Diegeno, and owning a part of the same great valley, that of the Colorado, is the nation of Yuma Indians, delineated in another engraving. These are said to be a very treacherous people; they conquer by craft and cunning, and delight in midnight attacks; they invite each other to feasts under the garb of friendship, and suddenly fall upon and kill their guests; or, taking advantage of the absence of the warriors from their villages, massacre the old women and the young children, and carry off as prisoners the young women and larger children. They possess but few horses, and carry on their expeditions on foot. Their war weapons are bows and arrows, clubs and knives, with which they make sad havoc among their enemies. They are of the medium height, and of a dark brown color,



PIMO WOMEN.



DIEGENO INDIANS TRAVELLING.

and many of the women are beautiful in form. An essential article of dress, worn by the men as depicted in one of our sketches, is a piece of coarse cloth; and the women wear a becoming dress, woven out of the inner bark of the willow, which article is also represented. The front portion is woven plain, but the back into an irregular shape, with a lump on each side, answering the purpose and appearing like a bustle. On this protuberance the women carry their young children, a rope passing around the child, and the ends tied together in front of the mother. Both sexes paint, and the men wear longer hair than the women. Their language is not sweet, but the two damsels before us glory in the soft names of Ma-vah and Le-och. Unmarried women are taken care of by the tribes; when a death occurs in a village it is immediately deserted; and the bodies of their dead they consume with fire. They are fond of games, and squat down and play a game of cards, even upon a journey. Although constantly in the water, these Indians never use canoes, but swim from shore to shore. In their rude way they cultivate melons, corn, pumpkins,

and beans, the last being a main dependence, and their favorite animal food is the mule.

Another of our portraits is that of Noco-shimatt-tash-tanaki, or Grisly Bear. He is a Seminole, and the principal chief of that part of his nation, consisting of about 2500 souls, who emigrated from Florida a few years ago, and now reside on the prairies west of the Arkansas River. He comes of the same cunning, ferocious, and determined race who so long ago defied the power of the government. Though accustomed to the use of the horse, it will be perceived that our friend prefers to stand forth as a pedestrian.

Another curious race found in the Valley of the Gila, are the Pimo Indians, two females of whom are represented in one of our engravings. They are farther advanced in the ways of civilization than any other barbarous people on the Mexican frontier. They have among them many great warriors, and yet they habitually work laboriously in the field. They are the owners of fine horses and mules, fat oxen, cows, pigs, poultry, etc. They consider themselves the descendants of the Aztecs, and claim Montezuma to have

been of their tribe. Their huts are of an oval shape, not high, built of reeds and mud, and thatched with wheat straw; their country, during the proper season, being covered with fields of the waving golden grain.

Another of our engravings represents a Lipan warrior. He belongs to a tribe residing in Texas, and numbering not more than six hundred souls. Though they have rendered some service as guides, they are in reality a race of horse thieves; and the fine animal upon which the Indian is mounted is, probably, one of the acquisitions of his last foray. Another tribe of aborigines is that known by the name of Papagos. They wander over the country from San Javier as far west as the Tinajas Altas. They were at one time a formidable tribe, and waged unceasing war against the Mexicans. They are comparatively well off in worldly goods, planting corn and wheat, and possessing cattle and horses. They are, at the present time, a quiet and inoffensive tribe. The women dress respectably, but the men go nearly naked. One portion of the tribe have a superstition which makes them afraid of water, preventing them from erecting

their houses in sight of a river or a lake; while others prefer a residence on the immediate banks of the salt lakes near the Gulf of California. The two specimens shown in our second illustration, are accurate representations of the women of the tribe.

THE RIVAL DANSEUSES.

Miska Hauser, the violinist, thus describes an exciting scene which he recently witnessed in Melbourne, Australia: The curtain rose. A French dancer, an elegant, supple young lady, of no great beauty, but much expression, and apparently on good terms with herself, appeared in the scene in her short, lace dress, received by an outburst of applause, and by the martial trumpets of the orchestra. But from the other side came a youthful, blooming Spanish creole, with beautiful eyes, large and soft; her complexion rosy, her figure tall; in fact, the impersonation of Terpsichore. She bowed modestly—it was her first appearance at Melbourne—and the enthusiasm of the public, surprised by her beauty, manifested itself in vehement cheers. The two



YUMA INDIANS.



GRISLY BEAR, A SEMINOLE CHIEF.

dancers struggled for the palm of victory in a graceful Tarantula. Like two glittering butterflies they whirled round, accompanied by music and applause. The mercurial Parisienne made use of her most refined *pirouettes*, of her most enchanting attitudes; but the creole seemed patronized by the Graces themselves. Thundering applause encouraged her; and as often as she came forward with her graceful modesty, nose-gays and rings and bracelets were thrown at her feet. The French lady struggled with her last strength against the triumph of her rival, until, disheartened and exhausted, she fell to the ground. The creole approached her with compassion to raise her, when suddenly the Parisienne darted up, and with looks full of hate and fury, boxed the ears of her rival. The audience hissed and hooted, while she exclaimed, with much passion: "The wretch tripped me?" The poor creole declared with dignity that she was innocent of the meanness; but a vulgar word which slipped out of the lips of the French dancer against her, suddenly roused all the passions of the south in her bosom, and a singular struggle

began. The two excited ladies rushed upon each other, and wrestled and tore, and pulled one another's hair, while the thunders of the gallery made the whole atmosphere vibrate. I never saw a more natural performance. The better class of the public did not interfere, but seemed rather to be amused by these Olympic exercises, until the creole, bleeding and fainting, was carried away from the scene. Some officers, who, from a box, had witnessed the spectacle, were revolted at the conduct of the Parisienne, and sent for the police to arrest her, but her friends collected and resisted the constables. A riot ensued; a portion of the public rushed on the stage; they jumped across the orchestra; the fiddles and bass viols were broken; the ladies were fainting; children crying; and I took to my heels with my fiddle and ran away without stopping until I reached my hotel.

Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws. She hums the old well-known air through innumerable variations.



NO^THER rolling year has swept away

A deep and thrilling chord of hopes and fears
Suspended unresolved—and yet, to-day,

December through the gloom once more appears;
His step falls noiseless on the yellow leaves

Stripped from the naked boughs by gusty showers,
And round his brow the dying Autumn weaves

An empty wreath of faded passion-flowers.

Month follows month—the summer roses die,

December's worthless leaves we hold instead;

Still shall the early snowdrops, by-and-by,

Spring up, with tender message from the dead;

And we, subdued by winter's snow and rain,

Will smile through chastening tears when sunshine
breaks again.

[ORIGINAL.]
INTIMATE FRIENDS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"Dear me! there comes old Susy Brown!
The gossip of the place;
I do declare I'd rather see
Old Nick's black, sooty face!
I'll bet a dime she's come to dine,
Snuff-box, sharp nose, and all!
Hark! there's the door-bell!—Katy, run
And answer to her call—
I'm not at home, remember, Kate,
But up to Beechwood Hall!"

"Dear Mrs. Brown, how do you do?
Did Kate say I was out?
Ah me, the stupid, stupid thing!
The thick-skulled, Irish lout!
Just from 'swate Ireland,' hard to teach—
Do lay aside your bonnet!
You're such a stranger!—bless my heart!
I do insist upon it!
Why, really, your coming here
Deserves a song or sonnet!"

"The baby?—O, he's very well;
Yes, thank you, cutting teeth—
Two little pearls through upper jaw,
And one through underneath;
Yes, Mrs. Brown, you truly say
He is an angel child.
A heart so pure and dutiful,
A soul so undecayed;
And then a temper like his ma's—
So amiable and mild."

"Yes, Mary Ann's away at school—
The darling of my girls!
Young Pinkerton, the merchant's clerk,
Is raving o'er her curls.
And Johnstone (he's the lawyer's son),
Declares her azure eyes
Were made to set his heart on fire,
And wreck his life in sighs.
Poor fellow, I should truly weep,
If for her love he dies!"

"It was so kind in you to come,
I've thought of you all day;
I'm so rejoiced you've come at last
For such a social stay.
Here, Katy, light the parlor fire,
And wheel the sofa up;
Dear Mrs. Brown will spend the day,
And with me dine and sup.
Bring out the porcelain—and mind,
Tea, a good, lively cup!"

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MADMAN'S STORY.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

"COME nearer to me, little girl! Do not be afraid. Let me whisper something to you. Come closer—there! These men you see standing about here are all crazy; see how they

smile and mutter and glare at you! They would hurt you, if they could; but they know better than to come near you while Thomas Craige is about. You see they fear me because I am the only one in this whole building who is not mad. There, put your soft little hand in mine—don't mind if I do clasp it closely! I love to have little girls' hands in mine—it seems to do me so much good! Don't shrink from me because those poor, mumbling creatures look at you so wildly. I say they can't harm you, for observe when I look at them sharply, how they slink into the corners! There, watch that lean fellow who is twisting his bony hands inside out at the window! I'll tell you why he was brought to this asylum (for this is an asylum, little girl, but those poor foolish fellows don't know it). O, how he came here! Yes, I was almost forgetting; for I do forget a great deal sometimes—a great deal! Well, he was a tailor, and his wife died and he went mad, and the doctors sent him here; and there he stands, for hours together, looking out into that nice garden beyond, and straining his poor hands—twisting the fingers in and out. I was always sorry for him until I found out he was a tailor, and then I hated him. I always did hate tailors! What business had a tailor to be crazed when his wife died!—the insolent! Did I crush your hand? Bless you, little girl, I did not know it! There, there, darling! I will not talk so fast again, and will not forget myself any more!

"Who is that pale gentleman who sits there all alone, and is always smiling? O, nobody, my child! he is not even respected as a maniac. Only a poet—a crack-brained fellow who spends his whole time in winter in blowing upon the glass and tracing verses over the misty surface with his pointed finger-nails. None of his fellow-lodgers would notice him at all, were it not that he is of a good family; and good families, you know, must be respected even in a mad-house. But there is Green! Is it not laughable to see how woful he looks? Let me whisper to you, little girl! He was put in here because he went mad for love—*love*, mind you! And he has such a strange humor in his madness, that he takes delight in taunting me with being mad—*me!* ha, ha!—and crazy for love, little girl. Me, the keeper of this Bedlam, mad! Ha, ha! Do I frighten you? Well, don't take away your fat little hand, and I will tell you Green's story even while he is looking at us so keenly; and do you smile, little girl! for then your little angel's face seems to make my heart beat less wildly, and— But I will tell you Green's story; and O, I am a famous story-teller!

"In a sweet little valley in Pennsylvania, dwelt Major Russell, his wife and daughter—who was always called Belle Russell; but, little girl, you know Belle wasn't her name—only the people called her so because she was so very handsome. Ruth her name was, and some called her Ruthie. Major Russell was a great lawyer, and in all the big cases, conflicts with railroads and banks, and other large corporations, he was retained as counsel—that is, you know, being paid by one party in the suit to fight (in law only, little girl,) against the other side.

"At the time I tell you of, Green was a youth about twenty years of age, and was a clerk in Major Russell's office in Blithevale. He was handsome then, tall, finely formed, black curling hair, large, fine eyes whose deep expression softened down a good deal, it seemed to me, the rich bright color upon his cheeks. A little different figure—was he not, little girl?—from that shambling idiot opposite, who watches us with his steady, insulting glance. But never mind, I must laugh a little to myself as I think of Green then—happy, handsome and young—and watch the poor fellow opposite, haggard, shrunken and old.

"Thomas Green was a good, steady and valuable clerk to Major Russell; but he was no more fit to be a lawyer, my child, than you are to be a horse jockey. His heart was as soft as a woman's; and many a poor creature came out from the major's private office in Blithevale looking careworn, disappointed and sad, who was stopped by Thomas Green in the front office and relieved from their troubles by the kind-hearted clerk.

"He was a dreaming fellow too—was this clerk; he would sit at his desk by the little window for hours together, sometimes, and while his pen would be poised over the parchment ready to commence a deed, or draw up an indenture, the pen would never touch the clean sheet, but the young man would be forgetting the office, and dreaming strange dreams. No, I do not mean that he would go to sleep—no, no, little girl! for he would never close his eyes, but he would be looking out upon the beautiful valley, upon the thick pines in the distance, which covered the side of the mountain with their beautiful dark green, and which crept up to the very highest points and made a regular line of the rich color against the clear blue sky beyond. And he would watch and strain his eyes way over the hills, to catch the beauties of the sun as it played pranks with the distant country—first making the rich fields look golden and full of shimmering light, then allowing the clouds to

obscure the orb, and the creeping shadows to advance over the broad pastures and cover them up with a mystic, bluish haze which seemed to confine much of the softened sunlight underneath a few stray beams which had not time to escape—and he would watch all this till the shadows would creep away again, and old Sol (that's the sun, you know, little girl, and not the poor fellow over there who attends to our bagatelle table) would brighten everything up and chase the misty haze into the dark woods.

"Then up to the sky he would turn his gaze, and fancy all sorts of strange things in the clouds. The fleecy mountains moving in the heavens were hosts of horses, and they were mounted by huge giants; and when the sun would rim the edges of the clouds with gold, he would fancy the warriors had on glittering armor. And then they would rush to battle, and when the wind blew more strongly, he could hear the hollow echoes of the artillery; then huge castles were destroyed, and men and horses were tumbling about together; then all would disappear, and the same mild blue of heaven, quiet and calm, would be in place of the rushing legions and the quaint castles; then he would forget all about the sky and fields, and the beautiful silvery stream which wound at the base of the high hills, although his eyes would be looking at them. (They only seemed to be looking that way, my child; but he didn't see a thing there, I know, for his mind was in Major Russell's house, and he was looking at sweet Ruthie Russell; he could see her plainly, you know, because she was always in his mind.)

"After some such thoughts as these, young Green would rouse up quick-like, as though something had suddenly hurt him, look at the untouched parchment before him, and commence the '*Know all men by these presents,*' as though he had never thought of anything but briefs, replevins, quitclaims, reversions and executions, all the days of his life. But—Faugh! why do I talk of these things as though you could understand them, my dear? And now stand a little before me, so that Green cannot see me so plainly; it makes me shiver to have his cold eyes right upon me. There! now I will tell you the rest without delay. Poor Green! poor fellow!

"It was a pleasant evening in June (but remember, little girl, many long, long years ago), when Ruthie Russell and Thomas Green walked out from the major's house in Blitheville to see old Miss Fawcett (a relative of Mrs. Russell's), who was lying quite ill at her nephew's, about two miles from the village. Now Miss Russell

had plenty of beaux who would have been glad to have accompanied her, this beautiful evening, but Green was on a familiar footing in the house of Major Russell, and so he went with his daughter to see their suffering relative.

"It was after seven o'clock, when they started upon their return to Blitheville. The evening was delicious; the air was redolent with the perfumes which the many wild flowers throw out at this soft hour in summer—it seeming as if the evening dews are heavy enough in falling to press out their sweetness, which the zephyrs carry along, permeating the high roads, the leafy lanes, lonely nooks, and to those consecrated groves where lovers hold their tryst. The birds had ceased their warbling, as Ruth and Thomas walked towards home, excepting now and then a faint twitter from the swallows who had not yet settled into silence, or the lonely cry of the whip-poorwill which disturbed the universal stillness.

"Ruth Russell leaned upon the arm of Thomas Green, while he, poor fellow, thought that Heaven could afford mortals no greater joys than he was then possessed of in the company of her he loved. Neither spoke. It would have been better, had they never done so. They arrived at the little bridge which spanned the stream that murmured through the valley. Then Ruthie said:

"Mr. Green, I think I must rest here awhile."

"She sat upon the corner of the bridge. A large honey-locust was waving over her; the little stream was rippling quietly below. She looked as beautiful as an angel, as she rested there—the twilight flinging its shadows over her face, and tracing strange beauties upon every lineament. Every line was softened; her eyes were bent kindly upon her companion; her rich brown hair had escaped from its confinement, and was rolling down her neck a mass of ringlets; her light, netted shawl was thrown gracefully from her shoulders, and but half concealed her exquisitely moulded arms. I cannot tell you, little girl, what that man felt in those few moments—the giddy whirl of thoughts pent up so long, and which now must find utterance—I will only tell you what he did and said.

"He knelt down upon the grass before Ruthie, took both her soft fair hands in his (they were as velvety as yours, little one) and gazing up into her eyes, he spoke manfully, but softly:

"Ruth Russell, I love you very dearly, I must tell you now what has been burning in my heart so long. I love the earth you walk upon; I love everything you look upon. You are as sacred to me as my God; I would give up all the pleasures of earth, all the ambitions of man, for

your sake. I would be capable of any suffering, any sacrifice, to give you one moment's joy. O, Ruth, I love you with my whole soul!"

"This was what he said to her, little girl, there under the waving locust, and near the singing stream. And she—what did she do or say? When he first began to speak, her form trembled and quivered like a leaf moved by mighty gusts; the hands he held, shook in his grasp; the quick blushes crimsoned her face and neck; the rosy clouds dyed her snowy cheeks, and many little loves and graces sprung to revel in the confusion, which added so many charms to her virgin beauty; but before he had finished, and while the light in her eyes grew softer, she disengaged one hand from his, and placing her arm around his neck, she drew his head towards her, and imprinted a kiss upon his forehead. He was answered, little girl. She loved him. Earth could surely have nothing more to give, or Heaven to bestow.

"But now I will give you the result of a different interview, my child. What makes me tremble so? O, it's nothing, dear—do not look so startled—or if it is anything, it must be Green! He seems to freeze me, standing there so like a statue. Hist! he may hear what I am saying to you, little girl, and he might spring upon us. There is no telling the moods of these madmen! O, it's a study—a great study! But so sad—so very sad! Do I sigh? Well, then, now I must relate the conversation between Major Russell and Green.

"The former sat in his capacious arm-chair in his library, a few evenings after Green's declarations to his daughter. Near him, sat Thomas Green. The major was a portly, benevolent-looking gentleman, but now seemed uneasy as the young man earnestly addressed him, and he was impatiently tapping a beautiful pearl paper-knife, which he held, upon the table, and seemed to be endeavoring to keep as much in the shade of the fine astral lamp as possible.

"You see, sir," spoke Green, "I have acted fairly in this matter, and was determined to place the case before you in its true light."

"I am aware of it, my young friend. You did right to acquaint me with your declaration, and I now only feel grieved that you did not speak to me previous to Ruth—"

"Surely, sir, there can be no impediment! It is true, I am not in a position to aspire to the hand of your daughter, as far as riches go; but, sir, you know my circumstances, and are aware that with the money which my father left to me, and my own brave exertions, I could support Ruth comfortably—"

"Yes, yes! I know," replied the lawyer, impatiently. 'But there are other reasons, other obstacles, which you are not aware of—'

"For heaven's sake, Major Russell, do not tell me that there is any obstacle in the way of my marrying Ruth!"

"Poor boy! he had never thought of any other need than gaining her love. Although a lawyer's clerk, he had never dreamed of any monster, like Expediency, who might invade his happy bowers and carry off his love.

"You are too hasty now, Green," resumed Major Russell, after the impetuous words. 'Listen to me! I will frankly state to you what no other man in Blitheville knows. You are aware that I have been concerned heavily in the Leesport mines, which have been paying me, until four months ago, a handsome income. We had been sinking another shaft, and erecting new machinery at a new opening, and it had exhausted all of the company's available capital to prosecute the work to its close. We accomplished our designs, but found, after working about a week in the new breasts, that we had struck a fault; and nothing has been brought forth since but slate and rubbish. We have still been working on, in hope that we should strike the coal. Our capital has been exhausted, mortgages have been given upon our machinery and rolling stock, and if we do not strike the coal in another month, I am bankrupt!'

"The young man was overwhelmed, and hid his face in his hands while Major Russell continued:

"But this is not the worst, for I owe George Hutchins nine thousand dollars, and have but one means of payment presented to me—'

"And that?" asked Green, looking over to the lawyer with a troubled, startled gaze.

"Is to bestow upon him my daughter's hand."

"What! to that scoundrel—that libertine Hutchins, you would sell your daughter?"

"No harsh words, if you please, my young friend. I have as yet but given you the proposition. I shall never force my daughter to marry against her will."

"Heaven help us both!" groaned Green; 'for Ruth will never marry against yours.'

"I believe she is too good a daughter. Now I have always looked upon you with favor, Thomas Green; and all things being equal, I should much have preferred you for a son-in-law. George Hutchins will wait two years for the hand of Ruth, or his money; and if I fail to give him either, I am both an insolvent and a beggar."

"And poor Ruth—does she know of this?"

"I told her of my wishes this evening," replied Russell, coldly.

"And what was her reply?"

"That question is irrelevant, as we lawyers say," evaded Russell, with a forced attempt at gaiety.

"But why this confidence?" asked Green, bitterly. 'Do you, sir, only intend to add a fresh sting to your words, that you tell me of your embarrassments only to assert your intentions of throwing your daughter, for mercenary purposes, into the arms of a man whose name is only coupled with infamy?'

"Softly, young man!" said Major Russell, rising with dignity. 'Remember I am Ruth's father, and have been your friend. You have forgotten the first; let me not regret I have ever been to you the last.'

"O, pardon me! pardon me, sir! Your words have set my brain on fire. I know not what I say."

"Here I have a letter from your uncle, Thomas Green. He wishes you to go to South America as supercargo. The vessel sails in just one week from Philadelphia, I see," said Major Russell, taking the letter from his pocket and referring to it. 'Apply to Green & Spenser, number 70, North Wharf. He guarantees you for your profit, six thousand dollars; and if you are willing to invest your capital from your father, he has no doubt but what you can double this. Now what I advise you is, that you accept. You will be gone perhaps two years; and I am willing to prove my friendship for you by making a promise—'

"A promise?" echoed Green, absently. He seemed like one in a dream.

"Yes; that Ruth shall not marry until your return."

"Thanks! thanks, my friend! To South America, anywhere, so that I may work for Ruth and win her at last! I accept at once. I will go to her, and tell her of this strange change; but O, my brain is whirling! and thick darkness seems to be settling over all things at this bitter, bitter separation."

"You will not see Ruth, Thomas. She has gone," said Major Russell, with more kindness in his tones; for he was affected by such grief as Green displayed.

"Gone?" repeated he. 'Where?'

"I feared the sorrow of an interview for both of you, and I ordered her to be driven to her Aunt Mary's. She will write to you. You will find a letter in Philadelphia—"

"But even while he was speaking, a door

opened at his side, a figure glided noiselessly in, and in a moment Ruth was in her lover's arms.

"Ruth, why have you returned?" asked her father, sternly.

"O, father," answered the sobbing girl, 'I could not leave him, perhaps forever, without saying farewell! Dear Tom!'

"Dear Ruth!"

"Little girl, Thomas Green went to South America. What am I weeping for? O, am I? Well, I suppose I do feel sad when I look at the poor fellow now. But I can soon tell you the rest of the story, little lady. And it is such a pleasure to caress your smooth, satiny hair, and feel your little palms in my rough hand!"

"Thomas Green went to South America. And everybody who goes there, gets rich; at least those, my dear, who take out whole cargoes of articles such as the natives buy, or will exchange for much more valuable things. And Thomas Green went there to make money, little girl; yes, money to buy himself a wife. Isn't that funny that wives can be bought like dolls, dresses, rings and books, little girl? Yes, very funny. But it's true, my sweet child; and when you get older, you will find that little girls, when they grow up tall and handsome (like you will be, my pretty one), are sold and bought like chests of tea, and coils of rope, or fine horses or pretty flowers! The handsome girls who are so fine, with their curls and fair baby-faces, and rich gowns, see the purchaser coming along; he looks at them; he thinks—O, if he had such a wife, how he would love her, and work for her, and never think he had done enough till she was singing and laughing all day long as blithesome as the birds! The beauties look at him. 'How much money has he got?' O, he is poor! 'Go along, you beggar!' they all cry. 'How dare you look at us so long, Impudence?' And they almost think the poor fellow had a design upon their bracelets, or their rich, flashing rings, never thinking of their hearts, poor things! Well, now comes along another purchaser. He is not near so handsome as the poor fellow who has just passed on; his face is pale, his limbs are feeble, and his hair is streaked with gray; he coughs badly, too. But O what an eye he has got for the young, fresh and handsome girls! Why he ogles them, my dear, and watches all their fine points, as if he was buying a horse. He is an old oakey, too.

"Want to sell?" he says to father or mother.

"O, yes," says mama. 'Do you own your establishment?'

"How is your bank account, old fellow?" says papa.

"O, all right!" says the old fellow. 'Come here and look!'

"And after mama has seen the establishment, and papa has been there and looked, the young fillies (ladies, I mean,) come buzzing round the bidder. They don't see that his face is pale; they don't see that his hair is gray; why, my dear, they will undertake to cure his cough. He buys up the one he likes best; then they have a jolly evening; then everybody says over the champagne, 'splendid woman!' and 'happy fellow!' and then they nod and smile, and say, 'married for money!' and 'old fool!' But they whisper this in low tones, you know, and go on cracking nuts and eating bride-cake and drinking sherry, as jolly as ever. Then the man takes his horse to a splendid stable, puts on silver-mounted harnesses, drives to the races, has the best care taken—O, my dear! yes, I forgot I was talking about a woman! O, what a brute I am to run on about horses! But I am so forgetful, you know! Thomas Craige always was. O, yes! poor Green! I had forgotten poor Green in South America, all this time. And I talking about marrying and horses! Ah me!"

"Well, he slaved and worked day and night. All his energies were bent in the one direction—to make money. No task was too difficult for his acceptance, providing money was to be made out of it; and many times did he undertake dangerous expeditions into the very heart of the Cordilleras. Often did he struggle over steep mountains, faint with the heat, and without food or water, toiling on, on, to his given destination, that he might realize profits which should secure Ruth to him on his return.

"His ship returned to the United States in about a year from the time she left her dock in Philadelphia; but Green returned not with her. His success had been so great, that he was determined to stay some months longer, and return triumphantly claiming his bride. He received letters from time to time from Ruth, at his Chilean headquarters. The only joy he knew during his absence was in the receipt of these—except that of wandering into the deep solitudes, forgetting his wild surroundings and remoteness from his promised bride, and dreaming of her for whom he was so bravely toiling.

"But at last the time for his exodus drew nigh! His stores were safely loaded upon the 'Prairie Bird, Williams master,' and he was once more upon the broad ocean, homeward bound. O, happy direction to the weary wanderer! But when about three weeks out, the Prairie Bird encountered a terrific gale. 'Tis useless to speak to you, my sweet child, of those

dreadful days, those fearful nights of terror and despair, of watching, working and praying.

"The Prairie Bird, Williams master, from Coquimbo, bound to Philadelphia, went down with all on board."

"So the news came to those at home. And Thomas Green was known to be on board, and Ruth Russell—well, little girl, I must not speak of her just now. No, darling, those are not tears! Thomas Craige never weeps, you know; never has been known to shed a tear—except, perhaps, for Thomas Green. But he was not drowned, after all, my child; he got back to Philadelphia at last, but was carried over to Liverpool first. Where is Liverpool? Well, indeed, my dear, I used to know, but it is somewhere a great way off; it seems to have faded from my memory now. So he came back to Philadelphia—yes, he was picked up by a ship after being a long while alone drifting about in the ocean tied to a spar—and he was so old and haggard and broken down! But that was nothing, as I told you awhile ago, to his being penniless. Yes, he had lost all his money; it went down with the ship. Don't cry, little girl, for Thomas Green because he lost his money, or you will make me cry too! Plenty of people lose their money, little one, who work as hard for it as he did. But then he would lose Ruth? O, yes! Ruth—she was more than the money to him! So he made his way to Blitheville on foot.

"It was sad to see Green then, he never smiled, nor sung, nor laughed like people do sometimes who are happy, yet you must not think, my dear, that all people are happy who sing, and dance, and laugh. No, indeed, even while they are most loudly gay they wish they were dead. Aint that awful, to laugh and dance, and all the time be so miserable? But how I wander! Green got up to Blitheville at last, and he was a mean-looking man, I must tell you, little girl, and his clothes were very shabby. But he did not seem to think anything of this. He walked right along the valley towards Major Russell's house; he never noticed the familiar trees and cottages along the road at all, but tramped straight ahead like a man walking in his sleep. All at once he came upon the bridge where he had declared his love to Ruth. The same locust was waving overhead; but it was winter now, and the long branches were all bare of leaves, and the straggling boughs were knocking against each other as the wind swayed them to and fro with a dismal sort of sound.

"He looked below at the little stream. It was

the same which murmured so musically beneath the bridge when Ruth made him so happy by her kiss; but the water now was frozen hard, and as the jagged stones peered up now and then above the surface with the piles of ice thrown around them, it looked cold and desolate enough, and the woods, which he for the first time noticed, looked bare, and the crisp leaves whirled over the ground with a harsh rustle, as the sharp winds whistled amongst them. Green remembered all. Then all was bright and joyous, and he was beloved. Now—he hardly could take time to think of the desolation here, which was as great as that of his life and being. He rested his head upon his hands, and leaning upon the parapet he wept long and bitterly. The strong man wept. Can you—? No, you can't comprehend his exquisite misery, little girl. But in a little while he conquered his emotion, and walked on as before.

"It was getting dark rapidly, and soon he neared the house endeared to him by associations so sweet. It got to be quite dark, and it was very cold; but Thomas Green thought not of light or heat, he was coming to Ruth's home. Major Russell's mansion was in sight, and if ever Green despaired he now began to hope; but his knees were trembling so, and his heart was beating so fast that he could go no further—he had to sit down upon a stone by the wayside. And now he pictured to himself Ruth's joy at his return; and the major would greet him warmly, as one risen from the dead.

"Why, God bless you, my boy," the major would say.

"Dearest Tom, how much joy your return brings us," would be Ruth's soft whisper, and—

"But, O, he was commencing to shiver here upon the stone, he must hasten on to the house. Ah, already he saw the bright lights dancing in the windows. Why, he fancied he heard the soft swell of music, too. O, he lived a thousand lives as he neared that dwelling. Yes, it was evidently some scene of festivity. His hand had scarcely touched the door before it was opened, and the hearty face of Thaddeus, the waiter, was before him. Green felt so glad to see him he could have embraced him, he held out his hand with a glad, hearty:

"Why, Thaddeus, how d'ye do?"

The hand of the waiter was drawn back from his touch, he evidently did not know him. Green smiled as he thought what profuse apologies poor Thaddeus would overwhelm him with when he should discover who he was. But Green now discovered the hall was full of visitors, ladies in the gayest dresses escorted by their partners were walking to and fro; the hum of many voices

saluted his ears, the music of a fine band swelled in harmony through the house, the perfume of rare flowers made the air heavy with sweetness.

"Green felt bewildered, a sudden dizziness seemed to overcome him, and he was smitten with strange fears; his thoughts were in a wild tumult, from which he was aroused by Thaddeus endeavoring to close the door upon him. He prevented this by throwing himself forward past the menial, and thus he staggered like a drunken man into the hall amongst the guests. They retired from him as though he was a pestilence, and by the way thus opened through dainty women and shrinking men, he advanced into the still greater throng in the parlor. What a sight did meet his eyes!

The noble room was full of flowers—flowers upon the mantel-pieces, bouquets upon marble stands, in the hands of matrons, in the bosoms of belles; the lights were brilliant, the company more so. Many familiar faces crossed near him, but he saw them as men see images in dreams. He passed by the musicians—the smile upon the faces of all was agony to him—there was an avenue made for him as he advanced, and his hand swept aside the rich satins and crapes, he respected but little the finest laces or the costliest broadcloth. He reached the end of the room, and there looked upon the bride and bridegroom, *Ruth Russell and George Hutchins!*

"The bride was attired in the richest satin, with the long pure veil, and the orange blossoms decking her brow; pearls were strung upon her neck, which rivalled them in purity. But her face was pale as whitest marble, her arms hung listlessly down at her side, and her mouth wore a fixed, stony smile. It might have worn the same expression in death. The bridegroom, fashionable and proud, bowed and smiled to his congratulating friends; but a deep, deadly frown passed over his face when he beheld the worn figure push up before them. It was but a moment, and then Green spoke, and his broken voice, yet with a sad melody which seemed scarcely of earth, sounded through the festive room:

" 'Ruth Russell, I have come back.'

"Then the bride shrieked as she threw up her white arms in despair, and sprang from the side of her husband to the embrace of the careworn stranger.

" 'O, Thomas, they forced me to it! I thought you were dead. Treachery, treachery! I am yours alone. I tell you all here I love this man. Father, I care not now for threats. This man is my husband in the sight of Heaven.'

"But Green had fallen to the floor like a corse,

and when they raised him up he was a raving madman.

" 'His wretched brain gave way,
And he became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason, or of heaven.'

"But, little girl, she comes to him sometimes from heaven, and talks to him. She is so beautiful, and there is a strange brightness like beams of sunlight around her brow, and he is always happier after seeing Ruthie. But, dear child, here comes Green. O, hide me, little fairy, do not let him touch me. He will kill me for telling his history to you. Do not leave me, do not, little child, for you look like Ruth—"

"Come, Mr. Green," said the man from the other side of the room, "you must go with me now, to have supper. This little girl shall come to see you again."

"And the man led Mr. Craige away," said my little girl.

"No, my child," I replied, "that was not Mr. Craige who was talking to you, it was Mr. Green himself, and he was telling you his own sad history; the other gentleman was one of the attendant keepers. You must know, daughter, that it is very frequently the case in certain forms of madness, that the maniac fancies that he is perfectly sane, and that all others are crazy, and also that he is somebody else."

"Poor Mr. Green!" sighed my little girl, and she was unusually sad all that evening.

FRENCH AMUSEMENT.

A new method of amusement has been adopted in Paris. Fashionable people, who do not find private theatricals or private concerts suited to their tastes, give private sermons. A pulpit is erected in the drawing-room, and the hostess takes a great deal of pains to secure a popular and eloquent preacher. Great exertions are made that they are not outdone by their neighbors in eloquence. Of course it is not to be supposed that these services are open to the public, but especial cards of invitation are issued to the *matinée religieuse* (religious morning party), with careful attention to the quality of the guests invited.—*New York Observer*.

THE FINGERS.

A master, in illustrating why the fingers are not of an equal length, made his scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show that the points of his fingers are equal. It would have been better, says Sir Charles Bell, had he closed his fingers upon the palm, and then asked whether or not they correspond. The difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand ends, adapting the form of the hand and fingers to different purposes, as for holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, engraving tools, etc., in all which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined.—*Notes and Queries*.

[ORIGINAL.]

OUR SAILOR BOY'S RETURN.

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

He is standing once more on his native shore,
Above him his native sky;
O, deep is the joy of the sailor boy,
As he lifts his beaming eye.

He has been away for many a day,
Ploughing old ocean's wave;
He has floated wide, by wind and tide,
Above many a nameless grave.

He has faced the cold, where the iceberg rolled
Deep down in the Polar Sea,
And gazed with delight on the weird northern light,
As it bathed the white hilltop and lee.

He has paced the green strand of many a land,
Where roses bloomed sweet in the bowers;
But the pestilence grim lay waiting for him,
Among the bright tropical flowers.

He looked death in the eye, when the storm-king on high
His pinions of darkness had spread,
And shrieking aloud from the ebon cloud,
He hovered above his bright head.

With a fear-stricken crew and a lee shore in view,
He stood undismayed at his post;
Though fearful the gale, he bent every sail,
To speed from the drear, rocky coast.

But his perils all past, he is standing at last
On the Kennebec's beautiful shore,
And he lifts his glad eye to his dear native sky,
And thanks God that his wanderings are o'er.

[ORIGINAL.]

IN AT THE DEATH.

BY HENRY MCFARLANE.

"Who is she?"

"A young woman, of course."

"But what is she?"

"Half dust, half deity, as the poet says, like the rest of humanity."

"Is she married or single?"

"Or a widow? She dresses in black and looks melancholy."

"That's no sign of a widow."

"It ought to be."

"I don't know about that. Some widows ought to celebrate the death of their husbands, in gay attire; robe themselves 'in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day.'"

"And a good many do."

"If my wife should rejoice after my death, I'd come back and haunt her. I'd give her a dose of sperretoral poison!"

"You wouldn't have a ghost of a chance. Widows are man-proof—let alone ghost-proof. And if you saw her 'cutting-up,' you'd be glad to go back to the grave again."

"But all this is nothing to the purpose. The question before the vestry is, Who is this solitary, dark-eyed, well-formed and highly dignified young woman?"

"And where did she come from?"

"And who is the little girl?"

As nobody at the Violet tavern knew, there was no answer, but conjecture, to all these eager questions. The lady in question had come to the place with her girl-companion, an utter stranger, taken one large room, and kept herself mysteriously dark and reserved.

All that the landlord knew was that her name was Annie Ashton, and the little girl's Winnie Ashton; but whether they were mother and daughter; whether the elder had ever had a husband; or the younger, who was about ten years of age, was young enough to be the daughter of the other, who did not seem more than twenty-one; whether—almost anything else, about them—he could not say—for he dared not ask.

"I have been a landlord for twenty years and more," said he, "and as sure as my name is Prounce, I never met with a woman's eye that I couldn't fairly and squarely face, but hers. I asked her one or two questions—out of my business, I own,—but she gave me *such* a look, from that glowing, high-bred eye of hers, that I wilted, and remembered my manners. Mrs. Prounce, who is good at catechism, says the same. She says they are both continually on their guard, the young one watching the old one all the time, as if to give or take a cue from her when they speak. But Dolly likes the lady, though she don't know what to make of her. Strange young creature. What a high-bred eye she has.

"My opinion is," said one of the boarders, who was inclined to be superstitious, and wished always to act wisely, "that it is best to let all such people alone. It don't do to meddle with odd folks. Sometimes they're the very—the very—devil—if I must say so."

"She don't look very devilish, though," was the general opinion; for Annie Ashton, married or single, maiden, wife, or widow, was very comely to behold, and young, and seemingly well-educated and intellectual. And the result of the first grand discussion of her was that everybody resolved to keep an eye upon her, confident that, as Mr. Prounce said Mrs. Prounce said, "everything would come out, bimeby."

On one occasion, when Mrs. Prounce was having a miscellaneous chat with the mystic

Annie and the undoubtedly Miss Winnie, and smilingly intimated that everybody was dying to know who they were, the mystic Annie calmly observed, with unconquerable steadfastness in her dark, high-bred eye, that,

"It is a very curious world, indeed, and it has been said in defence of inquisitive people, that the spirit of inquiry is the foundation of all knowledge; but as far as my observation has extended, I have always noticed that the most inquisitive people are the most ignorant."

Mrs. Prounce rather winced while she smiled, and ventured that

"If they are ignorant, perhaps that's the reason they ask—for information."

"Which is seldom correct," ahemed the imperturbable Annie; mildly, though.

"It is perfectly right," said Mrs. Prounce, "to keep one's business to one's self. But sometimes we attract uncomfortable curiosity by being too reserved. When we are strange, we excite strange thoughts."

"I know I have strange tastes," replied Annie, "I have, for one, a very deep interest in funerals."

"Funerals are very solemn," suggested Mrs. Prounce.

"Especially the funerals of our own sex," continued Annie, "and more especially, wives."

"It is a dreadful thing for a married woman to die," assented Mrs. Prounce, "and leave her husband; for she don't know what he is a going to do, any more than she knows where she is a going to."

"The death of a good wife is a great loss, and an impressive lesson to the world," said the solemn young lady. "She has filled the highest functions of her being; particularly if she has been a mother, and now leaves those behind her to mourn an irreparable loss. Children can never have but one mother—and a true woman's heart always melts, at the sight of a widower!"

"He is a miserable object, to be sure!" said Mrs. Prounce. "Like a cart without a horse," she added, by way of illustration.

"The valuable duties of a wife, Mrs. Prounce," continued the commanding young woman, "can no longer be fulfilled unto him."

"No more they can," sighed Mrs. Prounce.

"And so, whenever I hear of the death of a wife, I feel an overpowering inclination to attend the funeral, wherever I am and however engaged, and to give what aid and sympathy I can, to the house of mourning."

"Which it is very good of you," was the rejoinder; "though I must say it is a very odd taste, for I have such a horror of funerals and corpses, that I should forgive my husband if he

didn't go to mine. It is very gloomy to be—to be gloomy," she added, lost in thoughts of the tomb.

"As laughing is catching," proceeded her solemn young companion.

"What does it catch?" suddenly interrupted Mrs. Prounce, looking up, anxiously, for she had been thinking of infectious diseases just then, and was for a moment dwelling upon small pox, which was expected in the neighborhood on a visit. "What did you say catches?"

"I said that as laughing is said to be catching, why should not gloom be? Anything gloomy has attractions for me."

"You have a good pious taste," replied Mrs. Prounce, regarding her with a shudder. "But I wouldn't have it for the world. You will have a nice chance to indulge here, for the town is sickly, and we expect the small pox all over us pretty soon."

"I am glad to hear it," remarked Annie, "for I shall be able to perform my favorite services to the afflicted."

The gloomy taste, appearance and observations of her unknown boarder were so unaccountable to Mrs. Prounce, that when she left the room that day she vowed she would never again have a long talk with her.

"There is something *ahint* of her that I can't see," she told her husband; "and she makes me feel so bad, I can't tell whether she is seriously wicked or seriously pious. I feel as if I couldn't say my soul was my own when I am talking with her. I feel as if I could get into a pint pot. A young woman and fond of funerals! Glad to hear the place is sickly! What can you make out of her?"

"Money, as long as she stays," gruffly replied the landlord; "though I think, too, that there's something wrong about her. She's got such an eye and keeps so dark. Hang me if I don't believe she is a forerunner of the small pox! Half our boarders have gone away, for fear of it. Boggs's boy died this morning of it."

"She's a cunning person, anybody can see," said the wife, poisoning her thought before she drove it to a conclusion; "and p'haps, I say, p'haps—if she aint wicked, she may be a female doctor."

"Might be," mused Prounce, gloomy over the loss of his boarders. "If she is, I wish she'd scare the small pox away. She looks as if she could."

Various other uncharitable opinions had been formed about the mysterious woman who had appeared just at the advent of the general terror. Apprehension breeds ill nature, and the baffled curiosity of some who were constantly talking

about her, excited a spiteful feeling against her. Some said she thought herself above common folks. Some that she liked to go to funerals that she might indulge an inhuman delight in the misery of others. Some said she was a bold thing who had committed some crime—perhaps poisoned a husband—and was concealing herself from justice. But the most general opinion, which finally obtained among those who had heard of her, was that she was travelling on the route of the small pox, to make professional observations and use them to advantage when she came to practise as a female physician—which it was supposed she was studying to be.

When the small pox did come in full force, this opinion was strengthened by several apothecaries, who testified that she made repeated inquiries of them as to who in their neighborhoods were sick and likely to die; and when funerals were to come off, and whose, and where. And her particular inquiries as to deceased or dying wives, seemed to establish the idea that she was, or was to be a practitioner for women only.

This notion tended to mollify the asperity that existed against the mystic Annie, although that reserved young woman never assumed any knowledge of medicine, or intimated any desire to physic the sickly town.

It was soon observed, however, that she did have a propensity for attending funerals. Whenever "friends and relatives" were "invited to attend," she was sure to be present, evidently classing herself among the "friends;" and whenever the deceased person chanced to have been a wife, her show of timely sympathy was marked and appreciated; useful, and so gracefully made as to be considered unobtrusive, though from a stranger.

The occasions are not rare at funerals when the troubled mourners have been so worried and hurried in their preparations as to have left them imperfect; and when friends, unadvised of the fact beforehand, have felt too confused to aid them, in the proper manner, at the proper time.

For such emergencies, the self-possessed and lady-like stranger proved herself peculiarly well adapted. Her solemn appearance was in itself a recommendation for the sad, extemporaneous task of officiating, when the chief mourner, sincere or insincere, too much absorbed in his grief or in deporting himself with becoming wretchedness, was unable to superintend the fit performance of necessary though minor details.

So while others mutely and awkwardly stood by, the comely young woman in black adroitly undertook to make quiet suggestions as to the disposal of the furniture for the best convenience

of the guests; helped arrange it with her own hands, arrayed the funeral garland with a tasteful care; saw that the clergyman, and the chief mourners and other kindred were appropriately placed; that the Bible and the prayer-book were ready for the use of the pastor; and that the sexton and his assistants had the proper directions as to their duties, and while she obtained them from the bereaved man, she would gently give him such words of consolation as were most suitable for the occasion, and calculated to pour oil upon the wounds of his heart, if he had any.

If no one felt equal to the duty of calling out the list of mourners for the proper carriages, she would do it; and when the procession had arrived at the grave, none were so tenderly sympathetic, or so warmly eloquent, or so gracefully officious at the sorrowing husband's side, as the unaccountable, mysterious Annie Ashton. Nothing that could be done seemed to be forgotten or omitted by her, even to the collection of memorial flowers from the impressive spot. These kindly services over, she would quietly and modestly disappear.

Now there was nothing improper in all this, however unusual it might be from a stranger. Yet being unusual, and done so fitly, so opportunely, at the critical moment, it made her the object of increased interest and inquiry, and very naturally of thankful attachment from those assisted; and the sickliness of the town at that period multiplied the precise kind of opportunities which her funeral taste seemed to crave, and for which she seemed so signally adapted.

As the labors of compassionate kindness do seldom go unrewarded, she often received little tokens of appreciation from the parties thus assisted, though she seldom complied with an invitation to their houses more than once, and even then maintained her singular reserve.

But finally, in an instance where she had made herself particularly serviceable, the chief mourner, a widower of middle age, ascertaining where she resided, called upon her at the Violet tavern, and solicited the favor of a prolonged acquaintance with her, in a voice and look which might be termed three parts admiration and one part inconsolable sorrow.

"If he thinks he can get anything out of her," said the Prounces, when he went up stairs, "he's mightily mistaken. We don't know any more of her now than we did when she first came here—barring the funerals. She's a regular angel at them, though, and no mistake."

The name of the grateful widower was Israel Pidgeon. Mr. Pidgeon, finding that the friendly, though still mystic young lady, received his

solicitation with no unwillingness, ventured, in the course of an edifying conversation upon the uncertainty of human life, and the fact that all flesh is grass, and that still it was hard to part with it because it was doubtful if we could get a new crop as good—he ventured plumply upon the question whether he had the honor of addressing a maiden lady, a widow or a wife—and he glanced dubiously at the little girl, Winnie.

Annie smiled, and answered evasively, "I am not *now* a married woman, Mr. Pidgeon," so that he could not decide whether she meant that she *had* been married, but was without a husband now; or whether she intended to convey the idea that though she was not married *now*, she expected to be, soon. So he probed further.

"Permit me to inquire the relationship of this sweet little girl to you."

"She is my sister-in-law," promptly responded Annie.

"Then *that's* all right, so far," thought he. "I don't think she ever has been married. I'll wait awhile and recover from the effects of her eye, and ask again."

Mr. Pidgeon now dilated upon the fact that he was "very lonesome."

"No doubt," replied she. "The death of a wife is not easily to be disregarded. A constant heart should in these cases prepare itself to follow the idol which it cannot restore. Feeling as you do, of course you will never seek or wish to supply her place."

Mr. Pidgeon didn't think so; but thought that she never could have been married, and that this was a proof that she was an inexperienced miss.

"Constancy is a great thing," observed he; "and you remember that I have three very young children to remind me of their mother. How did you like their looks?"

Annie declared that she had seldom seen children with such winning ways.

"I am charmed to hear that; and I am in hopes with the large fortune I possess, I shall be able to give them an education and position which will in part recompense them for the loss of a mother. I suppose you cannot understand what a *parent's* feeling are?"

Annie said that she could not.

"Then I suppose of course that you have never been married."

Annie allowed his supposition to pass as a statement, not a question, and made no reply; but her conversation grew so animated while they continued together, that he was encouraged to invite her to become a visitor to his house; and to his great satisfaction she promised,—and

she kept her promise; and a week had not elapsed before two important revelations were made in consequence.

"You may think me unfeeling, Miss Ashton," said Mr. Pidgeon, one afternoon taking her hand suddenly and pressing it to his bill—no, his lips—"but I am in love with you, and I entreat you to become my wife—to supply the place of my late partner. If not in love, in pity, be mine; for you must know what a dreadful thing it is to meet with so severe a loss."

"I *do* know what it is," replied she, to his astonishment; "for I have lost a husband, myself, and have long been desirous of supplying his place! I have sought for a substitute only among widowers, for I felt that we could the better sympathise with each other; and besides, we could marry upon equal terms. So, Israel, if you will have me, take me."

The heart of Israel rejoiced, and he filled his arms and his cup of bliss at one and the same time, as he embraced her, and said that she was all the better for being a widow, for she would have more experience in domestic matters.

Thus it was that through death the mystic Annie obtained a second life—a second self—and three children,—all that any reasonable widow could expect; and as an ample fortune helped them to be happy, and both husband and wife did all they could to console each other for the loss of their former partners—which was very thoughtful of them—the mystic Annie never regretted her original project of being in at the death.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

When Pompeii was destroyed, there were very many buried in the ruins of it who were afterwards found in very different situations. There were some found who were in the streets as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in the lofty chambers; but where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate with his hand still grasping the war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain, and there while the heavens threatened him, there while the lava stream rolled, he had stood at his post, and there after a thousand years had passed away, was he found. So let Christians learn to stand to the post at which they will find their duty will support and sustain them.—*Rev. S. Croley.*

THE SPRINGS OF ACTION.

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole.

In his broad breast the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.—*LOWELL.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE REBEL REFUGEE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY FRANCIS A. COREY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
SHAKESPEARE.

"HEAVEN help me! I can go no further!"

The young man who uttered these exclamations sank faint and exhausted upon the marble steps of a stately mansion, situated upon the banks of the beautiful Hudson. His face was very pale and haggard, his clothes in disorder, and covered with dust and blood. He appeared utterly incapable of any further effort, and had evidently abandoned himself to a fate which he deemed inevitable.

His words had not been entirely unheard. A young and beautiful girl stood at one of the open windows, looking out. She had observed the approach of the tired stranger, and listened to the exclamations he had made. Evidently she understood at once the peril and danger of his situation, for, following a sudden impulse, she crossed the shady piazza, and approached him, silently.

"Will you walk in, and rest yourself, sir?" she asked, softly.

The man turned suddenly. He had not heard her approach, and was therefore totally unprepared for the unexpected vision he saw before him. It was only for a moment that he hesitated, however, then he answered respectfully, though mournfully:

"Thank you, miss, for your kindness, but I cannot accept of your hospitality."

The young girl regarded him with real pity and compassion.

"You are a soldier of the patriot army?" she said, eagerly.

Before he had time to answer, they both heard the report of fire-arms in the distance, and caught a glimpse, through the trees, of a party of soldiers, hurrying as fast as possible, down the road towards them.

"Yes, and as completely in the power of my enemies as if a prisoner at this moment," he returned, quickly, and then continued, indicating the approaching men, "Look! those are tories! They are in pursuit of me! We have had a skirmish over yonder, and they came off victorious. I fled, but it will be of no avail. They will reach us in a moment! I can go no further, and my blood will answer for my temerity!"

"Never, never!" cried the girl, with a shudder. "I will save you!"

"You, miss?" asked the refugee, in deep astonishment. "It is impossible! I am grateful to you for your pity and compassion, but I fear you cannot aid me! I am too much fatigued and exhausted for further effort, and you had better leave me to my fate."

"I cannot see you murdered before my very eyes, sir! I am nearly powerless, but I will do all I can for your safety. Come with me."

She turned to enter the house, but the young man hesitated.

"No, no," he said, quickly, "you have not reflected properly, and shall not be involved in my peril. I will remain here and brave it alone?"

"Then I shall stay with you, and thus incur double danger! I love my country, and would shield all who do battle for her cause. Go with me, and all may yet be well! For Heaven's sake, do not hesitate!"

He could not resist this appeal. He arose slowly, and tottered after her.

"I shall yield myself up to you," he said respectfully. "But, remember, if trouble ever comes from this, I would fain have deterred you."

She conducted him into the house. They crossed the long hall, and ascended the grand staircase. Near the head, they paused at a door.

"This is my uncle's study," said the girl. "He is a tory, but luckily happens to be absent just now, and no one in the house is aware of it but myself. I think you will be safe, here, until we discover a better hiding-place."

She opened the door, and they entered the apartment. It was rather large, and handsomely furnished, but there were no embrasures, the walls being perfectly even and plain. A rich dressing-gown lay across the backs of a couple of the chairs. The young girl took it up.

"You must robe yourself in this," she said, hurriedly, "and be seated at the desk, yonder, with your back towards the door, looking over the papers. Your safety depends upon the merest chance, still I can do nothing more for you. They will be sure to search the house, if they suspect you are near."

"I feel assured of your well-wishes, my lady, if nothing more," he said, gently taking her hand in both his own. "By what name shall I call my fair benefactress?"

"Lilian Marston," answered the girl, blushing deeply.

"Lilian! I will remember that name," he returned, earnestly. "If my life is spared, the memory of this hour shall be treasured sacredly. God bless you!"

The girl slowly departed, after giving the refugee a few words of further instruction. They were to attempt to pass him off as Lillian's uncle, Mr. Durant, a decided royalist, by not permitting the approaching party to get a near view of him. To render the scheme more easily carried out, it was well known to all persons in the vicinity that Mr. Durant spent very much time in this same study, and never permitted himself to be interrupted while there. It was a wild, hazardous attempt, but the best they could do under the circumstances.

Lillian descended to the piazza. The Tories were approaching the house in a body, and at their head was a certain Hubert Lincoln, the son of a wealthy royalist of the neighborhood, and would-be suitor for the hand of Lillian, although thoroughly detested by her. She took no pains to conceal her dislike, and therefore, as may be imagined, it was with no very enviable feelings that she observed his approach. In a moment he had reached her side, and stood panting from excitement.

"We have achieved a glorious victory, Miss Marston," he said at last. "It was a tough one for a mere skirmish, though, but the rebels were completely routed. They fought like very devils, but the odds were against them. Can you not congratulate us?"

"For what! Because your hands are red with human blood?"

"Rather that King George has now fewer enemies, and Washington a less number of soldiers! Is not that a sufficient matter for rejoicing?"

"Only to the depraved and heartless!" was the indignant answer. "Such alone would be glad at the violent death of any one."

"That is a woman's opinion, and I shall receive it as such. They always take such matters more seriously than we of the other sex. But one of those dastardly rebels fled in this direction. Have you seen him pass?"

"I am no spy upon the actions of other people, sir, and rest assured I should be the very last one to reveal it to his enemies, even if I had!"

"Your words surprise and pain me, Miss Marston, as they reveal sentiments I never expected, for a moment, you would or even could entertain."

"I am sure they discover but a just charity and compassion towards my fellow-creatures, sir! I should, indeed, have ample cause for shame and self reproach, if I did not feel all, and even more, than my words expressed!"

"Well, well," at last he began again, "it appears that you and I have a different way of thinking in regard to this matter, though I am very sorry to disagree with you on any point.

But we know that this rebel of whom we were speaking turned into this avenue. One of the soldiers is certain that he saw him enter the house. Where is Mr. Durant? We wish to obtain his consent to search the premises."

Lillian Marston trembled from head to foot, but she did not betray herself.

"It is not at all necessary, sir," she answered, calmly. "I will grant you full permission, myself, and bear all the censure arising therefrom. I know my uncle would approve of such a course."

"Thank you! Still I do not wish Mr. Durant should think, even for one moment, that we entertain a single suspicion or doubt in regard to the actions of so noted a royalist as himself, but—"

"But you do not feel so certain in regard to myself," interrupted Lillian, with a smile. "You know I would gladly give shelter and protection to a so-called rebel, if I only had an opportunity! Is it not so?"

"I shall not deny the imputation, Miss Marston," returned the captain, gallantly, "but I will at least give you the credit of possessing considerable candor, and more penetration."

"A portion of your men might be sent to search the out-buildings," said Lillian, by way of turning the conversation, "as you appear so well satisfied that the fugitive is somewhere near, and I will conduct the remainder over the house."

"The idea was well thought of! But what must Mr. Durant think to find a party of soldiers ransacking his premises? I freely confess that I do not at all like the looks of the disagreeable job before us!"

"You consider yourself as discharging your duty; that is enough. Come!"

The young girl crossed the piazza, and entered the house, followed immediately by Captain Lincoln and a couple of his best men. The attic was searched first, every nook explored, then the second story, and finally they paused before the very door of the apartment in which the fugitive had taken refuge. For a moment Lillian trembled with fear and dread.

"This is my uncle's study," she whispered, at last. "It will not be well to interrupt him now. You see that the room is occupied."

She opened the door far enough for them to observe the figure of a man before the desk, at the further end of the apartment. He was seated with his back towards them, but the captain recognized the dressing-gown.

"I believe I will go in," he returned, in the same low, guarded tone. "When he discovers who it is, and for what purpose I am here, doubtless he will be glad to see me, and forgive the interruption."

"I know his character well enough to think you had better not make the attempt. He does not wish to be disturbed on any account. You can see there is no hiding-place here, and of course the fugitive cannot be concealed in the room. Perhaps it may be for your own interest to regard his wishes."

These last words decided the captain. A delicate hint was conveyed through them which he very well understood. He left the house, with his men, and learning that the rest of his party had been as unsuccessful as himself, they soon went dashing down the road at a mad gallop, much to the delight and relief of Lilian, who watched their departure from an upper window.

In a few moments the young girl again sought the refugee, who was very profuse and earnest in his thanks to his fair benefactress. Upon discovering that her protegee was still too weak to depart, she conducted him to the attic, as a safer place, now that it had been searched, and after arranging everything as much as possible for his comfort, bade him adieu, and left him alone to his own reflections.

—Have ye aught
To urge against me?—treason to the state,
Or private wrong, or public injury?—Miss E. ROSSERS.

Three days slipped slowly by. The refugee still remained in the attic, not having entirely regained his usual strength and vigor, where Lilian Marston visited him as often and regularly as circumstances permitted, plentifully supplying him with food and other requisites so necessary to the confined life which the unfortunate young man was obliged to lead. Luckily for them both, the attic was seldom visited by any member of the family, and Mr. Durant continued absent most of the time from one cause or another, and did not once meet Captain Lincoln, or an explanation might have ensued which would have been unfortunate at least, even if not hazardous to the safety of the fugitive.

Many long conversations took place between Lilian and her charge. Gradually she grew more and more interested in him, until at last she would have hesitated to confess, even to herself, all the emotions with which he inspired her. At first it was only a womanly pity and compassion which influenced her, but these shortly gave way, though unconsciously to herself, to much deeper and tenderer feelings.

Her visits to the attic were entirely unnoticed, being paid at dusk, or when the household were employed in a different part of the building. Near noon of the fourth day she sought the refugee, looking pale, and trembling.

"You must remain here no longer," she said.

"My uncle has arrived, and I just now observed Captain Lincoln coming up the avenue towards the house. He will be sure to speak of your escape, and they will at once discover the imposition we practised upon them. Then my share in the proceedings will come out, the house be searched again, and, should you remain here, you certainly would be captured. So you see there is no time for delay, but you must fly at once, if you have recovered sufficient strength for the undertaking."

"I had been thinking of departing to-night, at all events," said the refugee. "But I never can forgive myself, if this affair causes you trouble, Miss Marston."

"O, do not fear on that account, sir! Rest assured I shall not be harmed, whatever is discovered! But we must hasten! There is an unfrequented passage which leads directly from the next floor to the orchard behind the house. We will descend by that! I shall accompany you as far as a path which will take you by a short route, through the woods yonder. Just beyond you will find a small party of patriots encamped, doubtlessly friends of yours, with whom you will be in comparative safety."

"You are right; they are my own men—at least I judge so. But I yield myself to your guidance. Shall we go now?"

"Yes; the sooner the better. Now be expeditious, but noiseless!"

They descended the stairs together, traversed the passage, and soon found themselves wending their way, unobserved, between the thick, old apple-trees in the orchard. At the edge of the forest they paused a moment.

"You are sure," asked the young man, anxiously, "that you incur no risk in accompanying me so far—satisfied no harm, directly or indirectly, will ever come to you from it?"

"Yes, yes! You could not possibly discover, unassisted, the path of which I have spoken, for some time, perhaps not at all, and under your present circumstances, every moment is precious, and must not be wasted!"

"I believe you are right. But, at all events, you will possess my eternal gratitude and esteem for all you have undertaken in my behalf."

He took her hand gently in both his own, as he spoke.

"I have only done my duty, sir," she said in a low voice.

"Nay, but you have performed an act of which any one might well feel proud. You have given shelter to a fugitive, and protected a man even whose name you do not know. Your memory shall ever be cherished for this."

"I am satisfied that he is a friend to his country, and that is enough."

"Your real kindness of heart is only rendered so much the more manifest. Nevertheless you shall learn more of me. My name is Wallace Lynn. I have been in command of a small party of troops out on a scouting expedition, and we were returning to head-quarters when surprised by the gang of Tories led on by Captain Lincoln. They greatly outnumbered us, and after a short but desperate encounter, my men were obliged to seek safety in flight. You already know what became of myself. Probably the few that still remained of those under my command, collected on the other side of the woods yonder, as I knew of no other party in the vicinity."

"I thought as much, as I heard the servants speak of them as being a band which was mostly broken up by a recent skirmish. But we are delaying here when we should be far on our way. Let us press forward. Captain Lincoln may have sent spies, even now, in search of us."

For a long time they pressed forward in silence, penetrating into the deepest recesses of the forest. The route was comparatively smooth and even, though the trees were large and very thick, and cast dark, heavy shadows all around. Suddenly Major Lynn (for that was his official title) paused, and bent his head to the ground, listening intently.

"We are pursued," he said at last. "I hear the trampling of horses' feet!"

"Then we have no time to lose. So much the more cause for expedition."

"But I must go on alone, Miss Marston. You must not be taken with me, if I have no opportunity to escape. Even should you meet the Tories, they may think you are only out for a walk. Then return, I beg of you! Should you be found with me, it may fare hard with you."

"However he might dislike my line of conduct, my uncle would never suffer me to be abused! Without my aid you are lost. You would never find your way through this forest, to the American camp, unassisted! I undertook the part of guide, and I will not desert you. It may be forward and unmaidenly—such a course in the behalf of a stranger—but I could not see you die there before my own door, in the first place, and even now I say you must not be carried back to the same horrid fate, when a little sacrifice on my part would prevent it. Do not seek to deter me. You see I am determined!"

She turned her face towards him. It was white and ghastly, but very firm.

"Well, have it your own way, then," he returned, resignedly. "No one in my presence shall be insulted while I have the power to pro-

tect her. Still I could wish you would not risk so much for my sake."

By this time the sounds occasioned by the approaching party of horsemen had begun to grow rapidly more and more distinct. Lilian heard them and yet she continued to remain firm and undaunted. They both knew that their pursuers gained upon them very fast, but the knowledge only caused them to put forth fresh exertions. Quite a long distance was accomplished in this manner, when a sudden neighing of steeds, and a loud shout from the Tories, all at once denoted they had come to an alarming proximity to them. Major Lynn saw there was no time to lose.

"There is no use in going further in this direction," he said. "We should very soon be overtaken. Our only hope must be in finding a suitable place among the shrubbery near at hand, where we may conceal ourselves."

He turned to the right, as he spoke. A few rods further on a few clumps of stunted evergreens clustered thickly about a huge, isolated rock, which some terrible convulsion of nature, or some other unexplained cause, had left deep in the recesses of this wood. Towards it they now directed their steps, and the young man pushed aside the heavy, matted branches for his companion to enter, himself following speedily behind her. They found a large enough space enclosed between the bushes and rock to establish themselves comfortably.

A few moments of horrible suspense followed. Lilian leaned sick and faint against the immense boulder, while Major Lynn drew nearer the bushes where he might peer out. They had not long to wait. In a very short time the Tories came dashing past, so near that they might have heard every word that was uttered, and then disappeared among the trees farther on.

"Thank heaven, they have missed us!" cried Lilian, with renewed hope.

The young soldier endeavored to speak a few words of encouragement to the maiden, which revived her spirits greatly. Half an hour passed, and Major Lynn was about to propose resuming their flight, when suddenly the galloping of the returning party reached his ears. Lilian also heard the sound.

"Lost, lost!" she gasped. "This is terrible, after all the hopes we have entertained."

Her companion could not comfort her. He dared not prepare her mind for a fresh disappointment. In few moments the Tories came in sight, while Lilian pressed to the side of the major, to obtain a distinct view of them. Captain Lincoln was at their head, while another man rode beside him.

"It is Guy Barry, the back-woodsman!" uttered the maiden. "The tories have met him somewhere in the forest, and engaged his services. We cannot escape now! He will be sure to trace us!"

"Then listen to me a moment," began the refugee, quietly. "It is sufficiently manifest that I must submit to captivity, at last, but it does not naturally follow that you should share the same fate! If they find me here alone, they never will think of looking for a companion. There is no way in which you can assist me, as it is, but if you escape unsuspected, you may do so. Now what I propose is that you remove to the other side of this rock, and remain there. The bushes will screen you, and they will probably look here first, and, discovering me, will search no further. Now, go—go—I implore you!"

He looked at her entreatingly. He would have said more, but the tories were almost there, and Lilian had no resource but to comply. Another moment, and she had noiselessly disappeared.

The pursuing party rode slowly up, and stopped at a short distance from the refugee. Guy Barry had dismounted, and was searching along upon the ground. At last he appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the result of his efforts, and proceeded directly to the clump of evergreens. Parting the thick, heavy branches with his hand, he caught a glimpse of our hero, and then called to his companions.

"I've caught your bird, Captain Lincoln; now secure him!"

The men came up, and Major Lynn drew his sword and confronted them.

"What is your business with me, gentlemen?" he asked, coolly.

"Only to lodge you in a little safer place than the last," was the captain's sneering reply. "You see we know all about it! I think you must have had a very agreeable hostess, only it is a pity she should be obliged to let you out so slyly. But in one thing, at least, she failed—she shouldn't have left you here to be taken so soon again."

"You have might on your side, but for all that, I will not listen to such language, Captain Lincoln. I never speak idly!"

"Well, I will not bandy words with you. Put up your sword! No good can come from resistance, and you may as well yield yourself quietly."

Major Lynn stood a moment buried in deep thought. He dared not risk a struggle, for Lilian's proximity might thus come out, so he said,

"Circumstances oblige me to surrender. The odds are against me, but rest assured I am no willing prisoner."

He gave his sword to the captain, and permit-

ted the men to bind him, apparently with calm indifference. He was then placed upon one of the horses, and then, much to his relief, the whole party started off at a rapid rate.

He supposed Lilian to have been entirely undiscovered, but in this he was mistaken. Guy Barry was by far too well versed in the knowledge of wood-craft not to feel assured, by the traces which he discovered, that *two* instead of only one person had passed there. Upon discovering the refugee, and making it known to his companions, he had, therefore, guided by signs imperceptible but to himself, worked his way unnoticed to the other side of the rock, and come suddenly upon Lilian's place of concealment. The first impulse of the young girl had been to utter a cry of alarm, but on becoming aware who the intruder was, she beckoned him to her side.

"Do not betray me, Guy," she said, in a low, entreating tone. "It cannot be of any benefit to you, and would only do me harm. Go away, I beg of you, and never mention this meeting to a living being."

"You have always been kind to me, Miss Marston," said the man without hesitation, "and I shall not soon forget it. If my silence can possibly serve you, rest assured you will never be betrayed by me."

He turned away, and rejoined his companions, without his absence having been remarked. The whole party then proceeded in the direction of the residence of Mr. Durant, where they were met by the proprietor himself, who cordially pressed the tories to make his house their headquarters for the night. Captain Lincoln did not require much urging, but very readily consented, and, accordingly, the prisoner was bound, and left alone in the upper part of the building, while a reliable guard was stationed around the house, as it was thought the rebels in the neighborhood might possibly attempt a rescue.

"Union of souls—how sweet and pure—
Companions for eternity!
But such vile bondage to endure,
Better a thousand times to die!"

Night, dreary and moonless, drew its sable curtain slowly over the earth. At first a few dim stars twinkled faintly, like distant watch-fires, in the heavens, but gradually even these faded, as leaden-hued clouds gathered rapidly, very soon losing their identity in an extended bank, which still continued to increase in size and density, plainly betokening the storm which was gathering, and which would soon burst in all its fury overhead.

The hour of midnight came on apace. Apparently the entire household of Mr. Durant had

long before retired to rest, for the lights were out, and no sound broke the dreamy stillness of the atmosphere save the low sobbing of the wind, and the measured steps of the sentinels, as they took their accustomed rounds.

Suddenly the man stationed in front of the dwelling thought he detected a peculiar noise. He paused a moment in his walk, and listened intently. All was still again, but it seemed to him as if a shrub he had noticed a few rods off had moved, for it certainly was much nearer to him than he supposed. At first he appeared about to approach it, and then, muttering something to himself of his own foolishness, he resumed his accustomed round.

When he again arrived at the same spot, he looked for the bush. This time he knew it had changed its locality, for it was not half a dozen yards distant. Still he would not risk a false alarm, by firing into it, but instead, seized one of his pistols and approaching, bent over it. The moment he did so, a strong hand grasped his own, and another sought his throat. Before he had had even time to cry out, he was borne to the ground. A short but nearly silent struggle took place, and then a man arose and paced back and forth as before, but this time it was an altogether different person.

A similar scene took place in regard to the other sentinels, only neither of them was shrewd enough to detect anything at all unusual. A man then approached the house, and uttered a dismal cry in imitation of an owl, under one of the windows. It was immediately raised, and a light scarf fluttered in the wind, and fell to the ground. This appeared to be some sort of a signal, for the man again drew back into the shadow, where he remained.

Nearly half an hour elapsed, and two figures stealthily emerged from the shaded piazza. They were Major Lynn and Lillian Marston. Upon observing them, the man who stood waiting hastened forward.

"Ah, is it you, Redmond?" cried the officer, on recognizing him, cordially extending his hand. "A few hours ago I hardly anticipated the pleasure of another meeting on earth! It is to you, then, I am indebted for this!"

"Nay, sir, say rather to the courageous young lady by your side! It is she alone who deserves all the credit, and I am willing to accord it to her. To-day she came to our encampment, and informed us of your captivity and situation. Before, we had mourned you as dead. It was from her we gleaned the first knowledge of your whereabouts!"

The young man pressed his companion's hand.

"What do I not owe to you, my friend!" he cried, with emotion. "Life—liberty—all! More than a lifetime of devotion can repay!"

A vivid red mounted to either cheek, as Lillian answered:

"We have a duty to perform for all our fellow-creatures! You overrate the little service I have done you, for, in that way, I merely accomplished mine!"

"At least it was a duty which called forth more self-sacrifice than many would have willingly endured. But how did you manage to accomplish so much in such a limited period?"

"I followed the party which captured you immediately to the house, and after learning everything possible in regard to your disposal, I departed for the American camp, and made its inmates acquainted with all the particulars. I found Mr. Redmond ready and willing to undertake your release, and we made our arrangements together. My part was to let Mr. Redmond know, at the proper hour, by a preconcerted signal, that all was safe within, and then conduct you here."

"And you have performed it nobly! But those sentinels—it is strange that they have not observed us. How did you pass them?"

"Have you not thought who they are, major? Only three of your own men! We surprised the Tories who occupied their place, and they are only on guard to prevent all suspicion. We might attack the Tories, now, while so unsuspecting of danger, but with our present number, it would be madness. The best course left for us is to depart as speedily as possible. Will you accompany us, Miss Marston? You surely have friends at a distance where you can stop. This will be no place for you after what has happened."

Lillian remained silent for some moments, and appeared to reflect deeply.

"I believe you are right," she said, at last. "I cannot remain here in security. I have an aunt who resides in New York. I will go to her."

Her companions expressed their satisfaction at her resolution, and the two hastened to leave the spot. Three days afterwards Miss Marston was left in security with her relatives, whither she had been escorted by Major Lynn. The gallant officer did not discontinue the acquaintance, here, but followed it up diligently, with what success may readily be inferred from the knowledge that two years from that time, when the war was at an end, and peace had been declared between America and England, he led the blushing girl to the altar, much to the disappointment of Captain Lincoln, who was obliged to flee the country about the same time.

[ORIGINAL.]

COME!

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Come ye, whose world-bruised hearts so long
Have tasted nought but bitterness,
Haste to the house where prayer and song
Proclaim a Saviour's peaceful bliss:
Come to the House of God, and sing
A swelling note of praise to him!

'Tis thus thy weary cares will fade,
As though their presence ne'er had been;
Beneath the sanctuary's shade
A Saviour's love beams sweetly in
To hearts undone by pains of earth,
And whispers of a heavenly birth.

Come, linger steadily there, and yield
Thyself a willing sacrifice;
'Twill prove a powerful, blessed shield
Against all sins that shall arise
Mid scenes of earth, to lure thee back
To Satan's broad but fatal track.

[ORIGINAL.]

MAYBROOKE'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE PIONEERS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

UPON the western shore of the beautiful Horicon, now Lake George, a little inlet hollows into the mainland, forming a semi-circular basin; so small as to be almost overshadowed by the thick growth of forest, which, at the remote period of which I am writing, bordered either side of the lake. A more beautiful spot than this could hardly be imagined. Peaceful and tranquil, the silence of the place unbroken by a single sound save the chance note of a wild bird in the forest, it seemed as if forever exempted from the influence of the human strifes and passions which often mar the loveliest scenes with which the hand of a beneficent Creator has beautified the earth.

This place had been a favorite one with the Indians of the locality; and the impression which its lonely solemnity made upon their simple natures had induced them to make it the scene of their periodical mysteries and rites. They had, in fact, consecrated it, and set it apart for this purpose; and although rumors from a distance had reached them, concerning the migration into this section of the whites, the thought that this spot could be intruded upon, never entered into their minds. It was, therefore, with the deepest astonishment and anger, that, one dark night of

summer, the spectacle of a fire blazing upon the shore of the inlet was revealed to a solitary savage, passing along the lake in his canoe. He gazed at it for some time, to assure his amazed senses of its reality; and then noiselessly paddling into the land, he crept cautiously towards the fire. Lying concealed beneath a fallen tree, he counted four persons of the hated white race, their figures distinctly defined by the blaze; a man, a woman, and two small children, one a mere infant; while scattered around, were numerous articles of husbandry and domestic use. Waiting no longer than to assure himself of the facts which his eyes revealed, the spy withdrew as silently as he had appeared, and was soon speeding over the lake, eager to spread the intelligence of this unwelcome intrusion.

From a hundred points of concealment, upon the following morning, curious eyes were bent upon the inlet, and those who had taken possession of its shores. Before sunrise, the sharp strokes of an axe were resounding through the woods; and, ere long, the humble fabric of a log cabin was in process of construction. The course of a few days witnessed its completion; and the smoke which now arose from the opening which the arms of the sturdy settler had made in the forest, informed the savages that they were dispossessed of their revered place of sacrifice.

The day following the completion of the cabin witnessed a stirring and ominous scene. Upon the opposite shore of the Horicon, a huge council-fire had been kindled; and around it, hundreds of savages were gathered, plumed and painted in all the insignia of savage taste. For a time, the whole assemblage smoked in thoughtful silence; and then, one after another, they arose and spoke in their Indian tongue. It would have been easy for any person to divine the subject of their consultations, since their gestures were frequently directed to the opposite shore, where, in the dim distance, a faint, spiral thread of smoke marked the presence of the cabin. Their discussions, however, had evidently been moderate and temperate; but now a white man, who had, singularly as it seemed, been present since the kindling of the fire, sprang to his feet, and addressed the Indians in their own language. His connection with the savages, whatever it may have been, was evidently one which enabled him to exercise great power over their minds; for they listened to him attentively, even eagerly. Notwithstanding this, he was a man of inferior and repulsive presence, and his face denoted an evil and sinister spirit. Becoming excited as he continued to speak, his language grew unmis-

takably bitter, and he gesticulated freely and violently towards the cabin. As he proceeded, his audience nervously handled their hatchets and knives; and when he had concluded, all sprang to their feet and joined in a wild, irregular dance around the fire, accompanying the movement with the most frightful whoops and shrieks.

The innocent object of these alarming demonstrations was a young and hopeful pioneer, Roger Maybrooke by name, who, with his family, consisting of a wife and two children, as has been already intimated, had removed to the shores of Horicon, from one of the Eastern States. Utterly unconscious of the disturbance created by his choice of a location, he was now busily engaged in subduing the wilderness around him, and in providing with his rifle for the daily wants of the dear ones in the rude shelter he had erected; thus bravely endeavoring, for their future happiness, as well as his own, to fulfil the ambitious dreams, the hope for the realization of which had alone led him hither.

The wife of our pioneer was a young and beautiful girl, and far too delicate to endure the hardships and privations of forest life. But she was happy in following him, wherever duty might call him, loving him fondly and devotedly; while as for him, her very existence seemed part of his own. It was for her and her children that Roger Maybrooke had the more willingly abandoned the comforts of civilization, and secluded himself in the wilderness; and to secure their happiness, no sacrifice on his part would have been too great. His life seemed bound up in theirs; he loved them as the only treasures which his great heart had to cherish.

The morning following the council of the Indians was a bright and glorious one. The air was balmy and mellow, and the lake lay sunning itself, without a ripple to break its glassy surface; while the trees and clouds were mirrored with surprising accuracy in its depths. Tempted by the beauty of the scene, Maybrooke declared his intention to forego his labors for a time, and to spend the morning upon the lake. It was not until he had prepared himself to leave the cabin, that he observed the face of his wife, which seemed unusually pale and anxious. In answer to his instant inquiry, she replied:

"I know I am foolish, Roger, to be thus moved; but I had a dream last night that startled and terrified me. O, my husband, what a dream! I thought the Indians had surprised us, and burned our cabin, and—"

Overcome by the remembrance of what she spoke of, she hid her face upon her husband's

shoulder, and sobbed aloud. Roger drew her to his breast, and endeavored to comfort her.

"Do not fear," he said; "your dream was nothing more than a dream, and you can afford to smile at it now. The savages? Why, I have not seen a painted face since we came here; we can surely have no fears of them. But be assured, my dear Edith, if your dream troubles you, I will stay with you all day. What say you?"

Forcing a smile to her pale features, the wife urged him not to regard her fancies, and declared that they would quickly depart. With a farewell kiss to her and her children, and with a light and joyous heart, Roger Maybrooke strode forth, and launched his canoe upon the placid waters. Edith watched him from the doorway of the cabin, and then turning away, clasped her little ones to her heart with unsubdued apprehension. She had not told her husband all of her fearful vision; but even now, as in her sleep, the face of one who had troubled her peace in former days, that of a wooer whom she had rejected, that she might give her hand to Roger Maybrooke—a face full of subtlety, of hatred and of revenge, haunted and terrified her. And his was the face, which, as her dream revealed to her, surrounded by darker but not less hideous ones, the flames of the cabin lighted up with their glare!

Who can explain this greatest of all mysteries of the human mind—this prescience of sleep, when coming events are so faithfully shadowed forth to the sight? Can it be, indeed, that the spirit is so powerful as to reach forward into futurity, and there grasp the peril which impends, but still undeveloped, over the body? Even if this be so, it is almost beyond human reason to comprehend it.

Instead of pushing out into the lake, as he had at first intended, Maybrooke coasted along near the shore for some distance; when the sound of the plashing of other paddles than his own fell upon his ear. With a sudden instinct of caution, he drew his boat behind a clump of vines which overhung the water; and in a moment, a large canoe, filled with armed Indians, with a single white man among them, passed rapidly by him. And strangely enough, forgetting the hostile character of these voyagers, and never asking himself whether it might portend danger to himself, or those he had left behind him, the eyes of the concealed watcher became riveted upon the face of this one man; and he continued to gaze upon him, until the canoe which bore him swept around an adjacent projection, and disappeared. Where Maybrooke questioned to himself, could he have seen that face, which seemed so familiar,

so repugnant? Heedless of the time, the place, or the alarming circumstances which were closing around him, Maybrooke let fall his head upon his breast, and gave himself up to anxious thought. Without his knowledge, an hour passed away while he was thus occupied, and then the clue was gained! During this time, he had retraced his steps to his eastern home; he had renewed his first acquaintance with Edith, and the days of their unwedded love; and recalling painfully the faces of those whose shadows had fallen darkly across their path, he remembered that of Edgar Hylde; he whom he had just seen in the Indian canoe! Edgar Hylde—his rival for the hand of Edith, whose failure in his suit had brought down upon them both all the black and bitter hatred of his malignant heart, with the fierce threat that it should one day culminate in their union!

"God help me, and preserve them!" was the murmured prayer of the frantic husband and father, as he burst through the meshes of the vines, and, with paling face and hard-set teeth, grasped his paddle, and nervously propelled his canoe towards the cabin. There was no thought for himself, or the probable danger into which he was rushing; every effort of his mind was concentrated upon the peril of his wife and children. A canoe, the same he had before seen, and bearing the same freight, sped suddenly from the shore where he had that morning embarked, straight across the lake; and simultaneously, a thick volume of smoke rolled upward from among the trees, and the flames of his burning dwelling burst upon his anguished sight! Groan after groan forced themselves from his breast, and still more frantically he plied the paddle, until the canoe grounded on the beach. Leaping from it, he rushed madly towards his fast-consuming cabin. He reached it—he strode wildly through its deserted interior, over which the roof was fiercely burning, and called aloud the name of Edith. There was no response; and he retraced his steps, shrinking back in horror at the spectacle which met his sight, as he again stood in the doorway. God of heaven—what a sight for a father! The mangled corpses of his murdered babes, over which he had rushed in his blind fury, lay upon the grass, just as the hatchet of the savage had stricken them down! He caught them in his arms, pressed them to his breast, and piteously implored them to return to life; and then stifling his great agony, in the sudden thought that Edith might yet be alive, he caught up his rifle, and hurried away to his canoe. The spoilers were just visible in the distance, having almost reached the opposite shore; and

heedless of the danger of his course, he swiftly followed in their track. He found the place where they had disembarked, by the footprints in the sand; and plunging into the forest, followed like a bloodhound on their trail.

The pursuit was of short duration; hardly a hundred yards from the lake, he caught the flutter of Edith's dress through the trees. Bounding on, he reached her, as she lay prostrate and alone, gasping, expiring, in the throes of death! Once only her eyes met his, before the light left them; once only a smile visited her lips, ere they were passive and colorless! With a heart-breaking moan, Maybrooke cast himself down by her side, and kissed and embraced her, as though by his passionate love he could win her back to life; and with frenzied voice and mien, he called upon Heaven to restore to him his Edith; and then, with the re-action of his madness, he sank lifeless, insensible, by her side.

When consciousness had been restored to him, it was night, dark and silent. A perfect calm seemed to have taken possession of his perturbed spirit. He stood as if undecided for a moment; and then raising the corpse of Edith in his arms, he bore it to where his canoe still lay. The sad transit across the Horicon was accomplished, and once again at the inlet, where only a heap of smouldering ashes now spoke of the happy home upon which the morning sun had shone, he holloed out a deep grave beneath the trees, and embracing for the last time his lost ones, buried them together. Again the feelings of the father and husband overcame him; throwing himself upon the mound he had raised, he wept hot and bitter tears. Once more he grew calm—with face blanched to a fearful whiteness, he knelt by the grave, and breathed a solemn, terrible vow, calling upon the God of justice to preserve his life until he had accomplished it!

When Roger Maybrooke disappeared from the spot, just as the sun of another day was rising, he departed a changed and vindictive man. All the gentleness which had hitherto distinguished him was banished from his heart; he was but as a cold and passive instrument in the hands of an avenging fury, intent upon but one object—the destruction of those who had broken his heart and blasted his life and hopes.

Including Edgar Hylde, the party whose foray has been described, consisted of thirteen persons. Three days had not elapsed, since the burning of the cabin, when the leader of the party was stricken down, dead, as he stood in the doorway of his wigwam, by a bullet from some mysterious source. Another, and still another of the marau-

ders were cut off in like manner, in rapid succession; but none could discover whose hand sped the ball which ended their lives. Nothing had been seen or heard of Roger Maybrooke, since the day before the slaughter of his wife and children; but many recognized his hand in these sudden and otherwise unaccountable deaths.

Alarm and consternation quickly took possession of those who had composed the party; no efforts to track and destroy the daring avenger were successful, and they speedily concluded that the same fate, sooner or later, was destined to find each of them. It was therefore determined that they should separate, and depart from the lake in widely different directions, each continuing his flight so far that the secret pursuer would be unable to trace them. But notwithstanding these precautions, the relentless fate still followed; every murderer had been doomed! Successively they were slain, fly wherever they might; one fell upon the war-path—another passed to the spirit-land while he slept in his flight—still another, while an Indian maiden, almost as fair as the murdered Edith was sitting by his side; and all, each, in turn, killed by the mysterious bullet! Their only warning was the crack of a rifle; the only messenger, the leaden one which ended their lives. And thus, falling one by one, in a comparatively brief space of time, every savage who had participated in the massacre, had become a victim to the revenge of the terrible destroyer. One only remained; and he, Edgar Hylde, whose hatred and malice had incited and encouraged the bloody scheme, the execution of which was being thus fearfully avenged. He, however, had not been unmindful of his own safety; none knew, better than himself, the effect which Maybrooke's cruel bereavement might be expected to have upon him; and knowing as he did, that he himself must be the most prominent object of the injured man's revenge, at the first intimation of danger, afforded by the mysterious death of the leader of the party, he secretly left his Indian allies, and made a hasty flight to an eastern city.

For a time, he was undisturbed; and imagining that he had unnecessarily disquieted himself, and rejoicing, moreover, in the baseness of his heart, at the success of the murderous mission which had led him to follow Roger Maybrooke to the Horicon—he married, and prepared himself to enjoy a life of tranquillity.

But the avenger was upon his track! One day in the crowded street, his eyes encountered the emaciated face of Maybrooke! a face upon which there was no expression, other than that of settled determination. Shrinking back among the

passers, he escaped unnoticed; escaped, but with the feeling that he was thenceforth a doomed man—marked for the destroyer! And the same day, while he sat at the table with his family, pale, nervous and abstracted, as he lifted the glass to his feverish lips, a rifle ball, passing through the window, demolished the goblet in his hand! Who sent it, or whence it came, none knew but he.

The wretched man became an exile from his family; skillfully contriving his escape the same night, he wandered southward, westward, from the city to the forest, and back again to the city, followed everywhere by the pale, ghostly face, with the fidelity of his own shadow, and being repeatedly made the target for the avenger's rifle, by which several wounds were inflicted. But from all of these he recovered, and still wandered, like a second Salathiel, urged by a destiny as awful. Once he crossed the ocean; but in foreign countries he encountered the face of his destroyer, more wan, more emaciated, and more determined in its aspect, than ever before. Almost willing to resign himself to the fate which thus continually menaced him, he re-crossed the sea, and continued his flight.

But there came an end at last; an end so striking (for we deal with the truth), in its stern justice, that it needs no addition from the pen of fiction to make it the fitting finale of the tale here related.

Upon a cloudy night in June, a party of weary hunters built their camp-fire upon the western shore of the Horicon. Their evening meal was finished, and as the fire blazed up brightly and cheerfully, dispelling the gloom, and revealing each other's features, their hearts grew social, and from lively conversation, they passed to songs and jests, until the old forest around them rang with the merriment.

During one of the heartiest bursts of mirth, an interruption suddenly occurred. The apparition of a man, his dress torn to rags, his hands and face scratched and bleeding, from the briers through which he had rushed, and his whole appearance one of extreme emaciation and terror, presented himself before the fire. The hunters sprang to their feet, fearing an Indian attack; but seeing that the stranger was alone, they pressed around him, and kindly inquired the reason of his fright.

"Save me—for the love of heaven, save me!" was his wild petition. "He is close behind, seeking my life, like a bloodhound!"

The eyes of Edgar Hylde—for the stranger was he—suddenly fell upon the surroundings of

the spot, as the firelight plainly revealed them. He passed his hand across his forehead, and groaned audibly. Did he dream it? or was this really the spot which he well knew! a heap of charred embers at the edge of the forest, a lonely grave near by, and the lake and forest on either hand!

"What place is this?" he wildly exclaimed.

"I don't know exactly," one of the hunters replied; "but they say that the Indians surprised a settler here one night, a few years ago, and killed him and his family, and burned his cabin."

"The same—it is the same spot!" the hunted man exclaimed; and breaking away from the curious and awe-stricken group of hunters, he again looked round him in strange bewilderment. Then raising his clasped hands, he frantically cried:

"Not here, O, merciful God—not here! The punishment is just—I acknowledge it; but let it not be here, upon the very spot where my fiendish crime was committed! Not here, where I basely murdered her helpless babes, and where I tore poor, unhappy Edith away, to—"

His words were cut short by the sharp report of a rifle; and at the instant, the speaker fell forward upon his face. The hunters raised him up, he gave a single moan, and all was over. A bullet-hole in the centre of his forehead told the manner of his death.

The dip of a paddle upon the lake aroused the stupefied witnesses of this tragic scene; and seizing their rifles, they gazed out upon the water. The moon, which had been until now obscured by clouds, suddenly shone out bright and clear; and by its light, they were able to detect the figure of a man, seated in a canoe, rapidly urging it across the lake, away from them. The contents of a dozen rifles were instantly sent after him; but although some of the balls struck the canoe, and even the paddle in his hands, the unknown escaped unhurt. He passed away from their sight, nor did they ever see him again. His act of this night had concluded the tragedy, known to hundreds of the subsequent settlers of the vicinity, as **MATBROOKE'S REVENGE!**

THE EARTH.

Unconstant earth! why do not mortals cease
To build their hopes upon so short a lease?
Uncertain lease, whose term but once begun,
Tells never when it ends till it be done;
We dote upon thy smiles, not knowing why,
And while we but prepare to live, we die;
We spring like flowers for a day's delight,
At noon we flourish, and we fade at night;
We toll for kingdoms, conquer crowns, and then
We that were gods, but now, now less than men.
If wisdom, learning, knowledge cannot dwell
Secure from change, vain bubble earth, farewell!
FRANCIS QUARLES.

[ORIGINAL.]

MAUD.

BY ROBERT S. JENNINGS.

SHE was a wild, elfin-like child, with great, restless black eyes, and long tangled hair of the same dark shade. Her peculiar appearance might alone have drawn my attention to her, as she sat there upon the grass by the side of the hedge; but, in addition to this, when my eyes first rested upon her, she was sobbing violently. Reining my horse up, close by, I asked, with as much kindness as I could throw into my voice:

"Why do you cry, my child? What is the matter?"

She sprang up in evident fear; but discovering a stranger in her inquirer, she stood irresolute, looking at me with excited curiosity, while the tears were still upon her cheek. I repeated the question; and a fresh burst of passionate tears first answered it.

"It is because they beat me so!" she exclaimed, in a voice of singular earnestness; and she shook her tiny fist towards a low hut near by. "O, I do hate them: I will always hate them!"

"What is your name?" I asked, and she gave it, unhesitatingly.

"And who are they that beat you, little Maud—your parents?"

"No—I haven't any; none but old Giles and his wife, and I know they're not my parents. But I won't be whipped so," and her wild face grew almost wicked in the intensity of its angry resolution. "I'm not bad; I try to be good; but they beat me because it pleases them; and they've done it for the last time! I'll never go into the hut again as long as I live!"

"Where, then, will you stay, to-night? Don't you see how black the clouds are, Maud—and hark, how it thunders! You can't stay out in the storm!"

"But I will, if I must; and I'd rather a thousand times, than go back to the hut!"

The appearance and manner of the child—for she was scarcely more than thirteen—so interested me, that I would gladly have prolonged the interview, had not the indications of which I had just spoken become so threatening as to forbid my longer tarrying. Gathering up my reins, I said:

"No, Maud, don't run away; it would be wrong, I am afraid. Go back to old Giles, and he and his wife will treat you better."

"They won't—you don't know them as I do!" was her impetuous reply.

"Well, try them once more, and see; and if

they beat you again, come over to the lodge, and I will do something for you. You know where it is?" She nodded assent.

"Good-by then, Maud!"

"Good-by, sir!"

Galloping swiftly from the spot, curiosity led me to take a backward glance, when some distance away. The child was still standing where I had left her, her tattered dress streaming in the wind, and herself looking irresolutely after me.

My distance was barely saved, by sharp riding; hardly was I within doors, at home, when the rain came down in torrents, and continued to pour, as the night came on. Caring little for it, however, now that I was safely sheltered, and my solitary evening meal being disposed of, I prepared myself for an hour of bachelor abandonment. A cheerful fire was already burning in the library grate; and donning my dressing-gown, and shading the lamp, I threw myself into a luxurious easy-chair, and commenced to think. My thoughts, of course, could be of but one subject—my approaching marriage. Pleasant thoughts, they were, too, as such usually are; and I diversified them by studying, for the hundredth time, a faithful miniature of Marian, which was now my constant companion. And thus I might have sat for hours, without a thought of my little afternoon's adventure recurring to me, had not the noise of an angry altercation in the servant's room, followed by the abrupt entry of Maud herself, closely pursued by the domestic, suddenly reminded me of it.

"She says she *will* come in," the latter exclaimed, apologetically, "although I told her she shouldn't. Lord ha' mercy—what should a mean beggar like her—"

I saw from the indignant snap of Maud's eye, that an explosion might be expected; so bidding the servant withdraw, I pointed a stool to the strange girl, and bade her sit by the fire, and dry her clothes, which were streaming with the rain. She did so, drawing timidly to my knee, as if still afraid of something.

"Now tell me, Maud," I said, "why you have ventured out on such a stormy night. My poor child, have you been abused again?"

"Yes," was her quivering answer, "they beat me like a dog; and all because I told you they had done so before! I'll die now, sooner than go back; and I don't much care what becomes of me!"

I looked thoughtfully into the wonderfully expressive face of the child, not beautiful, certainly, but strangely interesting, and I conceived a sudden idea, which some impulse led me instantly to adopt.

"Maud," I said, stroking her wet black hair, as it fell over my knee, "would you like to live with me?" Her eyes dilated, first with wonder, and then with delight; and she replied:

"What—in this great, fine house—*here*, with you? O, sir, do you really mean it?"

"Most certainly I do. But do as you please; if you think you can like old Giles for a master better than me, you can go back to-morrow."

Looking up into my face, she simply said, "No—I like you; I will stay here!" And in a moment more, worn out by fatigue and grief, she was fast asleep on the rug at my feet. Summoning the housekeeper, I directed her to take charge of the little waif, and provide a suitable wardrobe for her as speedily as possible; and then, when I was again alone, I indulged in a comical smile at the result of my adventure. I, Stanley Mulgrave, a bachelor of eight and twenty, suddenly favored with—what should I say?—an adopted child? Laughing heartily at the conceit, I dismissed the matter wholly from my mind, and again occupied myself with the picture.

And thus Maud and I became of the same household. Her transformation, under the skillful hands of the housekeeper, was so complete, that my interest in her was heightened, and I now determined to faithfully fulfil the trust I had thus undertaken. At an early day, I took occasion to visit the hut of the morose old Giles and his wife, and purchase their consent to Maud's transfer, which was easily done. Of her origin or parentage, I could learn nothing; and nothing else, in fact, except that they had taken her from a foundling hospital, when quite young.

I must confess that it was as a pastime for myself, more than a benefit to her, that I undertook her instruction; but such was her eagerness for knowledge, and her aptness to learn, that the employment soon became a source of profit to myself, as well as her. She seemed, too, to have a wonderful intuition, and a mind far beyond her years; while her childish affection for me was almost devotional in its measure. My requirements were obeyed implicitly, and without question; and she never seemed so happy, as when sitting on her ottoman, near me, engaged in studying the tasks which I gave her. A remarkable change was taking place in her character; all of her wild, natural impulsiveness still remained, but it was being tempered by that harmony of mind which is rightly the effect of culture. And I watched her progress with daily increasing interest.

Maud, however, was but a secondary object in my thoughts; although by her assistance, I had

at least beguiled away the time which I feared would hang too heavily between me and the day of my bridal. My plans had been laid so that none of the servants knew of the approach of the latter event; and even Maud, as I bade her good-by for a few days, was entirely innocent of the least knowledge of it.

"What—crying, Maud?" I cheerfully exclaimed. "What is the matter now?"

"I'm not crying," she answered, wiping the great drops from her eyes, "but I am so lonely when you are gone; I do like to be near you!"

There is no heart which cannot be in some degree stirred by the confession of that affection which acknowledges in its possessor the kind benefactor and protector; and mine involuntarily swelled within me, as I waved an adieu to my little waif, as she stood in the doorway, shading her eyes from the sun, and looking sorrowfully after me. And I resolved, in the moment, that when I returned, Maud should have another and a gentler friend than I.

As the carriage passed rapidly onward toward the lodge, upon the afternoon of the third day following my departure, I pointed out successively to Marian the various features of the landscape with which I was myself most pleased; and while her eyes followed the direction of my finger, mine were constantly fixed upon her face—as impassive now, in its stern, proud beauty, as when I first saw it. Yet she was now my bride; and I gloried in winning one so queenly, to rejoice the home to which I was bearing her.

The lodge was soon reached, and I led Marian into the drawing-room. Maud was there, practising upon a guitar I had given her. She started up with a cry of pleasure, as she saw me, but hesitated as she noticed my wife. The latter looked inquiringly at me, and I hastened to say:

"This is Maud, little Maud, my protegee. And this, Maud, is *my wife*; you will love her for her own sake, as well as for mine!"

"You never told me of this, Stanley," Marian said, a look of displeasure darkening her face. Before I could reply, I was startled at the expression which the face of the child had assumed. It was pale, and absolutely painful in its look of scrutiny, as she bent her keen eyes upon the face of Marian, who regarded her with one of anger and contempt; until, shrinking to my side, Maud looked up into my face, and tremblingly exclaimed:

"*This*, Mr. Mulgrave—this your wife? This woman does not love you! I know it; and I am sure I could never love her!"

"Maud!" I angrily exclaimed. It was the

first stern word she had ever received from me, and it melted her in an instant. Seizing my hand, she covered it with tears and kisses, and then abruptly left the room.

The strange conduct of the child puzzled and annoyed me; and I followed her to her chamber. There I found her, lying upon her bed, and sobbing bitterly.

"Maud!"

She looked up, as I softly uttered her name; and seeing me, her tears broke forth afresh. Astonished beyond measure, I sat down by the bed, and talked to her, long and tenderly. She listened in silence, until I spoke of Marian, my wife, and again besought her to love her, at least for my sake; when she interrupted, with all the bitter vehemence that had attracted my attention when I first met her by the hedge, and exclaimed:

"But I don't and can't love her! She is a cold, heartless woman, and loves neither you nor me! Nobody can love you as well as I do!"

I started to my feet in surprise; Maud, the strange, elf-like child, had betrayed the secret which her childish heart had treasured up from the day of our first meeting; and now, blushing, terrified at her abrupt revelation, she had hidden her face in the pillow. Moved, myself, at this unexpected discovery, which accounted for much in her conduct that had hitherto been an enigma, I told her, in a trembling voice, that she should always live with me, and be a sister to me; and she, bursting afresh into tears, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me.

"You are my brother, and my benefactor?" she murmured. "Forgive me, dear Mr. Mulgrave, for my folly; but I *do* love you—you are so kind and good!"

For several days after this, I saw very little of Maud; merely catching a glimpse of her, now and then, as she flitted about the house, like an uneasy spirit. But I could not ignore the fact, that she studiously avoided Marian, and seemed even more averse to her, than upon their first singular interview.

It was at this time, that we received a visitor at the lodge—Guy Montgomery, an old school-friend of my own, who had come at my invitation, to spend a few weeks. He was a gay, reckless fellow, a perfect man of the world, elegant in his person and address. His presence seemed to double the happiness of our life at the lodge, which Marian had already more than once complained of, as tame and spiritless. And I was gratified to discover that she found a congenial companion in Guy; for nothing which afforded her the slightest pleasure was objectionable to me. Therefore I experienced a real pleasure in

seeing them almost always together; and when Marian's gay laugh floated up from the lawn to my study, or when I heard both their voices singing some mellow air, I rejoiced in the thought that Marian was enjoying a pleasure which my society could not have afforded her.

It was one drowsy afternoon at this juncture, as I was sitting by my desk, that a timid rap on my door reached my ear. Bidding the applicant enter, I turned my head and discovered Maud. But her timidity seemed suddenly to vanish, and standing before me almost with the attitude and mien of a woman, she said, while her eyes flashed earnestly:

"It is high time, Mr. Mulgrave, that you were undeceived! You have been blind for these two weeks to what has been transpiring beneath your own roof! I have watched for you, and I bring you the certainty of that of which I have more than once assured you—that your wife does not love you—*nay, that she loves another!*"

"Girl!" I sternly exclaimed, "beware how you trifle with me! In heaven's name, what do you mean?"

"It is God's truth!" she cried, still more earnestly. "Guy Montgomery could tell you more than I, if he would—but you may be sure she is unfaithful and—"

As the dark meaning of the girl came home to my mind, I sprang to my feet, intensely excited, and confronted her; but strange to say, she did not shrink in the slightest before my indignant gaze and threatening mien.

"Go!" I hoarsely commanded, pointing to the door, and stamping my foot imperatively. "Go, ungrateful viper, and never let me see your face again! I could have indulged your fancies, extravagant as they have been, but this can never be forgiven! Go, depart from my sight, before I am tempted to trample you under foot!"

She obeyed without speaking. As she disappeared through the doorway, her face was turned for an instant towards me with an expression of wild, heart-broken grief, such as haunted me for days afterwards. A moment after she left me, I watched her from the window, as she flitted across the lawn, and lost herself to view among the trees. Strange, indeed, the influence which she had obtained over me; strange, that in a moment of fearful anger like this, I could still half regret her departure, final as I knew it must be!

A merry peal of laughter suddenly floated out from the drawing-room. The voices were those of Marian and Guy Montgomery. The sound, for once, jarred harshly upon my ears, although

I knew not why, and I quickly placed myself out of earshot.

I had been absent two days from the lodge, and with thoughts full of home and Marian, I was returning. It was pleasant to one whose life had been as lonely as mine had, to think there was a heart beating for me at home, and anxiously counting the hours of my absence. Home and wife! The words were coupled pleasantly in my mind, and in fancy I anticipated fondly the moment of my arrival. The first dusk of evening had passed, and the twilight was deepening into darkness when I arrived at the lodge. I could discover no light in any part of it; all seemed to be in shadow. Entering the hall, I called the name of Marian, first low, and then loudly. A servant appeared when I again repeated it.

"Where is your mistress?" I demanded.

"She is gone, sir. She went away this morning, in a carriage with Mr. Guy. Here is a note she bade me give you."

My heart throbbed painfully, as I took it and broke the seal, and the heart itself almost broke, as I read the contents. The note was brief and cruelly cold in its language. It merely announced that the writer was satisfied that she could never love me, and had therefore given her heart to another. A heartless farewell followed, and that was all! Stunned by the blow, the more crushing because unexpected, I sank down upon the floor, as one utterly bereft of sense. A lifetime of thought flashed through my brain in a moment. Maud was right; her wonderful perceptions had assisted her to the terrible discovery which my blind heart fatally rejected. And now all were gone, Maud, Marian, hope and honor, all departed, leaving nothing but disgrace!

My bitter thoughts must have found voice, for I heard the words "not all," faintly spoken from out the darkness of the opposite side of the room. Then a little hand was hesitatingly laid upon my shoulder, and a well known voice whispered falteringly in my ear:

"I knew she would go; I heard she had gone, and I wished to see you once more—only once! Forgive me, Mr. Mulgrave, and I will go and trouble you no more."

My arms tightened around the form of the dear child, and I answered, as she laid her cheek upon mine:

"You shall never leave me, little Maud, you shall stay always at the lodge, and be a blessing to my lonely life. Forgive me, Maud, for my cruel harshness—stay with me, I beseech you, for you are all that is left me now!"

Tears—great drops of grief and blighted love

rolled down my face as I spoke. And Maud, too, wept sympathizingly, and mingled her tears with mine; and as we sat thus together in the solemn darkness of the room, the ties which united the little waif to me were drawn closer still.

After five years of absence from home, I again turned my face towards it. My friends who met me abroad during these five years, told me that I had grown old rapidly—and as I saw the gray with which my hair was thickly sprinkled, I was forced to admit the truth of the remark. And there was that at my heart which should have made me old—deep-settled sorrow—but not guilt. No—for although Guy Montgomery, the perfidious friend, had fallen by my hand, in a duel, I could not bring myself to think that his retribution was unmerited, or myself an unfit avenger.

A host of old memories thronged upon my heart, as I placed my foot once more within the grounds of my estate at the lodge. They were sad and bitter ones, it is true, but I cared not to drive them forth. My future was all overcast with clouds. I was returning to a home of loneliness, uncheered by a single hope, and it mattered little what my thoughts might be.

The outer door of the lodge was partly ajar, and entering it, I passed into the parlor and seated myself. It was not until then that I became aware that I was not the only occupant of the apartment. Opposite me, but unconscious of my presence, were two persons—a young and beautiful lady, and a young man. The latter was kneeling upon one knee before the lady, and fervently declaring his love. She replied kindly but firmly, assuring him that her feelings towards him were only those of friendship. And it was not until the disappointed suitor passed from the room, that the lady discovered the presence of an involuntary witness of the scene. But the look of vexation upon her bright face quickly gave place to one of joy, as she saw me, and hastening towards me, she placed her hand upon my arm, and inquiringly pronounced my name. I, however, could only return her heartfelt welcome with a look of embarrassment.

"What! don't you know me?" she cried. "Not know Maud—your little Maud?"

Maud—was it possible? This beautiful, queenly creature the uncouth, elf-like Maud, whom I had left at the lodge five years before? Never was there a more marvellous change—and never, I thought, as I looked down into the luminous depths of those dreamy, soulful black eyes, had I seen beauty like this! •

The sight stirred the passion within my breast,

which had lain dormant for years, and seating myself upon the sofa by her side, I took her hand, as I had been wont to take that of the child Maud, and told her what lay nearest my heart. I quickly found that my control over her generous spirit was not gone, and as I proceeded, her mood changed with my words. Especially did her tears flow when I spoke of the death of Marian in a foreign hospital, wretched and outcast, and of the forgiveness which I extended to her in her dying moments. And when I spoke of the scene which I had just witnessed in this room, and asked, with fearfully pulsating heart, if it had been for me that this suitor had been rejected—and when, finally, Maud laid her head upon my shoulder, and faintly murmured that blessed word, yes—I felt that I might still live with a hope of happiness.

Dear reader, my story is simple, but O, how true! For here, by my side, even as I write, is Maud, my first and only love, and better still, *my wife*, beaming upon me from the liquid midnight of her eyes, all the unutterable love which she feels. Sweet Maud! I know she loves me no better now, than when she was a child—and yet it is a love that makes me holier and better day by day. Ah, there must be a divinity that shapes our ends! A kindly fate must have led me to the hedge side, upon that memorable day, six years ago, to find the sunbeam which now so faithfully lights up a life that would otherwise be dreary and darksome.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM OF A CHILD.

The young daughter of Lady —, in England, had a complaint in her knee, and the surgeons decided that the limb must be taken off. Her mother told her all the facts, and asked whether she would submit to the operation, or take the risk of death. "O, mama," the child at once replied, "I would much rather die, because I should then be so happy; but then God does not call for my life, but for my limb; and if I were to choose to die rather than to have it taken off, it would be doing my will, and not God's will." When the operation was performed, her mother, being in another room, heard one loud scream, and supposed it was just begun, but it was over, that being the only complaint she uttered. When the surgeon praised her fortitude, and said something about her "good sense,"—"O no," said she, "but I will tell you what it was; it was two verses in the Bible:—'Through much tribulation, we must enter the kingdom of heaven;' and, 'If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.' I thought of these, and that helped me to bear the pain."—*Youth's Gazette*.

LIFE.

The game of life
Looks cheerful when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. COLLAISON.

[ORIGINAL.]

WE ARE DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.

BY E. B. COLMAN.

A small boat floats o'er the waves to-night,
While the moon shines on hilltop and lee;
Look! the tide is up and the current strong—
It is drifting out to sea!

Two graceful figures recline in the boat,
Unconscious that danger is near;
Hark! a deep, manly voice is telling a tale,
That the maiden bends low to hear.

He speaks of a love, eternal and deep,
For the dear one at his side;
And he eagerly waits for the low response,
As it floats o'er the silvery tide.
Ah, he springs to his feet, and grasps the oar,
The breakers are on his lee!
"We are lost!" he cried, "for the shore is far—
We are drifting out to sea!"

She smiled, and her accents came strong and clear,
"The waves have no terror for me;
If I sink to-night 'neath their surface bright,
Belovèd, I am still with thee!"
Her words nerved his arm, and gave strength to his heart,
The shallop flew back o'er the tide;
One moment of peril! the danger is past,
And safe in the harbor they glide.

Long years have fled since that fearful night,
When he won his blooming bride;
And together they've sailed down the river of life,
And tossed on its restless tide.
The fragrance of heaven breathes sweet o'er them now,
And its music falls soft on the ear;
While the waves swell and heave on the river of death,
For the fathomless ocean is near!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BLIND LAPIDARY.

BY W. C. HOWLAND.

"I AM poor enough, Roma; that you know as well as I; but it quickens and strengthens a man's hands to know that he has somebody depending on his labor. And besides, my trade is quite looking up. I have had more employment than ever, since I have been thinking of you as my wife. My wife, Roma—how sweet that sounds! I sometimes repeat it over and over again, while I work. Let me repeat it in earnest, darling?"

Roma murmured something which Joseph Carillo did not hear, but which he chose to interpret into an affirmative, and he betrayed the lover-like delight which is quite proper on such occasions. Pity that it did not evaporate so easily as it sometimes does!

I like my hero, reader, and I wish you to do so. "We live in deeds," says Philip Bailey—and Joseph Carillo's deeds ought to be emblazoned

in letters of gold. Some men think it quite an affair, if they take care of some poverty-crushed being who is too nearly related to them to allow of desertion; but Carillo, from the age of seventeen, had maintained solely by his labor, the orphan children of a man, who, in his lifetime, had done him a positive injury. When this man died, he left two little daughters. Carillo placed them with a good old lady, with whom he had lived. He paid all their expenses from his small income, although by so doing he was obliged to sleep in his workroom, and eat his frugal meal of bread and cheese, moistened with water alone.

These girls had now arrived at an age when they could work for themselves, and Joseph thought it high time for him to be preparing for that future which he had long anticipated with Roma Bernal, when lo! the old lady who had taken care of the children, was smitten with a slow, lingering disease. She was alone in the world. Joseph recalled Enrica, the eldest girl, from her employment at the Florentine button manufactory, and charged her not to let the poor woman want for anything that would be acceptable to her, and he was to be responsible for all, besides making Enrica's remuneration precisely what she had received for her work at the manufactory. So our hero hoped and waited for better times and increased pay, but never for the old lady's death. He went to see her every evening, and talked to her as tenderly as though she were his mother. After a year had gone by, she died, blessing him with her latest breath. And then Joseph took her little home, in which he had long kept a room for his work, and begged Roma to share it with him. Roma had only demurred on the ground that she should be a burden upon him. He overruled her objections, by promising she should polish the stones he should cut, and thus support themselves by mutual labor.

The wedding was performed in the church of Santa Guiseppe, and the bridegroom and his pretty young bride took possession of the home which had been beautified by the products of Roma's ingenuity and skill. The floor of the principal room had been composed of blocks of wood of a diamond shape and of various colors. They were worn and broken now; but Roma herself patiently turned them on the other side, and colored them with preparations of her own invention, after which they were rubbed with wax until they were far more beautiful than the original coloring. Various little presents had been made her from the people at the silk establishment where she had worked, and all these she had turned to purposes of use and beauty, mak-

ing the little home as attractive as a palace. Her own wardrobe was neat and simple, yet picturesque too, as the Italians of her class always dress. Out of this little room, she persuaded Joseph to cut a door into his workroom, that he might look in occasionally and enjoy his possessions there, and through that into the little bed-chamber with its pink and white hangings, the gift of her former employer.

"I shall see something sweeter than all," responded Joseph, more than ever loving the dear girl who was now all his own.

After the arranging of the house was over, Roma sat down to her polishing. It was beautiful to see her as she sat a little way from Joseph, —not so far that he could not give her an occasional kiss—at her little table covered with cham-*ois*-skin, diligently polishing the stones to the sharp click of Joseph's chisel, which he plied with an ardor never before experienced. Then rising, she would retreat to a mysterious hiding-place for half an hour, at the end of which time, she would call him to a repast of bread, grapes and macaroni, of such unrivalled delicacy of preparation and arrangement, as Joseph had never before witnessed.

Thus they went on for four years. Not a tint had faded in their home. The flowers, in their season, garlanded the cottage from doorstep to roof tree, the vines clustered thickly above frames their joint industry had raised. The only change had been that a little cot with just such pretty hangings as shaded the bed, had been added beside it, and from the plump recesses of which looked out every morning the "sweetest eyes that e'er were seen,"—eyes belonging to a miniature Roma.

About this time, Joseph took a fancy to cut out another large window in his workroom. Then he pushed aside the vines and trailing flowers from them, all three windows being left quite bare.

"Why do you spoil our beautifully shaded windows?" asked Roma.

"O, the child must have light. It will not do to bring her up in darkness—she will grow melancholy, Roma."

Satisfied of the wisdom of this, Roma said no more, until one day when Joseph thought she was farther off, she saw him through the open door, fling down his tools, throw himself forward upon the bench and sob like a child. This must not be, she thought. A great sorrow only can affect a man. Women weep easily. It is their nature—their refuge—their weapon, and their relief. But it takes sore smiting to bring water from the rock. Roma stepped back into the shadow, feeling as if she scarce dared to in-

trude upon the sacredness of a sorrow which her husband had not confided to herself. But she did not stay away long. In a few moments she lay upon his breast, in an agony of tender grief and dismay at what he had to tell her. Joseph was becoming blind!

In the first moments of her knowledge of this, Roma rebelled sorely against the affliction. She could not bear that one so good, so gentle, and so noble as he, should meet with so dreadful a punishment. She gave way to the expression of this rebellious thought. He gathered her slight figure in his arms, and spoke low, soothing words to her, as one would to a weeping child; and the storm of feeling subsided under his gentle tones. Still it was so hard that he should never see her and his little Roma—that he should be shut out in perpetual darkness from the dear sight of his home and its beauty—that, although she did not weep so wildly, the big tears that swelled slowly over the white eyelids, attested the inward suffering.

Joseph spoke no more of it at present. He bandaged his eyes and tried to learn to do many things belonging to his work without seeing—gradually preparing himself, as he told her he had long been doing, for the final result, which now seemed inevitable. He even showed her how she could manage to do much of it herself, and how to direct another, and then he praised her so much because she could finish the stones so perfectly!

"Don't think of it, dear," he would say, when she burst into a new paroxysm of grief at witnessing his efforts. "I shall be far better off than many other blind people, for have I not another pair of eyes that will do my bidding as faithfully as my own? O, believe me, darling, we shall not suffer."

"But you—so kind and good—"

"Hush, dearest, it will be all right, although it is so dark to you now."

And poor Roma had need to think so, if she could attain to so much philosophy as that; for that night Joseph took little Roma in his arms, saw her sweet face, remarked the extreme paleness of his wife's, and the next morning he waked to find both and all hidden from his eyes, perhaps forever! Patience did its perfect work upon Joseph Carillo. The song was still upon his lip, the smile still lighted her face. He went about with a facility that excited Roma's surprise, until he said, quietly, "I have been practising for six months."

He had known thus long what was coming, but he could not bear to tell her. Only once had he given way to the irrepressible sorrow

which she had chanced to witness. His little child's hand now led him. For hours, he and little Roma wandered about together; for light and air, the surgeons told him, would be his best friends. His general health must be sustained, if he ever expected a change in his disease. And with the assistance of a young man, who did the hardest part of the work, Roma worked away at the little chamois-skin covered table, as diligently as ever—as cheerfully as she could; never giving way to despondency when Joseph was near, for she found he could detect the sound of her breathing, and know by that, whether she was agitated or serene.

Very sincere was the sympathy given to Joseph in this affliction. Before he married, he had been the only organist at Santa Guiseppe, the church of his patron saint. He had performed this duty cheerfully without compensation; but when he married Roma, he resigned it to another, for the sake of sitting and kneeling beside her. Now it was tendered to him again, with an offer of recompense, and he gladly accepted it. Now it would not take him from Roma's side, for every Sunday she led him to his place at the organ, and her hand was ever near to regulate the stops, and perform any little service he might need.

One of the chances which sometimes are sought and sometimes come to us, threw a young traveller in the way of visiting the cottage. He was lingering so wistfully at the gate, admiring the beautiful flowers, that Roma asked him in, although a moment after she wished she had not, for Joseph was out with the child. However, he asked questions, and so did she; and his brought out the fact of her husband's blindness, and hers that of his being a student of surgery. Joseph had now been blind five years; and had strenuously opposed her entreaties to have an examination. The young man spoke learnedly, but simply; and his talk convinced her that an operation ought to be performed. He would not perform alone, he said, and he should need to study his case. He would prefer to watch it silently, without Joseph being aware that he had any scientific knowledge of his disease. Then, if he found no hope of cure from his observations, the patient would not experience either expectation or disappointment; he might never know that it had been named.

And Roma simply told her husband that a gentleman wished to lodge at this quiet place for a week or two, and would pay liberally for the privilege; and he acceded at once. The gentleman talked with him every day, and upon almost every subject but the eyes. He was a brilliant talker, placing every scene which he de-

scribed before the hearer's mental view; and, as such, was interesting, and even fascinating to the blind man, who became really attached to him. But after a while Joseph changed towards the stranger, much to the annoyance of the latter and the grief of Roma. He preserved a perfect silence before him, except when he vouchsafed the briefest answers to the questions put to him. The stranger and Roma had long and confidential talks together, trying to account for this caprice, but in vain. Joseph strove to alienate little Roma from the student, to whom she had become quite attached. The child was too just and sincere in her attachments to heed him. She only kissed the sightless eyes, and whispered loving words to the father she so truly loved and pitied.

Roma the elder found her opportunities for talk with young Pinard grew fewer and fewer. Joseph was constantly watching them—not with his eyes, it is true—but with that indescribable sixth sense which blind people attain. She wondered and wondered when he came home with Roma, after a brief absence of only a few moments, and called her away with a face that did not seem like Joseph's, so haggard and austere. He did not claim, nor accept her help either, as heretofore; and it was only when he spoke out in his disturbed and miserable sleep, that the startling truth burst upon her mind that he was jealous of the unoffending student! This was harder to bear than all the rest. That Joseph was blind was God's dispensation—a mournful one, it was true, but still one that no one could reflect upon. But jealousy!—jealousy from Joseph towards the wife who would have died to save him from a single pang, was what she was all unprepared to meet. Roma was truly miserable. She respected herself too much to deny without being questioned, that she was guilty of wrong towards him. She respected Pinard too much to let him know that Joseph had lost his confidence in him. Meantime the whole matter lay in a few scattered words that Joseph had heard Roma utter, just as he was entering the house one day—words of love applied to himself, but wrested by sudden jealousy into being addressed to Pinard; and since then, confirmed by new discoveries of private conversations, new words of anxious love applied to some one—probably, nay, indisputably, to the student. All Roma could do, was to urge Pinard to conclude his observations upon her husband's eyes as speedily as possible. She did it regardless of his thinking that she wished to get rid of his own presence; and the young man promised to do so, believing all the while that Joseph had discovered

his plan of operating upon his eyes. How easy it is to misapprehend those about us!

Joseph went out one afternoon alone, and took the way to the forest. Roma's heart was seized with a terrible foreboding when she found such was the case; for, alas, she had just been listening to Pinard, who had rejoined her, by telling her that the operation would be effectual, and that he had written to his friend to join him there the next week.

"To you," said Pinard, "I delegate the task of preparing him—of obtaining his consent."

She had hurried from the room to unfold to him their scheme, when she found that he had gone to the forest. She blamed Roma for letting her father go out alone, and the child wept at her unusual severity of speech. Without staying to dry the child's tears, she seized a veil and ran to the forest. She had pressed deeply into the undergrowth, in which she became entangled, when the sight of a small poignard, which she knew must have been dropped by Joseph, met her eye, lying lightly upon some leaves. She seized it by the handle, and pressed on. Joseph must have passed this way, through the brambles. Where was he now? She called, but her voice fell back into her own throat, instead of ringing out its rich tones upon the air.

Presently she emerged from this into an open space; but how could any blind person do so? Her doubts were dispelled, but her fears made stronger by that which here met her eye. Joseph lay prostrate on the greensward. Roma ran to him, raised his head, and wetting her hand in a little thread of brook which ran near, she applied it to his head and face.

He had fainted. Her caresses, when he recovered consciousness, prompted him to a confession. He had indeed come out with the intention of self-destruction in his mind, thinking, as he said, that he would take away all obstacles that the life of a poor, useless blind man could throw between her and Pinard. Roma stopped him here, but he would tell her how his better angel came to him and counselled him to throw away the weapon where he knew that he could not find it again. He had thrown it from the path which Roma, in her agitation had missed, and it had alighted on the leaves where she had found it.

"Now, then, dear Joseph," said the fond wife, still trembling at the danger, although it was past, "I will tell you all, which I could not before." And she related what the reader already knows.

Joseph wept like a child at his own unjust suspicions. He knelt at her feet, implored her pardon, and entreated her to keep it all from the

student, which, of course, she would do, unasked; and, as a compensation for the grief he had given her, he consented to an examination by Pinard and his friend, though hopeless as to the result. Roma, pale and quivering, led him home, hiding the poignard within her dress, and securely locking it up afterward. She was scarcely able to go through the ordinary employments of her household, so severely was she shaken. Joseph did not see her pale face, but he felt her thin hand, and sighed that he had been so weak as to distrust the angel who had tended him so long and faithfully.

"Next week" has arrived. The faithful Roma holds the hands of her husband, sitting in front, where his first glance may fall on her, if the operation prove successful. If it should not! Pinard and his friend stand bending over him, with an earnest anxiety in their looks. Little Roma is banished from the room, but her sobs reach the father's sensitive ear, although no one else hears them—and he insists on her return. He will have her close beside her mother; and the brave, affectionate girl promises not to weep again until all is over.

Slowly—very slowly, they perform. It seems an age to Roma, yet she patiently holds the hands. She has on the very dress in which he last saw her—a pale green—so as not to startle him with bright colors, if he can see at all. O, heavens! what are they doing? Joseph wrings her hand in an agony of pain; but she hears Pinard's voice encouraging and cheering him, and her fear subsides. That good, noble, patient friend—how gently he touches the tender orbs! Roma watches his face, and reads hope, fear and anxiety by turns. Then she fixes her eyes upon Joseph, until the surgeons both draw back and give a long breath, and the hands clasp hers, and the voice of her husband murmurs joyfully:

"I see you, darling!"

In a moment his eyes are bandaged, and he is laid upon the bed, now covered with a soft green, instead of the pink and white, and after days of blissful approaches to recovery, with occasional glimpses of his wife and child, he is allowed to rise, and come forth to the light of the perfect day.

Joseph Carillo is now the richest man in that region; yet he still lives in the very home made so dear by past happiness and past suffering. There is little alteration in the original cottage—but near it is another, which is built in more modern style, and is resided in by Francois Pinard and his pretty French wife, much to the gratification of his Italian friends.

[ORIGINAL.]

ANNIE'S GRAVE.

BY JAMES C. HARRIS.

Beneath yon spreading chestnut's shade
There is a little tomb;
Sweet smiling Annie there was laid,
Just in her fourth year's bloom.

A single bird each spring returns,
And from the railing round,
In plaintive notes it sadly mourns
Over that little mound.

And this was Annie's favorite bird,
She fed it from her hand;
And when its voice at morn was heard,
When winter chilled the land,

She oped the door, and in 'twould fly,
And take its crumbled food;
Then off 'twould warble through the sky,
In cheerful, happy mood.

'Twas a bright morning in the spring,
The sun poured forth the day;
The merry birds around did sing,
And nature all was gay.

Sweet Annie, in a snow-white shroud,
Within her coffin laid;
While beauty on her pale cheeks glowed,
And lingering, still delayed.

When through the open window led,
The merry bird did flit;
But gazing on that angel dead,
Upon her coffin lit.

It viewed her lovely features long,
And moaned a pensive strain;
Then rising with a solemn song,
It fluttered out again.

That day sweet Annie from her home
Was borne and lowly laid;
While from the spreading chestnut's limb
The bird, still singing, stayed.

And every spring this bird returns,
And from the railing round,
In plaintive notes it sadly mourns
Over that little mound.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PIRATES OF ORNBAY.

BY H. E. BARROWS.

WE stood together on the ship's quarter deck, the captain and I, watching the motions of another vessel which had for several days been becalmed near us, and which now, under the influence of a light breeze which had just sprung up, was rapidly nearing us. She was a large American clipper, one of that beautiful fleet which of late years have become so justly the pride of the seas, and have gained a monopoly of the tea and opium

trade of the East Indies. Everything about her bespoke neatness and order. The newly-painted sides, the tall masts tapering away to the little truck at the top, the sails carefully patched, yet swelling out in their fleecy glory, all united to make a sight, the interest of which can only be appreciated by those who have been many days at sea, out of the sight of land, or becalmed as we had been for three long weeks beneath the equatorial sky of the Timor Sea.

"Isn't she a beauty?" said old Captain Boggs, at length, as he took the ship's glass from his eye, where it had been steadily resting for some minutes.

I was about to express my acquiescence in this remark, albeit it was made more as a soliloquy than aught else, when the captain continued:

"By Jove, she's going to speak us! I wonder if the fellow wants water? If he does he can go—"

Now to what place the old fellow in his growl was desirous to send them, I know not, for by this time the vessel had approached so near to each other that objects could be plainly distinguished; and as we looked, and still admired, a tall form suddenly sprung into the mizzen rigging, and in a clear, distinct voice, called out the standard phrase of all introductory ceremonies at sea:

"Ship a-h-o-y!"

"Hilloa!" sung out our first mate.

"Where are you bound?"

"From the Moluccas to Boston, with spices and oils."

"Have you any accommodations for passengers?" was the strange inquiry which came next.

"Jerusalem!" said the captain to me. "If I was off the cape now I'd think it was the Flying Dutchman, Herr Vanderdecken. They say he always makes that inquiry. Tell him, Wilson," continued he, turning to the mate, "tell him to come aboard and see. We'll see what sort of a fellow he is, anyhow, that asks for a passage on a ship in mid ocean."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Wilson.

And again the speaking trumpet roared forth the words of invitation. The answer seemed to be satisfactory, for in a very few moments the strange ship was brought to, and in less time than it takes to narrate it, a yawl was dancing its way along the surface of the sea, propelled by the strength of two sturdy sailors, while the principal in the late colloquy sat in the stern sheets, and steered with an oar. Soon he was alongside, and with the ease of the practised sailor, caught a rope flung to him, and climbed up on deck.

"Captain Thompson, of the ship Rockford," said he, raising his hat as his foot touched the deck.

"Why, Thompson, is that you? Why, I thought you had laid your bones in Fow Chow harbor, in the great hurricane last fall."

"Captain Boggs, by all that's holy! How are you, my hearty?" And the old friends, for such they were, grasped each other's hand with true sailor warmth; then in reply to the other's inquiry:

"No!" said he, "Davy Jones hasn't got me yet. But come into your cabin, I've got a word with you."

And so they disappeared down the companion-way, and as they went below I heard Old Boggs, for so we delighted to call him, calling out to his steward about "that New England rum, and some sugar," so I made up my mind we should not see them again for an hour, at least.

But I was mistaken, though, for in a very few minutes the two re-appeared, earnestly talking, and as they passed me on the way to the boat, I heard Thompson say:

"You wont find her much trouble, poor thing! All she wants is to be left alone. She feels just now her loss sadly."

Her! Had I heard aright? In a glimpse which I took of the strange ship through the telescope, was I right in supposing I had seen the fluttering of a woman's dress among the ropes? Was it, could it be that we were to be enlivened by the presence of another passenger, and that a woman? were thoughts that followed one another in quick succession through my brain. My imagination immediately pictured her as a young and pretty girl, therefore I knew that with my susceptible heart I should like her. From the words of Captain Thompson, I conjectured that she was in some sorrow, therefore I would try and cheer her. "Pity is akin to love," whispered my guardian angel, who all this time was standing invisible by my side. And so my thoughts ran on, till lo and behold, I found myself standing in my good old Massachusetts home, presenting a young bride to a group of wondering brothers and sisters who stood around. From this wild roaming of my wayward imagination, I was brought back to earth and material things by a summons on the part of the steward to dinner. Dinner! Horrible thought—pea soup, pork and beans, with heavy, lead-colored duff, in comparison with the elegant *Chateaux du Espagne* I had been building. But still as the ancient poet very wisely remarked, "Nature abhors a vacuum," and so to dinner I went.

"Captain," said I, to that individual, as I

passed my plate for some more sea-pie (a remarkable dish, the composition of which was only known to Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte, our ebony cook), "what's going to happen? Anything particular?"

That gentleman looked roguishly at me for a moment, and then with a wink at Wilson, the first mate, began, Yankee like, to answer one question by propounding another.

"Did you leave a sweetheart behind you when you took your leave of the Hampshire hills?"

"On my honor, no, always save and except Sophrony Nash, who always said I was her darling; but she's sixty, if she's a day, so what of it? Come, now, don't tantalize a fellow."

Old Boggs pushed away his plate, lit a cigar, and as he did so remarked:

"Why, you see Thompson, over there on the Rockford, has got a piece of calico on board that started with her father from Philadelphia, to go to Hong Kong, where he has a tea-hong. But last week the old man fell sick and died, and so she, poor girl, doesn't want to go on, and Thompson came on board to see if I would take her back to her friends in America."

"And you're going to do it? Of course you are, for you're a good fellow, captain, I know."

"Ho, ho!" laughed he, "that's the way the wind blows, is it? Well, I told Thompson I would if it wasn't for a susceptible youth I had on board as supercargo, who I thought—"

"Pshaw," said I; but the captain heeded not, and went on:

"Would be trifling with her affections, etc. However, at length I consented, and I guess you may as well put on your best duds for tea;" with which fatherly suggestion we separated to our respective state-rooms.

"Mr. Walton, let me make you acquainted with your new fellow-passenger, Miss Payne," were the words that greeted me in the captain's voice, as we assembled for the evening meal.

I raised my eyes and bowed, was just conscious of the presence of a slight and graceful figure, belonging, perhaps to sweet seventeen, and of two large, mournful eyes, that dwelt on me for an instant as my bow was returned, and then as quickly sought refuge behind the long brown lashes. That meal was eaten with more than our usual silence; by the captain probably out of respect to the feelings of his new protegee; by me partly on this account, and partly that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and now and then steal a glance at a hand that rivalled Cleopatra's in its smallness and beauty. Its owner was disposed to be taciturn, for once or twice when I

addressed observations to her, they were courteously but briefly answered, and when on going on deck I offered my arm for a promenade, it was declined in the same gentle but decided way. Very plainly our new passenger was not the person to form a quick acquaintance with, for several days went by, and I progressed no further than exchanging the courtesies of the day, nor did it seem likely that I would. At length, however, an event occurred of a startling nature, and which speedily broke down the barriers that had existed between us. It came on this wise.

The calm still continued, and the current in drifting us about had finally brought us one afternoon within a few miles of Ornbay, a beautiful mountain islet, one of that numerous cluster which lie scattered through these seas, covered with Oriental verdure to their very base, so that the branches of the palm, the nutmeg or the cassia dip over into the water along the shore. As night approached, one by one the lights in front of the Malay huts could be seen glimmering through the trees, making a cheerful contrast to the sombre gloom of everything around. So I said to the mate, Wilson, as we paced the deck together.

"Ay," answered he, "very beautiful, doubtless, they would be if we were going through the channel with a ten knot breeze; but—never mind, either," said he, after a moment's hesitation.

"Why, what do you mean? Tell me quickly," said I, with increasing energy, as I saw a troubled expression pass over his face.

After a pause he replied, "Simply this—and perhaps after all it is best you should know it—do you remember the ship *Waverley*, that was attacked by pirates, and her crew murdered a year or two ago?"

"Yes, I remember, but what of that?"

"Only that it was just here in this very sea, opposite to that very island, that it took place. The inhabitants of that beautiful isle are the most blood-thirsty Malays in the East Indies."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I, as a faint idea of what he meant dawned upon my mind. "But then you don't mean to say that we are in any immediate danger?"

"But I do, though. Did you see that fishing boat that was out here this afternoon?"

"Yes, I noticed her particularly, she left soon after we appeared in sight."

"Exactly. Well, our captain followed her with the glass, and saw that she landed in a cove just opposite where we are, and where there is a considerable village. Further inspection revealed the fact that there are many other boats

there, and when this little skiff landed, those on shore held a council at the principal hut, and we saw them pointing to our vessel, and evidently concocting some plan about us. At first we determined to say nothing to any of the passengers, but you are pretty cool-headed, and I may as well tell you now, to be in readiness for the worst, for an attempt will undoubtedly be made to pillage the ship."

I could not answer a word. There are times, either of emotion or of danger, when the feelings seek repose in quiet rather than in utterance. Such an one was the present. To say that I felt fear would not be true; but O, the world of thought that went madly rushing through my brain in an instant of time! O myself, and the death which stared me in the face, I thought but little; but my mind wandered away to that quiet home among the hills of New England, where an aged mother and blue-eyed sister would long await in sorrow for the return of the missing son and brother; and how the tears would daily fall, as they gathered around the family hearth, and marked there the vacant chair of him whose fate was unknown. And then I reverted to our own ship, and to the fair young girl whose presence had for only a few days gladdened the monotony of our tedious calm at sea. What would become of her? Death, or a fate far worse at the hands of the cruel and relentless pirates. O, the horror of that thought. It developed an interest in the fair Ruth of which I was hardly aware, and nerved my arm with tenfold energy, and I grasped the brawny hands of the mate with a firmness that told him, come what may, he would not find me wanting.

"But be sure," said he, as we parted, "that you do not alarm Miss Ruth. It were far better that she should remain in ignorance of it. Poor, poor girl!" And I saw the stern, rough sailor that had faced undaunted the ocean in its wildest wrath, I saw him wipe away a tear!

"Trust me for that," said I, as I left him to go below, and make the necessary preparations for defence. It did not take long to load my revolver, and secure a good cutlass from the ship's armory. This done, I said to myself, "Now I at least am ready," and the thoughts and events of the hour seemed to add ten years to my life.

All that evening was spent in the awfulness of suspense. The captain's brow wore a look of sternness I had never noticed before, for he was a mild, gentle man, very joyous in his disposition, and by no means disposed to create phantoms to haunt him from his own fears. As for Ruth, she remained in blissful ignorance of the

impending danger, and even as the sun sometimes shines brightest just before the shower, that evening she appeared to throw off her reserve, and laughed and chatted quite gaily, and very little in common with the feelings of the rest of us.

By the request of the captain we retired to our rooms at the usual hour—to our rooms—but not to rest. For a long time I lay, gun and pistol by my side, with my thoughts dwelling alternately on the present, and so much of the future as the next hour would bring forth. At length I fell into a fitful and uneasy slumber, a sleep broken by wild and uncouth dreams. Perils by land and by sea beset me on every side. Now I was pursued by savage beasts among the jungles of Hindostan; now I was taken captive by the still wilder Sepoys. I could see their demoniac grins as they dragged me half naked through the streets of Cawnpore; could hear their loud shout of triumph in anticipation of the pleasures of torturing a new victim. At length, in my dream, I was shut up with many other fellow-captives in a hut, and while their insane orgies filled the air, it was fired, and a sheet of lurid flame blazed up around our shrinking bodies!

Ha, it was not all a dream! A bright light did shine in through the port-hole of my state-room, and a loud chorus of fiend-like yells fell upon my half-awakened ears! It was even as we feared. We were attacked with the dreaded scourge of eastern seas, the pirates of Ornbay! It was no time for delay. With a half-uttered prayer I sprang from my berth, only to see that the stern of the ship was on fire, and that a fierce conflict was raging on the deck above.

My first thought was for Ruth. Her state-room, like mine, was near the stern, and she must have been exposed to danger as I was. Away like lightning I went across the cabin, burst in the door, and found everything in the wildest confusion, but the state-room was empty; not a soul was in the cabin—all were engaged on deck. On deck then was my sphere of duty, and thither I went, pistol in hand.

"Hurrah, boys, give 'em what they deserve!" were the sounds that first reached my ears, above the groans and yells of the wounded and dying. It was the captain's voice that spoke, and as I gained the deck, his tall form was the first that met my eye—the centre of a group near the mainmast, with a cutlass in his hand which whirled round and round his head, and at every turn brought down a savage. Not an inch did he retreat, though the odds were fearfully against him. Cocking my pistol, I was about to rush to his rescue, when a loud shriek behind me caused

me to turn, and a voice—her voice—fell on my ears in accents that will haunt me to my dying day.

"Save me, O, Mr. Walton, save me!"

It was Ruth Payne, and in the hands of two huge Malays, who were endeavoring to stifle her cries, and drag her to the rail, so as to throw her to the boats beneath. The sight gifted me with superhuman vigor. Quick as thought I fired at one old wretch whose dress betokened a chief, and who in his brute strength had actually struck her fair face with his fist, to stop her cries. The ball sped well. Suddenly raising his hand to his head, he loosed his hold, and standing as he was on the taffrail of the ship, he staggered, fell, and a dull splash beneath told the fate he had met. The other Malay now left the girl, and brandishing a club, made at me.

"Fly, Ruth, dear Ruth, get below as fast as possible!"

Away she went, and as her form disappeared down the steps, I shut the top of the caboose, and she was saved, and with the other hand sent another leaden messenger on its errand of vengeance. Well was it aimed, and my antagonist sank lifeless on the deck.

But hark! what is that sound that falls on our ears! It is the sound of the waves splashing against the sides of the ship! And is that a breath of air which fans my heated brow? It is, it is—there comes a breeze, and loud rises on high the joyous shout:

"We are saved, we are saved!"

A moment more, and our gallant ship was speeding through the water at the rate of six knots an hour, and we were driving the last of the pirates over the side, for as soon as they heard the breeze, they turned and fled, knowing that their only hope of success was in the continued calm. Our gallant crew, almost exhausted, were thus stimulated to renewed exertions, and from that moment victory was with us.

"God has saved us!" said the captain to us, as soon as we met; "but poor Wilson, they've done for him at last!"

"What, is he dead?" asked I.

"Yes, he was killed at the first attack. I told him to keep under cover, but the brave fellow would expose himself, that he might better watch their motions, an arrow struck him, and, poor fellow, he sank back dead into my arms, before a blow was struck on our side. Peace to his ashes, for he was a brave and good officer."

"Amen," answered I, solemnly.

"But where's Miss Payne," asked Boggs, "is she safe?"

I recounted to him in a few words what had passed, and we entered the cabin. There, on her

knees, pouring out fervent prayers for our success, was Ruth Payne. Verily it seemed as if a halo of glory surrounded her head, as she knelt there.

"One of God's holy messengers
She seemed to me that day."

As soon as we entered, she rose up, and coming towards me, gave me her hand with the sweetest grace imaginable, and with a smile which spoke the feelings of her heart, said :

"O, Mr. Walton, to you I owe my life. How can I ever be sufficiently grateful to you?"

"Name it not, my dear Miss Payne," answered I, "it affords me great happiness to think that I was permitted to be the humble instrument for such a service. I am more than repaid in the pleasure of this moment, and in the smile with which you but just now greeted me."

Ruth blushed, and the captain put in with, "What would Miss Sophrony say if she heard you?" Then to Ruth, "Look here, young lady, when I was young we used to think ourselves more than paid to have a chance to do such deeds for a pair of bright eyes like yours."

This brought the tell-tale blood in yet greater profusion to her cheeks, and to hide her confusion, Ruth laughed and ran to her state-room.

From that time all reserve was broken down between us. The fine breeze which so providentially took us, still continued; in two days we had passed Sandalwood Island, and in a few more, under the influence of a glorious trade wind, were flying across the broad Indian Ocean. Ruth and I lived those days in a heaven of blissful uncertainty. We together paced the deck, when night threw her cool mantle over the sea; together we read from our favorite authors, when the noonday heat drove us from the deck. But the happiest hour of all was when she spoke of her home, and her friends, and of the pleasure she would have at meeting them again—a pleasure saddened by the loss of that dear parent, whose remains were laid beneath the waves of Pantar.

At such a time, her fine eyes would light up with a softened radiance, and a glow would spread over her face, until she became positively beautiful. Of the future I thought not. Day followed day, in quick succession, and with each setting sun I found myself more and more interested in my charming fellow-passenger. At length I began to reflect, and reflection brought with it the sweet certainty, and yet a certainty harrowed by harassing thoughts that I was deeply, madly in love. I found her image indelibly impressed on my heart. I awakened as from a dream, to find, as so often before, that it was a fixed reality that I must meet. Dared I hope that I was loved in

return? Would it be right for me to take advantage of the gratitude she owed me, to seek a nearer tie? Could I argue anything from the evident pleasure she took in my company? These were questions that one by one rose up to trouble me. How they ever came to be answered was as follows.

Our long voyage was nearly over. We had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, crossed the line in the Atlantic, and began to perceive those tokens of an approach to land. One evening Ruth and I had been taking our usual walk across the quarter deck, and at length tired, had stopped and leaned over the rail, watching the water as it washed and eddied about the vessel's rudder, sparkling with phosphorescent glow, and leaving a broad wake of luminous foam behind.

"Such," said I, "is human friendship. We meet, sparkle for an instant in each other's company, and then separate, soon to be blotted from memory forever."

"Say not so," was the response; "rather we meet, and the bright spark is kindled in our hearts which finds a willing resting place there, and ever after glows with a pure lambent light."

"Do you indeed think so?" asked I with earnestness.

"And why not? Can souls gifted with the intelligence and reason that only souls possess, be thrown together, and not feel an increased pleasure in society and humanity? What does the poet, we were reading, say?"

"*'And Vidal, though in folly's ring
He seemed so weak and wild a thing,
Had yet an hour, when none were by,
For reason's thought, and passion's sigh,
And knew and felt, in heart and brain,
The paradise of buried pain.'*"

Her voice, low and sweet at all times, seemed gifted with a sweeter melody, as she repeated these lines. As she closed, however, as if conscious of having transgressed the bounds of maidenly decorum, she started, and would have broken away from me; but I passed my arm suddenly around her waist, and held her while in a voice rendered hoarse by emotion, I said :

"And will you, do you reserve a place for me in your heart? Listen to me, Ruth. When you first came on board, my feelings were those of pleasure at having a companion; when first I saw that sweet blue eye, rendered mournful by your bereavement, I wept in sympathy with you; and when on that fatal night—"

"O, name it not—not now—not now!" And I saw the tear start; but I continued :

"That night I felt my whole heart go over to you in one great bound. Many have been the hours we have spent together, so happy, such as

earth never before witnessed. Ruth, dearest Ruth, we must not part. I love you truly, devotedly; will you, O, speak to me, say that you will be mine?"

Her tears were falling fast, as I concluded, and for a moment no word was said. But my embrace was not repelled, and when a moment later I drew her closer to me, in a fond moment, smiles began to break through her tears like the sun from behind a cloud, and "every eye and look, and shifting lineament was full of love," and I heard whispered, in a tone, low, but loud enough for my heart to catch it up, and stamp it in golden letters on my heart:

"Thine, ever thine."

"The lover's voice, the loved one's ear,
There's nothing else to speak or hear;
And we will say, as on we glide,
There's nothing else on earth beside."

So thought I that night, as I pressed a kiss on those dear lips, now at last my own, as we parted to seek our places of rest. Like the hero in "Dream Life," I could not refrain from constantly repeating to myself, "Thine, ever thine!"

Reader, one more incident, and I shall shut the book which contains this page of my personal history. Come with me, away from the dashing brine and wild storms of "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste," to one of the quietest of New England villages; just after we cross the bridge, and turn the corner by the old mill, there stands a fine mansion, surrounded by old elms that look as if they had waved their giant arms in protection there for centuries. It is with that mansion that we are to make a brief acquaintance. Upon the steps of a broad, old-fashioned porch, are standing a maiden in youth's glowing bloom, and a matron, now on the downward course of life. Shading her eyes with her hand, the younger lady looks intently up the road, and at length, in a tone of slight vexation, says to the other:

"Why don't they come, mother? It is already past the time that Frank said he would be here, and I heard the whistle from the train some time since."

"Patience, my daughter. He will not disappoint us. O, how the joyful thought makes me tremble, that I am so soon to see my own boy again, and after so long an absence. How long has he been gone, Bessie?"

"Nearly three years, dear mother."

She was going to say more, when the sound of wheels was heard rapidly approaching the house, and in a moment more a carriage stopped before the gate, a young man leaped eagerly from the

seat, and without waiting for the young lady who sat beside him, ran gradually up the walk, and in a minute more I—Frank Walton—was clasped in the arms of my dear, dear old mother.

"Frank, my son, my son!" were the first outpouring of feelings from that fond mother's heart.

Next 'twas the sister's turn for a like welcome, and while her warm kiss was still moist on my lips, I turned around, and leading forward my companion, who by this time had left the carriage, I said:

"Mother, here is a new daughter for you; this is my Ruth, of whom I wrote, from Philadelphia. Bessie, here is a new sister. Ruth, my Ruth, you will love my parents and sister for my sake."

The affectionate greeting that followed showed that I had not mistaken the state of affairs when I assured Ruth, on the day of our marriage in Philadelphia, that she would find a new father and mother in mine.

"May God bless you, my child," said that mother, as she placed her hand on Ruth's fair brow. "May God bless you. I can ask no greater happiness for you than the prayer that Frank may be to you as great a blessing as his father has been to me."

Here, kind reader, I must bid you farewell. You do not, I am sure, wish to seek further into the sacred privacy of such a scene. Your own imagination can picture to you the feelings that absorbed us all, probably far better than I could tell it you.

But you desire to know something of our married life, do you? Alas, miss, I would like to gratify you, but in fact 'twas but six short weeks ago that the Wanderer returned; but between you and me, I don't think either Ruth or myself particularly regret the attack the Malay pirates made on our ship in the Timor Sea. If that day ever should come that we do regret it, I promise to let you know. Farewell!

MARY.

Who is there that does not love the plain, yet beautiful name of Mary? It is from the Hebrew, and means a "teardrop." What sweet and joyous hours of other days—what pleasing associations the very name calls up in every heart? Who knows ill of Mary? Who that does not love the name, and has not had every ligament of his heart moved to melody at its mention? If there be anything gentle, valued, and womanly, what Mary possesses it not?

ACTION.

Great acts best write themselves in their own stories; They die too basely who outlive their glories.—FOOD.

[ORIGINAL.]

COPE WITH THE WORLD.

BY J. HENRY SYMONDS.

Face the world proudly, with courage, with might;
Plant thy feet firmly, and look to the right;
Conscience thy judge, and high Heaven thy hope,
With the world in the spirit of manhood to cope!

Heed not, though coldly the proud pass thee by;
Bend thy bow boldly, and aim thy shaft high;
For affection and truth do not fervently hope,
But with the world sternly yet cautiously cope!

[ORIGINAL.]

SYBIL ROCHFORD.

BY M. A. L. BOWEN.

THAT was a bright and happy day—that twenty-first of June that made John Rochford and Sybil Ayer man and wife. A cheerful wedding, scarcely dimmed by the tears of Sybil's widowed mother, was celebrated in the little, low, rose-shaded parlor of the diminutive cottage which Mrs. Ayer and her daughter had lived in so long together. Sybil's father had died at sea when she was an infant, and there had been some heart-aches, and much brave, noble purpose in the life of the widow, left alone without father or brother to help her. For Sybil's sake, she roused herself from sorrow—for her she waked and toiled. And now, after nineteen years of the tenderest care, she must resign her to another. Glad tears and sad tears did she shed. Often and often had she wept to think that when she should be called away, Sybil had no relative to whom she might consign her. Now she was at least easy on that point. John Rochford, though in humble circumstances, was a man of whom any mother-in-law might be proud. His occupation was as old as the creation, and therefore perfectly respectable. Like Adam, he was a gardener—an enthusiast, too—a lover of the soil and of everything bright and beautiful that his patient toil and careful tending could call out of the portions which fell to his lot to cultivate. Every one who could afford to call in aid from John Rochford in the cultivation of a garden, did so; and often his spring orders were more numerous than he could possibly manage.

The pretty, new cottage to which he brought Sybil was a perfect bower of roses and honeysuckles, while the little garden, of which every inch was fully cultivated, showed a profusion of rare and beautiful plants, ordinarily unattainable save by the rich. This was in front—but far be-

hind stretched an enormous kitchen garden, which was destined to supply the neighboring market, and for the cultivation of which, Rochford was compelled to give up some of his old employees.

No inducement could be brought forward, strong enough for the widow to leave her own little hut—for it was scarcely more than one—to take up her abode with the newly-married pair. Loving Sybil as she did, and missing her with a sharp consciousness of her loss that grew harder every day, she yet had the wisdom to know that it was better to leave them to themselves. And John Rochford, although perfectly sincere in his offer to take her home for life, was thankful towards her for so deciding; for he was willing to be served only by the ready hand of Sybil, and wished to have no third person occupy the few leisure moments he allowed himself from labor.

It has often been said, that when many years have passed over a family bringing no change, the first change is followed in quick succession by others. A marriage, a birth and a death, occurred in this little family in the short space of the first year. Mrs. Ayer lived to see another little Sybil open its blue eyes, and a few weeks after, when her daughter went to make her first visit with her baby, she found her mother sitting peacefully in her armchair, as if asleep. Going up to her to place the infant in her lap, that she might waken and find it, she was struck with the immobility of the hands and arms, which she vainly tried to draw around her little treasure. Death was there—but death had done its office so gently as only to counterfeit his sweet sister sleep. They buried her in her own little garden, for so she had often desired to be, and the little worn-out cottage remained tenantless; Sybil not caring to see another in the place so hallowed by the memory of her mother.

The little Sybil was not doomed to be an only child, like Sybil the elder. Two sisters were born, within the first five years of her life. One of these received her grandmother's name—Marcia; the other was named by John for his own mother—Lucy—refined, if not beautified, into Lucia, to correspond better with the fanciful names of the other little ones.

If John Rochford's garden could look more beautiful, it was when the three little golden heads were bobbing playfully among the flowers; when the little light feet that left no trace of their steps, the tender stalks rising uncrushed from their pressure, were flitting about like the birds, to the music of their own voices. Alas! when the sparkle is highest on the cup, it is sometimes dashed to the ground!

John Rochford was out in a drenching rain one market day, and rode home with an east wind piercing through his wet clothes. A rheumatic fever, which left its permanent effects on limb and joint and muscle, attended with intense, excruciating pain was the result, destroying equally his ability to pursue his occupation, or to enter into any other. The spring came round and found him a confirmed invalid—the once noble and erect form bowed almost to the earth and supported by short crutches, and unable to go abroad except upon the finest days, for usually he was confined to bed or chair. Sybil bravely tried to fill his place in the garden, with the assistance of a boy; but it was too much for one so delicately reared, and with John to lift, and the little children to take care of—and she, too, began to fail. The garden was neglected and run to waste. They were obliged to sell it low, and even the money obtained upon its sale was already owing—most of it for doctor's bills. They had one retreat—the little dilapidated cottage of Mrs. Ayer, which had seemed but narrow quarters for two people, but which was now made to hold five.

The dream of bliss so sweetly begun, was subsiding into a cold, dull reality; and the future which had seemed so bright, was chequered all over with anxieties for the welfare of the dear household angels that brightened even that humble home into a vision of paradise, that all their forebodings could not quite destroy.

When at length John Rochford sank under the united forces of sickness and poverty, Sybil was worn to a shadow. Friends and neighbors were kind and good, but for the most part with slender means, and they could only perform such little inexpensive acts of kindness as were within their daily reach; and Sybil Rochford passed away, trusting only to the promise of Him who has declared himself a father to the fatherless.

A poor woman whose income only covered her daily wants, took the three beautiful children home—for the little but scarcely paid by its sale for the funeral expenses. One man who might have done more, had he willed, than all the rest of the neighbors, advised Mrs. Carr to give them in charge of the town overseers—a piece of advice which she at once rejected.

"No, Mr. Allen," she indignantly replied, "not as long as I have bread to give them. John Rochford was a noble man, and his wife was brought up tenderly and delicately. Both were refined beyond the people by whom they were surrounded. They gave what they had to give. The poor of this neighborhood received many a dollar's worth from the garden they cultivated;

and others were glad to take their beautiful flowers—(many a bunch have I seen going into your own door, Mr. Allen, that would have brought a dollar in Boston). It was a pleasure to them to bestow them, too."

"Ah, well; but then, you know well enough, Mrs. Carr, that Rochford's children must go out into the world, like other poor children."

"True enough! But there are, thank God, some noble souls left—some hearts that will yet warm to the orphans, and I shall yet find them. My trouble is, not that somebody will not appear to take each of them, but that they must of necessity be separated in a measure from each other. It would be folly to think that they can ever be in one family again, though God knows if I was rich, they should stay with me always."

"Good woman enough," said Allen to his wife, when he returned home, "but no judgment—dreadful visionary!"

And so he judged of a heart that was filled with the essence of that religion that visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and turned away to wrap himself in that superior judgment which led him only to take care of number one.

It was soon known that the orphans must be adopted by some one more able than Mrs. Carr; and there were many visits paid to her house, some from kindness, but more from curiosity. Among those who came was a lady, Mrs. Willey, who liked Sybil and offered to take her directly. Mrs. Carr objected to the suddenness, because Sybil was helpful to her in taking care of the smaller ones, and begged her to wait till they too should be wanted. No, "now or never," said the self-willed woman, and with some misgivings the poor woman gave her up. The little girls wept and sobbed at the separation, but yielded to their good friend's entreaties to bear it patiently. Lucia, the youngest went next, chosen by a mechanic's wife, who had lost a child just her age. She was not rich, but she seemed to have a loving heart, and Mrs. Carr felt far happier than when she gave Sybil to Mrs. Willey.

Marcia was the last. Mrs. Carr had begun to think that she must try to keep her, when one day a lady and gentleman stopped their carriage at the door, and when they went away Marcia was beside them, drinking in long draughts of love and compassion that flowed from them to her. Marcia had indeed found parents. A beautiful home, good instruction and judicious care completed what was already begun in Marcia's training, and the kind reader may dismiss all fear for the future of the gifted and fortunate child. Mr. Holland was one of nature's noble-

men—a phrase often used, but too just and appropriate to some men, ever to be cast away as obsolete; and the wife matched him in a union as rare as it was beautiful to behold.

"Sybil, who was that little mean-looking girl to whom I saw you bowing?" asked Mrs. Willey, as she and Sybil were riding one day.

"Why, that was my little sister Lucia. O, how I longed to get out and kiss the dear little thing! May I go and see her, mama?"

"No, Sybil. If that house with a baker's shop in front, is where she is, you cannot go. Besides, I have often told you that you have no sisters now. I will have no one between you and me. Forget that you have had any sisters. It will be happier for you and for them too."

"But my mother told me never to forget them. Please let me remember them."

"Well, say nothing about them. Remember! never tell the servants that you have a sister at that baker's. Where is the other?"

"O, Marcia! She is at Mr. Holland's. She is very happy, Aunt Carr says."

"Sybil, have you been at Mrs. Carr's again?"

"No, mama, I met her when I went to school. She says Marcia has found a good home."

"Where is it?"

"In Lyndon Street, the Hollands live."

"What, Frederic Holland? Has he taken your sister?"

"Yes, that is the name."

"O, then I give you free permission to cultivate acquaintance there. Mr. Holland is quite rich," and Mrs. Willey remembered bitterly that his was a house to which, with all her cunning, she could never obtain an invitation.

"Thank you, dear mama, but—"

"But what, Sybil?"

"Dear little Lucia—she was the youngest. Let me see her too."

"I have told you that you *cannot*, child. That is my answer now."

Lucia had seen Sybil go by, and had cried bitterly because she did not stop. Aunt Carr had told Marcia, who was permitted to go to her house, that she had met Sybil on her way to school; and she, too, had wept because she had not seen her for so long a time. It was so hard, the little girls thought, to be parted.

So, on the following Saturday afternoon, it happened that, while the baker's wife was dressing little Lucia in her clean chintz frock and straw hat, intending to take her to see Sybil, Mrs. Holland was intent upon the same idea in regard to Marcia. The sight of Mrs. Frederic Holland's carriage at her door was one that had

long been coveted by Mrs. Willey; but had it not been to please little Marcia, the poor, ambitious woman might have "died without the sight." As it was, she was exalted to an altitude she had long ceased to hope for; and though Mrs. Holland was delighted with Sybil, she was fairly disgusted with the weak flattery and obsequiousness of the woman who had adopted her. While the children were caressing each other, the door opened and the servant ushered in a lady, dressed in mourning, and a child.

The little girls exclaimed, "Lucia, Lucia! little darling!" and ran to kiss her. Mrs. Annesley was embarrassed and tried to explain to the haughty lady of house who she was; but the coldness with which she received the explanation made the modest little woman wish herself and her child at home. Fortunately, Mrs. Holland was not afraid that her dignity would be compromised. She knew Mrs. Annesley well, and now came forward with a kind pressure of the hand and a pleasant smile of recognition which surprised Mrs. Willey, who had not stirred from her chair; and made her wish that she had given the new comer a more genial reception.

The children, happily, knew of no distinction between them. Lucia, in her fresh, clean print, was unconscious that Sybil's over-trimmed silk frock and gold bracelet entitled her to more favor than herself. Mrs. Holland had followed her own good taste in dressing Marcia in a simple, though fine, spotted cambric, without a single ornament; and the child's straw hat was as plain as Lucia's; while Sybil wore an elaborately made bonnet of lace and pink satin, in which the poor girl looked as if she were smothering with its weight.

But Mrs. Willey began to believe that Mrs. Annesley might be spoken to, after Mrs. Frederic Holland had noticed her; and she now came forward to redeem her impoliteness. Mrs. Annesley received her advances with civility, but without manifesting any gratitude for attention so tardily bestowed; and the interview soon ended.

When, on the steps, Mrs. Holland begged Mrs. Annesley to go home with her, so that the children might pass the rest of the day together, Mrs. Willey bit her lip with vexation. She had never asked her to call even; although Mrs. Holland had asked her to let Sybil visit her sister; and she saw the carriage roll away with the woman whom she had spoken of so contemptuously, with a strange feeling of envy. That she should ever have envy toward Baker Annesley's wife!

It may seem incredible that, living in the same

town—a country town too—the three ladies should not meet again for twelve years; yet such was the case. During that time, Marcia had spent four years in Paris at school. Sybil had passed three at a fashionable boarding school and little Lucia had gone on quietly at Mrs. Annesley's with no advantages beyond what the public school afforded her. Yet, thanks to the good training of New England teachers and the natural abilities of the child, she came forth at seventeen, as well prepared to enter upon life as her sisters. No one could be ashamed of owning Lucia as a relative. She was so beautiful—so intellectual looking—so finely organized, and so gentle and amiable, that all who knew her loved her. Marcia had kept up a constant correspondence with her, by Mrs. Holland's desire, and Lucia knew, therefore, that she was soon to be summoned to act as her sister's bridemaid. She was to be married to a gentleman, rather older than herself, but the match was unexceptionable and she loved him. Mrs. Holland would have gladly delayed it, but she yielded to her lover, who said he was growing old and could not spare the time!

The wedding was rich and magnificent. The two sisters of the bride were her attendants; Mrs. Willey, for the first time, receiving an invitation to Mrs. Holland's house. She was so delighted that she even patronized Mrs. Annesley on the occasion. She had yielded to Mrs. Holland to select Sybil's dress, and the poor girl, for once, had the pleasure of seeing herself in a garb at once rich and plain.

People *will* tell news even at weddings; and it was soon whispered about that the house of Willey and Co., had that day made a tremendous—some said, a shameful, failure. Everybody knew it, but Mrs. Willey herself. Her husband had excused himself from the wedding on the plea of a sudden call from town. He could not bear to spoil his wife's long wished for pleasure of being enrolled among Mrs. Frederic Holland's visitors.

The next morning, she arose a happy woman. By noon, she knew that her husband was penniless. He had nobly given up all. The shamefulness of the failure belonged, not to him, but to his false partner. Then it was that Mrs. Holland came and generously offered the heart-stricken woman an asylum in her house until her husband could re-instate himself in business. Then Mr. Holland, too, held out his hand to Mr. Willey and relieved him of half the load that oppressed him.

"How can I thank you?" was his first inquiry.

"By giving Sybil to us," said Mr. Holland.

And Mr. Willey, knowing that it was best, only waited his wife's consent. She gave it willingly, because she could not consent to occupy a humbler home than before, and if her husband had to pay Sybil's board, it must be an unfashionable locality that would receive them. Mrs. Holland, finding that her heart would not be quite broken by the parting, dismissed her scruples and gladly welcomed Sybil to her home.

Sybil was good at heart, despite the useless and extravagant manner in which she had been reared. Her taste had always been outraged by Mrs. Willey, but she had submitted with a good grace, to what she could not help. Now she could be as simple as she chose.

"You have taken her only to lose her," said Mr. Holland, one evening, when his wife had declared that she would soon rival Marcia in her affections. Sybil was by, and as she looked gratefully at Mrs. Holland, she said playfully:

"No, I will be an old maid and stay with you always." And she kept her word, although not for want of opportunity to make a home of her own.

Lucia soon followed Marcia's example. The protegee of the baker's wife made even a more splendid alliance than her sister. All that wealth and position and intelligence could do for a man, was possessed by her husband; and the three beautiful little girls whom she has named respectively for herself and her sisters, complete the mystic chain of Lucia's happiness. To her, Mrs. Annesley was always *mother*; while Sybil, though kind and respectful to Mrs. Willey, could not accord to her that dearest of all names. She cannot but remember how she tried to separate her from her sister, because her prospects in life were humbler than her own; nor can she forget how willing she was to resign her to others, when self-interest favored the step.

Notwithstanding her training, Sybil Rochford is a lovely and noble woman. Losing no opportunity of embracing the new advantages she now possesses, she has become a deep student without encroaching upon her domestic habits.

"Why does not Sybil Rochford marry?" asked a friend, addressing Mrs. Holland.

"Show me the man who is worthy of her," she answered.

"You are right," was the rejoinder. "He does not exist."

PANGS.

Love's perfect triumph never crowned
The hope unchequered by a pang;
The grandest wreaths with thorns are bound,
And Sappho wept before she sang.—CARLISLE.

[ORIGINAL.]

BEGUILED.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

We had but one of all the flock
That God to us had given;
The headstones on the tufted sod
Told that the rest had gone to God,
In yon dear home in heaven.

And we, forgetting she could err,
Kept thinking all the while
Of breath of flowers and songs of birds,
So like the music of her words,
The sunshine of her smile.

She grew in beauty—day by day
Beheld her grown more fair:
We felt ourselves supremely blest,
Nor thought the fledgling of our nest
Would tempt the fowler's snare.

But lips of gullie breathed honeyed words:
Alas! we thought 'twas love—
But woke to find an empty fold,
For treacherous lips sweet tales had told,
To lure our trusting dove.

Our one pet lamb! Ah me, ah me!
Would that she lay beside
The stainless ones in life's young May,
Who wearied in the dusty way—
Would that she, too, had died!

Pale mourner, strike your trembling harp
To bursts of reverent song;
The bars that speed the poisoned darts,
Deep festering in bleeding hearts,
To living griefs belong!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DIAMOND MINES:

—OR,—

WILFRED HARPER'S LAST LOVE ADVENTURE.

A TALE OF THE BRAZILS IN 1840.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES F. ALCORN.

OUR hero was a rare genius. A sincere admirer of the ladies, he was seldom in love with less than a dozen at once, to which fact he doubtless owed his protracted freedom from the yoke matrimonial. But just prior to his last departure from the Trimount city, the number had dwindled down to three, one of whom was the only daughter of our owner, and a very beautiful girl, enjoying the fairest prospect of any for the berth of captain's wife and principal majordoma on the return of the barque. It was considered settled by all parties, and so certain by the maiden that she presented her lips with the greatest sangfroid imaginable while parting with

her lover in my presence in the barque's cabin on the eve before we sailed.

"Remember, Wilfred, a freight for Boston!" was her accompanying rejoinder.

"For Boston, Annie. I'll come in ballast, if I can obtain nothing else."

"Humph, if I thought ye would I'd have ye spliced at once, and send her with ye," muttered the charmer's papa. "No, no, Harper, take the first good freight that offers, no matter where. Trust me, you'll think the chains heavy, and assumed quite soon enough, ship them when ye will." And with this charge he departed to see his daughter off by boat to her eastern home.

We were bound to Rio, for which a party of four had engaged state-rooms through the Spanish consul, and they made their appearance for the first time that evening at a late hour, when we slipped our moorings and anchored in the stream to await the turn of tide.

"Have you seen her, Frank?" demanded my superior, as he joined me on deck at midnight, at which hour the pilot had appointed to be aboard.

"Seen who, sir?"

"The youngest of our passengers."

"I witnessed the embarkation of a priest and three ladies; but did not observe their countenances."

"Ah, wait till morning; there's a treat in store for you."

But we were scudding to the eastward under a heavy press of canvass, and through a rising sea, when breakfast was announced, so I was obliged to wait longer for the treat, while my curiosity was materially augmented by my superior's sketches of the face and form he had pronounced angelic at first sight.

A week elapsed ere that curiosity was gratified, when gentle winds and genial skies procured me a first glimpse of the divinity. She was beautiful, so lovely that I cannot hope to do her justice in description, therefore I forego the task, merely adding that her beauty was of the Moorish style, rare and exotic, peculiar to old Castile, and nowhere found so bewilderingly luxuriant, as in Brazil, of which she was a native.

Ere Imilda de Ribelass deserted her state-room for our social circle, I had, by unsparing exercise of Yankee interrogatory, learned that she was the only daughter of an algaazil, the richest resident in the Minas Geraes, or diamond region of Brazil, and thither bound, to become the bride of a wealthy noble, to whom her sire had betrothed her in early childhood, and who was now verging on his dotage.

"By Jove, it's shameful, Frank!" said my

worthy superior one evening soon after that divinity had recovered from her illness. "Miss De Ribelass and I have had a confidential chat this afternoon, and she informed me she's to be married—"

"To a gray-beard," said I, interrupting.

"That's old news."

"Who told you?"

"That charming little maid of hers."

"And you kept the secret?"

"Who should I tell it to?"

"Me, of course."

"O, you're taken in and done for. How could it interest you?"

"But it does, and so much that hang me if I don't attempt to balk their game."

"You?"

"Ay, why not?"

"But—but you can't marry the lady."

"Who said anything about marrying, you blunder-head? Does it follow that she must have a husband?"

"I should suppose that a husband only could step between her and a parent's purpose."

"By Jove, you're right! Didn't think of that when I pledged my word to aid her through. But I can't back out now, nor hang me if I want to."

Nor did he. From that evening he and the lady appeared to be on the most social terms, while her presence rendered our little barque a perfect paradise, despite the frowns of her ancient duenna, and the chilling reserve of the padre, on whom my whole stock of cigars and studied politeness were lavished in vain.

Ere many days elapsed I became fully convinced that Captain Harper was immersed in another love affair, and that the fair daughter of his owner was fast losing her hold on his affections; so observing him unusually gallant towards the fair senorita, one evening, I seized upon the earliest opportunity after the lady had retired, to remind him of Miss Herbert's existence.

"O, hang Miss Herbert!" was his curt and ungallant response. "What man do you suppose would consent to wed her, after enjoying the society of such a peerless creature as the Senorita Imilda? I tell you what, Frank, I've been in love, or believed I was, a score of times; but there, all my love adventures have been but tame flirtations, all my fancied love but simple admiration, compared with the emotion which thrills my soul at the touch or tone of this gentle creature. Love is too tame a word. By heaven I adore her!"

Remonstrance was vain. He was fairly

caught, and evinced the fact by his negligence to improve our frequent opportunities to make good runs, and his prohibition of any extra exertion on my part, and the result was, a fifty-four days' passage to Cape Fria, which we might have made in thirty with all ease.

But we were in Rio at last, where our passengers bade us *addio*, tears glistening in the beautiful Imilda's eyes, and trembling on their long silken lashes as I handed her to the boat, while her faint "*Addio, Senor Piloto*," evinced with what dire foreboding she bade farewell to the scene of her brief, yet protracted happiness.

"Senor Capiteano will remember," was her parting salutation to my superior.

"Do you doubt it? Be assured, senora, you shall be convinced that the promise made by a Yankee tar is sacred, if it costs me my life."

"Senor Captain must be careful of his health," said the padre, with a meaning smile. "Over-exertion proves singularly fatal to foreigners in the climate of Brazil."

The covert threat was lost on the ear intended for, however, or if not lost, elicited no response from Captain Harper, who bowed his adieu to the speaker, and turned away as the boat shoved off, to seek the taffrail, from which he observed their progress, nor left until the boat was beached, and its cargo landed.

The barque's cabin was a paradise no longer. Its late occupant had borne with her all the sunshine, and Captain Harper soon followed, returning only when our hold was free of cargo, to say we should have to lay for return freight.

"How long, sir?"

"An age, I hope, unless I can discover the retreat of our late passenger."

"Then you have lost her?"

"All trace of her."

"And her father?"

"Is only too easily found. Confound his sombre picture, I meet him at every turn, with that padre playing pilot-fish."

"You are subject to espionage, then?"

"Yes, and the most vigilant, I am fully convinced. But wait, I'm at leisure, now."

"Have a care, captain. If the senora's sire, or ancient—"

"There, spare me a fit of the blues, if you can't aid me. I'll have the lady, in spite of sire or ghostly guardian, if it costs me—"

"What?"

"Anything—all I'm worth. Order my boat. I'm off, and you can find amusement in taking the best possible care of yourself and the barkie, till I return, or you hear from me."

'Twas useless to remonstrate, and I witnessed

his departure with dire forebodings, proceeding to render myself as miserable as I could well be in way of amusement. Three days passed, when I ventured to his hotel to seek tidings.

"Senor captaeco" had left a few hours previous, leaving a note for me which the lazy clerk had neglected to forward. It was short and unsatisfactory.

"Café de Anglaterra, Rio.

"DEAR FRANK:—I'm on the trail, and bound to follow it. Expect to hear from me when successful. Yours in haste,

"WILFRED HARPER.

"TO FRANK A——."

A week elapsed, and I had become seriously alarmed at my superior's protracted absence and silence, when I was startled from a table reverie one evening, after tea, by the announcement of a boat alongside, with a person to see me. I hurried to the gangway, and demanded the visitor's name, and nature of the visit.

"Let me come up, please, Senor Pilota, and I will tell you," said a soft voice in a strong Spanish accent.

"Hop up, then, my lad, whoever you are."

And obedient to the unceremonious invitation, a youth, apparently about fifteen, clambered up the side ladder, betraying so much and strange awkwardness that I extended my hand to aid him, saying:

"You aint much of a sailor, any way, my lad. Wonder ye ventured afloat. This way." And leading to the cabin, I turned to direct him to a seat, and he startled beyond expression as I recognized the expressive eyes and classical features of Imilda de Ribelass, under the jaunty hat and plume of a gay young cavalier.

"For Heaven's sake, sen——"

"Hist, for the love of Heaven! Where is Captain Harper?"

"Gone on a wild-goose chase after you. Have you not seen him?"

"Mio Dios! When?"

"A week since."

"Whither?"

I placed his note in her hand.

"Gracio a Dios! and I accused him of forgetfulness!" she exclaimed, on glancing over its contents.

For a moment she pressed her hand upon her brow as if in deep thought, when with a wild start she electrified me by exclaiming:

"Santissima Maria! they have kidnapped him!"

"Who?" I demanded, in an agony of dread.

"Not Captain Harper?"

"Si, Senor! Mio Captaeco! Santa Iago! They have sent him to the mines!" And reel-

ing to the table, she leaned thereon, venting her anguish in a thrilling wail, while I sank almost powerless into a seat, echoing:

"To the mines! Who, in the name of all that's sacred, could send him there, senora?"

"Don Carlos de Soto."

I was on my feet in an instant, when I gathered from her hurried recital that she had heard her sire and lover plotting the abduction of some person or persons they detested, and soon after overheard them exulting over their success.

"'Twas he; I know it was, senor! I might have known it sooner. Padre Luca's meaning smile and glance might have convinced me of the removal of the last barrier to my fate."

The lady's manner became speedily calm. "'Tis no time for tears," she said. "Those who enter the Minas Geraes seldom leave it alive. Our united fates hang upon a thread. His love for me hath placed him there; mine shall rescue him, or— Will you aid me, senor, he was your friend?"

"To the death, senora; but tell me how?"

"Not yet, I must think. These boatmen wait. How can we deceive them into a belief that I have left the vessel?"

"How? You would remain?"

"Si, senor, 'tis the safest asylum I can find, and my maid Inez will be on the beach within an hour. Can you not send a boat for her?"

"With pleasure, senora; but you desire these boatmen to be deceived, and to effect it I must have your apparel."

"Si, I understand."

And passing into her former apartment she soon placed her disguise in my possession, when, calling a boy aft, I rigged him in the borrowed finery, and instructing him to be as dumb as the mainmast until our boat should land, sent him to personify the gay young cavalier, which feat he performed to perfection. An hour later he returned in our own boat, bringing off the maid Inez, who informed us that the flight of her mistress had been discovered, and had created the wildest excitement at the villa, and in its vicinity. Mounted servants were being sent in every direction, she said, and Don Carlos had hastened to the palace to implore the assistance of his monarch.

"Then I must fly again," gasped the lady.

"Why so, senora? You are as safe beneath the stars and stripes as you could be in your mother's arms."

"The emperor would tear me thence," she said, "nor would he respect the flag of the northern union unless awed by a superior force. Ah, senor, you know not the despot."

Mr. Wallace called to me from the maindeck at this moment, and hastening to him, I found a state barge pulling towards the ship. I had barely time to warn the disguised girl, and conduct her with her maid to the captain's private state-room, when the barge hailed and was answered by Mr. Wallace, and hurrying on deck I gained the gangway in time to receive the officer in command.

"*Senor Pilota?*" he demanded.

"*Si, senor.*"

He addressed a few words in Spanish to a person in the boat, who responded by mounting the side, when he introduced him as Don Carlos de Soto.

"Who have you aboard the vessel, senor?" demanded the latter.

"Her crew, your excellenza."

"No lady visitors?"

"Lady visitors?" I echoed, affecting surprise.

"*Si.*"

"Excuse me, senor, I do not understand you."

"Perhaps not. When did you see the Senora de Ribelass?"

"When she disembarked, senor."

"'Tis false!" he roared. "She is on board now."

"The senor may search if he will not believe," I responded, with well-affected indignation.

"Will you swear she was not here to-night?"

"I have nothing to say, senor. You must seek information from those you can believe," was the answer.

"Stay, you are too hasty, your excellenza," interposed the officer. "Senor Pilota, have you had any visitors from the shore this evening?"

"*Si, senor.*"

"Who were they?"

"A strange cavalier, and the boatmen who brought him."

"Did he make known his business?"

"*Si*, he desired to see Captain Harper."

"Describe this cavalier."

I obeyed, when the don exclaimed, "Santa Maria, it was she!"

"Was she informed of—" demanded the officer. "No, no, where is he now?"

But I paid no attention to the question until repeated by the officer, when I replied:

"The senor must inquire of the boatmen who conveyed him to and from the vessel."

"When did you see your captain?"

"Ten days since. Why, senor?"

"O, I merely asked for information. Where is he now?"

"You've asked too much, senor. I would

give a handsome sum for a solution to that question myself."

"Humph! Did he not say whither he was going?"

"No, nor can I surmise a reason for his absence from Rio."

"How do you know that he is absent?"

"I was so informed at the Cafe de Angleterre."

"All correct, and I am convinced, your excellenza," said he to the old don. "I await your orders."

"Search the vessel."

"You hear, Senor Pilota. Please lead the way."

I obeyed with seeming alacrity, leading them direct to the cabin, and throwing open all the state-rooms save the captain's, at which he paused, demanding why I passed it.

I explained that Captain Harper had the key; but forgot to state that I possessed a duplicate which was even then inside the state-room.

"She is not there, then. Is your excellenza satisfied?"

The ancient don muttered some half-inaudible reply, which I translated a negative, and hastened to suggest:

"Perhaps his excellenza would like to search the hold?"

He viewed me with a withering frown for a moment, and then repaired to the maindeck, followed by his companion, with whom he held a brief conference, when the latter approaching me with a smile, said:

"I am sorry, Senor Pilota, but at his excellenza's command I warn you to remain where you are now anchored until notified of the royal permission to move your vessel or leave the port. The slightest disregard of this order will subject you to the combined cannonade of those forts and yonder frigate."

"Why, senor, is not the American republic at peace with Brazil?"

"It is his excellenza's orders, senor," was his evasive response, as he bowed and prepared to follow the old don, who was descending the side.

"What's to be done now, senorita?" I demanded, on entering the cabin, when assured that the barge had left us.

"Effect the release of Captain Harper?" was her positive reply.

"But how?"

"I have no time to explain, senor. You will aid me?"

"To the extent of my ability."

"Then order a boat at once, we have no time to lose."

I obeyed, and fifteen minutes later we were skimming lightly and silently over the harbor towards the mole.

"You must have a disguise," she said, as we landed on the beach.

"What for, senora?"

"To conceal your nation, and ensure success. We have an arduous journey before us, and a still more arduous task in which we must not risk failure. Can you ride?"

"Like a dragoon."

"Throw the lasso?"

"Pardon me, senora, I know nothing about the article."

"A pity. Perfect command of the lasso would render a guerilla's garb most appropriate to you; but in it you must venture."

"Whither? Please favor me with some explanation, senora?"

"To the Minas Geraes."

"The diamond mines!" I echoed, and at that moment we turned a corner full in the face of the night patrols, who brought us to a dead halt.

With a woman's ready tact my companion misled them regarding our identity and purpose, when we were free to pass, they said, and we hurried on towards the suburbs, ere gaining which my companion halted at an humble dwelling, and thundering at the door, which was speedily opened by a withered old crone, bade me enter.

The latter seemed to recognize my companion, and inclined to load her with questions; but the latter silenced her with a brief explanation, when I was provided with a complete guerilla costume, which I was conducted to a chamber to assume, and when I returned to my companion, I found her arrayed in similar garb, and conferring with two stalwart sons of the lasso.

"My foster-brothers, senor," she said, as each of the strangers nodded me a welcome. "They are faithful, though rough in exterior—would die for me, and will prove our main stay in the execution of our enterprise. They are ready."

"More than I can say, yet I am at your service when you will, senora," said I, unable to repress a smile at the odd, brigandish figure I presented in an adjacent mirror.

Horses had been mysteriously provided during our brief delay, and mounting them at the door, we were soon on the Villa Rica road, and proceeding at a brisk canter towards the Paraiba River, which we forded at eight o'clock next morning, having ridden our steeds nearly fifty miles in a little less than five hours.

Resting for an hour on the northern bank, we resumed our journey, and within an hour reached

an hacienda, where our guides exchanged our jaded steeds for fresh animals, which bore us rapidly through the rich region of the upper Rio Grande until late in the afternoon, where we halted for refreshments at a wayside cafe, the keeper of which hailed our rough companions as old acquaintance.

From him we learned that a party of guards had passed the previous day, having in charge a state prisoner, and accompanied by the worthy Fra Luca, he said, whom he was rejoiced to see at home again. He did not notice my young companion's start, though he replied to her demand:

"What was the prisoner like?"

"A handsome caballero, senor. Santa Iago send him a speedy release from the Minas Geraes! I wouldn't minded throttling one or two of his guards to help him to his liberty, only they were good Catholics and he a heretic."

"An excellent reason for avoiding a compulsory visit to the mines yourself, Fillipo," remarked one of our guides; adding, "But hasten those horses and our wine, *mestre mio*, we must reach Villa Rica ere another dawn."

"Santa Maria! you are not wont to travel in such haste, good Henrique. Ha, more guards, and in hot haste—a dozen or more topping the hill yonder. Are they in chase of you?" And the burly host chuckled, while our intrepid leader bounded to the door, and hazarding a single glance to the advancing party, exclaimed:

"To your saddles, we are pursued! Fair and softly, though, their steeds are blown, and we must not direct their suspicion by apparent haste. Wait till behind the crown of yonder hill, and then—"

Her fresh, high-mettled steed reared at the instant, curtailing the sentence, when, tossing her purse to our host, she administered the spur, and cantering on in advance a few rods, reined her horse down to a walk until we joined her, when all proceeded at a gentle trot. But the movements of the soldiers soon convinced us that we were their object, for urging their jaded horses past the hotelrie, they came thundering on, when we dashed into a brisk gallop and soon distanced them.

We halted that night at a small village termed San Blas, on the eastern entrance of one of the dismal passes leading to the interior of that God-forsaken region, and having partaken of a—for the place and season—plentiful repast, retired to be aroused at midnight, at least I was, by a gentle touch of cold steel, and bounding from my pallet, found myself in the grasp of a stalwart guerilla.

Fearing the worst, I soon learned it—I was a prisoner to the party we had seen a few hours previous, and who had been sent out in search of us. But the mystery of their success in tracking us, remained unexplained for the time. My companions, I soon learned, had effected their escape, and while a portion of the band started in pursuit, I was dragged before the officer in command, and closely interrogated regarding the object of my disguise and presence at such a distance from Rio. I was dumb, but silence availed me little, and within the hour I was fully convinced that my prospects for mining life were more than flattering.

At dawn the pursuing party returned, and after a lengthy debate upon the surest measure to adopt for their capture, my captors set out, conveying me in their midst, bound, into captivity. We passed the barrier at four that afternoon, and at early twilight halted at a receiving station, where I was handed over to the intendant of the district, who welcomed me with mock urbanity, and calling an under-overseer, ordered him to conduct me to the quarters assigned to the other prisoner. Ten minutes later Wilfred Harper and myself were strained in a mutual embrace.

"Good Heavens, Frank, I did not dream that we were to meet in these infernal regions! What does it mean?" said he.

"That I was just soft enough to pledge myself to the task of rescuing you, as you did that siren, and we are rewarded."

"But you did not attempt it alone?"

"I wasn't quite fool enough." And adding an explanation, I could not withhold a smile as he bounded from the earthen floor, exclaiming:

"You don't say so? By Jove, she has repaid me tenfold! If I could only see her angelic face once more, I'd be content to pick diamonds for a lifetime."

"Look up and be gratified, *mio* Wilfredo! Hist!" And a moment later the speaker was locked in my friend's embrace.

"Imilda *mio*, how came you here?"

"Easily. As the daughter of *le alguazil* I passed the barrier. When did you reach the mines?"

"At noon."

"And at midnight you must leave them. Hist, the guard comes, to remove or separate you, perhaps. But fear nothing, when morning dawns, we will be beyond their reach." And with the word she vanished by a narrow aperture in the rear, as a patrol of two entered by the proper entrance.

Her last surmise was correct. They came to separate us, and I was conveyed to a distant hut,

which, I was informed, was to be my home for the present. Exhausted with my recent exertions, I cast myself on the damp earth, and was soon in deep slumber, from which I was aroused some time after midnight by a violent shake, which brought me to my feet in an instant of time.

"At last, Caraho! I thought you were in a trance, *senor*, so hard to rouse. Henrique, the *senorita* and *capitaneos* are off this hour. Come, we have no time to lose if we would escape the morning patrol."

And creeping stealthily from the hut he led me to a thicket near, into and through the mazes of which he wound his way, apparently heedless of the briars and Turk's heads which wounded me at every step, until the pain reached an agony, which rendered silence itself painful; but the struggle was for freedom, and I endured the laceration until we emerged at the base of an arid, rugged mountain, where were two horses, which we mounted, and urged along a winding mule path for a mile or more, when we opened into a narrow pass, into which my guide dashed, saying:

"Now, *senor*, a tight rein and sure stirrup-lead, and we're safe."

I obeyed the caution for an hour, or more, during which we had proceeded at varied speed, as the sure-footed horses found expedient, when we emerged on the opposite side of the mountain, and plunged into a deep valley, where a sluggish stream was forded, when our route again became ascending, but amid different scenes. The night winds fanned our faces through heavy foliage, and the delicious odor of tropical fruits and flowers saluted our olfactories on all sides. We had passed the barrier, and though still within the territory of Minas Geraes, had left the region of the condemned behind us. Still on we sped, maintaining unbroken silence for near another hour, when the first gray streak of dawn greeted our vision, and dashing into a dark avenue, my guide led me to a low-roofed, but ample mansion, the dim outline of which was lost in a forest of flowers and foliage.

"We stop here, *senor*," said my guide, leaping from his steed and assisting me to alight, which I did with difficulty for my form had stiffened in saddle posture.

"And where are we, Buen Pietro?"

"In secure anchorage, Frank," exclaimed my commander, bounding from the piazza. "I had given you up, but thank Heaven, you're safe!"

"But where?" I persisted, as I returned his friendly grasp. "This is a paradise."

"Nay, *Senor Francisco*," said the beauteous Imilda, appearing once more in the proper habil-

iments of her sex, "'tis only the hacienda de Ribelass."

"'Tis as Frank says, heaven, and you its reigning divinity," murmured the enraptured lover, as he gave to each an arm, and led us into a dimly lighted hall, in which was spread an inviting repast, of which I partook plentifully, while gathering a detail of my friend's adventures of the night. A sketch of my own was briefly given, when my wounds were dressed, and ere the sun showed his disc over the eastern mountain's top we were in dreamland, encountering all our recent peril over again. Day had far advanced when Captain Harper aroused me.

"Well, what now?" I grumbled. "Do you never sleep any? If your bones were as sore—"

"O, nonsense, you can stand it long enough to lend a hand at making a long splice, so up with you!"

"A long splice! What do you mean? We aint at sea, nor aboard the Annie."

"No, but we are in the hacienda de Ribelass, and I'm to be married to its mistress."

"Married, the deuce!" I was out of bed in an instant.

"That's it. The parson and bridesmaids are waiting." And then, as I assumed my guerilla garb again, he briefly told me of the senora's uncle, the Fra Eusebeo, who was a sworn enemy to Don Carlos de Soto, and had arrived at the hacienda that morning, already aware of his niece's flight from Rio, and overjoyed to find her where least expected, had won the history of her love, and sought her lover to learn his desires, and tell him if he would he might be happy.

We sought the little chapel attached to the mansion, where Wilfred Harper falsified his vows to the fair Annie Herbert, and became the husband of a Spanish bride; but having learned how well they loved, I could not blame him, and so performed my part without the utterance of reproach.

Three days later I entered Rio, and made my way to the mole, where I signalled the barque for a boat; but none came, when, after waiting an hour, I went off in a shore boat, to find a Brazilian official in possession, and all intercourse with the shore prohibited. 'Twas only by dint of much persuasion, and an ample bribe, I could obtain permission to board, when I coolly rejected his suggestion that I should return ashore again. He begged, prayed, coaxed and threatened, until, convinced that a Yankee mate was not to be frightened he desisted, while I wrote a hasty note to our consul, stating facts, and begging his interposition to prevent my arrest and return to the mines, of which I had cause to fear.

But ere it reached him, all Rio was thrown into consternation by the assassination of his excellenza, Don Carlos de Soto, who was stabbed to the heart on the plaza in the presence of scores of pleasure-seeking Janeiroans, at vesper hour. The assassin was seized on the spot, and proved to be a political enemy of the government, which had condemned him to the mines, from which he had escaped to execute his revenge.

This unexpected event turned the scale in our favor, and when Captain Harper and his happy bride reached the city three days later, the former was courteously though coldly received by the alguazil, who refrained from any comments at the time, being probably too deeply grieved at his late friend's fate, and exercised regarding the manner in which his vast fortune was disposed of. But that riddle was read ere the week was out, when Captain Harper paid me a visit on board the Annie, exclaiming, as he wrung my hand:

"Congratulate me, Frank, old messmate!"

"Why, what the deuce has happened now? I thought you couldn't well find room for more."

"So did I. But there, I'm just the luckiest dog alive."

"Has old De Ribelass relented in full?"

"Ay, and more—"

"Made a will in your wife's favor, then?"

"No; but old De Soto did. Left her his whole fortune, bless his old bones! I can afford to forgive him for his unblest love, since to him I owe the richest as well as the loveliest bride in all Brazil."

"Whew! Then I may shift my quarters at once?" said I, jocund at his good fortune.

"Ay, and comfort Annie Herbert, if you will, when you get home. I'd take it as a favor, Frank."

"Thank you. 'What man in his senses could wed her, after enjoying the society of the angelic senora?' You forget I made a trip to the mines with her."

"O, fudge! I'm not jesting."

"Nor I, only quoting from your text-book. But I may think the matter over, and propose when I reach home. '*Quen sabe*.'"

Scarcely a day passed while the barque remained in Rio, that I did not spend a portion of it in the society of my friend and his beauteous bride, to whom I laughingly sketched her husband's inconstancy in his presence one day, when with a saddened countenance she demanded:

"Did she love him, senor, think you?"

Too late I saw my error, when I endeavored to heal the wound by responding:

"Only a little, senora."

"Only a little. Then 'twas but just that she

should lose him, and to me, for I—" The fervent kiss she pressed upon his lips was a most appropriate closing for her sentence.

She did indeed love him much, and when we met to say *addio*, charged me with rare, rich presents for the forsaken maid, "Some return for the lover she had lost." They were worth a little fortune, and received by Annie Herbert with smiles, undimmed by tears. It must have been their intrinsic value that increased her self-esteem, and steeled her heart against all my advances, averting my intended (?) proposal, and rendered her an object of interest to a Mr. C—, who wooed and won her, barque and all.

Wilfred Harper remained in Brazil; but still remained American, serving our government for a term of years as resident consul, nor, so far as I have learned, has he ever regretted his trip to the diamond mines, and the issue of his last love adventure.

LAWFUL REVENGE.

Many years since, a gentleman in Newington, a parish of Wethersfield, Connecticut, who was a very religious and conscientious man, married one of the most ill-natured and troublesome women who could be found in the vicinity. This occasioned universal surprise wherever he was known, and one of the neighbors ventured to ask him the reasons which had governed his choice. He replied, that having had but little trouble in the world, he was fearful of becoming too much attached to things of time and sense, and thought that by experiencing some afflictions, he should become more weaned from the world, and that he married such a woman as he thought would accomplish this object. The best part of the story is, that the wife, hearing the reasons why he married her, was much offended, and, *out of revenge*, became one of the most pleasant and dutiful wives in the town; declaring that she was not going to be made a pack-horse to carry her husband to heaven.—*Connecticut Herald*.

FRENCH ROYAL WIVES.

The "Dublin University Magazine," in commenting upon the lives of the royal and imperial wives of France, states that there are but thirteen out of sixty-seven on whose memory there is no dark stain of sin. Of the fifty-four others, eleven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly treated; three were exiled; the characters of three were very bad; and the prisoners and the heart-broken made up the remainder. Twenty, who were buried at St Denis, since the time of Charlemagne, were denied the rest of a grave. Their remains were dragged from the tomb by the revolutionary populace, and then flung into a trench and covered with quicklime.

FEAR.

O, that fear
When the heart longs to know, what it is death to hear.
CAOLY.

NAGASAKI.

Nagasaki, in that part of the world where centuries are counted small fractions in the lapse of time, is a modern city. The city lies along the water's edge, and spreads upwards between and among the hills—broad, steep hills—from a thousand to eighteen hundred feet high, sparsely wooded, but green to their tops, and strewn with stone and shapeless masses of calcareous rock. The greater part of the city lies in an ascending valley, between two hills, spreading on either hand some distance up the hillsides. Three considerable rivers issue out of the hill gorges, and disembogue themselves into the bay. The rivers, swelled to an unusual volume by the long rains, were roaring over their rocky beds, whipped into creamy foam. A few rude flouring mills were driven by the swift-flowing torrent. The dams were a few boulders, tumbled into the stream, enough to divert a stream of water through a wooden sluice against a breast shot-wheel. It was the first mechanical application of water-power I had seen in Japan. Each mill had a single run of small stones, driven by the simplest arrangement of cogs. The bolting was done by two sieves, one of which was moved by water and the other by the miller's hands, and to which the flour was carried by hand in wooden buckets. The quality of the flour was fair, making a dark but sweet bread. The streets of Nagasaki have the convenient width and cleanliness of the approved Japanese pattern, and are bordered by the usual neat cottages of one and two stories, the quiet shops, and strong fire-proof warehouses, with hard-finished white walls and overhanging roofs of dark and white tiles. Many of the streets are long handsome avenues, of two and two and a half rods wide, with a smooth, well-beaten and ever cleanly-swept roadway, in the centre of which is a stone pavement of a few feet in width. Japanese *side-walks* are always in the centre of the street. The situation of the city assists to good drainage, and everywhere pure water from the hills was flowing down the stone channels of the street gutters, imparting to the whole city a refreshing cleanliness and salubrity. The hills are so steep that houses and temples are ranged in tiers, one above the other, like the seats of a theatre. The floor of one house is on a level with the roof of its next lower neighbor, so that one might sit on his own garden-wall and look down into his neighbor's smoke aperture to inspect the family cooking.—*Correspondent of the Tribune*.

SAVING TIME.

A clergyman, who had a considerable of a farm, as was generally the case in our forefathers' days, went out to see one of his laborers, who was ploughing in the field, and he found him sitting upon his plough, resting his team. "John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?" John, with a countenance which might well become the divine himself, instantly returned—"Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swingling-board in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swingle a little flax?" The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, laughed heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO ONE I LEFT BEHIND.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

Shall we two ever meet again,
My loved but distant friend?
Our lives, once like a tangled skein,
Are unravelled to the end;
And lonely must I ever be,
For none can fill thy place to me.

Our childhood's days too soon were o'er,
Youth glided swiftly by;
And we shall meet—O nevermore,
Beneath yon starry sky;
Or wander where the little rill
Comes rippling from the noisy mill.

Now many years have passed away
Since, by the moonlit stream,
We spoke those farewell words for aye,
Which crushed our "love's young dream."
Though ocean's waves between us roll,
We still are one in thought and soul.

From vows of love I turn away
With heartless seeming smile:
Look coldly on those gallants gay,
Who flutter round the while;
For treasured deep in memory's cell,
That last sad word of mine—farewell.

But often little whispering thoughts
To me unbidden come,
That we shall some time meet again
Beneath yon starry dome:
When ne'er again by wind or tide
Shall I be parted from thy side.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DOOMED BARONET:

—OR,—

JANE MORTIMER'S REVENGE.

BY DR. C. L. FENTON.

PARIS is a very pleasant, gay and fascinating city. The man who has plenty of cash to spare may find abundant opportunities of spending it, even though he possess the purse of Fortunatus, and let his temperament be what it may, need never lack amusement, while he who has but little money to spare, may—when he has once learned the way—live more comfortably and enjoy more pleasure with a little money than he can in any other great city in the world; but with all its attractions, Paris is a very slippery place. We speak plainly; we do not allude to the temptations which may lead the weak or unwary to slip from the paths of virtue and morality; but we mean downright slipperiness. With all its boasted advantages, Paris possesses one of the most wretched climates in the world. It is

the light, airy construction of the better portions of the city, and the easy, cheerful, perhaps frivolous character of the better class of the population, the gaiety of the shops, the variety of amusements, etc., which constitute its charms, otherwise its climate is infinitely worse than that of its great rival city, London. The latter city is sombre on account of the, often ungainly, substantiality of its buildings, and from the dense atmosphere created by the coal smoke; but it has not the burning heat of Paris in summer, nor the chill, damp frosts of Paris in winter, and, taking into account the vastly greater number of pedestrians that crowd the streets of London, compared with those of Paris, London streets are certainly more cleanly, or were at least, under the Bourbon and Orleans *regimes*, and it then required the skill and firm tread of a postur-master to perambulate the streets of Paris after a fall of sleet or snow in the winter season without falling half a dozen times in an hour's walk. But why should I complain? It is to the slipperiness of the streets of Paris that I am indebted for a wife. Perhaps, but for the lucky chance which enabled me to save a lady from measuring her length in a puddle of muddy, half-melted snow, I should still be in a state of single blessedness.

Everybody knows that Paris is world-famed for its medical schools. It is as essential to the good fame of a physician that he should be enabled to boast of having finished his studies in Paris, as for an artist to spend a few years in Rome and Florence; so, after I had quitted college, and received my diploma, commissioning me to write myself M. D., and to kill or cure, as the case might be, with due authority, it was considered by my friends that I could not expend the few hundred dollars which came into my possession on coming of age to better advantage than by passing through a course of instruction at a French medical college, and "walking the hospitals" of Paris.

"It will be such an opening for you," said one friend.

"It sounds so well," said another, "Doctor S—, graduate of the Esculapian College, of Paris!" And nothing loth to a short sojourn in the gay city of which I had heard and read so much, I packed up my carpet bag, and started for Europe forthwith.

I had been domiciled six months in Paris. It was winter time—one of those charming mornings which may be called *par eminence* Paris's own. Without actually raining, or snowing, or freezing, the atmosphere was sufficiently heavy to keep down one's more cheerful feelings far be-

low zero, and though the fog that might have prevailed in London on such a morning was lacking, the pavement offered no resting place for the soles of my feet, and the ludicrously earnest looks of those I met, who were sprawling about like shell-shod cats, testified to the difficulty of advancing. I wended on my way to the hospitals, however, with many internal excretions, until I found myself immediately behind a lady whose figure displayed peculiar grace, and the spirit, demon, if you will, of curiosity, suggested that it would be desirable to obtain a view of her face.

You will meet almost as many foreigners as French women in Paris, that is to say, on the boulevards and principal streets, and so far as grace of figure and poetry of motion are concerned, the French women yield to none on the face of the earth, except the females of the south of Spain; but—we presume there are few French people among our readers—at all events, as impartial chroniclers, we must write, few of the French women are beautiful in feature. They are surpassed in that respect by every continental nation—far surpassed by their English island neighbors, and by the American. You may safely presume, if you meet a very beautiful woman in the boulevards of Paris, that in nine instances out of ten, she is English or American, and if young, under twenty, and classical in her style of beauty, that she is American. I pushed forward, when suddenly the lady placed her foot upon a more lubricated spot than common, slipped, and I do not know precisely what she might have broken, had I not interposed to save her, received her in my arms, broken my watch-glass, and lost my heart.

I thought her the most lovely creature I had ever seen—remember, I was but twenty three years old—and as I replaced her on her feet, for which courtesy she thanked me in delightful English-French, I thought I could do no less than offer my escort to her home, as the streets were so very slippery. It was accepted. What we said to one another on the way can concern nobody, and as the lady is now my wife, the disclosure would be particularly impertinent. It is sufficient to say that she informed me she was an Englishwoman; that she resided at the Hotel Montmorenci, and that her guardian, with whom she was travelling, was Sir Edward D—. In fact he—Sir Edward—had been to Florence, at which city she had been finishing her education, and they were now on their way to England.

As I left her at the door of the hotel, she placed a card in my hand. It was inscribed "Miss Emily Seymour," and a second card, which she

also handed to me bore the name of "Sir Edward D—, Baronet, Hoxley Manor, Cumberland." In pencil beneath the name was written "Montmorenci Hotel, Paris."

"Ah," I muttered, as I walked away, "an orphan, and the ward of a baronet. Wealthy of course, perhaps nobly, at all events, aristocratically connected."

Rather high game for a Yankee medical student to aim at. But when did young love stop to calculate chances? Especially when the lover was a Yankee. Does not our republicanism render us the equals of any aristocracy on earth? Are we not all sovereigns? Did not Miss Patterson wed the brother of an emperor? A parvenu emperor, to be sure; but, then, more than one American lady wears a coronet on her brow, and graces the saloons of the English and French aristocracy, with a countess's title prefixed to her name. Why should not the tables be turned? Why should not an American sovereign wed a titled English lady? Perhaps, after all, the lady might not be of such lofty lineage. At all events she was young and beautiful, and at that period youth and beauty were, with me, charms paramount to wealth, or all the titles of a Spanish donna.

My profession—I had told her I was a physician—gave me the right to call and inquire whether she had received any internal injury from her fall. Indeed, I fancied she looked as if she expected I would call, when she bade me goodbye. If she had been a French woman, she would have said at once, *au revoir* (till our next meeting). But those English are so formal.

I did call, and the garçon, after I had sent up my card, requested me to walk up stairs, telling me that, *le sieur Edouard* would be glad to see me in his rooms. I ascended the stairs and was conducted to the rooms by the garçon, who left me at the door.

Sir Edward rose, on my entrance, and expressed his particular obligations for the service I had rendered his ward, and requesting me to be seated, entered into conversation upon the general topics of the day. He did not appear, to be more than thirty-five years of age, and yet I was puzzled to account for the deepened furrows on his brow, and the somewhat haggard, careworn aspect of a man of his position; for the evening before I had hunted the booksellers' shops for an "English Baronetage," and had learned from the book that Sir Edward D— was born in 18—, and was just thirty-five years old, and that he had succeeded to the title and estates—the latter yielding a rent-roll of £12,000 per annum—on the death of his elder brother; and I thought a

young baronet, with twelve thousand pounds a year, certainly ought to be free from the troubles and anxieties which imprint their mark on the visages of less-favored mortals.

He was, however, a finely-formed man, of commanding presence, and of noble figure, with a piercing black eye, which lit up a countenance, which might have been justly termed handsome but for the haggard, thoughtful, clouded expression I have referred to. After a short time, Miss Emily came into the room, and entered into conversation with us, after having repeated the thanks of the previous evening.

I enjoyed a very pleasant visit; both Sir Edward and the young lady appeared to feel great interest in America. The former was a member of the British parliament, and was then getting up a variety of statistical facts relative to the United States, and I presume he fancied I could be of service to him. When I rose to depart, he expressed a hope that the acquaintance thus commenced would continue, and I fancied the glance of the young lady said the same words. I bowed, and said I should be most happy. Sir Edward invited me to dine with him on the following day, and I left, much gratified with my visit, and if I had been stricken the day before, I was now over head and ears in love with Emily.

Sir Edward and his ward remained in Paris about a month, and when they left for England, the baronet expressed a hope that before I returned to New York I would visit England, and make either his town house, or his country seat, Hoxley Manor, my home.

Of course I visited England after this; indeed, I did what otherwise I should not have thought of—I entered into an engagement with a London physician to attend a course of study at St. Thomas's Hospital in that city, so that I might have an excuse to prolong my residence in England, *ad libitum*, of course taking private lodgings in London.

Within six weeks after the baronet's departure, I was in London. The House of Commons was then in session, and Sir Edward and Miss Emily were residing at the town mansion of the former, in St. James Street. Both were glad to see me, and notwithstanding the difference in our social position, I was soon on terms of intimacy with them, and through them with several of the nobility and landed gentry, who visited at the baronet's house.

Sir Edward had taken such a fancy to me that he urged me to commence the practice of medicine in London, promising me his influence, and I thought it an excellent opportunity for a young beginner, especially as in that case I should re-

main near Miss Seymour. I will spare my readers my love story—such things are commonplace—it is sufficient to say that Miss Emily was a young lady of good family, and though not an heiress, in the usual acceptance of the term, would become, when she reached the age of twenty-one, the possessor of a snug little fortune of £8000, in her own right—\$40,000—a very pretty help to a young medical student, without money, just beginning in the world! We had been much together, perfectly understood each other, and it was settled that she would become of age and my wife on the same day, with her guardian's free consent.

I will pass over the twelve months that intervened between our engagement and this happy period, merely stating that I had taken lodgings in a first-class boarding-house near St. James's Street, in conjunction with a young but already rising barrister, with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance, and of whose character and abilities I had formed the highest opinion.

Sir Edward used frequently to drop in upon us either on his way to or return from the House, and sit and chat for an hour before he returned home, if in the latter case, for he was a bachelor, and time often hung heavily on his hands. One evening he was announced as usual. A newspaper was laying on the table, which he took up carelessly, remarking:

"Any news to-day, Mr. —? What do they say of the debate last night?"

He glanced hurriedly along the columns, when something arrested his gaze. He appeared much agitated, rose and went to the window, and read and re-read the paragraph, passing his hand once or twice over his brow, as if to assure himself of its reality. The next moment he threw down the journal, and taking up his hat, wished me a hasty farewell—my companion was not at home—and said as he was leaving the room:

"You may not see me again for some time. I must be off to the continent immediately."

The next moment he had quitted the house. I took up the paper to endeavor to discover the paragraph which had evidently so disconcerted him; the mark of his thumb nail had been violently impressed against the following lines, an extract from a French journal:

"The body of the English gentleman, Mr. Davis, who disappeared so mysteriously about a month ago, has been found by some fishermen, in the lake of Como. It is supposed that unfortunate gentleman had been bathing, and had ventured beyond his depth. The body was only identified in consequence of his name being on some shreds of clothing, supposed to have been a portion of his bathing-dress."

Of course it was all a mystery to me; but the next day I called upon Miss Seymour. She could give me no further information than that her guardian had returned home, as she supposed, from the House, in a state of great mental distress, and hurriedly bidding her good-by, had said he was going to his banker's, and thence to the continent, immediately, adding that he might be absent for some months.

"It was no business of mine; but people will busy themselves about others, and all day long I could not get Sir Edward and his hasty departure out of my head. Towards evening further thought was put an end to by a short note, which disconcerted me fully as much as the newspaper paragraph had disconcerted the baronet. It merely said:

"Newgate Prison, Tuesday, P. M.

"MY DEAR FELLOW:—Come to me immediately. Speak a word to no one.

"D——."

I started immediately for the prison, and was admitted into a dark, ill-furnished, but private apartment, which the baronet's rank, and probably his purse, had procured for him. Sir Edward was seated at a small table, scoring figures in the dust which had accumulated upon it, probably for months. He started nervously when I was announced, but rose to receive me with as much cordiality as I had ever seen in his drawing-room at St. James Street.

"Ah, this is kind, B——," he said. "You did not expect to visit me here when we parted yesterday?"

"Indeed, Sir Edward, I did not," I replied. "What, in Heaven's name, can this mean?"

"For what do you suppose I am arrested?"

"I am totally at a loss to conjecture. This is not a debtor's prison."

"No, thank God, I am not in debt. I am arrested on a charge of murder."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "Of whom—what—where—you are joking?"

"Not I; it is no matter for mirth."

"But—you are—are—"

"Innocent, you would say," said the baronet, sternly. "Have you a doubt of that?"

"I?"

"Still," he continued, "something must be done, and to enable you to understand the case, I must unravel more of my history than I usually care to dwell upon. I had rather that you, as a friend, would act for me just now than to apply to a lawyer. Pray sit down."

Perfectly astounded, I took my seat, and the baronet, with an unbroken calmness of voice, related the following incidents:

"You must know that about two years ago, I accompanied my brother, Sir William D——, on a tour through Italy and Switzerland. William was very much older than I, and consequently had got over the follies of youth, and even before we left England, some trifling differences arose between us. I insisted upon taking my page with me—he objected; but at length gave his consent, until he reached Paris, when we quarrelled again, for I must tell you my page was a female, one Jane Mortimer, and my brother, who prided himself on his moral habits, was shocked, and expressed himself strongly against what he termed my dereliction from the paths of duty, and so forth. I confess I was to blame; but," he sighed, "I was ten years younger, two years ago, than I am now.

"However, the alternative he offered me was to dismiss the girl, or part company with him. His estates were not entailed, and he threatened to make a will to deprive me of the property, if he could not deprive me of the title, at his death. I am not fond of dictation, and I answered him in his own way. We both spoke pretty loud, and it appears that our conversation was overheard—"

"May I inquire," I asked, "whether your feelings towards the girl were interested?"

"My pride was," he replied, "nothing else. I was tired of the girl, and would have gladly got rid of her; but she forced herself upon me, and under the circumstances, I would not be dictated to. My brother worked himself into a furious passion, took a hasty supper, drank more than he was in the habit of doing, and retired to bed early. During the night he died of apoplexy."

"His death was very sudden," I observed.

"Death from apoplexy always is sudden," replied the baronet, looking me steadily in the face. "Of course," he continued, "I took the necessary steps for proving his death. He was your little friend Emily's guardian; that charge I took upon myself, and in doing this, of course it became imperative upon me to get rid of Jane Mortimer, which I was by no means sorry to do. I therefore pensioned her off, after tears and threats and protestations on her part too numerous to mention, with the assistance of an English gentleman, named Davis, who has lately died, who promised to take care of her."

"Davis," I exclaimed, my thoughts reverting to the newspaper paragraph, "pray, Sir Edward, what caused you to be so much disconcerted when you read the account of Mr. Davis's death?"

"Sir," exclaimed the baronet, "I am not accustomed to be cross-questioned. Pooh! this

affair has made me nervous. Excuse me—he was an old friend, and the news of his death startled me a good deal; but, pray how did you discover the paragraph which caused me such emotion?"

"You marked it with your nail, Sir Edward," I replied.

"Did I? Strange! But I must tell you. I was on the eve of starting for Italy, *via* Calais, in order to be present at poor Davis's funeral, when I was arrested—you will hardly credit it—and accused of the murder of my own brother!"

"Of Sir William!" I exclaimed. The news came upon me like a thunder-stroke. I had almost anticipated hearing that Sir Edward had been suspected of the removal of his late mistress, perhaps by violence; but for what he told me, I was quite unprepared.

"Ay," he replied, savagely, "and the charge has been made by that viper, Jane Mortimer, the base, ungrateful creature! Why, I cannot conceive, nor what she can dream of adducing by way of proof. However, we must do something, and I have sent for you, because I like that young fellow who lives with you, and would have him retained in my case. Of course he must have an older counsel with him, and I must beg of you to see my lawyer and get him to send a retainer to Henry Brougham. I know of no abler man, and your young friend will work admirably with him."

(Of course this tale has relation to a period prior to the elevation of Henry Brougham to the bench, and to the peerage under his now well-known title of Lord Brougham and Vaux. At the period of which I write, he was the most eminent counsel at the bar, and was making by his profession, at least fifteen thousand pounds per annum. It was not his practice to accept retainers in criminal cases, at this period of his career, though like most barristers, it was through his skill in defending them that he acquired his fame; but in consideration of Sir Edward's rank and position, he accepted the retainer, in his case.)

After some further conversation, I quitted the prison, and early in the morning I called at the office of the baronet's lawyer, who went with me to the magistrate who had committed him, and obtained a copy of the depositions, which he showed me. They were explicit and direct, charging Sir Edward with the murder of his brother, by poison, at the Hotel de Lisle, Rue des Cranbougues, Paris, and were signed by one Jane Mortimer.

I could not, withal, believe the baronet guilty. I believed the girl to be actuated by revenge. I

brought a copy to the jail, and showed it to Sir Edward.

"What think you of it?" I asked, when he had read it.

"It is clear and straightforward," was the reply, "evidently the work of no novice."

I did not remain long with the baronet, and from that visit until the day of trial, I saw but little of him. He was much engaged with his lawyers and counsel. I had no doubt whatever of his innocence, for I concluded it was as he had intimated, a charge brought forward out of spite by his discarded mistress, which would be instantly disproved when the day of trial came. Indeed, I much doubted whether the witness would dare to appear against the prisoner, and I should here put it on record that Lord (then Mr. Henry) Brougham, before he would take the case in hand, had an interview with Sir Edward, and thus addressed him:

"Sir Edward D——, I will do whatever I can in this matter, and if it be as you suspect, I have no doubt whatever of proving the charge to be an infamous conspiracy; but I tell you further, I have long given over pleading in criminal courts, and if I had the slightest suspicion that this wretched woman's depositions were true, nay, if I even imagined—"

Sir Edward, as I learned from my friend, the junior counsel, interrupted the learned barrister, by saying, with much apparent emotion:

"Enough, my dear sir. I fully believe you, and but for my having such confidence in your belief in my integrity, I should not have dared to apply to you, nor could I have expected such a favor as I feel this to be, at your hands. No person that knows me can for a moment suspect me guilty of crime, much less of such a crime."

The baronet took Mr. Brougham's hand, and turned aside his head. The junior counsel thought he wept.

On the evening before the day of the trial, I saw Sir Edward for a few moments, and was much assured by the calm tone in which he spoke, and criticized the points of the case. He asked feelingly after Miss Seymour, whom he would on no account permit to visit him in jail, and said that, confident as he was of acquittal, he should only remain to see us married, and then quit England forever, and take up his abode on the continent. He shook hands with me at parting, and particularly requested that I would attend the trial.

The court-room was crowded to excess. Many ladies and gentlemen of rank and station obtained seats on the bench, and spectators squeezed themselves into every available place.

The rank and position of the prisoner charged with such a shocking crime, in such a singular manner, had naturally caused an intense excitement throughout the country, and even abroad.

After the usual formalities, Sir Edward was placed at the bar. His step was firm, and his whole demeanor betrayed confidence of acquittal. The crown counsel commenced his speech with professions of grief at the painful duty on his hands, and after an able harangue of two hours' duration, called Jane Mortimer.

A very beautiful young woman appeared in the witness box, whose charms, though somewhat faded, showed what she must have been in extreme youth, and what she would be even until advanced age. Her evidence did not differ from her depositions. So clearly did she tell her story that the opposite advocate, with much address, abstained from asking her questions, and the interest in court was intense as she turned to Sir Edward, who was leaning with much composure against the side of the box, and with sparkling eyes, and finger pointed at the accused, exclaimed:

"Sir Edward D——, you, who with the false oaths and vows you determined to break, even while you were uttering them, enticed me from a mother's roof to ruin and ignominy—who caused the transportation of my only brother for only questioning your treatment of his sister—who, weary of your victim when she had lost the power to amuse you, cast me off upon one of your libertine associates in payment of a gambling debt—who again endeavored to get rid of me by more violent means in the streets of Boulogne—who allowed the pension fear had wrung from you to be discontinued, little dreaming that I should escape starvation to impeach you here—you, Sir Edward D——, are now before a tribunal of your own country for murder—for the murder of a brother—for a murder you dare not deny. The poison you destroyed him with you obtained long before that night—you carried it about you concealed in the hollow of a pencil case, and on the evening of your last quarrel with your brother, you drew that pencil from your pocket, on pretence of sending a note for me; and as he turned his head, you threw the poison into his glass. I knew what would be the result of Sir William's discovery of my sex. I was watching you. Deny it if you dare."

A half-suppressed laugh from Sir Edward followed this speech. It was instantly checked by a look from his leading counsel, who inquired whether the crown had any other evidence. The reply was in the negative, and Mr. Brougham proceeded to cross-examine Jane Mortimer.

She underwent a most searching and rigid inquiry without varying in a single particular, and after a fruitless attempt to confuse or disconcert her, the acute advocate sat down, and Sir Edward was called upon for his defence.

(The prisoner, in an English court of law, is not permitted to plead his own cause, but his written defence, well known to be got up under the best advice, is read for him by his advocate.)

Sir Edward D—— handed a manuscript to the junior counsel, who read it aloud in a clear, distinct tone, throwing emphasis upon all the strong points. Sir Edward commented on the character of the witness, her long-delayed testimony, and on every other point that could be brought to bear against her, and concluded by an impassioned appeal to the hearts of those before whom he stood arraigned, much in the style which long practice had shown to be most effectual and availing with men, who, with all their differences, have been of the same blood and passions in every age.

The defence produced a decided impression in the prisoner's favor, and the judge was about to sum up, when the witness, Jane Mortimer, drew a small slip of paper from her bosom, on which a few pencilled lines appeared, and rushing to the witness box, exclaimed, in a scream of rage, rather than in a tone of ordinary speech, for the bitter sarcasms of the prisoner had not been lost on her:

"Will Sir Edward D——, deny this?"

The paper was handed to the court, and while the venerable judge was looking through it, both the counsel turned to the prisoner with looks of mortification and anger. Sir Edward D——'s lips quivered; he was deadly pale, and he leaned against the bar for support. He had recognized the paper!

"You have but half instructed us, Sir Edward," said the leading counsel, in a voice which, though low and confidential, was expressive of the deepest reproach and contempt.

"I had forgotten this—I—I—save—save me, gentlemen—I—" stammered the prisoner. "My fortune is yours—" He seemed to have become perfectly paralyzed by the new turn of affairs; but he speedily recollected and recovered himself, and rising to his full height, he said in a loud voice, "Let me see that paper? Forgery, no doubt, well worthy of the producer."

The paper was handed to him. He looked closely at every word, as if eager to detect and prove a forgery, and brought it nearer to his eyes to throw a better light upon it. Suddenly he made a rapid effort to thrust it into his mouth. I clasped my hands in agony. The

act was madness, and it was useless. A constable caught his hand, and rescued the paper.

Had the moment not arrived when, at one o'clock, under any circumstances, the court adjourns, while the judge retires to swallow a glass of wine and eat a biscuit, that paper and the act of the prisoner must have proved fatal to him. I could already read his sentence in the eyes of the jurymen.

What had the judge's adjournment to do with his acquittal or condemnation? We shall see. Though evidently deeply incensed at being deceived, the leading counsel was determined to do his duty to the prisoner, and perhaps was anxious to acquit him for his own fame's sake.

While the judge was absent, Mr. Brougham called the lawyer's clerk to him, a whispering conversation followed, which was closed by a louder order for the young man to make haste back with the letters. The court remained crowded. No one stirred but the bench and the clerk, who had lost his hat (!). He thought he must have placed it in the jury-box, and he entered and passed slowly through, passing leisurely each individual jurymen, and only found the missing hat at the far end of the box. When he had gone—he returned suspiciously soon—I noticed the jurymen whispering together, and glancing from one another towards the prisoner, and fancied that the gloomy expression of their features brightened.

The judge re-entered. He summed up the case, strongly against the prisoner; especially drawing the attention of the jury to the endeavor of the prisoner to destroy the strongest evidence against him; but concluded by cautioning them to give the prisoner the benefit of any doubt that might exist in their minds as to his guilt. In less than five minutes the foreman of the jury rose, and firmly pronounced the words:

"Not guilty!"

"Gentlemen, the verdict is yours, not mine," said the judge, in a tone of great astonishment.

Sir Edward bowed, and on leaving the dock, offered his hand to Mr. Brougham. It was declined: The counsel took not the slightest notice of him.

I walked home with the baronet, but not a word was exchanged on the way. He was, however, joyfully received by Emily, who had entertained no doubt of his innocence.

Sir Edward declared his intention of going down immediately to his country seat, and asked me to accompany him. As Emily was going, of course I consented. We went in the baronet's own travelling carriage, with post horses.

There was no delay on the road, after we had started, ten days after the verdict. What had become of Jane Mortimer, none of us knew—her name was never mentioned.

We had arrived at the last stage of the journey, and having stopped at an inn, Emily and I had alighted, while the horses were being put to the carriage, leaving the baronet in the vehicle.

When we came forth from the inn, I was surprised to see the baronet in earnest conversation with a slight-built young man, whose face I could not see. Observing us approach, the baronet ordered the lad to go away, and upon his seeming refusal, raised his hand as if to strike him. The next moment the report of a pistol was heard; the carriage was filled with smoke. I, with one of the hostlers, rushed forward, leaving Emily in the passage of the inn. When we reached the carriage, the boy had fallen, he was nowhere to be seen; but the baronet lay dead, inside, shot right through the head!

I was greatly shocked, Emily fainted away, and it was some time before she was able to proceed on the journey. Another carriage was obtained, and in the hired carriage, Emily and I proceeded to Hoxley Manor, while the baronet's carriage conveyed his dead body to his ancestral seat.

The unhappy death of Sir Edward delayed our marriage for several months, and when, at length, the wedding took place, Emily expressed a wish to leave England, where, she said, she was continually reminded of the awful scene she had witnessed, and of the disgrace to which her guardian had been subjected; for she still believed he was innocent of the crime imputed to his charge, and that his murder was committed by one of those who had, as she believed, conspired to wrong and ruin him, and who had been balked of their purpose. It was agreeable, for I longed to see my native land again, and to settle there. We had made all preparation for our departure within twelve months of Sir Edward's decease.

About a week before we set sail, the distant relatives to whom Sir Edward's estates had descended—the baronetage became extinct at his decease—set a number of men to work to clear away the brushwood which had accumulated after several years' growth, in a plantation near the mansion at Hoxley Manor, which had formerly been a game preserve. In doing this they came across the dead body, greatly decomposed, of a human being in man's apparel, but upon examination, the corpse proved to be that of a female. A rusty pistol was found near the body, which was the counterpart of that with

which Sir Edward had been shot, which had been thrown away by the murderer, and picked up on the roadside.

One of the left ribs of the body was fractured, and no doubt existed among those who were acquainted with the melancholy tale I have told, that the murderer of the baronet was Jane Mortimer; that she had herself taken the revenge the laws of her country refused to give her, and had then retired to this desolate spot, and there with the remaining pistol, taken her own life, and found the sleep that knows no waking.

With respect to the agitation of the baronet on hearing of Mr. Davis's death, we imagine that this man, whoever he was, had some authority over Jane Mortimer—perhaps kept her in durance—and hearing of his decease, Sir Edward thought of averting the catastrophe which followed; but the unhappy girl was too quick for him, and had already taken measures to bring him to justice.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, LONDON.

This bridge, now having been five years constructing, will be completed in about two years. In both an engineering and an artistic sense, it will be one of the finest and most magnificent bridges in the world. Thomas Page is the chief engineer. The bridge is 85 feet wide, and the roadway is 60 feet wide. The Pont de Change in Paris, and Schloss Bruke in Berlin, are wider, though shorter. The middle arch is 120 feet span, the extreme arches 95 feet, and the other four are of intermediate span. The remarkable feature of the structure is, that the stone piers are located on cast iron piles, and were put in place without the use of coffer-dams. The middle parts of the ribs or arches are of wrought-iron. The cast-iron parts of them are solid, leaving no chance for expansion, therefore the effect of heat must be to spring the arches slightly upward. The arches are, in shape, parallel to an ellipse. The ornamentation is Gothic, and elaborate and beautiful. The cost of the bridge and approaches will not fall short of \$3,000,000.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

LONDON CITY MISSIONS.

A public meeting was recently held in London to promote the interest of the London City Missions. As evidence of the miscellaneous character of the city population, and of the need of increased missionary effort, it was stated by one of the speakers that more than half the adult population of London were born in the provinces. It contains more Scotch descendants than there were in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, 100,000 more Romanists than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine. There were also there no less than 60,000 Germans, 30 000 French, and 6000 Italians; a very large number of Asiatics from all parts of the East, and many who still worship their idols.—*London American.*

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CRIMSON CHAMBER.

BY MRS. M. F. MINOT.

"AY, his doom is sealed! This night will I accomplish the deed ere the clock in yonder tower has struck the midnight hour!" And as she uttered these words, Isadore Montalbert rose from the sumptuous couch on which she had been reposing, and passing through the length of the lofty apartment—gloomy in spite of its luxurious furniture and rich ornaments—she paused at a high arched window, and fixed her keen glance on the clock of which she had spoken, and which was placed midway in a cumbrous tower that rose from a wing of the castle-like building that had now been her home for more than ten years.

She was a woman of strange, weird beauty. A rich bloom pervaded both cheek and lip, and her large dark eyes were as lustrous as the jewels clustered in the jetty braid twined above her forehead. Her dress of amber-colored silk fell in rich folds about her tall stately figure, and rare gems, like those that sparkled amid her raven hair, were twined about her fair throat and dimpled arms which were bare nearly to the shoulder, while floating over the whole, giving a new grace to her faultless form, was a delicate veil of costly black lace which swayed about her like a cloud-wreath as the soft winds of that southern clime, laden with fragrant odors, stole gently in.

She remained for some moments with her eyes fixed on the dial-plate of the old clock whose characters shone in the moonbeams as though of burnished gold.

"Half past eleven," she at length murmured; "I will proceed at once to break the tie that has bound me through these long, weary years. Ah, it was a lucky impulse that prompted me to buy that subtle poison of the Arabian wizard I chanced to meet during my travels in the East. Three drops upon the crown of his head and in a few moments his system will have absorbed the poison, and Hugh Montalbert will have ceased to be, while I shall be free and safe, for not a trace will remain to tell how he died." And with a grim smile she moved to the cabinet near and took a small golden phial from a secret drawer; then she glided rapidly away through gloomy corridors, stately halls, and long suits of gorgeous apartments, pausing at last on the threshold of a room known as the Crimson Chamber.

It was a peculiar looking place. The suggestions of a capricious fancy had there found embodiment. Light from an unseen source, though soft as the moonbeams, revealed every-

thing in the clearest outlines. The ponderous furniture was of crimson velvet and gilded mahogany richly carved. On the frescoed walls were hung alternately, stuffed birds and warlike implements both of ancient and modern times. Costly perfumes were exhaling from swinging censers of silver, and in the centre of the apartment was a fountain. Its basin was of red freestone supported by four lions rampant, and the murmuring of its waters, which rose in three slender jets, fell musically on the otherwise profound stillness. Midway between the fountain and the door stood a bed, a marvel of luxury, about which floated in clouds of crimson and gold a gossamer-like fabric pendent from a bunch of red coral attached to the ceiling.

Isadore Montalbert paused but for a moment, then passing quickly within she secured the door, and going to the bed drew aside the delicate drapery and bent over the sleeping occupant, prepared, should he awaken, to lavish on him her hollow caresses. But in spite of her fixed gaze, her husband—for such he was—continued bound by the heavy slumber that had locked his every sense.

The sleeper was a man of fifty and upwards, and his long black hair, streaked here and there with silver, flowed in waves about his massive brow, which betokened intellect of no ordinary stamp, while the cast of his face indicated a nature in which the fiercer passions predominated.

"The gods are propitious," murmured his wife, with a soft sigh of relief; and feeling that she might now venture, she raised the phial, which she had clutched nervously the while, and dropped the fatal liquid.

The effect was immediate. The victim's breathing grew shorter and shorter, then came a spasmodic contraction of the features and a rigid stillness settled upon him.

"Dead, dead, thank the gods," she exclaimed in a suppressed tone, "now I am free!" And she gazed for awhile with a look of grim satisfaction, after which she moved softly from the room and passing rapidly down a long gallery stopped abruptly near its terminus.

"Aha," she murmured, "voices within, and the girl should have been asleep long since. I'll soon solve the mystery of this midnight visitor."

Beside her was a pedestal on which a statue had once stood, and raising herself upon it she looked through the colored glass, graven with mystic symbols, that was inserted above the door of the small room beyond. It was a boudoir with draperies of white lace and blue damask, and in it was gathered every luxury that a refined taste could suggest.

On a divan was seated a maiden of faultless beauty. Her golden hair flowed in ringlets over shoulders of alabaster fairness, and her large eyes, which were of a deep blue, were fixed on the youth beside her with a look of tearful sadness.

Her companion who wore the undress uniform of the United States navy, was of a small but athletic frame, and as he bent toward her with his glossy brown locks sweeping back from his broad forehead, beneath which beamed a pair of brilliant brown eyes, whose proud, clear glance was now softened to almost womanly tenderness, he presented a striking and pleasing contrast to her purely feminine cast of beauty.

"Alvar," said the maiden, in tones as soft and clear as rippling waters, "I would do as you wish, and disclose our engagement to Mrs. Montalbert, but in spite of her professions, I feel that she is far from being my friend, though proof I have none. Yet who but herself could have given the impression which I know has become general, that I am high-tempered and eccentric? What may be her motive I cannot define, but there is something that warns me of her true character and bids me to beware of her. Alas, Alvar, I shall be miserable when you are gone, for I have none else to love me in this wide, wide world. And I fear lest we should never meet again," she added, her tears flowing fast.

In spite of the maiden's subdued tones not a word escaped the listener without, who stood with her head bowed toward a small aperture formed by a break in the glass, while her cheek burned with rage.

"Aha," she thought, "there is a sweet revenge in store for me, my fair maid. From the fate I have in reserve for you there is no escape, none. And you, my brave sir, ay, dry her tears with your soothing words and caresses, be happy in the present as you say, for the future will bring a shadow, a death-shadow across your path."

She listened for awhile longer. Long enough to learn that the youth, Alvar Lavalette, had received orders for the African coast, that he was to leave on the morrow to join his ship in Boston, and that on his return they were to be wedded. Then bethinking of herself she hastened from the house into the grounds reaching after a long circuit, a grove of live-oaks that bordered on the Mississippi River. There was only the dim light of the stars, and except the flow of the mighty waters, all was hushed. She groped her way from tree to tree, pausing at last by the patriarch of the wood, a huge oak with its hollow trunk thickly grown over with moss.

"He should have been here, it is past the hour," she murmured; "but no, I forget, I was

to give the signal." And drawing a small golden tube from her belt she sounded notes soft and clear as a nightingale. A few moments passed.

"He does not come, what can be the reason!" she muttered impatiently, and again she sounded those notes. But still there was no answer, and not till they had been twice more repeated did her quick ear detect a cautious tread rapidly approaching.

The next moment a tall form stood beside her, and his strong arms encircled her, as her companion pressed his lips again and again to her cheek. She returned his caresses, murmuring:

"Why so late, dearest? I had begun to fear lest some mishap had befallen you."

"I should have been punctual," was the reply, "for I left New Orleans at the time proposed, but I missed the way in this murky starlight, and thus increased a ten miles' drive to I know not what length. But how is it with him?"

"He sleeps. Come to the crimson chamber and you shall see how soundly;" and the two moved on with hushed breathing and stealthy tread.

"You are sure we shall not be observed, Isadore?" said her companion as they paused at the side-door of the building.

"Yes," was her whispered reply, "follow me, you have nothing to fear;" and she led the way through a series of narrow passages, peculiar to that gloomy old mansion, till at last they stood within the crimson chamber.

The eyes of Isadore Montalbert glittered with a tiger-like ferocity as her lover gazed on those rigid features and placed his hand above the pulseless heart.

"You perceive my work is thoroughly done, he is dead," she said softly. And with a look that told more than ever how true a villain he was, Edmund Redimer returned her glance.

"It is well done," he replied; "there is no life there. And now that this obstacle is removed I hope in three months at most, to call you wife. This can be safely ventured, for Hugh Montalbert was so morose and stern toward others that you found it easy to give the false impression that he was so with yourself. His sudden death will be considered providential, and remarks I have heard in all quarters convince me that congratulations rather than blame would follow your speedy union with one so highly esteemed as myself;" and a smile flitted across his bold, handsome face.

"Inclination prompts me to yield, but prudence bids me beware," responded his companion. "I dare not thus hasten events! A year hence I will become your bride."

"This is needless caution, Isadore. For six

months I have been waiting, when he," and he pointed to the dead man, "might have been disposed of as safely the first week. I see no need for this long delay."

"Do not urge me," was the reply, "my determination cannot be shaken. My motto, as you well know, is 'make haste slowly.'"

Edmund Redimer was annoyed and angry to the last degree at this declaration, but he knew Isadore Montalbert too well to press the matter further, and fixed his gaze again upon the dead man in a vain effort to conceal his vexation, which, unconsciously to himself, had already flashed in his eyes, causing his companion's heart to throb with pleasure at the power she exercised over him as she added:

"There is another reason, dearest, for this delay. I would bring you a richer dower than ever bride in this country has brought her husband; and to accomplish this the girl, Evangeline De Vere, remains to be disposed of. This, you perceive, is the work of time. Her death must not follow his too quickly. Ha, ha! I discovered to-night that she also has a secret lover," and she told what she had overheard.

It was with a glance of the keenest scrutiny that Edmund Redimer replied:

"You talk, Isadore, as if money were the sole motive that prompted my wooing; but you well know that it is love, such a love as is experienced but once by men of my stamp, and which lasts a lifetime. Strong as my passion was for the luxury that gold alone obtains, I sought you long ago when another alliance would have given me a princely fortune. Then followed ten years of exile on your account, till at last, overruled by this master passion, I came again, determined to win you as mine, in spite of all obstacles."

"Let it suffice then," interrupted Isadore Montalbert, "that you have succeeded as you never would have done but for my faith in your love. And of my return of it you can no longer doubt, for though I once rejected you for his gold," and she pointed to the lifeless form before them. "I have now sacrificed him to you."

Edmund Redimer's face shone with the repletteness of his satisfaction, and, clasping hands, the two went on to discuss their plans, unconscious that the panel had been drawn from within a circlet of carved leaves that lay in the deep shadow of the cornice directly above them, and that a pair of eyes had been glaring down upon them from the moment of their entrance, and a pair of ears drinking in each murmured word. And shortly after the door had closed on their retreating steps, the entire panel was noiseless-

ly removed, and a slight form, bounding lightly to the floor, stole to the dead man's side.

It was a female small in stature and of singular appearance. Her gray hair was parted smoothly from her broad, full forehead, and glistened like burnished silver; and the face which bore traces of great loveliness, was stamped with the lines of intense suffering. She was clad in black garments whose sombre hue was relieved by a single star-shaped jewel burning on her breast.

"It is true. He is indeed dead, dead," she murmured brokenly, as she bent over him and placed her hand above the still pulse; "ah, Hugh Montalbert! vengeance has overtaken you at last, and through her whom you loved so madly. And she, too, she too must suffer for her misdeeds," she added with sudden vehemence; "I still bide my time."

Her voice shook with the violence of her emotion, and her voice trembled yet more, as, clutching at the jewel on her breast, she continued:

"This, this was the symbol of our love. Thus you said when you gave it me. But yours was like the meteor's flash, while, in spite of all, I could never learn to hate you."

She paused for some moments, and then raising her slight, graceful form, she whispered:

"Hugh, farewell. I go on my mission;" and moving away, she passed up the narrow steps in the wall by which she had descended. Then the panel glided to its place and there was a deep hush of death in the crimson chamber.

Two days later a stately funeral procession wound its way from the Montalbert mansion. The rich coffin, of ebony inlaid with silver, was distinctly visible through the glass sides of the plumed hearse, and beside the wreath placed upon it by the hand of Isadore Montalbert, was another of rarer flowers. Whose was the offering none knew, but one was among them, unobserved, clothed in a suit of simple gray, who had laid it there—that one was she of the silver tresses.

It was again night. The clock in the old tower had struck the hour of three, in slow, solemn tones, and still Isadore Montalbert paced to and fro in the crimson chamber.

"I hate the girl," she finally exclaimed, pausing in her walk; "ay, with a hatred so intense that did I not covet her fortune, nothing short of her life would satisfy me. More beautiful than myself, forsooth! I heard them say so at his funeral, and it has rankled in my breast ever since. But I will be revenged on her. Yes, I could see Evangeline De Vere expire by slow tortures, and I will. I will touch her in the tenderest point, her love. It is mental suffering

that causes most anguish in an organization such as hers. Ha, she little dreams that I have her secret. But I must be doubly wary now that I have resolved to hasten events," she added in a milder tone, and, resuming her walk, she continued to ponder on her fell purpose.

The contemplated crime was, if possible, darker than that already committed. Five years before, her friend Mrs. De Vere had, on her deathbed, entrusted her only child, Evangeline, then but twelve years old, to Isadore Montalbert's care. And such was her confidence that she would be as a mother to the orphan girl, that she had in her will bequeathed to Mrs. Montalbert, in case she should outlive Evangeline and the latter have remained unmarried, the large property which she would inherit from herself.

Hence her unbounded rage when Isadore Montalbert discovered Evangeline's secret betrothal, for she felt that it might have resulted in a private marriage and thus have placed the coveted fortune forever beyond her reach.

It was not long before Isadore Montalbert again gave expression to her thoughts:

"I have decided," she exclaimed; "that old fortune-teller is just the person for my purpose. A few days since, when she predicted the brilliant future strangely enough, exactly what I had planned for myself, she let fall certain expressions that marked her as the tool I need. My spare gold would buy a host of such as she. I will go to her at once, and when I have done with her, this"—and she drew forth the golden phial that she now wore constantly about her—"shall put a seal on her lips."

Shortly after, Isadore Montalbert entered the fortune teller's rude cabin, which stood just within a thicket of gigantic shrubs and interlacing vines, not far from the bounds of her own estate. The dawn had just broke, and the woman was eating a simple breakfast of bread and fruit. She was a most repulsive figure. A brown scarf, faded and otherwise discolored, was wound about her head, and a dress of the same hue, patched and tattered, fell loosely to her heavily shod feet. Her sallow, snuff-beameared face lighted up on beholding her visitor, and she extended a hand, which, soiled as it was, the elegant and fastidious Isadore Montalbert dared not refuse.

The latter was approaching with extreme caution the subject that had brought her there at so unusual an hour, when the woman suddenly confronted her with a look that dispelled whatever of doubt might yet remain, as she exclaimed:

"You have a plot ahead, and want my services. Well, I am ready—for generous pay, mind you, and prompt—to do all you wish. Shouldn't

care if my palm was crossed with gold even before the work began. And I am not particular as to the means you choose. Poison or the knife are alike to me—I never fail in what I undertake.”

This brought the matter to a point at once, and when the sun had fairly risen, all was arranged, and the cabin's weird-looking occupant stood gazing with a look of intense satisfaction at the heavy gold pieces glittering in her hand and at the retreating form of Isadore Montalbert.

An air of dreamy indifference had always marked Evangeline De Vere's manner toward the circle of associates selected for her by Mrs. Montalbert, for they were mere people of fashion, while Evangeline's mind was of a cast far above mediocrity in intellectual capacity, and keenly alive to poetic inspiration. Hence, the young girl had led a weary life till chance one day brought within her sphere a congenial soul in the person of Alvar Lavalette. Tempted by the beauty of the night, she had ventured alone on the river in a light skiff, confident that she could manage it, and was in a position of great danger when Alvar Lavalette, who was returning from a solitary boating excursion, came most opportunely to her assistance, saving her from almost certain death.

The youth's parents, who were advanced many years in life's decline, had long since withdrawn from fashionable gaieties, and as Alvar had no taste for them, the two would perhaps never have met, but for the occurrence just related, although his own stately home was within a few miles of the Montalberts'. But having met, well suited as they were to each other, the natural result followed, and when Isadore Montalbert learned their secret, they had been for two months betrothed.

This perfidious woman had been long revolving in her mind a plan for the death of Evangeline, as well as of her own husband, and the impression she had given, and to which the young girl referred in her conversation with her lover—that she was high-tempered and eccentric—had, in connection with subsequent hints that she had let fall, fully prepared the minds of Isabel Montalbert's associates for the announcement that she was about to make—that Evangeline De Vere had become a maniac!

Shortly after her return from the fortune-teller's, Isadore Montalbert sought Evangeline, and in grief-stricken tones proposed going for a time to a plantation of her deceased husband's some twenty miles distant.

“My presence there is necessary for awhile,” she added, “and besides, it will be a change of scene for us both. It is so sad—so sad here!” And she wept.

Evangeline gave a ready assent, for she was

glad to escape from the gloom of a house which in its unwonted quiet seemed to her excited imagination to be constantly haunted by the shade of him who had so recently been its master—the stern, morose man, whom she had so feared.

The necessary preparations were soon made, and at the close of an hour, they had started on their way. They had a rapid drive to the spot, and it was with a feeling of relief that Evangeline leaned forth to gaze on the beauties of the scene and inhale the fragrance from the magnolias that shaded the broad avenue along which they were passing, and which terminated at the chief entrance of the mansion, a many-gabled cottage embowered in flowering vines and shrubs. After they had partaken of the choice repast that had been awaiting them, Isadore Montalbert proposed that Evangeline should retire to her apartments, whither she proposed conducting her.

“We both need rest,” said she, as she moved on, “and I hope you will find yourself comfortable here. These are your rooms.”

And she threw open a door revealing a suite of apartments hung with delicate green draperies, and furnished in a style of airy elegance. Evangeline expressed her satisfaction.

“This is truly a lovely place,” said she, stopping at an open window, “and I hope ours will not be a short stay.”

“You shall remain as long as you wish,” was the reply. And a strange smile that perplexed Evangeline passed over her companion's face.

“Here,” she added, “is another room which I have fitted even more with a view to your taste than these. How does it suit?”

There was a heavy curtain drawn over the entrance, and on Evangeline's approaching, she was thrust rudely in, and the door was closed and locked with much violence. The young girl stood aghast. She was in a large room, with scanty furniture and bare walls, and from the ceiling hung an iron lamp, whose dim, lurid light gave a deeper gloom to the shadows that thickened as they settled over the more distant portions.

“What does this mean—what does this mean?” she exclaimed, at last. “O, Thou who art the orphan's God, protect me in this evil hour.”

A hiss, low and prolonged, fell on her ear as she uttered these words, and she trembled yet more on beholding through a grated aperture the face of Isadore Montalbert, whose swollen and distorted features were clearly revealed by the strong light of the lamp she bore.

“Aha!” she exclaimed, “I am glad you are so well pleased! This is but the beginning of your delights, however. I have been a listener to the softly-spoken phrases poured into your

lover's fond ears, and shall take due care that some of them, your forebodings, be fully realized. You have, in truth, seen Alvar Lavalette for the last time, for ere long you will be borne from here to your grave. Remember, to your grave, for I hate, ay, hate you!"

And as that hiss again burst through her clenched teeth, her helpless victim gave a heart-broken sob, and fell senseless to the floor. For a moment, Isadore Montalbert gazed. Then, with a demoniacal expression of joy bursting from her empurpled lips, she turned away, and went to join her lover, who was awaiting her in a lower room.

They embraced—and then in the gleeful tones of remorseless crime, pictured and rejoiced over their successful guilt, both of the past and present, deciding that Evangeline's life should be spared but a few weeks at the utmost.

"And shortly after her demise," continued Isadore Montalbert, "we will marry, Edmund, for I have decided that we can do so safely. My health has already been seriously affected—the world believes—by the sudden loss of my husband, whom they think I loved in spite of his harshness. Ha, ha! there never was a kinder person, though I think his love for me expired long ago. But, as I was about to say, this second shock following so quickly will render it necessary that I should travel, and such an invalid as I will require a protector, which will be a sufficient apology for our speedy union."

Edmund Redimer was expressing his satisfaction in the strongest terms, when the fortune-teller made her appearance. Her aspect was a little less repulsive than usual, for her toilet had been made with a strict regard to cleanliness.

"Well, Brigita, how fares it with the maiden?" said her new mistress, in a sarcastic tone.

"She has recovered from her swoon, and is prepared for what is to follow, better, far better than yourself, my fair lady."

These last words were uttered in an impressive tone, whose sweetness contrasted strangely with her habitually rough voice, and at the same time her disguise was thrown aside, and she of the silver tresses stood before the guilty pair. Fixing her eyes upon them, with a look that made them quail, she continued, addressing Isadore Montalbert:

"I perceive you do not know me, and it is not strange. Years, and suffering, and death—for assuredly to you mine will prove a resurrection—might well hide all remembrance of one, who—"

She was here interrupted by Isadore Montalbert, who had in an aside, directed her lover to secure all means of egress from the room, while

she proceeded to engross the woman's attention.

"You are a vile impostor," she exclaimed, "and I assure you you have mistaken your game. Ay, look at me, study me well, and learn that you better had ventured into the lion's den, than thus confronted Isadore Montalbert. But go on," she added, perceiving the outlets were now secured, "I can well afford to listen, for you are in my power. Others here are the tried minions of my will, and before dawn you shall be the occupant of a grave on which the sunbeams will never rest, for know that this house has its dungeons, too."

"If you will listen, it is all I ask. Life to me has long since lost its value," was the quiet reply. "Isadore Montalbert," she continued, with sudden vehemence, "I denounce you as one whose soul is blackened by the foulest crime. Long years ago you plotted with Hugh Montalbert to take the life of his wife, in order that you might fill her place by his side. Ah, I perceive you remember it well. You sat in the room then used as a library, now known as the crimson chamber, and his arms encircled you, while you discussed with him your cruel purpose. And I, his wife, listened with curdling blood—for I had fallen asleep on a pile of cushions in an alcove close by, and awoke in time to hear the whole. Ah, it was tongues of flame eating into my agonized heart, and at last, feeling that if I remained longer I should betray my presence, I arose, and favored by the thickening night shadows, crept from the room. Then came a sudden resolve.

"It shall be as they wish," I cried; 'they shall believe me dead, and she whom I raised from the sudden poverty to which her orphanage had reduced her—the viper whom I have cherished in luxury far surpassing her previous condition, shall fill my place, since he wishes it—he, whom in spite of all I cannot hate.'

"And I went forth bearing some garments I had hastily gathered, which, on reaching the river, I threw in. The moon was shining brightly, and I saw them distinctly, as they floated down till they lodged among some rushes. Then I went on, moving over a marshy waste, till just as morning broke, I reached a deserted hut, standing among some leafless trees, about which was waving a drapery of gray moss.

"This," I cried, 'shall be my home. Here will I wait till Heaven shall avenge my wrongs.' And I did so, subsisting meanwhile on the fruits of my own humble toil, while you, in splendid ease and fancied security, believed me lying beneath the dark waters of the Mississippi. At intervals I came to observe unseen the working of the curse, for I felt that one had been pronounced

against you. And I was right. A cloud brooded over you both, growing heavier and blacker as the years rolled on, till finally my husband died. And how I learned the manner of his death," she continued, in tones that made the guilty pair tremble in spite of themselves, "I will now explain.

"One day I had come on my accustomed errand, when I observed, as I stood in the shadow of a remote and deserted wing of the building, that a portion of the ornamental woodwork had decayed, leaving a metal ring inserted in the wall, and corroded with age. At once I recalled the tradition that the builder of this house, one of the Montalbert ancestry, had caused certain secret passages to be constructed, and their entrances marked by a ring of metal. But their existence had long been doubted, the strictest search for them having failed. I drew near to examine, and on pressing the ring, a portion of the wall fell inwards, revealing a narrow passage of the firmest masonry. 'I have discovered this for some purpose,' I exclaimed. And re-closing the door, for such it was, I resolved to explore the passage on that night, when all was quiet.

"And in the deep stillness of rayless gloom, I entered, and lighting a torch, moved on till I reached its terminus. There I found two other rings. By pressing one, an entire panel in the crimson chamber moved noiselessly aside; this I closed at once, and pressing the other, stood gazing through a small aperture that appeared high up in the same panel.

"He was lying on a gorgeous couch, apparently in a deep slumber. But ere long you and your accomplice stole in, and with intensest horror I gazed and listened to the demoniacal scene that followed, till it closed by the plotting of yet another murder. But from that time the maiden was safe. For there have been watchful eyes upon you, and hands ready at all times to defend the innocent girl whom you thought so completely in your power. And now, Isadore Montalbert, your hour of doom has come. You are about to pay the penalty of your fearful crimes."

There was a pause while the three gazed at each other, and then the guilty woman arose, confronting her accuser with foaming lips and a livid brow.

"Woman," she exclaimed, "it is your own hour of doom that has arrived. You are in my power. Every word you have uttered is as false as your own black heart, and shall be proved so if you have dared to breathe such a tale abroad. You little knew with whom you had to deal, when you spread this net for me, and will find yourself caught in your own toils. Ah!

yours shall be a most bitter end—a most bitter end!" And the enraged woman brandished her clenched hand, and ground her teeth in the agony of detected guilt. But the other stood calmly, as she replied:

"I knew your crafty nature, and therefore delayed my accusation, for I was conscious the course I had pursued would give you the advantage. And this delay has rendered your conviction sure, for these witnesses will not only prove my identity, but also that out of your own mouth has your condemnation come, for not a word you have uttered this night has escaped them." And she pointed towards the door of a closet near, from which there now issued several persons, who immediately surrounded the guilty pair, three of them, who were officers of justice, proceeding at once to secure their prisoners.

Edmund Redimer made a vigorous resistance, while his companion stood for a moment pale and rigid. Then she gave a cry that sent a chill of horror through the stoutest heart there, as drawing forth the golden phial, she exclaimed, while her burning glance fell on her accuser:

"I defy you and them. You think to make me die a felon's death, but this shall cheat you of your prey." And pouring its contents upon her head, she fell a moment after, lifeless to the floor.

A wild confusion followed, in the midst of which Edmund Redimer effected his escape, and was never after heard from in that region. The following day a solitary grave was dug in the deep shadow of a cypress wood, and thither they bore the remains of Isadore Montalbert. A prayer for the soul of the departed rose to the lips of Evangeline De Vere, on beholding the hearse, as it moved slowly away without a single mourner in its track, and she turned shuddering from the melancholy sight, to find herself enfolded in a pair of fond arms, and a gentle voice addressing her. It was Alvar Lavalette, whose sudden appearance was soon explained.

On reaching his destination, he had received a document containing his promotion to a lieutenantcy, a vacancy having occurred, and giving him a leave of indefinite length. He returned immediately home, and on learning whither Evangeline had gone, followed on with the intention of persuading her to acknowledge their betrothal and become at once his bride. And he now pressed his suit with redoubled ardor.

"It is not fitting, after what has passed, that you should remain here, or return to your former residence," said he to Evangeline; "become my wife then, at once, and let us go to-day to our home."

The young girl hesitated, but his persuasions overruled her at last, and that night the lovely bride received a warm welcome from her newly made parents to the sphere in which she was henceforth to move.

Rosalie Montalbert went "to live for a time," she said, in the old Montalbert mansion, ere seeking a pleasanter spot wherein to close her life. But one day Evangeline—now more beautiful than ever, because happiness had set its seal on her fair face—received a summons from her friend.

She found Rosalie Montalbert in the crimson chamber, seated before a writing-desk, a secret drawer of which lay open, and in her hand was a written paper, which she handed to Evangeline, while a bright smile illumined her face.

"Read," said she; "this star after all has not been a false symbol." And she pressed her hand to the jewel that had ever glittered on her breast.

Evangeline read. It was a confession of Hugh Montalbert in an hour of bitter remorse, and dated the day previous to his death. In it he acknowledged his intended crime, and appealed to her whom he had long supposed an inhabitant of the unseen world for forgiveness. And in closing, he confessed his love for Rosalie had been overshadowed only, not supplanted, by a passion that had made his life an arid waste.

The young wife turned to express her sympathy in the happiness that this discovery must have given her to whom she owed so much. But though the smile still rested on those grief-worn features, the lips gave no reply, for Rosalie Montalbert was dead.

A "MILITIA TRAININ'" INCIDENT.

A company was drawn up in a line, and an officer began to call the roll. As he proceeded, he came to the name of "Ebenezer Mead." He called it—no answer—though the man supposed to own it was but a few steps before him in the line. "Ebenezer Mead!" exclaimed the officer, in a louder voice. Still no answer.

"Eben-e-zer!" was again thundered forth from the mouth of the indignant officer, still louder than before. There still being no answer, the officer stepped a pace or two forward—

"Is there any Mead here?"

"My name is Mead," replied one of the men—"Eben Mead."

"Rascal!" continued the enraged officer, "why don't you answer when your name is called? I will call it once more—Ebenezer Mead!" There was still no answer.

"Rascal, if you don't answer when I call you again, I'll have you court-martialled!"

"Sir," replied the man, "my name is Eben, and not Ebenezer Mead. Your name, I believe, is Peter Reed. Now, would you answer if I should call you *Peterreezer Reed*?"

It is unnecessary to state that at the next call the officer gave Mr. Mead his true baptismal name.—*New York Picayune.*

A TALE OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The circumstances of the following extraordinary narrative of an adventure in the Polar Seas are certainly within the range of possibility, since no putrefaction could take place whilst the bodies of the sufferers were in the temperature of a vessel "encased in thick ribbed ice."

In the spring of 1840, a whaling vessel sailed from the port of London, on a voyage to the Polar Seas. Nothing material is said to have occurred until their arrival in those solitary regions, when it became the duty of the crew to keep a perpetual lookout on the horizon, in search of fish. Whilst thus occupied, it was fancied by one of the seamen, that a sail was discernible as far to the northward as the eye could reach; as the course of the whaler was toward the supposed vessel, a mast became gradually distinguishable amidst the mountain of ice, which appeared in that quarter to bound the sea. It was now summer, and the afternoon unusually calm, whilst the whaler gradually neared the object in view, the supposition being that it was a vessel engaged in operating on the blubber, in a bay which would open to the view on approaching nearer to the ice. Arriving, however, at the spot, it became clear that the vessel was a wreck embedded in the ice, and could only be approached by a boat. This having been lowered, the captain and several of the seamen landed on the ice, and proceeded to the vessel, which proved to be a brig. The sails were furled, very little appeared on the deck, and all the arrangements were those of a vessel laid up for a long period of time. Descending to the cabin, the first object that was seen, was a large Newfoundland dog, coiled on a mat, and apparently asleep. On touching the animal it was found to be dead, and the body frozen as hard as stone. Entering the cabin, was next seen a young lady seated at a table, her eyes open, and gazing with a mild and steadfast expression on the new comers to that solitary spot. She was a corpse! and in that apparently resigned and religious attitude, had been frozen to death. Beside her, was a young man, who it appeared was the brother of the lady, and commander of the brig. He, too, was dead, but sitting at the table, and before him lay a sheet of paper, on which was written the following words: "Our cook has endeavored since yesterday morning to strike a light, but in vain; all is now over." At the other side of the cabin stood the cook, with a flint and a steel in his hand, frozen to a statue, in the vain endeavor to procure that fire which alone could save him and his companions from the cold arms of death.—The superstitious terrors of the seamen now hurried the captain away from the wreck, the log-book alone being brought away, and from this it appeared that the vessel was a brig which had belonged to the port of London, and had sailed for the Arctic regions more than *fourteen years before!*—*An Old Record.*

FALSE LOVE.

Who that feels what love is here—
All its falsehoods, all its pains—
Would, for even Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?
Who, that mist a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?—MOORE.

THE BEST SCHOOL.

The most prolific school of all has been the school of the most difficulty. Some of the very best workmen have had the most indifferent tools to work with. But it is not the tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvellous things—such as his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand; but then everybody is not a Ferguson. An eminent foreign savant once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into his study, and pointing to an old tea-tray on the table, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blowpipe, said,—“That is all the laboratory that I have!” Stothard learnt the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvass. Bewick first practised drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder cloud of its lightning, by means of a kite made of two cross-sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam-engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather which he beat smooth for the purpose; whilst Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated the eclipses on his plough-handle. In like manner Professor Faraday, Sir Humphrey Davy's scientific successor, made his first experiments in electricity by the means of an old bottle, while he was still a working bookbinder. And it is a curious fact that Faraday was first attracted to the study of chemistry by hearing one of Sir Humphrey Davy's lectures on the subject at the Royal Institution. A gentleman, who was a member, calling one day at the shop where Faraday was employed in binding books, found him poring over the article, "Electricity" in an encyclopedia placed in his hands to bind. The gentleman having made inquiries, found he was curious about such subjects, and gave him an order of admission to the Royal Institution, where he attended a course of four lectures delivered by Sir Humphrey. He took notes of the lectures, which he showed to the lecturer, who acknowledged their scientific accuracy, and was surprised when informed of the humble position of the reporter. Faraday then expressed his desire to devote himself to the prosecution of chemical studies, from which Sir Humphrey at first

endeavored to dissuade him, but the young man persisting, he was at length taken into the Royal Institution as an assistant; and eventually the mantle of the brilliant apothecary's boy fell upon the worthy shoulders of the equally brilliant bookbinder's apprentice.—*Smiles's "Self-Help."*

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

No man can cultivate too earnestly a hearty love for flowers. We may not measure the value of them as we measure merchandise, for the influence flowing from them is ethereal and intangible; yet not more necessary is pure air to a healthy growth and broad development of the body, than is a loving communion with these "sweetest thoughts of God," needful for all true upbuilding and expansion of the mind. The notion that it is a weak feminine thing—a thing for women and children—to interest one's self in flowers, is utterly false. One of the most humanizing, and therefore noblest, things in the world, is a devout study of these beautiful works of God. There are granite peaks lifting themselves, bare and bald, with forbidding aspect, which though clothed with grandeur, are nevertheless the unloveliest objects in nature. There are other peaks which have as much of majesty, yet nestled in whose rifts, and climbing up whose sides, many-colored flowers unfold their beauty, and by their soft hues relieve the sternness of the dull, harsh rock. He is the truest man whose character thus combines strength and conciliating tenderness—whose principles are firm as mountains, yet at the same time are always adorned by the verdure of a gentle charity. From no source can man gather so many gentle thoughts and unpolluted feelings, as from intercourse with flowers. If the Infinite is ever turning from the care of circling worlds to the adornment of the violet, surely it cannot be beneath the dignity of man to follow his Maker with reverent step, and learn the lessons which he has written for him in the humblest flower.—*W. Hoyt, in Rural New-Yorker.*

FURS ON BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

There is nothing that looks so rich, easy and comfortable as a beautiful piece of fur wrapped around a beautiful piece of womanhood. Furs, like gold and silver, have always been highly estimated by the human family and "the rest of mankind." Rich furs were for many ages used as gifts from one prince to another—nobody less than a prince being allowed to wear them. The sumptuary laws which once existed with regard to the wearing of furs, were at once numerous and stringent. In the days of Henry VII., it was two years' imprisonment for any person below a baronet to wear a piece of ermine "as large as your hand." Those absurd laws, however, have all been repealed, so that a person at the present day can go his length on furs—the only limit to his taste being his pocket-book and creditors.—*Home Journal.*

HOPE.

Who says the wan autumnal sun
Beams with too faint a smile
To light up nature's face again,
And, though the year be on the wane,
With thoughts of spring the heart beguile?

The Florist.

We are blushing roses,
Bending with our fullness,
Midst our close-capped sister buds,
Warming the green coolness.
Whoso'er of beauty
Treads and yet reposes,
Blush, and blossom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.—LEIGH HUNT.

Out Flowers.

Cut flowers intended for home use should not be made into bouquets, but arranged in dishes, with or without sand, so that each flower stalk can go directly into the water. The only time this rule should be deviated from is, in case of parties, where every one wishes their flowers to show to the best advantage. Such flowers will not at best last more than two or three days; while if arranged with their ends in water or wet sand, and a little care taken to sprinkle them with tepid water, they will look fresh and decent for a week. Bouquets are made in different ways, but all aim at the same thing—that of presenting the flowers to the best advantage. The commercial florist aims at making a few flowers go as far as possible; and not unfrequently by so doing, hits the very acme of bouquet making, that of exhibiting each individual flower without crowding. But to our bouquet. The groundwork is made up of the *Ground Peris*, or club moss. Having procured your moss, pull it to pieces, and the small bunches of it to the ends of young willow twigs; having made enough of these, bind them together so as to form a head as large as the bouquet is desired to be. Take a pair of scissors and trim the top slightly convex, or cauliflower shape. Have your flowers fastened to twigs (the camellias to willow, and all small flowers to broom corn). When all this is accomplished, the flowers are drawn through the moss in just such a position as taste may dictate, the camellias occupying uniform positions, whether three or a dozen—all interstices filled up with choice small flowers. A piece of cotton or fine string should be frequently bound round while drawing the flowers in their places so as to keep them there. After all the space is filled in, place a few little simple flowers, such as the *stevia*, *cyprus vine*, etc., round the outside, to hide all appearance of stems, and it is complete.

Laying in by the Heels.

When plants are taken up for removal, if they cannot be planted immediately, they are generally laid together horizontally in a trench made for that purpose, and the roots covered with earth. This is done to prevent the roots from becoming dry and withered, which they would do, if they were left exposed to the open air for any length of time. This is generally termed "laying in by the heels."

Mangosteen.

This celebrated fruit, which is so highly spoken of by travellers in Java, etc., belongs to the same genus as the Gambooge tree, and both require a stove in England. They are, however, seldom grown in this country.

Eutaxia.

Australian shrubs, with yellow and orange pea-flowers, which in this climate require a greenhouse. They should be grown in light peaty soil, and receive the general treatment of Australian shrubs. There are only two species.

A Plea for Ferns and Mosses.

As a class of plants, ferns and mosses attract but little attention, even among people who are naturally fond of flowers. But it is only for the want of a little more intimate knowledge of their individual characteristics; for they are unquestionably a beautiful link in the vegetable kingdom, without showy flowers, it is true, but with a foliage (frond) which in color and general aspect is very agreeable. There is plenty of room in every hot-house or green-house to grow these plants, without any infringing on the more important space where other plants stand. If you have a naked piece of soil under the stage or around the paths, what looks nicer than to have it covered with lycopods? If a few hanging baskets are suspended from the rafters of your house (and every one should have a few), it may have in it a choice orchid, hoyabells, or other plant, this moss is just what you want. Place in a few pieces of moss, and it will soon spread over the whole, forming a living green basket; while it acts at the same time as a never-failing hygrometer, indicating when water is wanted, besides preventing undue evaporation. For green for the bouquet, too, many are exceedingly useful and beautiful. Take the wedge-leaved Maiden-hair (*adiantum cuneatum*), or the true Maiden-hair (*A. capillus veneris*), for instance; search the whole vegetable kingdom, and you can scarcely find more delicately beautiful material for the purpose, especially for the outside of table bouquets. They have the additional good quality of being always in good season; in fact, they are just the thing that every collection of plants should have some specimens of. There is no difficulty in the culture; they all like frequent sprinklings while growing. The following kinds should be grown by everybody who has a plant-house:—*Lycopodium denticulatum*, *asium*, *depressum*, *willdenovii* and *ambrosium*, *adiantum cuneatum*, *davalia canariensis* (hare's foot fern), and *gymnogramma chrysophylla*.

Hypericum.

St. John's Wort. The pretty yellow flowers and shrubs and herbaceous perennials known by this name at the present day, were formerly in high repute for driving away evil spirits; and on this account, were generally planted near dwelling houses. They were also highly valued for their medicinal properties, being believed to have a powerful effect in stopping bleeding and healing wounds. The most common kind, the Tatan, or Park leaves, is now made into another genus, under the name of *androecium*; but the botanical distinction is very trifling. All the kinds will thrive well under the drip of trees; and they will grow in any soil or situation, though they prefer moisture and the shade. They are found in almost all the temperate climates in the world, and are propagated by seeds, and by dividing the roots.

Stevia.

Mexican perennials, with tufts of very pretty white or pinkish flowers, which should be grown in sandy peat, and require a little protection during the winter. *Stevia Eupatorium* is a very pretty plant for bedding out in a geometrical flower-garden, from its compact form of growth, and abundance of delicate flowers.

Leguminous Plants.

Plants that produce their seeds in a pod or legume, like the common pea and bean; some of them have pea-flowers, and others have tassel-like flowers, like the acacias.

The Housewife.

Oyster Sauce.

Mix three ounces of butter in a stewpan with two ounces of flour; then blanch and beard three dozen oysters, put the oysters into another stewpan, add beards and liquor to the flour and butter, with a pint and a half of milk, a teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of cayenne, two cloves, half a blade of mace, and six peppercorns; place it over the fire, keep stirring, and boil it ten minutes; then add a tablespoonful of essence of anchovies, and one of Harvey sauce, pass it through a tammy over the oysters, make the whole very hot without boiling, and serve. A less quantity may be made, using less proportions.

Sheep's Kidneys.

For a small dish procure six fresh ones, take off the thin skin which covers them, and cut them into slices, put in a saute-pan one ounce of butter; when melted and nearly brown add the kidneys, with half a teaspoonful of salt, one quarter ditto of pepper, half a tablespoonful of flour, mix well together, add half a wineglass of sherry and a gill of broth, simmer for a few minutes, and serve very hot; a nice crisp toast placed under them is an improvement; also a few raw mushrooms cut in slices, added when being sauted, are excellent.

Gravy for Roast Meats.

Save all the nice bits of roast in a jar for the purpose—then you are never at a loss for gravies; take some of these pieces and cut them very small, and put them into a saucepan; pour over them one pint of boiling water; let it simmer very slowly (tightly covered) for an hour; strain through a sieve, and add this to melted or drawn butter. Send to table in a sauce-boat. A careful cook will always save the meat gravies left, and have a vessel for keeping them.

To pickle French Beans.

Gather them before they become stringy, and, without taking off the ends, put them into a very strong brine until they become yellow; drain the liquor from them, and wipe them dry with a cloth. Put them into a stone jar by the fire, and pour boiling vinegar on them every twenty-four hours, preventing the escape of the steam, and in four or five days they will become green. Camphire may be done in precisely the same manner as the French beans.

Soup Jullienne.

Shred carrots and turnips small, with celery heads about two inches long; wash and steam them separately in a little water till nearly done; when ready, cut the white of the celery small, and a small quantity of cabbage, endive and leeks; put all to boil till quite tender in three quarts of beef-stock; add, if at hand, asparagus tops, green peas, small onions, etc., and when done, serve hot.

Chapped Hands.

As winter is approaching, we desire to give an invaluable recipe for the cure and prevention of chapped hands or faces, to our lady readers. Take the yolk of one egg, two ounces of honey, one of oil of almonds, a little scent, and half an ounce of powdered orris-root. This will last one person three months. Use as little as possible at a time.

To bake a Ham.

Put the ham in soak previous to dressing it. If an old one, two hours will be required; but if not very old, an hour will suffice. Wipe it very dry, and cover it with a paste about an inch in thickness. The edges being first moistened must be drawn together, and made to adhere, or the gravy will escape. Bake it in a regular, well-heated oven; it will take from three to six hours, according to its weight. When done remove the paste, and then the skin. This must be done while the ham is hot. If well baked, and not too salt, it will prove of finer flavor than if boiled.

Veal Broth (French method).

The following is much recommended by French physicians:—Put one pound of veal from knuckle, with but very little of the bone, into a stewpan with three pints of water and a saltspoonful of salt, place it over the fire to boil; when boiling, take off all the scum; then add a small cabbage-lettuce and a few sprigs of chervil, if handy; let simmer slowly for two hours, it will then be reduced to about a quart; pass it through a sieve, letting the meat drain, and it is ready to serve.

Difficult Breathing, Shortness of Breath, etc.

Violated spirits of ether, one ounce; camphor, twelve grains. Make a solution, of which take a teaspoonful during the paroxysm. This is usually found to restore instantaneous relief in difficulty of breathing, depending on internal diseases and other causes, where the patient, from a very quick and laborious breathing, is obliged to be in an erect posture.

Steamed Indian Pudding.

Two cupsful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of molasses, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two cupsful of Indian meal, one of flour, and one of dried cherries, currants, or other fruits, all thoroughly mixed. Have a tin dish ready, into which pour the batter; set it in a steamer, and cook it in an hour and a half. Send it to the table hot, and serve with any good sauce.

To destroy Ants.

A strong solution of chloride of lime, sprinkled about places where they frequent, has been found an effectual remedy for both the red and black ant. As an experiment, we sprinkled some of this solution on an ant-hill, long inhabited by black ants, and in a few days we found that the whole colony had left for parts unknown.

Ink Stains.

Milk will remove, if applied immediately, all ink stains from woollen materials. We have repeatedly extracted ink from a cloth table-cover, carpet, flannel dress, and other like articles, by simply pouring a little milk on the spot, and then with a clean cloth rubbing it dry.

Johnny-Cake.

Two cupsful of Indian meal, half a cupful of flour, two cupsful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of molasses, and one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a hot oven—it will be very light.

Cream Cheese.

Put as much salt into three quarts of raw cream as will season it, stir it well, and pour it into a sieve, in which you have folded a cheese-cloth four times doubled; when it hardens, cover it with nettles on a pewter dish.

How to cook a Ham.

Never put a ham into a kettle of cold water, and be equally careful never to place one into boiling water. First let the water become lukewarm, and then put the ham in. Let it simmer or boil lightly for four or five hours—five is better than four—then take it out and shave the rind off. Rub granulated sugar into the whole surface of the ham, so long as it can be made to receive it. Place the ham in a baking-dish with a bottle of champagne or prime cider. Baste occasionally with the juice, and let it bake an hour in a gentle heat. A slice from a nicely cured ham thus cooked is enough to animate the ribs of death.

A new Rat-Trap.

A common meal-bag is spread upon the floor, and a handful of meal sprinkled over the inner surface. The upper fold of the sack is slightly elevated, to afford an easy passage to the "pests," and the mouth of the sack is curtailed to the size of a span. The rats run in, and, thinking themselves secure, remain, while others keep coming. When you have sufficient reason to believe your sack is full, go slyly to it and place your foot over the mouth of the sack, and then do what you please with the contents. In this way sixteen and twenty rats per day have been destroyed.

Sealing-Wax for Fruit Cans.

Take rosin, eight ounces; gum shellac, two ounces; beeswax, one-half ounce; and if you desire to have it colored, an ounce and a half of English vermilion. Melt the rosin and stir in the vermilion, if used. Then add the shellac slowly, and afterwards the beeswax. This will make quite a quantity, and needs only to be melted to be ready for use at any time.

Lemon Pies.

Beat with yolk of four eggs two tablepoonsful of melted butter, four of white sugar, the juice and grated rind of two lemons. Put into a rich paste and bake. Then beat the whites to a froth, adding two tablepoonsful of grated sugar. Spread on the pies when done. Put them in the oven and bake again for three minutes. The above is for two pies.

To remove Grease from Wall-Paper.

Scrape some Wilmington clay to powder; wet it with a little cold water mixed with ox-gall, and plaster it on the grease-spot. Pin a blotting-paper carefully over it. Let it rest two or three hours, then brush it off, and renew the application; repeat it till the grease disappears. If you have no Wilmington clay, you may substitute magnesia, or scraped grease-ball.

Vegetable Soup.

Half a pint of split peas, three carrots, three parsnips, three potatoes, three turnips; the vegetables cut in thin slices and fried in half a pound of butter. Put it all in a gallon of spring water; stew it till reduced to two quarts; season with sweet herbs, pepper, salt and celery to your taste; strain it, to be boiled the night before it is wanting.

Cream Oustard.

Mix a pint of cream with one of milk, five beaten eggs, a tablepoonsful of flour, and three of sugar. Add nutmeg to the taste, and bake the custard in cups or pie-plates in a quick oven.

Potato Biscuits.

Boil mealy potatoes very soft, peel and mash them. To four good-sized potatoes put a piece of butter of the size of a hen's egg and a teaspoonful of salt. When the butter has melted, put in half a pint of cold milk. If the milk cools the potatoes, put in a quarter of a pint of yeast, and flour to make them of the right consistency to mould up. Set them in a warm place; when risen, mould them up with the hand; let them remain ten or fifteen minutes before baking them.

Potatoes in Haste.

A very nice little dish may be made of potatoes in fifteen minutes (or less, if the water is boiling); peel and cut some potatoes in slices, a quarter or half an inch thick; pour on them boiling water, enough to cover them, and let them boil till tender; skim them; then add butter with flour, worked in it in proportion to the quantity of potatoes; let it boil up once, add a little chopped parsley, and serve, with the addition of pepper to taste.

Horseradish Sauce, hot.

Slice two onions and fry them in oil; and when they begin to color, put them in a saucepan with a glass of white wine, the same of broth, two slices of lemon peeled, two cloves of garlic, a bay leaf, thyme, basil and two cloves; boil these a quarter of an hour, and then strain it; add capers and an anchovy chopped, pepper, salt, and a spoonful of horseradish boiled to a pulp; warm the whole without boiling.

Venison Potted.

Put the venison into a pan, and pour red wine over it, and cover it with a pound of butter; put a paste over the pan; set it in the oven to bake. When done take the meat out of the gravy, beat it well with the butter that has risen to the top, add more, if necessary, season with pepper, salt, and mace pounded; put into pots, set them in the oven for a few minutes; when cold cover with clarified butter.

To pickle Gherkins.

Steep them in strong brine for a week, then pour it off; heat it to the boiling point, and again pour it on the gherkins. In twenty-four hours drain the fruit on a sieve; put it in wide-mouthed bottles or jars; fill them up with strong pickling vinegar, boiling hot, bung them down at once and tie them over with bladder. When cold, dip the corks into melted bottle-wax. Spice is usually added to the bottles, or else steeped in the vinegar.

Quinces.

Quinces cooked in the following manner have a delicious flavor:—Take fair, ripe ones, bake them rather quicker than apples, cut them open and remove the cores, which will almost drop out, like a nut from a shell, if the fruit is properly cooked; sprinkle on white sugar, and eat them before they are quite cooled, adding milk or cream.

Cockroaches.

Cockroaches, as well as ants, are driven away by strewing elderberry leaves, or slices or rind of pineapple, on the shelves and places frequented by these troublesome insects.

Curious Matters.

A Snake Story.

A black snake in Ticonderoga occasioned some talk, lately. When first discovered he was hanging from a pole in the fence, with his head near the ground. Soon after a rabbit came out from the brush, and was immediately caught by the nose. The snake quickly fell upon the ground, wound up the rabbit, and gave a deadly squeeze. The poor victim gave but a sharp cry, and was dead. The snake still held him by the head, and soon had him, legs and all, down his voracious throat. It was near an hour from the time the men first saw the snake before his meal was completed. The men then fell upon the serpent and captured him. He is now in a box, and, adds our informant, shows but little life. We presume not, after eating a whole rabbit.

Swallowing Things.

At a recent meeting of the "Boston Society for Medical Improvement," Dr. Tyler, of the McLean Asylum, said it was the commonest thing for patients at that institution to swallow small objects, such as pieces of glass, coal, stone, thimbles, etc. Lately, a woman swallowed a crochet needle. Silver thimbles were quite a common article of diet. The treatment generally employed was to give plenty of farina gruel, or porridge, without resorting to medicine. Among some of the patients was a curious propensity to swallow toads—and there is now in the asylum a man who has swallowed half a dozen live toads without injury.

A novel Cure.

A carpenter at Petersburg, Virginia, while tearing down an old house, lately, was bitten on the finger by a rattlesnake, and in a few moments his finger swelled to four times its natural size, and inflamed streaks began to shoot up his arm. At this juncture an experiment at saving his life was tried, by putting on the wound a poultice of onions, tobacco and salt, mixed in equal parts. The wrist was tightly bound at the same time. In an hour the swelling was reduced, and in another hour the workman was able to resume his labor. This recipe is richly worth remembering, especially as it is believed to be equally effectual in the case of the bite of a mad dog.

Queer Funeral Custom.

When a person dies in Rio Janeiro the front entrance of the house is closed—the only occasion when such a thing happens. The law requires the body to be buried in twenty-four hours. If the deceased was married, a festoon of black cloth and gold is hung over the street door; for unmarried, lilac and black; for children, white or blue, or gold. Coffins for the married are also black, but for young persons, they are red, scarlet or blue. Mourning is a long affair, and widows never lay aside their weeds unless they marry.

Extraordinary Rose-Tree.

There is now growing in the gardens of Moors-end, Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham, the residence of C. Colmore, Esq., a white rose-tree, thirty feet in height. It is now a perfect picture, and is estimated to have between 18,000 and 20,000 blossoms upon it, being literally smothered in bloom, besides having thrown off a whole heap of petals, which lie in a cluster round it, and present the appearance of a bed of snow.

A remarkable Discovery.

A cave has been discovered in Alachua county, Florida, which is described as larger than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and as having an ancient Latin inscription on the walls, which states that a party of Danes had visited this cave in the year 1060, and that a priest who accompanied them had left this memorial of their visit. The name of this priest was Marcus Polens. It also stated that these bold navigators had embarked on a voyage of exploration, and had been driven far south; also that they had visited many large islands, and finally had landed in a thickly populated country, where the people had received them kindly, thinking them superior beings; that several of their number, together with some Greek artisans and two priests, had been left there as a colony.

Curious Eocentric.

A citizen of Berlin, Prussia, a man in comfortable circumstances, is periodically attacked with a desire to knock off hats. He afterwards makes up the loss to the astonished victim of this strange fancy by the payment of three thalers. According to the calculation of his family, in the past year he has been obliged to make good the loss of two hundred and sixty seven hats. At a recent musical festival, fifty-three hats were sacrificed to this curious frenzy, and for the evening's entertainment he paid a hundred and fifty-nine thalers.

Canine Sagacity.

A Scotch paper relates the following instance of the sagacity of a dog, which was manifested at Berwick, in Berwickshire. A dog came to the station-master, and played such antics to and fro as induced the master to follow along the railway bridge; a poor man was found lying run over by a railway train, one leg so frightfully crushed as to require amputation to save life. Had it not been for the dog, another train speedily due would have passed over the man's body, and cut him to pieces.

An old Tree.

The oldest known tree, the age of which is historically determined, is the sacred fig-tree of Anarajapoura, in Ceylon. It was planted by King Devinapiatissa, in the year 288 B. C.; and its history from that date is preserved by a mass of documentary and traditional evidence. It was described by the Chinese traveller, Fa Hiam, in the year 414, and by the earliest Europeans who visited it, in about the same terms. It still flourishes, and is an object of worship to the Buddhists of the island.

Extraordinary Eocentricity.

An instance of this occurred lately at Lecure, near Havre. A cap was seen in the water with a string of corks around it, used as a label, upon which was written, "Pull the string, I am at the end of it." The string was pulled, and sure enough there was the late writer of the label, with a paper detailing the cause of his having made away with himself, carefully corked up in a bottle in his pocket, with his name and address, "Francois Foliot, of Vandrimare."

A Petrification.

Some workmen employed by a resident of Croton; Tompkins county, New York, in removing the remains of his parents to the cemetery, in attempting to raise one of the coffins, found it to be uncommonly heavy. Upon examination, it was found that the body was completely petrified, the form being perfect. It had been buried twenty-five years.

Hero Worship.

Among the Acul Mountains there has been found, in an old house, a bust of Lord Nelson. It is of white marble, somewhat stained by time and neglect. Nelson is represented in his costume of admiral, and bears on his breast five decorations. One in commemoration of the battle of Aboukir, has the inscription, "Rear Admiral Lord Nelson of the Nile." Another medal bears the words, "Almighty God has blessed his majesty's glory." This bust, interesting in its artistic and historical association, was found on an altar devoted to the fetish worship, where for half a century it has been revered as the deity of the mountain streams. The names of the sculptors were "Coale and Lealy, of Lambeth." Thus for fifty years a bust of an English admiral has been worshipped as an idol. The finder of the statue has refused an offer of \$500 for it.

Singular Monomania.

An Albanian has lately been afflicted with a singular and extraordinary hallucination arising from a tendency to apoplexy, and of daily recurrence for a long time. Every day exactly at two—the hour at which he dined—he seemed to see an old hag of a frowning and incensed countenance enter the room, even when the door was bolted, rush up to him with every evidence of spite and indignation, and uttering something unintelligible, strike him a severe blow with her fist, causing him to fall into a swoon of longer or shorter duration. The man has since been relieved by blood-letting.

New Clock on Westminster Abbey.

This clock cost the English government the enormous sum of £22,000. The London Builder says:—"The expenditure upon this clock is enormous, and without considering the future cost of cleansing and necessary repairs, the interest at five per cent. on the present outlay would amount to upward of £1100 per annum. This, irrespective of maintenance and attendance, is no matter for mirth, but would less require notice were it not a type of the mode in which the public money is expended."

An Aerolite.

A very large aerolite fell near Delhi, India, on the 14th of July. It buried itself nearly four feet deep in the earth, and when taken out it required ten men to lift it. Two smaller fragments fell within a mile of it. The noise of the explosion that preceded its fall is described as being as loud as if all the magazines in India had been collected and blown up at once.

A curious Case.

"A well-educated young lady," says *Once a Week*, "remained for four years, alternating at frequent intervals between the loss and possession of her memory. Her mind was a perfect blank at the one time, and her faculties, like those of a child, retaining no consciousness of her proper self, while at the other she was again the accomplished woman."

A queer Bird.

An animal called the laughing jackass, found nowhere but on the Australian continent, has been brought to San Francisco. It belongs to the feathered tribe—has feathers, wings, and a long beak. It laughs like an old woman; and in the Australian forest, at night, it has led many a wayfarer in search of an old lady in such a lonely condition. The animal is probably of the species *gastacus*.

Anecdote of a Parrot.

Mr. Cornwall Simson gives the following anecdote in his "Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History:—"A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear lest he might take into his head to join irreverently in the response. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of 'Amen,' out he came with 'Cheer, boys, cheer.' On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door with him, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, 'Sorry I spoke.' The overpowering effect on the congregation may be more easily imagined than described."

A queer Muss.

Not long since a man in Sauk county, Wisconsin, married for his second wife his own step-mother, who, singular enough, was sister to his first wife. The lady is, therefore, not only step mother and aunt to her husband's children, but also their grandmother; while the husband is step-father to his step-sisters. Her issue by this marriage will not only be own cousins to their step-brother, but uncles and aunts also. And the lady herself, being grandmother to her children and nephews, may be regarded as mother to herself, and child to herself, and therefore her own grandmother.

Curious Invention.

The latest invention is an instrument to prevent chickens from scratching up the gardens. It is something like a long spur, attached to the hind part of a hen's leg. The instrument is so arranged, that when the hen is about to scratch the earth, the spur catches in the ground before the foot has fairly descended, and obliges her to bring her foot down quietly and harmlessly in front of the place which she aimed at. The hen thereupon tries the other foot with a like result. She keeps on trying, and before she is aware of it, the machine has walked her right out of the garden!

Electric Wonder.

On the 16th of August last a flash of lightning struck a windmill at Lappion, in France, in which there was a female, who was killed by the electric fluid, and on whose body there was left the picture of a neighboring tree, with all its branches and leaves complete. This singular tattooing by the lightning was seen and attested by medical examiners and the municipal authorities of the place.

Cheap Arrangement.

Near Pittsburg, Pa., a grass widow had married her second husband without the intervention of a divorce, when, behold the first husband returned and claimed his own. The two husbands and the wife sat down and talked it over, and as the result, the original proprietor sold out all right and title for \$5. He might be considered a lucky fellow, indeed.

Singular Result.

A very curious fact is mentioned in *Forbes Winslow's* new work on "Nascent Insanity." A gentleman, after an attack of paralysis, when attempting to pronounce words, always transposed the letters. For example, in endeavoring to say the word "flute," he said "stulf;" "puc," for "cup;" "gum," instead of "mug."

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GENTEEL POVERTY.

The married man, the man of family, most deeply feels the miseries of genteel poverty. His personal sufferings are merged in the thoughts of home. He would gladly throw off the disguise, gladly resign his fashionable acquaintances, and seek his happiness when the day's labors are over, in the bosom of his family. But the inexorable world decides otherwise. He can never escape the grindstones to which he is tied. Country cousins must be entertained, family reunions given, summer jaunts undertaken. He knows full well that as the mainspring of the whole machinery, if he once give out, discord and destruction are the inevitable result, and he works on, hopeless and desperate. Finally, the anticipated crash comes. He loses nothing—he had nothing to lose. But now he may gain all for which he so long sighed. The play is over, the lights are out, and the gaudy trappings of assumed wealth may be replaced by honest homespun. But it is too late, the intoxicating bowl of worldly vanity has become too necessary to the depraved taste to be now resigned. Once it might have been, but not now. Again he starts upon the fatal race, again he for a moment hovers above the horizon, and then forever disappears from sight, and it is heaven's mercy if his memory is untainted with guilt.

PRESERVE YOUR SERIALS.—As the year draws to a close, many of our readers must have accumulated many complete volumes of magazines, and the like serial publications, which they desire to preserve. By handing or sending them into our office, they will be bound up in any desired style, at the lowest rates, and returned in one week.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED.—We bind *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* for thirty-eight cents per volume, neat, uniform and strong, with illumined cover.

HINT TO PUBLIC MEN.—Those who enter public life should first deaden their sensibilities to praise and blame.

POETRY.—The spirit of poetry is the morning light which wakes the statue of Memnon to music.

AMUSEMENTS OF WAR.

When Louis XIV. besieged Lille, the Count de Brouai, governor of the place, was so polite as to send a supply of ice every morning for the king's dessert. Louis said one day to the gentleman who brought it, "I am much obliged to M. de Brouai for his ice, but I wish he would send it in larger portions." The Spaniard answered, without hesitation, "Sire, he thinks the siege will be long, and he is afraid the ice may be exhausted." When the messenger was going, the Duke de Charrost, captain of the guards, called out, "Tell Brouai not to follow the example of the Governor of Douai, who yielded like a rascal." The king turned round, laughing, and said, "Charrost, are you mad?" "How, sir?" answered he; "Brouai is my cousin." In the *Memories de Grammont*, you will find similar examples of the amusements of war. You remember that when Philip of Macedon vanquished the Athenians, in a pitched battle, they sent next morning to demand their baggage; the king laughed, and ordered it to be returned, saying, "I do believe the Athenians think we did not fight in earnest."

ADVICE.—The advice of a sagacious mother to her daughter, in some old novel, is said to have been, "Ann, my dear, you can never be pretty, so you had better be odd." A considerable portion of the modern belles have acted upon this advice.

DESOLATION.—To the east of the Jordan there are whole cities, beautifully built, and adorned with all the beauties of Grecian and Roman art, still standing in desolate majesty, with no inhabitant but the wolf and the hyena.

A POPULAR ERROR.—It is common to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted as her victim. This is a flirt's error; her real victim is the man whom she accepts.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship often operates like magnetism, in which contrary states attract, and similar repel.

PLEASURE.—Pleasure is often like vapor which rises only at night and dries up by day.

WHAT IS MONEY?

People in novels and plays spurn gold—they hate it, they look at it sideways and contemptuously—they fling it from them or trample it under their feet. All these things show their superiority to mere human nature, and therefore we ought to feel the more indebted to the novelist who brings forth a new and better race than the world boasts of and teaches us—shames us—by showing that the mere creatures of the imagination are superior to the beings who are the lords of the creation.

"Perish the gold!" ought to be kept in stereo by all novel-printers, for it is a continually recurring beauty in every such work, and is a noble and energetic expression.

"Jenkins, you have served me well for twenty years," said Tompkins to his foreman, "there are fifty pounds for ye, and begone!"

"Do you doubt my integrity, Mr. Tompkins?" said Jenkins, with a terrific look, as he took the red silk purse with the sovereigns enclosed.

"I do," answered Tompkins, firmly, yet mournfully.

"Then 'perish the gold!' " screamed Jenkins, as he flung the purse upon the floor of the counting-house, took his hat from a peg, smoothed the crown of it with his elbow, and rushed into the street amidst a storm of wind and rain above, and a conglomeration of mud below.

"Staberino," said Grufere, "wilt thou do my bidding?"

"What? challenge Lorenzo, overpower him, and pass my sword through his body—the villain—yes!"

"No, kill him quietly and expeditiously—thou hast the price in thy hand."

"'Perish the gold!' " exclaimed Staberino, flinging the leather bag and its contents into the Guadalaxara, which flowed beneath the window, and sheathed his sword.

"My dear girl," said Sir William, "I cannot marry you—it would ruin us both—here—here is gold—take it, and be happy if you can."

"And be miserable?"

"I have said."

"'Perish the gold!' " frantically shrieked the unfortunate girl, dashing the money from her, and rushing forth to misery and starvation.

There—that last is a clincher; who will say after that, that novel-people are not wonderful scorers of the "golden ore?" Sure we are that any one else would have acted a less noble, though perhaps more prudent part, than the wretched lady. But then, why should novel-people desire gold? Don't their common progenitor provide them with all that fortune which

each deserves? And be assured, tender-hearted reader, the lady will not fare worse in the end for her noble disdain of riches.

But it is not the ruffians and unfortunate only that thus condemn wealth; all the eccentric—and every one is eccentric who does anything very good or very bad—all the eccentric people in novels have a "devil-may-care" sort of disregard for money.

"O," said the charming Julia, "I could live and die midst want without repining, if Gonsalvo's fate was but linked with mine!"

"Yes, dearest," said that individual, entering, "and I could struggle through wo the deepest, without money, without friends, if I possessed but thee!"

Then, again, there is another class which always delights in giving away the money it has earned by years of toil.

"Here," said the benevolent money-lender, "take this; you will find five hundred pounds—no thanks—it is yours—and never want while I can give."

O how pleasant it is to read this sort of thing! one feels one's respect for the race rising like the mercury on the coast of Africa, and all one's old prejudices against misbegotten wealth and its possessors oozing away.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN.—In Burmah when a young woman is taken very ill, her parents agree with the physician, that if he cures the patient he may have her for his trouble, but if she dies under his medicines, he is to pay them her value. It is stated that successful physicians have very large families of females, who have become their property in this manner.

DETRACTION.—Mirabeau gives an excellent canon of advice in regard to detraction, "Deal with it as with a wasp—never attack it unless you are sure to destroy it, or it will assail you with increased exasperation and greater force."

A HINT TO BORES.—Loungers should never torment industrious people with their loafing visits. They should seek each other's society. There's no harm in a bore's boring a bore!

"RAISING THE WIND."—This is now denominated, more classically, "exciting the financial *Æolus*."

SLANDER.—Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence.

LAST MOMENTS.

The manner in which remarkable persons have met the great enemy of mankind, would form a curious history. To contemplate the different moods and tempers with which frivolity and philosophy have met the king of terrors—whether the one has displayed great weakness, or the other sustained itself in the hour of its great change—to ascertain whether the bold recklessness of the profligate, who has through life scoffed at the dangers and perils of death, has accompanied his last moments—or whether the equanimity with which the good man has contemplated the change while health seemed to place it at a distance, has deserted him in the hour of trial—would be a curious speculation, and form a great moral lesson to mankind.—Gallani, when dying, said, "The dead had sent him a card of invitation."—Wood died clasping in his dying hand the papers of the *Athenæ Oxoniensis*. Here was the ruling passion strong in death.

A Dane who was condemned to death, thus addressed his executioner, "Be quick in cutting off my head, for we have often debated at Tomsburg whether any sense is retained after the head is off. I will grasp the knife in my hand; if, after my head is off, I strike it towards you, it will show I have not lost all sense. If I let it drop, it will prove the contrary. Make haste, therefore, and end the dispute."—George Keith, a marshal of Scotland, when dying abroad, sent for Mr. Elliot, the British envoy. "I have sent for you, sir," said he, with his usual gaiety, "because I think it pleasant enough that the minister of King George should receive the last breath of an old Jacobite. Besides, you may perhaps have some commissions to give me to Lord Chatham; and, as I lay my account for seeing him to-morrow, or the day after, I will carry your despatches with great pleasure."—James Butler, second Duke of Ormond—famed for his extraordinary politeness, and who died at Madrid in 1745—when he was in the agony of death, fearing that the expression of his countenance in his pain might shock the friends standing by his bedside, said, as his last words, "*Messieurs, J'espere que vous excuserez la grimace.*"—Haller died feeling his own pulse, and, when he found it almost gone, said to his physician, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat."—Lord Cobham (of whom Pope says that his last words were, "Save my country, heaven!"), not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, was in such a passion at feeling his own weakness, that he threw jelly and glass into Lady C.'s face, and expired.

DAMASCUS.

This city is supposed to have been founded by a grandson of Noah, and was of note in Abraham's time. It was captured by Tiglath-pileser, the Assyrian; it was possessed by Pharaoh-Necho, the Egyptian, by Nebuchadnezzar, the Chaldean king, by the Persians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs and Turks, and has been populous and wealthy through all. It is still surrounded by beautiful gardens or rather forests of fruit, watered by clear, cold, dashing streams. Groves of almonds, walnuts, olives, figs, pomegranates, with kitchen and flower gardens of great extent and beauty, and clumps of palms, poplars and cypresses enfold the city. The most celebrated fruit, however, is the famous "mi-mish," or apricot, which nowhere else is so luscious. The finest edifice is the great mosque of the Omiades, which stands where the cathedral of St. John once was, and where the temples of Jupiter and of Rimmon stood before. There are but few relics of antiquity—a triumphal arch of Roman date being the principal. The bazaars, or markets, are of immense extent and great celebrity, the shopping of the greater part of Syria, and half of Mesopotamia being done in them. The dwellings without, are high, windowless, and whitewashed, but within are rich with marble, gilding, arabesques, and fountains, and fragrant with flowering and fruit-bearing trees.

CONSUMPTION.—This terrible scourge of our climate need not be feared if treated in the *outset* by that specific in all lung diseases, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. We know the value of this preparation, and therefore constantly recommend it to our readers. It is one of the few medicines which have stood the test of years, and has become an acknowledged household necessity throughout the country. S. W. Fowle & Co., of Boston, are the proprietors, but the Balsam can be found at all druggists and country stores.

A QUEER CUSTOM.—Captain Burton tells us that when a chief dies in Central Africa three pretty women are buried with him.

EARLY TALENT.—Mrs. Browning, the poetess, wrote a good deal of poetry at ten years of age.

ENGLISH ART.—The number of new pictures and pieces of sculpture exhibited in London the past season was four thousand and sixty.

A TRUISM.—A friend at court is worth a penny in the purse.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

How many changes take place in the course of twenty years! what gaps in the ranks of our friends, of the great ones of the earth! what idols cast down from their pedestals. Retrospection is perhaps sadder than it is entertaining; yet some sunny memories always reward the backward glance. In an old file of letters from Europe, dated a little more than twenty years since, we find a pleasant picture of the youthful Queen of England—she was unmarried, and quite a gay young sovereign. The writer, in speaking of the queen's equestrianism, an accomplishment she has not lost, and in which her son, the Prince of Wales, is a proficient, says: "You probably have seen Fanny Kemble—now, by-the-by, Mrs. Butler—if so, you have a perfect resemblance of the queen's mode of managing a horse: high-spirited, bold; but not very elegant. I saw her on one occasion display great nerve with her favorite, a small bay horse, with arched neck and swish tail. The animal refused to pass a wheelbarrow in St. John's Woodroad. Twice, with difficulty, he was adroitly turned towards it by the expert hand of his royal mistress, when a groom galloping up, proceeded to remove the object of aversion. "Let it remain," exclaimed the queen, at the same moment inflicting a sharp cut upon the shoulder of the offending horse. Again he turned from it, when the whip cracked upon his glossy coat—one—two—three—with such earnestness, that the horse, after twirling innumerable capers, rearing upon his haunches almost perpendicularly, and bounding into the air, thought it advisable to obey the imperial mandate, by placing his nose quietly, and close to the wheelbarrow. With flushed cheeks, her majesty patted her forgiveness, and with a merry, triumphant laugh, cantered away with her young and gay suite."

And writing under the same date, he speaks of a star just rising to the zenith of a gloriously gifted *artiste* whose remains have long since mouldered into dust. "As to Mlle. Rachel, she really surprised me; she is now about seventeen years of age (it is said not seventeen yet), yet she filled her part with a dignity and propriety which were admirable. I saw her in Voltaire's play of *Tancrède*, filling the part of *Amenaide*, in the early part of the week; and I conceived that she failed in the part—before the king her success was incontestable. There is no doubt that this young girl possesses great talent; indeed, considering her age, I deem it wonderful. Her principal merit consists in the calmness and depth of dramatic energy; she possesses a tranquil force, which frees the spectator from all fear

of her failing in any passage, no matter how violent or deep the passion of it may be. One always feels that whatever degree of power is displayed, a far greater quantity remains behind. In stern and determined characters, such as *Medea* or *Lady Macbeth*, she must be unequalled; in tender or sensitive parts, such as *Juliet* or *Desdemona*, she would fail. There is an inflexibility, an iron fixedness about her acting, which evinces but little sensibility; she wants flexibility of voice and sensibility of soul, which are to talent what grace is to beauty. On the other hand, she possesses a grand and noble simplicity, and a fine taste, which lead me to believe that she will become hereafter the first actress in France. You may wonder at my dwelling on this topic so long; but a really great actress is rare, and this young girl assuredly is already one. You would scarcely believe that a few years ago she ran the streets as a gipsy, gaining a precarious livelihood by singing and dancing; her history is a curious one, though she has not yet reached her seventeenth year. The king waited to the end of the performance, and expressed himself most graciously to every person. Mlle. Rachel was standing in the inner lobby, with all the curiosity of her age, to see the royal party go out; no longer the severe and majestic matron, but the gay, lively girl, proud of the applause she had received. The king recognized her, and stopped short, to say how much he had been delighted with her acting; the queen said even more, and the delight of the blushing girl was at its height, when, after receiving the compliments of the other members of the royal party, Louis Philippe added, 'Business prevents my often visiting the theatre, but I will return to see you.' What a moment! Praised by two kings and their queens in person, and able to attract so sagacious a monarch as Louis Philippe, occupied as he is by state affairs, to visit her again! Poor child! less has turned wiser heads."

DECEPTIVE APPEARANCES.—Some men seem most severe when they are really most affected, as snow turns to ice when on the point of melting.

JUST SO.—Quilp of the *Post* says that a free press is as necessary to a free government as lager beer to a Dutchman.

IS IT SO?—An honest man has half as much more brains as he needs; a knave has not half enough.

SLANDER.—A calumny, though known to be such, generally leaves a stain on the reputation.

RIDING HORSEBACK.

The author of Vivian Grey was right when he said "the sight of a spur is enough to keep a man from committing suicide." If Frenchmen were fonder of the saddle, fewer of them would be found floating in the Seine, or "genteelly asphyxiated" with charcoal in their attics. A rapid trot or a brisk gallop on a fine, high-spirited horse with an elastic tread, is better than any other stimulant for mind and body. "Live in the saddle," was the recipe of a famous London physician for the preservation of the health. Now there are races of people who carry this precept into practice, and we remember when a boy how we used to envy the Gauchos of South America, and think how happy we should be if we were one of them.

Of the Guachos of the Pampas, we derive the most exact and curious information from the galloping Sir Francis Head, who made an equestrian excursion across those vast and isolated regions. The Guachos, a race of hunters of Spanish origin, and a few tribes of Indians, are, it is well known, the only inhabitants of the Pampas. They subsist exclusively by hunting, and knowing none of the refinements and comforts of civilization, are perfectly content without them. The Guacho has a high sense of the dignity of his nature. Like the Indian, he is far too proud to labor, and thinks himself born to roam his native country, borne by the swiftest steeds, and displaying his prowess in conflicts with the lion, the tiger and wild bull. We can easily imagine that this galloping life may grow to be intensely exciting and pleasurable, even to the son of the city, born in the midst of luxury and ease. A European renegade, who forsook his country for the sands of Arabia, was known to describe his feelings when galloping alone across the desert, as rapturous. Well may the Guacho boast of his existence. He has no servants to overlook, no humiliation to submit to, and no notes to pay. Cradled in a bullock's hide, his earliest plaything is a knife, and at four years his glory is the saddle. At that tender age, when the children of the city are just beginning to drive hoop, the juvenile Guacho, mounted on a fiery steed, drives the horses to the corral. Accustomed to endure every change of weather, taking constant exercise, and living exclusively on beef and water, the Guacho grows to manhood with a frame of iron. Give him a warm cloak, a hard saddle and sharp spurs, and he is satisfied. What if his hat be full of holes, and what if a horse's skull supplies the place of a chair? he eats, drinks, loves, and sleeps and rides, the laughing philosopher of the Pampas. Captain Head, who tried this life, rode one

hundred and fifty-three miles in fourteen hours. Pretty well for a Londoner. But it was beef and water that enabled him to do it. Let the captain speak for himself.

"The most independent way of travelling is without baggage, and without an attendant. In this case, the traveller starts from Buenos Ayres or Mendoza with a Guacho, who is changed at every post. He has to saddle his own horses, and to sleep at night upon the ground, on his saddle; and as he is unable to carry any provisions, he must throw himself completely on the feeble resources of the country, and live on little else than beef and water. It is, of course, a hard life; but it is so delightfully independent, and, if one is in good riding condition, so rapid a mode of travelling, that I twice chose it, and would always prefer it; but I recommend no one to attempt it, unless he is in good health and condition. When I first crossed the Pampas, I went with a carriage, and although I had been accustomed to riding all my life, I could not at all ride with the peons, and after galloping five or six hours, was obliged to get into the carriage; but after I had been riding for three or four months, I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me. Although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak, yet a few hours' sleep upon my saddle, on the ground, always so completely restored me, that for a week I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise, could ride till two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten or twelve horses a day."

TIME.—All divisions of time enlarge our thoughts. They are stopping-places where we turn to look behind and before us, and take in some little part of the surrounding immensity.

THE FUTURE.—The clouds of our existence will one day become stars, as the clouds of the milky way separate into suns and systems.

NIGHT.—Night, in the ancient mythology, was the mother of many gods, and she is still the parent of godlike thoughts.

CONJUGAL QUARRELS.—A violent storm in married life does no harm, but beware of a succession of dull weather.

POETRY.—Many verses called original are just like the muses themselves, the children of memory.

THOUGHTS ON DRESS.

Art is an extremely beautiful thing, but nature is a much more beautiful and a wiser one. Jewelry of all sorts is a beautiful thing; satin, velvet, the costly oriental draperies, etc., are also abstractly grateful to the eye, and are chief ingredients in the entire composition of the gorgeousness of the picture; but despite of our admiration of these, the general ornaments of ladies, we still cannot help remarking the very few natural flowers and wreaths by which a woman can alone increase (if it be possible to increase) her own beauty. Pure as the diamond is, clear as the brilliant is, warm as the ruby is, sunshiny as the topaz is—a beautiful woman is purer, clearer, warmer, and casts forth a more celestial sunshine than any one of them; and they are, therefore, not so fitted to accompany and share the admiration compelled by a woman's beauty as flowers, the only things of the lovely which art cannot increase in beauty, except women. We remember a short time back being inexpressibly delighted with the taste a young lady, who sat near us, displayed in the style of her head-dress, which consisted merely of a wreath of white roses. Her eyes and hair were as black as sloes; upon her cheeks was the delicate blushing of the rose; and these with the sweet modesty of her face's expression, united to the simplicity of the head-dress, composed an aspect the beauty of which could not possibly have been attained by the costliest tiara of diamonds, or the united brilliancies of all the precious stones wealth could procure. How the beauties of Titian and the old masters would suffer if jewelry were substituted for the profusion of flowers by which they are adorned. We really find it difficult to see the propriety of putting a heavy head-gear about the delicate brow of a fairy, but could well fancy her supporting a delicate rose wreath, or even the more ample luxuriance of a crown of ivy or of vine.

DECIMAL COINAGE.—At St. Petersburg, the Academy of Sciences, in co-operation with the International Association for establishing the decimal system of coins, has passed a resolution declaring that the object proposed is worthy of the century in which science has done so much to promote the friendly relations of different countries.

SHABBINESS.—A man in the finest suit of clothes is often a shabbier fellow than another dressed in rags.

CONSCIENCE.—No one in the world is so often cheated, even women and friends, as Conscience.

LAST WORDS.

Perhaps it would be difficult to find anything more decidedly characteristic of the life of an individual, than the last words which are uttered previously to death. The circumstance may be in some degree accounted for, if we call to mind how frequently the dream of the night is merely a reflection of the ideas which have pre-occupied the mind during the day. Death is the great night—the last recollection—the dream of past life. In support of these remarks, a few striking examples may be easily adduced: Lucan, when condemned to death by Nero, opened one of his veins, and expired reciting that passage in the "Pharsalia," in which he had described the death of the wounded soldier. Gilbert, the most unfortunate poet of his age, died repeating a sacred ode which he had written in his dying moments. Metastasio produced two beautiful stanzas in his last moments. The Emperor Adrian composed on his deathbed the celebrated apostrophe to his soul, which has been so happily imitated by Pope. Geoffrey Chaucer bade adieu to all human vanities by writing a ballad on his deathbed. Cornelius de Witt, whilst writhing under the tortures of his fanatical persecutors, recited, before he breathed his last, the third ode of the third book of Horace. Bonhours, the grammarian, observed in his last moments to one of his friends—*Je vais, ou je vas mourir, car l'un et l'autre se disent* (I am going, or am about to die, for both expressions are in use). Malherbe, with his dying breath, reproached his servants for their solecisms, and corrected their errors of language. Lamothe de Vayer, who devoted himself much to the study of the history and manners of remote nations, breathed his last whilst inquiring of one of his friends what was the latest intelligence from Mogul. Finally, we may quote the last words uttered by Lergney, the mathematician; as the moment of his dissolution approached, he seemed to lose his collectedness of mind, and appeared unable to recognize the persons about him. One of his friends asked him what was the square of twelve? "A hundred and forty-four," he replied, and breathed his last.

A GERMAN RECEIPT.—A German out West being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort, produced the following: "I ish full. I wants no more money. JOHN SWACKHAMMER."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The total number of visitors to the Crystal Palace, since the opening, June 10th, 1854, is 9,212,225.

Foreign Miscellany.

The recent census in Russia shows a population of 79,000,000.

The omnibus receipts of London for a week, ending October 10, were some \$60,000, an average of \$3,000,000 a year.

A London firm has ordered M. Hease, a Berlin photographer, to execute forthwith 30,000 portraits of the royal family of Prussia.

A letter from St. Petersburg says there are 100,000 warriors on the right side of the Caucasus who are vigorously defending their independence against the Russians.

An English writer says that every earthly thing is sold in London, from the principalities and territories, down to the sediment of her cisterns, and the dirt in her gutters; from turtle and turbot, to stale sprats and ancient mackerel.

The "*jupon multiple*," is the name of the latest invented Paris petticoat. It does away with hoops and crinoline, "supporting itself by the harmonious and intelligent disposition of the waves of muslin of which it is composed." It can be modified or increased at pleasure.

The inhabitants of Paris are about to be gratified with another magnificent promenade. The emperor has given orders for the construction of a road round Paris, within the fortifications. It will be 20 miles long, and 120 feet wide. The footpaths will be bordered with trees.

A respectably-dressed man recently went into the shop of a tailor in Manchester, England, and handed the clerk an envelope, which, on being opened, was found to contain postage stamps and a slip of paper, on which was written, "The value of a plaid scarf which I took from your door fourteen years ago, 15s."

The famous crystal throne which Shah Jehan counted amongst the most valuable of the splendid trophies which adorned his palace, has been sent to England in the *Saladin*. It consists of a single mass of rock crystal, two feet in height by four in diameter, and is shaped like sofa cushions, with tassels at the corners.

Russia, after sacrificing millions of treasure and myriads of lives in her heroic resistance to the combined assault of the two strongest powers of the earth, towers still over western Europe with a population of 67,931,728, fully equalling the combined population of her great antagonists in the late war.

The Turkish bath has been introduced into London with great success this season, and it is thought its establishment will be permanent, as some of the very first men in the medical profession, including those who have made themselves most famous for the study of the skin, have zealously and unreservedly given in their adhesion to the principles of the bath.

A discharged soldier recently leaped from a second class car on the Great Northern Railway, (England) in the night, when the train was going at full speed. After tumbling about for a while, he ploughed head foremost into a heap of gravel, but soon rose and walked quietly to the next station, where he was secured. He was crazy from liquor.

The Marquis of Chandos is making a collection of choice paintings of American scenery.

The church of St. Peters, at Rome, will contain 54,000 worshippers.

Wood and stone pavements, laid in alternate rows, have succeeded in England.

Four-fifths of the cotton consumed in England—800,000,000 pounds—is American.

During all his campaigns, the Duke of Wellington never lost a gun.

A boy near Manchester, England, was lately killed by falling on a tobacco pipe.

Ireland contains 20,808,271 acres, of which 3,000,000 are estimated to be peat bogs of a thickness of from 1 foot to 60 feet.

The Hotel de Louvre, at Paris, is extremely costly in the gold and other decorations of its dining rooms—swelling its cost to some \$8,000,000.

Electricity, under certain circumstances, produces the same effect upon sugar as fermentation in transforming it into alcohol. M. Niepce de Saint Victor, by passing electric currents through sweet wine, rendered it more alcoholic; some of its sugar was converted into alcohol.

Invalid soldiers, who have lost their arms in battle, abound so in Paris, that an old woman makes a living in winter, applying their pocket-handkerchiefs for them. She calls herself *Moucheuse des Invalides*. She does a thriving business in chilly, windy weather, but has dull times when it is pleasant.

The feeling of caste is so strong in India that a soldier lying wounded on the battle-field has been known to die rather than drink water offered him by one of a lower caste. A Sikh soldier in the hospital at Agra suffered for hours rather than receive water from an English lady. His words were—"Though no man see me drink, God will see it."

A farmer in Scotland hooked a large pike, weighing twenty-one pounds, and left it for dead upon the bank of the river, opposite his house; but his dog happening to brush past it, the fish caught him by the tail, and although the dog, in his haste to get home, plunged into the river and swam across, the pike did not let go till the dog had reached the farmyard, and had assistance from the farmer.

The largest piece of silver ever taken from a mine was found in Norway, and placed in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen. It weighed 560 pounds, and was worth when smelted, about \$9000. In South America a mass of silver, nearly pure, was found in 1794, which weighed 370 pounds. These lumps are exceptional. Silver is seldom found in lumps of many pounds weight.

Dr. Simonides, who is examining the papers in the Egyptian Museum at Liverpool, has made a discovery of great interest in six letters written by Hermippus Eumenides, of Berytus, to Horus Hephæstionides of Alexandria, respecting Egyptian hieroglyphics and the kings of Egypt and Ethiopia. Hermippus lived between the years 74 and 162, and his works have been supposed to be wholly lost.

Record of the Times.

Within ten years 90 persons in New Hampshire have died at the age of 100.

A man in western Missouri has made more than nineteen attempts to hang himself.

A railroad car built wholly of iron is running between Pittsburgh and Cleveland.

The District of Columbia has now a population of 750,000 souls.

In the deserts of Arabia a pitcher of cold water is of more value than a mountain of gold.

A new pass through the Rocky Mountains has been discovered by Captain Reynolds.

Candles have increased luxury. Our fathers rose with the lark and went to bed with the sun.

The Norwegians are raising money to build a college in Iowa. Twenty thousand dollars have already been raised for this purpose.

In Germany, when two persons wish to marry, they must each produce no less than fourteen certificates of various qualifications before they can obtain a license.

A rare old copper coin of the State of Connecticut issue, was found in a tobacco-field last week, in Bloomfield. It bears date 1787; the figures are quite plain.

At a recent sale of coins in Philadelphia, a Washington cent of the date of 1792 was sold for \$59, and a silver dollar of 1794 brought \$26 50.

It has been estimated that the amount of sewing capable of being done in the United States by sewing machines is \$290,000,000. Of this the sewing machine is supposed to save \$170,000,000.

The forests of the Cordilleras, Central America, are said to abound in India rubber, though up to this time none has been exported. Some wealthy gentlemen are about to engage in the trade, with flattering prospects of success.

The number of deaths from scarlet fever in Philadelphia reached twenty-two during a late week. This is a great increase, and the disease appears almost to have assumed the form of epidemic.

The Metropolitan free drinking fountains of London are effecting much for temperance. One hundred have already been erected. These fountains are really a most admirable and benevolent device, and ought to be introduced into all American cities without delay.

In Constantinople, when a bazaar-keeper is found cheating his customers, he is taken outside of his shop, stood on tip-toe, and his ear nailed to the door. He naturally requests that passers-by should assist him, but the statute is that any one that puts a pebble under the heel of such a culprit shall receive the same punishment.

Statistics go to prove that tea is used, more or less, by one-half of the human race—500,000,000 of people. Theine is the peculiar organic principle which gives tea its value. Taken in small quantities, tea is healthful; but the extract of one ounce taken per day, by one person, produces trembling of the limbs and wandering of the mind.

The wealth of Mississippi this year will amount to the handsome sum of \$653,100,000.

The income of the city of Dubuque, from its lead mines for the last year was \$800,000.

There are five hundred and three species of birds in Europe.

Out of 500 sailors now on the United States frigate Niagara, only thirty-four take their grog ration.

The telegraph line between Milwaukee and St. Paul, is now completed. The wire crosses the Winona, on three masts, 100 feet high.

Skating is to be a fashionable amusement this winter. The citizens of Albany have selected a spot of ground which is to be enclosed and flooded. The area is six acres. At Detroit a similar enterprise is on foot.

Mr. William H. Webb, of New York, is about to commence the construction of a steamer for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, to be placed on the route from Panama to San Francisco, California.

The bravery of the Navajoe warriors excites the admiration of the Santa Fe people, so boldly do they approach the city and run off with the stock of the settlers, in spite of the United States troops.

Torchlight processions were designed more than two thousand years ago. See 1 Maccabees, 4: 22, wherein an account is given of the high priest, Jason, who escorted King Antiochus into Jerusalem, "with torchlight and great shoutings." Jason lived in the fourth century, B. C.

The French emperor says that cavalry must hereafter yield to infantry in relative importance on the battle field. It is too slow for this fast age, and cannot be moved quick enough, and must yield to the new system of short arms and close quarters.

The Prince Imperial of France has just had a schoolroom prepared for him on the ground floor of the Palace of the Tuileries, on the side of the garden. It contains a well selected library, philosophical and mathematical instruments, etc. The prince will be five years old on the tenth of March next.

A prize of £20 for the best essay on the effects of Sunday cab-driving has been won by John Cockraun, a London cab-driver. At the meeting at which the prize was awarded, Cockraun told his audience that the essay consisted of 19,000 words, and was all written in the open air on the top of his cab.

A young lady in St. Paul rose from her bed a few nights since to make an application of camphor to her throbbing temples. By mistake she got hold of a bottle of indelible ink. The error was not discovered in time to prevent a most damaging effect to the fair one's personal appearance.

A child in Cape Town having some time since injured its spine, a photograph was taken of the deformity and sent to a friend in London to have an instrument made that would remedy the complaint. This instrument arrived by mail, and fits the child to a nicety, and will as in a former case, prevent the child from becoming a cripple for life.

Merry-Making.

At Newcastle the people must be a youthful set, for all are miners.

When does the farmer act with great rudeness toward his corn? When he pulls its ears.

A man is obliged to keep his word when nobody will take it.

The dead are never sick. Consequently all diseases may be classified as affections of the liver.

An architect proposes to build a bachelor's hall, which will differ from most houses in having no Eves.

A traveller says that Mount Vesuvius never sleeps. It must be sleepy, for it is always yawning.

A flirt is like a dipper attached to a hydrant—every one is at liberty to drink from it, but no one desires to carry it away.

If you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow? A little London porter.

A contemporary, noting that somebody had gone to Europe for his health, wonders how it got there!

Tupper says 'tis the horse and not the wagon that wearies. But we are very certain that we have seen a wagon tire.

To prevent the smell of cooking in a house, have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper.

At a late militia muster in Kentucky, a big keg was used as a drum. If there was liquor in it, doubtless the men rallied at the tap.

It seems a wonder that all the penitentiaries in the country don't become bankrupt, for none of them ever get a tenth part of their dues.

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has gone east to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

A physician, in company with others of the cloth, thus boasted—"I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public."

"Porter," asked an old lady, of an Irish railway porter, "when does the nine o'clock train leave?" "Sixty minutes past eight, mum," was Mike's reply.

A henpecked husband writes: "Before marriage, I fancied wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterward I found out that it was all moonshine."

Why is the letter "o" the most charitable letter in the alphabet? Ans.—Because it is found oftener than any other letter in "doing good."

"What is meant by the deflection of the needle?" asked a dominie of a female pupil. When it runs into the quick of the nail," was the ready reply.

A contemporary speaks of "the graceful figures of childhood." Blinkins says that the figures at the bottom of childhood's shoe and clothing bills are not so graceful.

What is that which can be right, but never wrong? An angle.

The prevention of fits is to buy your clothes at a slop-shop.

When an actor "brings down the house," where does he take it to?

How does a cow become a landed estate? By turning her into a field.

Why is the letter *s* like a sewing-machine? Because it makes needles needless.

Lovers have more occasion than any other class of persons to talk pathetically about the lost 'arts.

Never take morning bitters. Morning sweets, from the lips of a pretty little wife just before leaving the house, are much better.

The darkest scene we ever saw was a darkey in a dark cellar, with an extinguished candle, looking for a black cat that was not there.

A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied, "*We raised them!*"

Who were the first newspaper subscribers mentioned in Scripture? Cain and Joshua; for Cain took *A-Bell's Life*, and Joshua ordered the *Sun*.

A tenant who owes one quarter, and knows if he stays another he must pay double before he can be quits, generally quits.

"Mr. Jones, why do you wear that bad hat?" "Because, my dear sir, Mrs. Jones vows she will not go out of the house until I get a new one."

A little boy asked the razor-strop man if he could sharpen his appetite. The razor-strop man at once stropped him so severely that the urchin cut off.

The most deadly poison is love dissolved in hatred; hatred in solution by revenge, and distilled by desperation. Will kill at sixty paces—sure pop.

The following elongated and not very intelligible address appeared in the list of letters advertised in the New York Herald, "Ollenbauben-grasensteinersbick John."

Mr. Harris "was never more s-a-sober in the whole course of his life," but when his friend Jones asked him to take a chair, he said he would "wait till one came round."

A BRILLIANT PAPER!

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M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,
BOSTON.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT.



The Prince is introduced to the Mare.



He mistakes gentlemanly policeman for General Scott.



The old lady he danced with at the ball.



The young lady he wanted to dance with.



Centrifugal force applied to P. Wales.



The baby lion at feeding-time.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



The Prince's pumps and gloves excite female admiration.



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The Prince's pipe proportioned to the Prince's rank.



Operation of smoking on a royal scale.



Garibaldi's countrymen organize a serenade.



The Prince reviews all his honors in his dreams.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.—No. 2.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1861.

WHOLE No. 74.

ARTISTIC GLIMPSE OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BROOKLYN, Long Island, N. Y., is one of the pleasantest and most flourishing cities on the American continent. Separated from the imperial city only by the East River, many of its inhabitants do business in New York, with which the various lines of steam ferry-boats afford constant communication. Its local business, however, is large. It is famous for the elegance of its private dwellings, the number of its churches, and the general refinement and intelligence of its people. Its growth and development within a few years have been truly astonishing. We present

herewith a number of artistic sketches, representing prominent buildings and scenes, accompanied by a descriptive text, affording a glimpse of the city; for to describe Brooklyn, either historically, geographically, municipally or pictorially, is a task of no ordinary character, and requiring much greater space than we have at our command. So indissolubly is she united to the city of New York—so intimately connected in all her interests and feelings with her neighbor, that to speak of her individually would be to write the biography of one of the "Siamese Twins." Growing with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, she stands side by side with the Empire City in the march of improvement and rapid development, so characteristic of the American people. The idea of her absorption by her more gigantic sister has been thought by some by no means an improbable

one; indeed, the subject has been debated in the legislative halls of the State. A glance at the appearance which she presents to the eye of the visitor for the first time may be of interest, and serve to explain our sketches. Brooklyn, as our readers are well aware, is situated on the Long Island shore of the strait which connects Long Island Sound with the bay of New York, and opposite to the Empire City. This strait, called the East River, is crossed by numerous ferries, which keep up a continued communication with all parts of the two cities, the boats passing to



PACKER INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

and fro with their loads of passengers and vehicles every few minutes through the day, and each half hour of the night. The principal ones are the Fulton, Wall Street, South, Hamilton-Avenue, Catherine, Jackson, and Peck-Slip Ferries, which were formerly in the hands and under the control of rival companies; but the more prominent ones have been merged into "The Union Ferry Company." The large view which forms the last in our series of engravings, presents but a limited idea of the extent of the water front of the city, much less of the vast expanse embraced within her limits. It was taken from the foot of Wall Street, New York, looking rather diagonally across and up the East River, towards Williamsburgh and Bushwick, which towns have been recently absorbed by their more powerful neighbor, and form component wards of Brooklyn. The extent of this front, following the low-water line, is nearly ten miles, a very limited portion of which is embraced in the sketch. We have endeavored to give, however, the most striking points which arrest the attention of the observer in crossing the Fulton Ferry, as well as a faint idea of the busy scene presented by the surface of the river, with its multitude of crafts of all shapes and sizes, from the packet-ship of vast proportions to the scow with its load of mud dredged from the docks, to be emptied into and swept seaward by the swift current of the river. It will be seen that a portion of the city on the

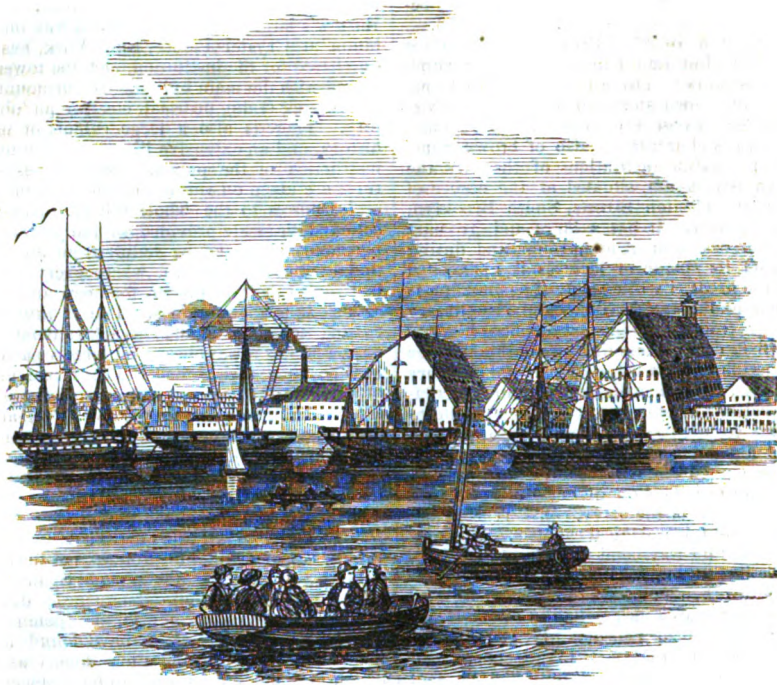
right of the picture is quite elevated, being built on what is termed "Brooklyn Heights," some seventy feet above the level of the river. This may be called the "west end" of the city; and the magnificent view of New York and its expansive harbor, the clear, bracing air, and other inherent advantages, render it a delightful place of residence. Landing on the Brooklyn side, the interest is changed, not lost, in the bustle and activity of the crowds which, arriving by each successive boat, pour through the main thoroughfare to their respective destinations. Fulton Street, a portion of which is represented in another picture, is the principal avenue of the city, and is a steep, crooked street, extending from the ferry across the city. It forms an exception to the greater proportion of the other streets, which run at right angles, and are generally about sixty feet wide, and shaded with trees. The omnibuses, which formerly run through Fulton Street, have been superseded by cars propelled by horse power, which run in all directions, from Greenwood, on the south, to Green Point, on the north of the city; and the constant arrival and departure of the ferry-boats and cars, with the transfer of passengers to and from each, renders that portion of the street which we have sketched a very active and bustling scene. Brooklyn is a remarkably well-built city, and contains many handsome public buildings. The most prominent among these is the City Hall, situated on a triangular park, bounded by Fulton, Court and Joralemon Streets. In its style and appearance, it bears a resemblance to the City Hall, of New York. It is built of white marble, and cost about \$200,000. We have given a general view of the Navy Yard, from the foot of Grand Street, New York, in which is shown the two large ship-houses, with some of the vessels and hulks awaiting repairs or preparing for service. The receiving ship, North Carolina, one of the largest vessels in the United States Navy, is seen on the left of the picture. Brooklyn contains some sixty-six churches, many of which are remarkable for their beautiful architectural style and finish. The Church of the Pilgrims (Congregational), whose spire forms a prominent object in approaching the city, is an imposing structure of gray stone, situated on the corner of Henry and Remsen Streets. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid July 3, 1844,

and it was consecrated to divine service with becoming ceremonies, on the 12th of May, 1846.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, Grace Church, the Unitarian Church, and the Church of the Restoration, are all of them handsome buildings of brown stone, in the Gothic style. The first named cost \$150,000. Dr. Cox's and Dr. Bethune's churches are also of brown stone. Among the public institutions of the city, the Brooklyn Athenæum, situated at the corner of Atlantic and Clinton Streets, South Brooklyn, takes high rank. It has a large and growing library, an excellent reading-room, and during the season, its course of lectures is unexcelled even in the great city opposite. The building is a fine one, and cost \$60,000. The city library contains a valuable collection of books. The Brooklyn Lyceum is another institution for the dissemination of knowledge by means of a library and lectures. It is a handsome structure of granite, located on Washington Street, and contains a spacious lecture-room. There is also an institution of a similar character in the Navy Yard, called the United States Lyceum, which, in addition to a large collection of curiosities brought home by officers of the navy, contains valuable geological and mineralogical cabinets. The new City Hospital on Raymond Street, near DeKalb, is a noble institution, worthy of a far more extended notice than we are able to give it. The incipient steps towards its erection were taken at a public meeting held February 17, 1845, and it was incorporated in May, 1845. It languished for want of efficient support until the close of 1846, when Augustus Graham, Esq., a noble-hearted and generous-minded man, came to its relief, and with a donation of \$5500 enabled the trustees to purchase a house and fit it up for the reception of patients. Two years afterwards, on the 4th of July, 1848, Mr. Graham announced his determination to donate \$25,500 to the institution, provided the citizens of Brooklyn would raise a similar amount. This was never accomplished, and Mr. Graham, after adding \$2000 to the amount he had already subscribed, was induced to withdraw his conditions, and the present building was commenced. The location selected was the site of Old Fort Greene, an elevated point in the eastern section of Brooklyn. Mr. Graham himself removed the first sod from the ramparts, which he had aided to construct thirty-seven years previous. The corner-stone was laid on the 11th of June, 1851, and the centre building was completed on the 28th of April, 1852. The entire building was finished in 1854. It presents a front of 200 feet, facing due west on Raymond Street, and stands about 100 feet from the street. It consists of a centre building four stories high, 52 feet wide, 52 feet deep, with an extension back of 30 feet, and two wings, each 74 feet long, 56 feet deep, and three stories high. The base line of the building is 20 feet above the line of the street, and the elevated position of the site secures that great desideratum to such an institution, ample ventilation. The superintendent is Mr. J. E. Nichols. Another noble institution is the Packer Collegiate Institute, the object of which is to afford young ladies all the advantages for obtaining a thorough and extended course of instruction that young men find in our best colleges. For this purpose, it has all the apparatus

necessary for illustrating the natural sciences. Barlow's large planetarium, which was on exhibition at Crystal Palace, New York, has been purchased for the institution, and the tower connected with the main building is surmounted by a revolving dome, pedestal, etc., for an observatory. There is also a large cabinet of natural history, and an extensive library, for the use and instruction of the pupils. Full courses of lectures are given on various sciences, besides general lectures to the whole school. Ample accommodations are provided in the boarding department, where young ladies from abroad can find a genuine home, and where every attention is given to their character, manners and habits, as well as to their studies. The institution has existed since 1845 as the Brooklyn Female Academy, and has always been very largely patronized both at home and abroad. The whole number of pupils in the institution the past year was 724. The building fronts on Joralemon Street, and has extensive grounds attached, which front on Livingston Street. The cost of its erection, exclusive of the grounds, was \$85,000. The mayor of the city is ex-officio one of the trustees; G. G. Van Wagenen is president, and Joseph W. Harper is secretary. Of the faculty, A. Crittenden, A. M., is principal, with professors of the natural sciences, mathematics, the French, Spanish, German, Italian and Latin languages; drawing, painting, composition, music and penmanship. The institution appears to have found a high place in public favor, and a few details as to its origin may prove interesting to our readers. As early as January, 1853, Mrs. Packer addressed a note to the board of trustees of the Brooklyn Female Academy, in which she stated that her late husband, Wm. S. Packer, Esq., had entertained the purpose of devoting a sum towards the establishment of an institution for the education of youth. It was her desire, she said, as his representative, to carry out his wishes. The destruction of the building of the Female Academy afforded her the opportunity, which she was glad to embrace. "What I contemplate is this," she concludes, "to apply sixty-five thousand dollars of Mr. Packer's property to the erection of an institution for the education of my own sex in the higher branches of literature, in lieu of that now known as the Brooklyn Female Academy." In answer to this proposition, the trustees resolved to dissolve the corporation of "The Brooklyn Female Academy;" and the consent of the incorporators was obtained for the transfer of their interests in a Boys' High School, which is now in successful experiment. Application was made and granted for the incorporation of a Girl's Academy, under the name and title of "The Packer Collegiate Institute." Under the date of May 4, 1853, Mrs. Packer acknowledged the receipt of a copy of the act of incorporation.

"While I congratulate you," she writes, "allow me to offer my heartfelt thanks for the honor you have bestowed on the memory of my husband, in giving the institution his name." She then renewed the offer of the endowment, \$65,000. In a subsequent letter she addressed the trustees in terms so eloquent in the simplicity of an earnest purpose, and so full of affectionate reverence for her husband's wishes, that we may be pardoned for extracting a paragraph from it:



UNITED STATES NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Gentlemen,—I have already taken the liberty of expressing to some of your board the interest I feel in having a suitable building erected for the institution over which you preside—one with accommodations sufficiently ample to provide for the realization of our most sanguine hopes, and one whose style and general appearance would correspond with the character and grade of the school there established. I have thought that it might tell favorably upon the success of the institution, if the building itself were a kind of token, or pledge, of the refined and elevated influences to be found within its walls—a pledge, I am sure, the good management of the trustees, with the blessings of a higher power, would be able to redeem. While my own hopes are most sanguine, it is doubtless wise to be prepared for disappointment; and I assure the trustees I fully appreciate their hesitation as to the propriety of adopting plans, to carry out which *might* involve the institution so as to materially impair its usefulness, and perhaps ultimately jeopard its very existence. I would not have been so decided in favor of Mr. Lefevre's plans, in opposition (I fear it seemed) to those better qualified to judge, had I not first determined to hold myself ready to relieve the institution should it become seriously embarrassed. I hope no such necessity will occur. But if, after a sufficient trial, the income of the institution should be found inadequate to provide liberally for its own expenses, and make also such provision for a sinking fund as to afford reasonable prospect of ultimately cancelling the debt, I will engage to add to my donation such sum as may be necessary for this object, to the

amount of twenty thousand dollars." Thus, the endowment of the Packer Collegiate Institute, from the one munificent source of a *large heart*, will be not less than \$85,000. All honor—all praise—all thanksgiving be ascribed, first to Him, whose Holy Spirit inspires to charity and good works, and next, to *her*, from whose hands flows the beneficence, and out of whose lips distil the gentle words of encouragement, to the cause of female education.

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA.

When on a sporting excursion in Wynaud, Captain Croker, accompanied by a Shikaree, and a very powerful and brave dog, suddenly heard a whimper and clicking noise. Pushing on to help his dog through the jungle, he got sight of a large object, in color black and orange, which he at first thought was a tiger, but presently saw was a huge boa constrictor coiled up. Captain Croker fired both barrels at the boa's head as it uncoiled; both balls took effect, yet though checked for an instant, the snake came on more fiercely than before, and the Shikaree having bolted with the captain's rifle, he also had to run, and had just time to climb up a tree when his pursuer arrived at its foot. Captain Croker found that the Shikaree had carried off all his balls; luckily he had plenty of shot, and having reloaded, saw that one of the boa's eyes was knocked out; but even after repeated discharges it continued to writhe and lash the bushes with its tail, the muscular power of which was wonderful.—*London Sportsman*.

ABOUT DOGS.

The World has an interesting article about dogs in New York. That city is the centre of the canine trade for this continent, many persons being engaged exclusively in buying and selling, and breeding and training dogs of all descriptions. The leading dog vender in that city does a very extensive business. At his city store he keeps a select assortment always on hand for sale, and at his country residence he generally has seventy or eighty animals, besides, perhaps, thrice that number boarded out in the vicinity. Many of his dogs are of rare breed and beauty, and proportionately valuable. Among the rare dogs is a Siberian bloodhound, Sultan, a nephew of the celebrated dog Prince, which cost \$1000, and after his exhibition in England, was sold for twice his original cost. Sultan is 14 months old, weighs 160 pounds and girths 39 inches. Prince at the same age weighed 220 pounds, stood 36 1-2 inches in height, and measured from nose to tail 7 feet 9 inches. There are not more than a dozen of this breed of dogs owned in New York, and none of them are valued at less than \$100 each. The Bruno breed was originated by this dealer, and was obtained by crossing the Newfoundland with the St. Bernard mastiff and the Alpine Shepherd dog. These animals are highly prized by Southerners for watch dogs, and pups readily bring \$100 each. They are large dogs, sometimes attaining a length of 7 feet, and 34 inches in height, and a weight of 130 pounds. The St. Bernard mastiff is very rare, and of course brings high prices. The Newfoundland is the most popular dog with all classes, and large numbers of them, both pure bred and mongrels, are sold

annually. Perfect blackness of color is the American test of purity of breed, the pups answering this demand sell at \$10 to \$25 each. The Shepherd dog, or Scotch colly, is in large demand, and when well trained brings from \$50 to \$100.

Of terriers there are many varieties, the black and tan being the favorite, and probably the most fashionable dog in existence. When finely bred and well cared for, this is an elegant animal, quick, sharp and intelligent, an excellent "ratter," and capable of being trained to hunt anything. They vary in weight from one to twenty-five pounds, having of late years been greatly refined by crossing with the Italian greyhound. When persisted in, this produces very elegant animals, but their proportions generally lack symmetry, and they become delicate and unfit for active exercise. The black and tan terrier is valued in proportion to his diminutive size. In price they average from \$20 to \$100 and upward. The black and tan terrier we believe to be the best dog for farmers. They are not large enough to injure sheep, and they are fine watch dogs, the best of ratters, gentle and affectionate playmates for children, and at home both in the barn and in the house. The Scotch terrier is one of the hardiest of dogs and very courageous, and the enemy of all vermin. He is at present very fashionable, and his price ranges from \$10 to \$30. For sporting and hunting dogs—beagles, harriers, pointers and setters—there is always an active demand, and when well trained they bring high prices. The black and tan German beagle sells in great numbers at \$15 to \$40, for shooting and hunting purposes. Setters and pointers



CITY HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



FULTON STREET FROM THE FERRY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

when well bred and broken, bring from \$75 to \$100. Spaniels are in but moderate demand. Of pet spaniels, the King Charles stands at the head of the list. Hosts of them are sold every year, of impure breed and inferior points, at prices varying from \$25 to \$200. A perfect King Charles possesses seven distinguishing points of beauty—round head, short nose, long, curly ears, large, full eyes, black and tan color, without speck of white, perfect symmetry of form, and of weight not exceeding ten pounds. The genuine are rarely found. One dealer in New York has one for which he paid 44 guineas, and not long ago one was sold at auction, in England, for the enormous sum of 525 guineas, or \$2600.

SUCCESSION OF RACES OF MEN.

Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmerian night, on Heaven's missions appears. What force and fire is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife, in war with his fellow; and then the heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild flaming, wild thundering train of heaven's artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long drawn, quick succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire breathing spirit host, we emerge from the inane: haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O, heaven, whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.—*Carlyle*.

A DUMB MOTHER'S ARTIFICE.

Mary, Countess of Orkney, was deaf and dumb, and married, in 1753, by signs. She lived with her husband, Murrough, first Marquis of Thomond, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbor of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl; and, to the horror of the nurse—who was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies"—seized it with the intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed a sense which was wanting in herself.

COL. SNOW IN THE BARBER SHOP.

Colonel Snow, the temperance man, was a man of large frame, six feet six in height, with a voice like the tearing of a strong rag, and "a laugh like the neighing of all Tattersall's." He was the greatest "practical joker" we ever encountered; he was always "selling" some of Mr. Blessing's "patrons." Let us mention three or four of his amusing "catches." One day, when a steamer from Europe had been long expected, and apprehensions of her loss had begun to be widely entertained, "the colonel" entered the shop, and as he was hanging up his coat, exclaimed:—"Well, good news at last; the steamer is in—had a terrible time, though; brought away her pilot; carried away her smoke pipe, and all that; she had over three hundred passengers." "What boat was that?" asked a customer, eagerly, wiping the lather from his lips, and arresting the barber's hand. "The Montauk, the Brooklyn ferry boat!" answered the colonel, without moving a muscle, while the whole shop was in a roar. We recollect his saying once, when the place was full of customers, in a very solemn manner, "Well, I never want to see such a scrape again as I saw in Wall Street about twenty minutes ago. There were more than thirty dirty, ill-looking fellows engaged in it, and every man had a weapon in his hand! 'Twas a sight you wouldn't want to see more than once." "What scrape was that?" asked two or three startled customers, all in a breath. "Scraping up dirt in the lower part of Wall Street," replied the imperturbable Snow; "the Street Commissioner has set 'em at work at last." "Sold again!" was the responsive exclamation. One morning, not two weeks before his death, which was sudden and unexpected, he was in the barber's shop, as usual, when a gentleman entered, a customer whom he knew resided on Staten Island. "Were you on the boat, Mr. J—, when those two men walked off? A policeman was telling me about it. People saw 'em talking and walking towards the end of the boat before they did it." "What did they do it for? Were they drowned?" asked Mr. J—. "O, bless you, no; they only came ashore! Perhaps they walked off the boat the same time you did!"—*N. Y. Express*.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

A writer, illustrating the fact that some errors are lifted into importance by efforts to refute them, when they need to be treated with contempt and ridicule, observes that all the blows inflicted by the Herculean club of certain logicians are not half so effectual as a box on the ear of a celebrated atheist by the hand of some charming beauty. After having in vain preached to a circle of ladies, he attempted to avenge himself by saying, "Pardon my error, ladies. I did not imagine that in a house where wit lives with grace, I alone should have the honor of not believing in God." "You are not alone, sir," answered the mistress of the house, "my horse, my dog, my cat share the honor with you; only these poor brutes have the good sense not to boast of it."

EARLY WINTER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft, vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.—*BRYANT*.



VIEW OF BROOKLYN, FROM THE FOOT OF WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

ARTISTIC GLIMPSE OF JERSEY CITY, N. J.

The stranger, visiting Jersey City for the first time, is forcibly struck with the transition appearance of the place, and this fact is not less forcibly impressed upon the mind of one who sees it after the lapse of but a few years. The advent of the Erie Railroad; the location of the depot of the Cunard steamers, together with the rapidly increasing amount of travel over the great, and, we might say, the only line of southern transit, have urged on the march of improvement in such an unprecedented manner, that the transient visitor scarcely recognizes the place as he passes through its streets. Under these circumstances, it will not appear surprising that we have found it difficult to select material for illustration. There are as yet no striking public edifices to arrest the eye and ornament the city, although she promises much for the future; and the scenes of to-day are so rapidly giving way to the improvements of the morrow, that our sketches will only serve to show our readers of a year hence, not what Jersey City *is*, but what it *was*. They will serve a valuable purpose, however, as a reminiscence of the past, with a glimpse of the future. We well remember when an old wind-mill standing upon a narrow point of land which jutted out into the Hudson River from a background of low, wet, marshy ground, with a collection of a dozen or less squalid, ruinous frame buildings, represented all of Jersey City, and we have often regretted since that we

did not preserve a sketch of the scene, as a memento with which to compare its more modern appearance. The regret is vain, however, yet it will serve to show that the present sketches may, like good wine, improve by age. A glance at the history of the place, will convey a more vivid idea of its growth than any words of ours, and we hasten to give the best we have been able to obtain.—There is no doubt that the river once flowed completely around the three islands which now constitute the more elevated points of Jersey City and Hoboken. However that may be, at the time of the early settlement of the Dutch, two of these were connected with the main land by a narrow isthmus, and this peninsula, then called Paulus Hook (the Areseck Houck of the natives), was granted by letters patent to Abraham Isaacsen Plank, by Sir William Kieft, director-general of the Dutch West India Company, and his council of the Province of New Jersey, in 1638. In 1698, it was conveyed by Plank's heirs-at-law, to Ido Cornelisse Van Vorst, in whose family it remained until 1804, when Cornelius Van Vorst, one of his descendants, conveyed it to Anthony Dey. The amount of land sold by Mr. Vorst was the whole of the city east of a line drawn from Morgan Street, about the centre of the block between Washington and Warren Streets, to a point striking the Morris Canal at Van Vorst Street. The boundary was a ditch, but as this was rather indefinite and fre-

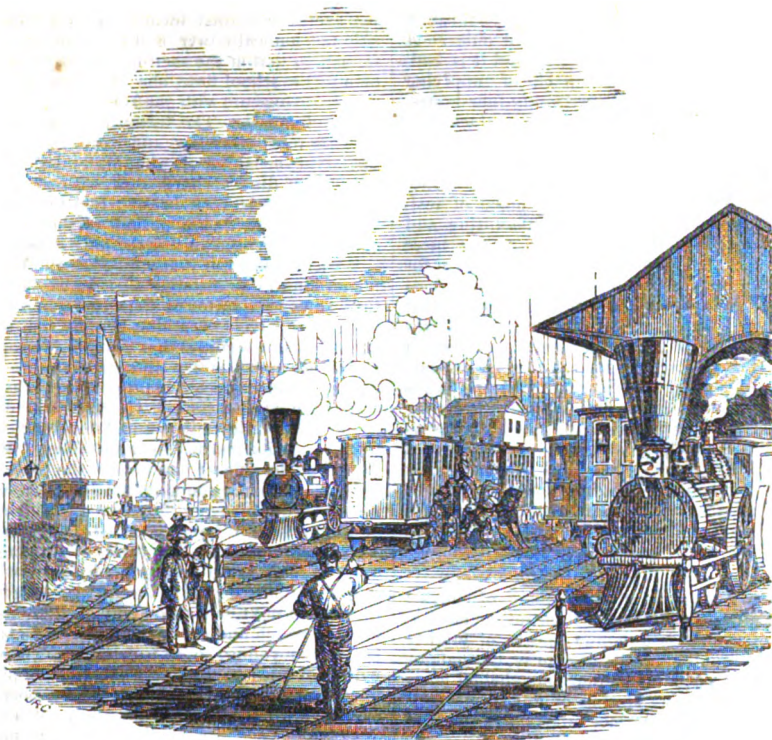


MONTGOMERY STREET, JERSEY CITY, LOOKING WEST.

quently involved disputes and misunderstanding, a surveyed line was established. The compensation was an annuity of \$6000, the purchaser having exclusive control of the land, ferry privileges, etc. After a few years, however, the legal heir of Van Vorst sold his whole right and title to the property for the sum of \$40,000, retaining the old homestead, and a large amount of real estate which was then in Harsimus, but which is now embraced within the city limits. The old manor-house, one of the oldest buildings in the State, is still standing, and is an interesting relic of past times. It stands upon the site of the residence of the first patroon. In the year 1804, the property changed hands several times, and on the 10th of November of that year, "The Associates of the Jersey Company," were incorporated by the legislature of the State, and the whole of Paulus Hook was laid out into blocks and squares, and subdivided into building lots. A map was made of the new city, and on all old deeds, the lines were located by "Mauguis Map." In 1838, an amended charter was obtained from the legislature, which incorporated all that part of the township of Bergen formerly called Paulus Hook, and all the inhabitants within its limits were declared a body corporate by the name of "The Mayor and Common Council of Jersey City." In 1839, a supplement was passed, extending the area of the city to embrace what was then called Harsimus, and in 1840, Hudson county was created, which embraces Jersey City. The new court-house was erected in the town (now city) of Hudson, about a mile from the ferry, and here are also situated the offices of county clerk, surrogate, etc., etc. In 1802, Major Hunt and family, John Murphy and wife, and Joseph Bryant, numbering thirteen persons all told, constituted the whole of the inhabitants of Paulus Hook. They occupied one house with its out-buildings, which was kept as a tavern for the accommodation of travellers crossing the ferry. In 1825, the number of taxable inhabitants was 118, of whom only 36 were freeholders, in 1829, there were 1025 inhabitants; in 1840, 4090, and in 1850, 11,437, while the census of 1855 showed that they had increased in five years nearly twofold, or numbering 21,000 souls. This rapid increase is unprecedented, except perhaps by the city of Brooklyn, and is owing entirely to the juxtaposition of the Empire City and the facility of access thereto. In fact the increase of the census of Jersey City has been in exact ratio with the increase and development of the ferry privileges. When Major Hunt kept the tavern in 1802, the means of crossing were confined to skiffs manned by rowers, with a pair of sculls each; the next advance was the employment of pirogues, or periaugas (a small craft, with two masts and a lee-board). These were followed by double steam ferry boats, built under the immediate superintendence of Fulton himself, and were called respectively the "York" and the "Jersey." These in time gave way to the "George Washington" and "Richard Varick," and they in turn to others, until at the present day we have a handsome fleet of first class boats, unexcelled for ferry purposes. The average time in crossing is four and a half minutes; the distance, a little over one mile. This ease of access to, and intimate connection with the city

of New York has had the natural tendency to draw to Jersey City a host of manufacturers, who avail themselves of the limited taxation and other facilities of the place, to make here what finds a market in the Empire City. More than one-third of the inhabitants do business across the water, and morning and evening, a continuous stream of passengers throng the boats and pour through her streets, and this living stream so rapidly augments that increased accommodations have been found necessary from time to time, until the ferry and railroad companies have united in the erection of an immense depot and ferry house. The incipient step to this undertaking was the taking a space equal to about ten acres from the river, which was done by docking and filling in with the mud and dirt dredged from the river. This alone cost \$140,000; the cost of the buildings is estimated at \$60,000 more; making a sum total of \$200,000. The main building or depot, is of brick, except about 180 feet, which is built over the water, and is of wood. The entire length of the building is 500 feet, by 103 feet wide; the height of the roof is 43 feet, exclusive of a cupola which runs the entire length and serves to admit light and ventilate the interior. The roof is formed of one entire arch, without any central support, and is made of corrugated galvanized iron, which forms a finish both outside and inside without painting. The front of the depot on Hudson Street, is 125 feet in width, two stories high, with handsome towers at the corners. The second story is devoted to the offices of the assistant superintendent, freight agent, conductor, and other officers and agents of the company. The cars run into the building on five different tracks, and the boat comes a sufficient distance under the water front to shelter the passengers in passing from one to the other. On each side of the depot are two slips, with handsome and commodious ferry houses for the accommodation of ferry passengers, and they are so connected with the depot, that in case the "car boat" should be in the slip, railroad passengers can take either boat without exposure to the weather. Altogether, the arrangement and plan of the building reflects great credit upon the architect, Mr. Job Male.

The view of Jersey City given on another page, was taken from on board one of the ferry boats, and gives a fair impression of the appearance of the place on approaching it from the New York side. One of the most prominent objects is the new depot and ferry houses above described. It will be seen that there are five slips, two on each side of the railroad slip, in the main building. The Cunard docks are seen to the right, together with two ocean steamers, while on the extreme right, the spire of the Presbyterian Church is a prominent landmark. This church is an object of considerable interest, it having originally stood in Wall Street, in the city of New York. When at the call of mammon the edifice was taken down to make room for more profitable buildings, the stones, timbers, etc., were marked and numbered, taken across the river, and erected on the present site, where it now stands, the perfect embodiment of its former self. Upon a tablet over the main door is the following inscription:—"Presbyterian Church, erected Anno Domini MDCCCLIV." In another of



VIEW IN REAR OF RAILROAD DEPOT, JERSEY CITY.

the small illustrations we have given a view of Montgomery Street from the ferry. This is the principal thoroughfare. Commencing at this point, and running westward the entire length of the city, it continues on over the marshy grounds to Bergen Hill, crossing which (passing through the city of Hudson), it at length merges into the turnpike road to Newark, over the "Jersey Meadows."—Passing up this street and turning to the right at the first corner, you have before you the busy scene represented in the picture on this page; a scene which many hundreds of our readers will recognize as the rear of the N. J. Railroad Depot, and the terminus of the Erie Railroad. The constant arrival and departure of trains; the coming and going of innumerable express wagons; the transfer of freight and passengers, and the hurrying to and fro of the employes of the companies, make this point an attractive object to the most cursory observer, while the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and its hoarse *cough* as it starts upon its journey, or "backs and fills" in the making up of trains, mingled with the lowing of cattle and various noises emanating from the stock cars; the ringing of bells; the rattling of wheels; the shouts of the newsboys and noise of the busy hammers from the adjacent workshops, form a chaos of sounds which fill the ear with convincing proof of the activity of the scene. The New Jersey, the Erie, the Morris and Essex, and N. J. Central Railroads, all have their termini here, and nearly

one hundred trains arrive and leave within twenty-four hours. While the want of space prevents us from speaking of the Morris Canal, with its constantly moving freights of coal from the mines of Pennsylvania; the manufactories of all kinds which contribute to the wealth and add to the importance of the city; the introduction of gas to light her streets, and other kindred improvements, we cannot pass her last and most important undertaking without a brief notice. We refer to the introduction of water and sewerage. In March, 1857, the Legislature passed an act "for the appointment of commissioners in relation to supplying Hoboken, Van Vorst and the city of Jersey with pure and wholesome water." The first commissioners were Edwin A. Stephens, Edward Coles, Dudley S. Gregory, Abraham Van Boskerck and John D. Ward, and they were empowered to appoint engineers, cause surveys to be made, etc. On the 22d of July of that year, they secured the services of William S. Whitwell, who was one of the chief engineers on the Boston Water-works, and he immediately commenced the work of examination, drawing plans, making estimates, etc., of various sources which had been spoken of. After the proper investigation, it was decided to bring the water from the Passaic, at Belleville, a distance of eight miles, and operations were at once commenced. The water is raised from the river into a reservoir, by means of a steam pump of great power, and after traversing the meadows in iron

pipes, is received into a large reservoir on Bergen heights, from which it is distributed through a multiplicity of mains to the several cities. A careful calculation has been made, and it is estimated that the reservoir is capable of supplying two millions of gallons every twenty-four hours. The introduction of water into manufactories, stores and dwellings, together with an efficient system of sewerage; the advantages of gas and many other valuable features of domestic economy, render Jersey City a desirable place of residence, while the facilities for manufacturing and ease of transit, make it attractive to the mere business man, and the course of the city must for many years to come be onward and upward.—Paulus Hook was fortified with a small stockaded block-house during the Revolution, which was attacked by Major Lee, with a small force, and a large part of its garrison made prisoners of war. It was at this point that Sergeant Champe, in his pretended desertion from the American army for the purpose of capturing Arnold, and thus saving the life of André, embarked on board of a barge and escaped to New York, though hotly pursued by a party of dragoons. Our series includes a view of the court-house and jail of Hudson county, New York.

MUSIC.

There is a magic in the very name of music; it brings with it a flood of delightful memories, echoes of grand symphonies, peals of mighty organs summoning thousands to pray, the clangor of brazen trumpets maddening marshalled hosts to the fury of battle; strains of unwritten melody, the purling of summer brooks, the carols of woodland birds, the plaintive wailing of winds among the forest foliage; for

"There's music in the forest leaves
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls
That braid their sunny hair."

But music, glorious as it is, may be a terror and a Lore. A squeaking fife or a tuneless hand-organ grates most horribly on the tympanum. The piano-forte may be an instrument of divinest harmony, or a machine fit to rank among the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, according as it is played with taste and skill or belabored with tuneless mechanism. And this leads us to inquire why an ear for music is no longer considered a requisite in a fashionable young lady? Why should fashion decree that a young lady, merely because she is a young lady, must be compelled to learn to play on the piano, whether she has the capacity to become a musician or no?

In no particular branch of education is absurdity so regularly carried out as it is in music; every young lady must learn to play; this is one of the absolute requirements of modern society; she may scarcely have ear enough to distinguish the tunes she learns from one another; her hands may be so clumsy and incapable of being trained, that after years of scale practice, one may always safely bet on the right hand as sure to distance its competitor by two or three notes in the race; these matters are only so many little difficulties, to be overcome by persevering application; and after a frightfully large proportion of the most precious part of life has been expended in the attempt to achieve an impossibility, what is the

result? After the most successful struggle of perseverance against incapacity, very considerable mechanical power and precision may be attained, so that at the sacrifice of fully one fourth of a girl's school time, she shall be able, after dinner, to execute with good effect some elaborate piece of music. The instances to which we allude are rare—very few and very far between; but we are speaking of what may possibly be acquired by dint of hard work. The price paid down for this is very heavy; that fourth part of the school-time was a period of the extremest drudgery; but that is not the only consideration—it was taken from something else. Youth is not so long in its duration that we can afford to throw away a quarter of the educational period; these girls have tastes that require cultivation, and talents or facilities that require development, and these must suffer and remain more or less dormant and neglected in proportion to that large amount of wasted time. "Nothing in the world is single," Shelley tells us, and this evil in particular entails and necessitates others. But we looked at the subject just now in the most favorable aspect that it can assume; in about ninety-five cases out of every hundred the same waste of time results in nothing, or else in something worse than nothing—in a style of playing that only disgusts those among the listeners who are gifted with any degree of musical appreciation. Surely the next generation will be wiser, and will learn to watch and study the tastes and capabilities of the young, so as to lend help where help will be of use; to develop what God has planted, instead of trying so vainly to do his especial and exclusive work—to create the germ of any gift or grace. Then we shall have a more pleasing and intelligent race, though they may number among them fewer "musical people."

THE ASH TREE.

In the Highlands of Scotland, at the birth of a child, it is said that the nurse takes a bunch of the ash tree, one end of which she puts into the fire, and while it is burning, receives into a spoon the sap which oozes from the other end; this she gives to the child to be mingled with its first food. It is supposed to impart wonderful virtue. In a certain part of Scotland, near Kenetree church, is a famous ash, the trunk of which is now twenty-one feet ten inches in circumference. When a funeral of one of the peasantry passes by this tree, the procession pauses, the body is laid down for a few minutes, while all offer a few words of prayer. Then each person casts a stone to increase the heap which has been accumulated over its roots. This is imagined to benefit both the dead and the living.—*Scottish Life*.

PRUDENTIAL CONSIDERATION.

A lady of a distinguished officer died in one of our colonies, just previous to which she expressed a wish to be buried in England, and was, accordingly, deposited in a cask of rum, for the purpose of transport home; but remained in the cellar after the officer's second marriage; the detention being occasioned by his expectation that the duty on spirit imported into England, in which the dear departed was preserved, would in a few years be either lowered or taken off altogether! Strange as this may seem, it is true.

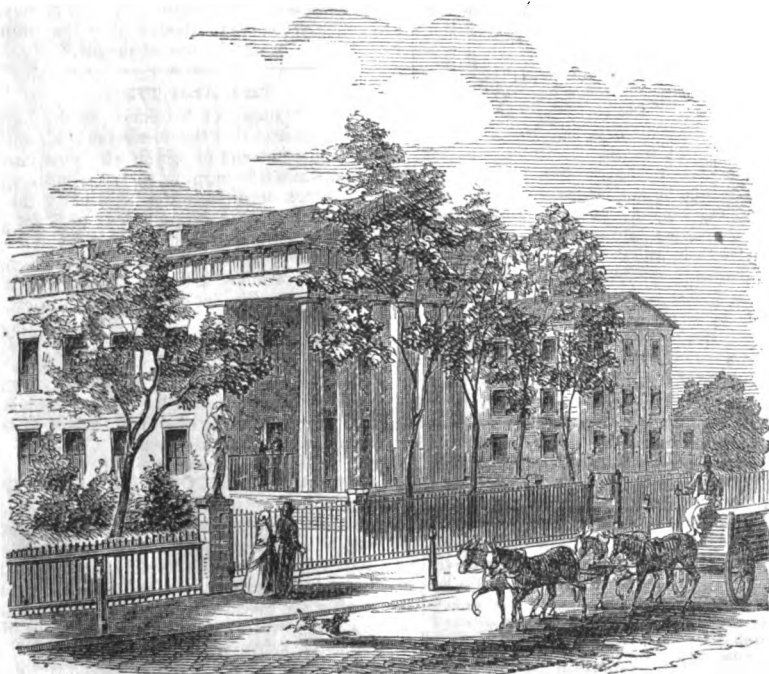
JAPANESE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Honorable Frank Hall, who is now in Japan, speaks thus favorably of the Nipponese children: "During more than half a year's residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen a blow struck, scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, flying their kites on the hills, and no amount of intangled strings or kites lodged in the trees provoked angry words or impatience. I have seen them intent on their games of jackstones and marbles under the shaded gateways of the temples, but have never seen an approach to a quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence for the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarity seldom seen. We have nothing to teach them in this respect out of our abundant civilization. I speak what I know of the little folks of Japan, for more than any foreigner have I been among them. Of all that Japan holds, there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. I shall always remember their sloe black eyes and ruddy brown faces with pleasure. I have played battledoor with the little maidens in the streets, and flown kites in the fields with as happy a set of boys as one could wish to see. They have been my guides in my rambles; shown me where all the streams and ponds were, where the flowers lay hid in the thickets, where the berries were ripening on the hills; they have brought me shells from the ocean and blossoms from the field, presenting them with all the modesty and a less bashful grace than a young American boy would do.

We have hunted the fox holes together, and looked for green and golden ducks among the hedge. They have laughed at my broken Japanese and taught me better, and for a happy, good-natured set of children, I will turn out my little Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Nippon."

VARIOUS MODES OF SALUTATION.

Of all the different modes of salutation in various countries, there is none so graceful as that which prevails in Syria. At New Guinea the fashion is certainly picturesque; for they place their hands on the leaves of trees as symbols of peace and friendship. An Ethiopian takes the robe of another and ties it about his own waist, leaving his friend partially naked. In a cold climate this would not be very agreeable. Sometimes it is usual for persons to place themselves naked before those they salute as a sign of humility. This custom was put in practice before Sir Joseph Banks when he received the visit of two Otaheitan females. The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands take the hand or foot of him they salute, and gently rub their face with it, which is at all events more agreeable than that of the Laplanders, who have a habit of rubbing noses, applying their own proboscis with some degree of force to that of the person they desire to salute. The salute with which you are greeted in Syria is at once most graceful and flattering; the hand is raised with a quick but gentle motion, to the heart, to the lips, and to the head, to intimate that the person saluting is willing to serve you, to think for you, and to act for you.—*Farley's Syria.*



COURT HOUSE AND JAIL OF HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.



VIEW OF JERSEY CITY, N. J., FROM THE RIVER.

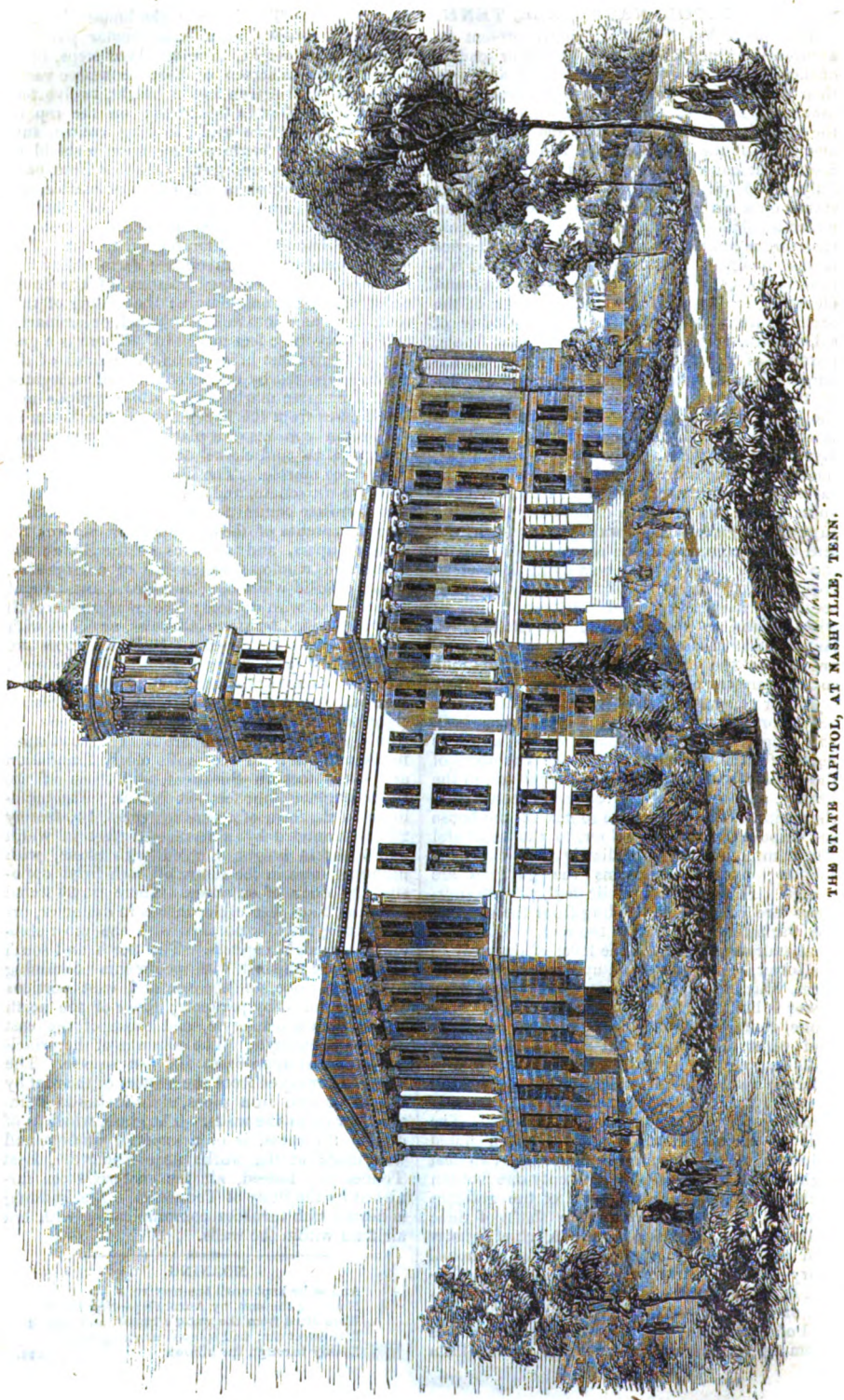
STATE CAPITOL, NASHVILLE, TENN.

This noble building, of which we present an accurate drawing, will serve to show our readers of the older States what architectural advances their brethren of much younger States are making. The structure reflects high credit on the liberality of the legislature, and on the taste and skill of the architect, William Strickland, Esq. The corner-stone was laid on the fourth of July, 1845, with appropriate ceremonies. It stands on a hill in the centre of the city, from which a noble prospect is obtained. The whole structure is built of limestone taken from quarries in the vicinity of Nashville. The following is a description of this noble edifice:—In plan and elevation, the design and whole character of the architecture is essentially Grecian, consisting of a Doric basement, supporting, on its four fronts, porticos of the Ionic order, taken from the example of the Erechtheum at Athens. In the centre of the building rises a tower above the roof, to the height of 80 feet; the superstructure of which is after the order of the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates at Athens. The various chambers, halls and porticos are arched throughout. The rafters of the roof are of wrought iron, having a span of the whole width of the building, being supported by the interior walls at the north end, and by the columns of the southern division of the building, the whole covered by thick sheets of copper. In plan the basement story is intersected by longitudinal and transverse halls of wide dimensions, to the right of and left of which large and commodious rooms are to be appropriated to the uses of the governor, supreme court, secretary of state, federal court, etc. The crypt, or cellar story, in part, is to be used as a depository of arms. From the great central hall, you approach the principal story by a double flight of stairs, which leads to the chambers of the senate and house of representatives, to the library, and to the other rooms in connection therewith. The committee-rooms of the house are disposed on the same floor, to the right and left, communicating immediately with it and the lobbies; over these rooms the galleries are placed. Flanking the public hall, private stairways are constructed, leading from the crypt to the various stories, and to the roof. A geometrical stairway leads from the level of the roof to the tower, where you stand upon an arched platform, which is intended for an observatory. The tower is built up from the foundation of solid stone, containing four niches in the basement and eight in the principal story, with spacious halls leading to the right and left. The principal stairway, which is thirty feet in width, leads from the centre of the building to the hall of representatives, senate chamber and library. The hall of representatives contains sixteen fluted columns of the Roman Ionic order, two feet eight inches in diameter, and twenty-one feet ten inches in height, from the level of the galleries over the committee-rooms. The shafts of these columns are all in one piece. A chief beauty and convenience in the design of the principal story—so much superior to the plan of the Capitol at Washington—is, that the committee-rooms are on the same plan with, and surrounding the hall of representatives; the dimensions of this room are 100 feet by 70—height of ceiling from

floor, 40 feet. The forum of the house of representatives consists of a semi-circular platform three feet in height, forming three steps, upon which there is a screen of East Tennessee variegated marble, thirteen feet in height, twelve feet wide, and one foot in thickness; on the top of which is a cornice and blocking course, surmounted by an eagle resting upon a shield of cast iron, bronzed and gilt. One foot from each end of the screen on a die of black marble, the Roman fasces are placed, which are of beautiful variegated East Tennessee marble, one foot two inches in diameter, and ten feet in height. The senate chamber is of an oblong form, thirty-five by seventy feet, having pilasters of the Ionic order with a full entablature; the ceiling of this room is formed into radiating panel, or lacunaria, and is forty-three feet in height. There is a gallery of twelve feet in width on three sides of the room, supported by twelve columns of variegated East Tennessee marble, with white capitals and black bases from the Erechtheum. The forum in this room consists of a platform of two steps; the appealers' and clerks' desks are of fine East Tennessee marble. The library is immediately opposite the senate, and is 35 by 35 feet; on each side there are committee-rooms communicating. Over the arches of these rooms are alcoves for books, papers, and archives of the State; the doors and windows, which are of a large size, are all of solid white oak, moulded, panelled and ornamented with devices; the windows are all double, divided by stone pilasters, enriched with consoles, ovolo and spears. All the floors are groin-arched and flagged with rubbed stone; hanging stone steps throughout the building. The building stands upon a rusticated basement eighteen feet in height, which is tooled on all fronts, and the superstructure is of rubbed stone inside and out; all the walls of the foundation are seven feet in thickness, and those of the superstructure, four feet six inches. The building is in the form of a parallelogram, 140 feet by 270, surrounded by a terrace 17 feet in width and 6 feet in height, flagged with stone, with flights of steps in the centre of each front opposite the door of entrance. There are 28 fluted columns, four feet eight inches in diameter, ornamenting the four porticos with the most elaborately wrought capitals. The north and south porticos are finished with pediments containing ceilings of stone, and the east and west porticos are surmounted by parapets; those of the north and south are octo-style, and those of the east and west hexastyle. The columns of the principal story rest upon bases six feet square. The water is conveyed from the gutters of the roof by means of cast iron pipes, eight inches in diameter, buried in the walls. The glass, which is of double thickness, is of a superior quality, and was made at the works near Knoxville, East Tennessee; indeed, all the materials are furnished by the State of Tennessee. The building is heated with furnaces communicating with hot air flues within the walls.

MORNING.

And so he kept until the rosy veils
Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand,
Were lifted from the water's breast, and fanned
Into sweet air; and sobered morning came
Meekly through the billows. KRAZE.



[ORIGINAL.]

BABIE NELL.

BY WILL ALLEN.

Under the arching boughs so green,
Under the willow's shade,
Under the sod where grasses grow,
Sweet babe Nell is laid!—
Darling babe Nell!

Never the pensive, dreamy eyes
Will look up into ours:
So like were they to summer skies,
Or wildwood, aure flowers!
Ansel babe Nell!

O babe Nell, in paradise,
Among the angel band,
Be thou the beacon to our eyes,
So we may reach that land!
Blessed babe Nell!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE HEIR OF HOMEWOOD.

BY MRS. A. L. CRUIKSHANK.

"THERE, mother, that's the last time I shall ever take them out. Robert must go to-morrow. I do not dare to trust myself in the boat with that insolent fellow again, for nothing but the presence of the ladies prevented my pitching him over to-day."

Mrs. Stevens laid down her work and went to the side of her impetuous boy, whose flushed and agitated features were hidden in his hands. Her cheek grew a shade paler, her hand had a slight tremor, and the tone was peculiar in which she asked:

"What is the trouble, Walter, dear?" as if she could very well have answered her own question.

For many minutes both kept silence, but as the "loving mother hand" smoothed his disordered hair, lingering with a fond, soft touch on each glossy curl, the fierce fire in the boy's heart was quenched in tears.

"You are overwearied, Walter dear; the care of the boat is too much for you this warm weather; let me make you comfortable here on the sofa for an hour or two, and you will feel refreshed and better presently."

Nothing could have been pleasanter than Mrs. Stevens's cottage parlor in summer time, with its handsome, old-fashioned furniture, the birds and books, the beautiful English roses wreathing the one deep window, and filling the air with perfume, and the glorious bay view where the eye wandered from the white beach and glittering

sheltered waters, far out beyond the promontory where the great waves dashed ceaselessly on black, dangerous-looking rocks. It was a lovely spot to dwell on, the sheltered side of that green hill; but the sad-hearted mother was not thinking of the beauties of her home just now. Various painful thoughts were filling her mind, and while she sat so still, watching the sleeper at her side, a whirl of busy plans was passing through her brain.

She took no heed of the passing hours, nor once moved her eyes from that loved face, until the bright glare of the setting sun, entering the window and the sound of approaching footsteps recalled her wandering thoughts. Rising hastily, she met a tall and stately stranger in the vine-covered porch, who, removing his hat with an air of profound respect, asked for her son.

"I have just heard from my daughter of the shameful treatment your son met with this morning, madam; it would not have happened had I been present, and I feel it my duty to apologize. A party of friends have just arrived with me, and if he will assist us in getting up a moonlight excursion this evening, I trust we shall be able to efface the remembrance of this morning's unpleasantness from his mind."

"My son is within, sir. I think it quite probable he will go with you."

Walter came to meet them, aroused by the strange voice. At the first glance the stranger started visibly, and when the lad spoke, appeared to lose his self-command completely, gazing from mother to son and back again quite bewildered. Mrs. Stevens could not endure that questioning glance, and walked to the window to hide her confusion; but Walter, all unconscious of wrong, began to speak of his boat, and willingly consented to take out the party proposed.

"My little girl has told you all about her papa, she says, and I feel the deepest gratitude for your care of her; it has materially aided in the improvement I see in her health, and while I remain here, remember that the Seabird and her young commander are always engaged. This is a lovely spot," he added, walking to the window, and gazing with an appreciative eye on the splendid prospect. "It must be very dear to you, madam?"

"It is dear to me as Walter's birthplace," said Mrs. Stevens.

"Then you have not always lived here?"

"No." And again she had to turn away from that penetrating eye which seemed to read her soul.

The stranger once more turned to Walter, but with an air that said plainly he would ask more

questions if he had dared, the plan for the evening was fully arranged, and he took his leave.

"Who is that, Walter?"

"Why, mother, how pale and faint you look! what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing whatever. But you do not answer my question?"

It was Walter's turn to look confused. "It is Sir Richard Hamilton, the father of that little girl with Colonel Travers's family."

"And what did young Travers say to you this morning to make you so angry?"

"O, nothing. I don't want to think any more about it; don't ask me, please, mother."

Mrs. Stevens unclasped the caressing arms from her neck, and looked into that handsome, agitated face with strange earnestness.

"I insist on your telling me, Walter; no matter what it was, it will not hurt my feelings."

"Mother, I cannot tell you. I would have told you long ago if I had dared, for this is not the first time I have been insulted so, but I can bear it."

"He said I had no husband, did he not?"

"Mother, he did."

"Walter, my boy, tell him he lies! You have no need to blush for your mother, your birth was free from shame as his own. Never let these idle speeches give you one moment's unhappiness again, and the time may come when all these sorrowful days will be repaid to us. And now don't ask me any more questions, for I see your curiosity is all aroused, but let us settle our minds to every-day affairs, and prepare for your going this evening."

How gladly the boy would have learned more, his mother well understood; but he obeyed her implicitly, trusting to her promise that the time would come when she would tell him all, and whatever the mystery, there was inexpressible comfort in knowing that there was no disgrace. "No disgrace!" Blessed thought, in spite of his inborn pride this one horror had always crushed him.

On leaving the cottage, Sir Richard hastened down the winding cliff road to the hotel where he had left his party, his mind full of strange thoughts which he was eager to disclose. A beautiful little girl met him on the piazza of the Bay-View House, whose small and ill furnished rooms were suggestive of anything but comfort, and her eager inquiries showed how deeply her youthful feelings were interested.

"It is all right, darling; your young sailor bears no malice, and has promised to go with us this evening. Run about now and amuse yourself here while I go in and see Aunt Maria."

"Papa and Aunt Maria do not want me, Mr. Villiers and Cousin Emily send me away, Mrs. Travers says I make her head ache, Albert Travers does nothing but tease me when he is pleasant, and frighten me, he is so wicked, when he is cross, and nobody seems to want me near them, only Walter—poor Walter! How cruel it was of that bad Albert to say such things this morning. I am glad he is not going with us to-night." And then the little lonely child went down among the flowers in the old fashioned garden.

A pale but very lovely lady rose to meet Sir Richard as he entered the long, low parlor; he held her hand in his, and led her to a seat.

"Maria, something very strange has happened since I went out."

"What is it, Richard? I could see it in your face as you came down the street." And by the light in her beautiful eyes it was easy to see how interested she was in all that he said or did.

"I have just seen a lad of sixteen or seventeen, who so exactly resembles Walter at that age, that for a moment I was completely overcome; every action, the sound of his voice, even that peculiar change of color with every emotion, and to crown all, his name is Walter. Maria, I don't know what to think. If I did not know Walter so thoroughly, was not so perfectly convinced of his integrity, sound principles and untarnished honor, I should certainly imagine all sorts of queer things, but it is impossible."

"Of course it is impossible. Walter is the very soul of honor, and if he had ever formed an attachment, would most certainly have made the object of it mistress of Homewood. Not like poor me, who was always under papa's control." And she sighed faintly, as if the recollection was anything but a happy one.

"One thing is certain," said Sir Richard, "I will find out more about that boy, he interests me strangely."

"He interests Adela too," said the lady, with a smile; "she is never weary of praising him. I feel quite anxious to see this counterpart of my brother; he must be very handsome indeed, to look as Walter did at seventeen."

"He is handsome, exceedingly handsome," said the gentleman, with enthusiasm; "but here is the boat, you shall judge for yourself, now."

In five minutes the party were at the beach, where Walter Stevens with his assistant, Robert, an old, experienced sailor, was waiting to receive them on board the Seabird, the swiftest, safest and best sail boat within a hundred miles.

Mr. Villiers and "Cousin Emily," the latter a niece of Sir Richard's late wife, went first, Sir Richard himself aided the steps of his lady love,

and could not feel grateful enough to Walter for the agitation he caused her, it was such an admirable excuse for affectionate attentions. Little Adela came last, and with a strange thrill of delight the young sailor aided her steps, she was so fair and gentle, so different from the village girls.

Once out upon the bay, and Mrs. Osborn and Sir Richard had every opportunity to criticise Walter, and speculate upon the strange likeness he bore to one they both loved, a likeness so strong that even the sister dare hardly say it was a coincidence.

"You know we never were separated but that one year, when I was at school in Paris," she said, "and then he never failed to write every week, telling me all his troubles, and in fact all through life I have known his every thought." But not even to a beloved sister was Walter Travers's heart fully opened.

The sail was delightful; numerous other boats were out enjoying the moonlight, some with sweet music sounding over the water, some with parties of gay singers. It was the hour for sentiment, and more than one anxious lover improved the opportunity, trusting to the charm of the moonlight to aid in giving him a favorable response.

Walter told Adela stories of the sea, with which he had been familiar all his life, wonderful, stirring tales which made her hold her breath, and grasp his arm with fear. Very softly he took the little waxen fingers in his own, the childish clasp so trusting, causing his cheek to burn and his heart to throb. No one ever knew the thoughts that came to Walter on that never-to-be-forgotten night; sitting in the moonlight with that trembling little hand in his, he could not have spoken them himself, but they were aspiring, ambitious hopes, and they made a man of him from that hour.

"Master Walter, that fellow seems determined to run us down," cried old Robert, suddenly. "I have been watching him, and he is up to mischief."

The warning came too late, the strange boat, evidently with a design, bore down upon them, striking near the stern, and instantly passing over them. Cousin Emily's shrieks had attracted the notice of several boats, and help was near, but not until all hands had been for several minutes in the water, and little Adela dangerously exhausted. At the moment of striking Walter had caught her in his arms, and death alone would have loosened that clasp, but the sudden immersion, the cold and the fright, were too much for the delicate child, and she lay in

Walter's arms in a swoon so like death that the faint beating of her heart could scarcely convince him that she still lived.

To the astonishment of all but Walter, the heavy boat which had occasioned the catastrophe was manned by one sailor only, and his passenger was Albert Travers. The young man's apologies were apparently so earnest, his alarm so unfeigned, and his indignation at the sailor's stupidity so dangerous to that individual's life and limbs, that Sir Richard felt obliged at least in words to acquit him of blame, but when he would take the child he sternly bade him "sit still, and not endanger them a second time."

This accident put a stop to all boating for Walter and Adela, as the child continued ill for many weeks, and had to be removed from the noise of the hotel, to Mrs. Stevens's quiet cottage, whither her father, Mrs. Osborn and Miss Emily also went. This latter lady was striving hard to win the heir of "all the Travers property;" "for you must see," she wrote to a married sister, "how much greater catch he is than Villiers, who only comes in for his father's estates, while Albert will inherit all his rich Uncle Walter's fortune, which is a princely income of itself. I would not think of him at all if it were not for that, but you know Walter Travers will never marry now. By the way, I wish Harry would find out exactly what the yearly rental of the Homewood property is, I want to be quite certain about everything."

Miss Emily so occupied young Travers's time that Walter had many precious hours of Adela's sweet companionship, sitting by her sofa and telling her sea stories when she was ill, carrying her to the garden when the sun shone, and collecting wonderful treasures of curious shells and stones, and daily learning to love the little creature more fervently.

Miss Emily and Albert Travers left the bay "engaged." Sir Richard and Mrs. Osborn also had renewed a youthful engagement once broken by a stern father's command, and Walter in his own mind had resolved that Adela should one day be his.

On bidding farewell to the kind inmates of the cottage, the child kissed Mrs. Stevens earnestly, then throwing herself into Walter's arms cried bitterly.

"God bless you, my boy! I shall never forget that I owe her life to your presence of mind. If I can ever do anything for you only let me know it."

Mrs. Osborn pressed the young man's hand; she too had a most unaccountable regard for him.

"If money or influence can at any time aid

you, let me know, I have both. You too may need a friend, dear madam, I know from experience how lonely a widow is at times."

Mrs. Stevens blushed painfully. "I am not a widow." Then as the color faded from her cheek, leaving her deathly white, she added, "I have not seen my husband for many years, yet I know that he is alive."

"My last hope is dead," said Mrs. Osborn, when she and Sir Richard were next alone. "I had some lingering idea that he might be Walter's son in spite of all I know to the contrary, but to hear her speak of her husband has completely dispelled the illusion. I would that he had such a boy, if only to prevent that wretched Albert from being master of Homewood."

"I can truly congratulate you this time, my dear sister; your improved looks alone would tell me that you are happy." And the earnest tone brought tears to her bright eyes.

Walter Travers had just returned from a long sojourn in foreign lands—he came to spend Christmas in England—his only sister had been the wife of Sir Richard Hamilton just one month. To his partial eyes she had never looked so beautiful as he now saw her, splendidly dressed in velvet and lace, and glittering with diamonds, the light of love dancing in her eyes, blooming cheeks and smiling lips.

"Truly, darling, some good fairy must have renewed your youth; common mortals do not have the gift of unfading beauty."

"Dear Walter, think how my youth was clouded, what a wretched existence I dragged out as Mr. Osborn's wife, and do not grudge me my happiness."

"Not if it were threefold what it is! You and Richard are now rewarded for the cruel sufferings of other days, though some suffer and are never rewarded," he added, with a bitter tone.

"How unfortunate that I should be obliged to go out to-night, when I have so much to say to you, but we must not disappoint Lady L—. One thing though I must tell you before I go—we had quite an adventure down at C— Bay last summer, where Sir Richard was advised to take Adela. We found a boy living there with his mother who so remarkably resembled you that I was quite overcome on first beholding him. The likeness was quite startling; Richard and brother William both saw it as plainly as I did, and Albert took a dreadful dislike to the poor fellow in consequence."

"Maria, how absurd," said Mr. Travers, turning his face from his sister's inspection, and tak-

ing up a book. "I hope he was a tolerably good-looking fellow, however."

"Now don't laugh about it. I really felt interested in the lad, who is about sixteen, remarkably handsome, and what seems more strange, bears your name. His mother's name is Stevens. But I see you don't feel interested in my favorite, and as the carriage has come, I must leave you for an hour or two."

Bending forward as she spoke, Lady Hamilton saw that her brother's face was ashy pale, while the book on which he seemed so intent was held upside down. Inexpressibly shocked, she hastened from the room in silence, all her previous suspicions aroused and strengthened by this little incident.

"I will fathom this mystery to the bottom," was her resolve, as she drove home from the ball. "Walter cannot resist my entreaties, and it may make us all happier to clear up this dark secret."

But again disappointment awaited her. Mr. Travers had left the house soon after her ladyship, bidding the servants inform his sister that she should hear from him shortly, and with this unsatisfactory message she was forced to be content.

Sir Richard insisted that she should wait patiently for the event, on pain of being a prisoner for the rest of the season. "Anxiety of mind and fatigue of body would soon show their work," so the subject was at once banished, so far as he was concerned; but many and anxious prayers did that loving sister offer up for the success of the search she felt her brother was now making.

And now let us follow Walter Travers to C— Bay, whither he had so soon started on learning of the discovery made by Lady Hamilton. He had made every inquiry of the innkeeper, and could only learn that Mrs. Stevens and her son had left their home some months before.

"So this is all you can tell me, and I am once more to see all my hopes disappointed?" And he paced the narrow inn parlor with angry impatience, the weary look on his handsome face frightfully increased by two days of travel and anxiety.

"Yes, sir, all I know about the widow and her boy; but it may be that Doctor Browne can give you more information. He was the only person in the neighborhood that ever visited them, and his housekeeper, Dame Patten, was with the poor lone creature when her child was born. She seemed to feel herself above us common folks, so we let her enjoy her pleasure, and very few of the women round here ever went to the cliff cottage. They do say she had money come

regular, and never touched it, and it must have gathered to quite a round sum in all these years, but this was gossip's guesswork, for she was mighty close about her own affairs, and our good doctor too knows how to keep a friend's secret."

Walter left the hotel where he had been so unsuccessful, and with a shudder at its look of desolation, now when deserted by the gay summer visitors, and a longing look at the still more bleak and desolate cottage on the cliff, proceeded to the doctor's residence. A very cosy and comfortable home even on the sea coast in winter, had Doctor Browne secured for himself, a pretty, old fashioned cottage, with peaked gables and latticed chamber windows, standing in the midst of evergreens and half enclosed by a tall yew hedge. Walter Travers had a presentiment that nothing but good news awaited him in that inviting place.

"The doctor was in," Dame Patten said, and showed the stranger to what was honored by the name of study, where the owner sat in dressing-gown and slippers, awaiting his good housekeeper's call to dinner. Travers stated his business, to make a few inquiries about Mrs. Stevens, and her present place of residence.

"Was he a friend of that lady's?" The doctor had an eye like an eagle and his companion knew it was trying to read his very soul, but he could meet even that piercing gaze.

"A very dear friend indeed," he answered, "the nearest and dearest she could have on earth."

"I judged as much by the likeness your son bears to you," the doctor said, "but my very interesting patient has led a solitary life for many years. I do not like to accuse a stranger of wrong, but there have been times of sickness and sorrow when that poor creature stood in need of a friend if ever woman did."

"I know it; I know all of which you would accuse me but I am blameless; for twelve long years I have searched for her unceasingly, and now when I thought she was indeed found, I am again doomed to disappointment."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," said the doctor, whose kind heart was warming towards his strange visitor; "but here comes the dame to say dinner is waiting—we can talk this over at table—you look as if you needed some one to prescribe for you, and I order a good dinner as a commencement. We live very plainly down here, but my housekeeper is a treasure, roasts fowl to a turn, and makes a pudding you can depend on." And he led the way to a comfortable dining-room, where a dinner-table was laid with abundance of good things for a much

larger party. "I lead such a lonely life down here that guests are not to be slighted," said the hospitable little host, when he had done justice to the dame's good cookery; "and we lay violent hands on those who happen in about at the dinner hour, which with us country physicians is all hours. Now try that wine, I take brandy myself when I take anything—a little and good' is my motto in the drinking way—and I will tell you all I know about your friend. It is seventeen years since she came here and hired the cliff cottage—her son was born before she had been here a week—and from that time she seemed to look on Dame Patten and me as her best friends. There were many cruel things said about her in the village, but people soon got tired of talking, and so as years passed on, she was allowed to live here unmolested. Twice a year she went to C—and drew money from one bank and placed it in the other; where this came from she never told me, and I never asked; but I believed her when she said she was married, and I respected her sorrows and her silence. After living here five years she bought the cottage, and did considerable in the way of beautifying it, but always lived very plainly, devoting her time to the education of her boy, a task I assisted her in as he grew older. Last summer some fine city folks came down here, and one little girl met with an accident that nearly cost her her life, and nothing would do but they must go to the cottage, where they completely turned the boy's head. He never looked the same afterwards, and his mother decided on taking him abroad for the winter. The fact was, the boy pined for a different kind of life, and though it almost broke my old heart to part with him, I advised her to go by all means. She wrote me on her arrival at Rome, where she means to let the boy study, and that was the last I have heard of my interesting patient, in whom I take a father's interest. Now, sir, I have answered all your questions, and as I have not the same scruples with you that prevented my intruding on her silence, I must beg to say that I have a deep curiosity to know more of this mystery of seventeen years. And first, are you the husband of that poor, broken-hearted young creature?"

Walter Travers roused himself from the reverie he had fallen into, to reply:

"Your kindness to both of us merits the fullest confidence in return, dear doctor, and I assure you positively that I *am* her husband. We were married when quite children, and after a few happy months were separated by some most artfully-contrived plans, so deeply and skilfully laid as to baffle all my efforts at unrav-

elling them. Of course I had my suspicions about the author of my misery, but I could prove nothing, and only within these three days have I been on a certain track. Numberless vain journeys have I taken, only to find each disappointment more bitter than the last, and even now I hardly indulge hope."

"Your wife dreads a discovery, I know, and doubtless she has her own reasons for it. That may be the occasion of her assuming the name of Stevens."

"It was her father's name. I became acquainted with her soon after his death. She was very beautiful, and from feeling an interest in her grief, I learned to love her better than my life. I was only a schoolboy myself, spending my vacation at the country house of a friend, but a few short weeks made a great change in my whole life. Mary and I met, accidentally at first, afterwards by appointment; we were wretched when apart, and I induced her at last to consent to a private marriage. She had no one to ask—my father's consent it was worse than useless to seek—we did not think or speak of the future, only the present happiness was in our minds. One night I left Mary at her own door, and turned away with a presentiment of coming evil. Just beyond I saw a man turn hastily round the corner of the street—all the village had long been asleep—I could not be certain in the moonlight, but I felt assured that it was my father! Next morning a messenger called me home, who never for an instant allowed me to leave his presence. I was totally dependent upon my father's will, and I dared not rebel; my brother William would only too gladly have stepped into my place, and I could not doom my loving little wife to such poverty as must be our fate. On reaching London, I found that a situation abroad had been secured for me, and three days after I was sent away like a convict, never for one instant released from the strictest surveillance. Then I knew that my stern, cold-hearted father had learned our secret, and I trembled at the fate that might be in store for the poor girl who had so loved and trusted. I never saw either of them again. My father was abroad himself when I returned to England, and I learned that Mary had disappeared from her native village the day after I left. The cruellest scandal had been circulated about her, but happily she knew nothing of that. From that time I have unceasingly sought her at home and abroad, and never until now with any certainty of success. Of course I shall now go instantly to Rome, there being no longer any danger in avowing that she is my wife. As I would not consent to marry a wo-

man he selected, my father would never see me. I believe his remorse would not allow him to contemplate the wreck he had made; but he left me the bulk of his fortune, a most useless possession to me, if I am doomed not to find my wife."

"Your story is a most romantic one, Mr. Travers," said the doctor, "and I trust it will end happily, as all romances ought to do. I have not the slightest doubt that it is your wife and son in whom I have been so interested, and I see no reason why you should not find them now. I almost envy you the happiness in store for you, a most amiable and lovely wife, and a boy of whom any father might be proud; there are not such prospects for an old bachelor like me."

Travers smiled sadly. "Think of the weary years I have been looking for them," he said. "Who can give us back all those years which might have been spent so happily?"

"O, mother what a delightful city this is! I am overpowered, surfeited and weary of very loveliness; it is like some bright dream to be here." And the excited youth flung himself on the floor, and laid his head in her lap, in the old, boyish fashion.

"Walter, would it disappoint you too much, dear, if we were to leave here quite soon, say to-morrow, or next day?" And Mrs. Stevens hesitated as if she feared the effect of her words.

The lad stood up quite calm, but pale, his excitement all gone.

"Is it absolutely necessary, mother? But there, I need not ask, I see that in your face. Of course I am ready to go, to do anything you wish, dear mother, anything to make you happy. It has been a great joy to me to come here, and I have seen enough to dream on for the rest of my life."

"We will come back again, dear, some time; but now I must go away for the same reason we came here. Colonel Travers with his wife and son arrived here to-day; I passed them in the hall, but my veil was down and they did not recognize me. Sir Richard Hamilton and his wife will be here this evening."

"And if it is their presence you would avoid, we will leave this very night, dear mother."

"I know this is hard on you, my darling, but you shall no longer make sacrifices without a reason; you shall understand all this mystery ere long."

A few hours afterwards, as the mother and son passed through the low, dark entrance hall, they encountered a party of new arrivals, and one of

the gentlemen inadvertently struck a package of books from Mrs. Stevens's hand. He instantly picked it up, presented it with a low bow and murmured apology, took one glance at the black and closely-veiled figure, and passed on.

Walter ran back for a forgotten shawl, and encountered Adela Hamilton in the old gallery. The pleasure was mutual, but there was little time for words. She gave him a bouquet her father had just bought for her, and he repaid it with a small sketch-book full of choice water-color drawings.

"You must rest to-night, dear Walter, the morning will be soon enough to commence your search. It will probably be a long and difficult one." And Lady Maria made up a pile of shawls and cloaks, and compelled the weary brother to rest in spite of himself. For many days she had been anxious about his health.

"See my present, papa," said Adela, entering the room with her book. She had waited to look at each drawing separately.

"Why, who gave my little girl this? It is a present indeed."

"Walter Stevens gave it to me, papa. I met him in the hall just now when we came in."

Her words made every one in the room spring to their feet and exclaim aloud with delight.

"O, papa, he is gone!" said Adela, and burst into tears. "He was just going home to England, he said; his mother was waiting for him in the carriage. I am so sorry I did not know it was Mrs. Stevens when we met her in the hall. It was she who dropped the parcel, Uncle Walter."

When Colonel Travers and lady came in during the evening, they found their brother under the care of two physicians, and Lady Maria receiving their instructions. They pronounced his illness brain fever, brought on by an over-excitement.

Colonel Travers sneered. "That's all those cursed doctors know! Excitement indeed! why, Walter never knew what it was to get excited in his life! Don't be alarmed about him, such steady-going old bachelors are not going to die of brain fever, or any other fever."

"Now, Walter, since we have once more settled down quietly, I will fulfil my promise, and tell you something of my early history. This has been such a busy month with us, that I never felt that I could spare the time before."

"You know I shall be glad to hear that long-promised story, mother, but before you begin I wish you would tell me what has changed you so lately—you are so cheerful, and look so much better without those mournful black dresses. You can't think how that beautiful lilac gown becomes

you, and your hair is so glossy and brown, it was a shame to wear those old caps so long."

Mrs. Stevens laughed—a clear, merry laugh it was, telling of a heart at ease. "You will persuade me that I am quite a beauty next, you flattering boy."

"I always thought you very pretty, dear mother, even when you looked saddest, but now you only need *this*, to make you perfectly beautiful." And he twined some myrtle sprays in her hair with an artist's eye and hand.

"You remember that engraving of the Madonna I liked so well in Mr. N—'s collection last year—well, you look just like it as you sit in that light. I wish you would let me paint a miniature of you just as you are now."

"For shame, child, you should not talk such nonsense." Mrs. Stevens tried to look grave, still there might have been detected much satisfaction in her face. No one knew but herself how anxious she was to look her best. For the first time in her life she had studied to set off her good looks to the greatest advantage.

"Walter, I have a reason to-day for wishing to look well, but we will not talk of that yet. You know I told you this was my birthplace, and I lived here until I was nearly sixteen years of age. My dear father died late in August of that summer, and left me with this house and garden, and a small sum of money which he had saved, but no friends nearer than our village acquaintances. I was almost broken hearted at his death, and not all the persuasions of an old woman I hired to come and live with me could induce me to take an interest in the house, my work or garden. Two-thirds of my time I spent at the graveyard, and there your father found me one day, drenched with rain, cold and exhausted, and his sympathy, and the earnest manner in which he remonstrated with me on my folly, and the wickedness of saying 'I wished to die,' first roused me from the indulgence of such sinful and excessive grief. He was young and handsome, very different from the village lads in appearance and manner, and his kind and respectful behaviour gave me reason to trust him. He was down here spending the shooting season with the young Braybrooks, and a large party gathered before September was over, Sir Richard Hamilton among them. But he never saw me, though I saw him more than once.

"Well, dear, after your father and I learned to love each other so well that we knew we could not be happy apart, he urged that we should get married privately. He was under his father's control, and he knew the old gentleman would never consent to it, as he had other plans for him; and

he pleaded so earnestly and painted the picture so bright, that I at last consented, but I knew at the time that it was wrong. The minister's blessing sounded like a curse—and the bitter troubles that came upon us afterwards, I have always looked upon as a punishment for the little respect I showed my dear dead father's memory.

"I will pass over the next few months, my dear boy. They were a strange mingling of joy and sorrow. My husband spent most of the winter down here at Braybrook, and people said he would one day marry the young lady of the castle, and that diverted attention from his visits to me. I used often to wonder how it would all end—but my hopes of a happy future were ended with a frightful suddenness. Walter left me at the door one night after we had taken a walk, promising to come the next morning and bring me some new books which he had sent for. I had scarcely entered, when a light tap at the door made me turn to open it, expecting that he had come back again, when to my astonishment and terror, a tall, stern-looking old gentleman entered, whom I at once knew to be his father. Of the interview that followed, I do not like to think, much less to speak; suffice it that he crushed me with his fierce denunciations, terrified me with threats of his vengeance on Walter, and finally made me swear an awful oath, by which I bound myself to follow his orders implicitly; it was the sole condition on which he would promise to pardon his son's transgression. I was to leave home instantly, leaving no clue by which I might be found, never in any manner to seek or communicate with your father, whom he insisted was not my husband (a marriage under age without the parent's permission not being legal), and if I did this faithfully he promised to provide well for my child, paying me half-yearly a handsome sum to live upon. If in any way I broke my oath, he laid the heaviest curses upon us—and through all these long years I have religiously obeyed him. Now, however, it is different; your father has discovered us, is coming here to claim his wife and son, and remove forever the necessity for all these disguises. I knew last summer that Sir Richard was struck by the likeness you bear to your father, and Lady Osborn quite unconsciously told her brother, and so gave him the right direction at last."

"Then Sir Richard's wife is my aunt, and Albert Travers my cousin?" said Walter, when he could speak at all, the story he had just listened to having filled him with mingled emotions of indignation, astonishment and joy. "What a strange, sad life yours has been, dear mother."

"Not so sad as it might have been, my dear

boy; you have been the greatest possible comfort to me, and if no other consideration had restrained me, the fear that your father's family might find some means to take you away, would alone have prevented my making myself known. I could not tell how years might have changed him, or how he might regard the unfortunate marriage of his youth."

"And how did you learn all this pleasant news, dear mother?"

"In that letter you brought to me from our good old friend the doctor. Your father went to see him last winter, and from there followed us to Rome. We left there the very day he arrived, and his further search was prevented by illness many weeks. The doctor and he corresponded, and just as soon as I sent my address to the old gentleman, he forwarded it, also writing to me to say what he had done. And now, Walter, I have about finished my confession, and as the whole party will be here this evening, we must not spend any more time in talking. You will have barely time to dress as it is."

We will not dwell on the next hour of anxious expectation, nor the meeting which took place in a silence too full of emotion for words. Such scenes are not to be described.

Sir Richard speedily ended an interview which he feared would be injurious to both, by reminding them that a clergyman was in waiting. Mr. Stevens's wife had been a member of the church of Rome, Mary had been educated in her mother's faith, and her secret marriage with Walter Travers had been performed by a Catholic clergyman. It was now thought best by all parties that the ceremony should be again performed, publicly, and by a minister of the Established Church, which was no sooner done than they all left for "Homewood," Walter's beautiful country-seat.

This romance in real life created a great sensation for a time, and nowhere more than in the family of Colonel Travers, where the news immediately followed Albert's marriage to Miss Emily Carew. That young lady considered herself especially ill-used, having taken her husband solely with a view to one day being mistress of Homewood, a hope now ended forever. It was almost too much to bear, after taking so much pains to be "certain about everything."

Scandal whispered of bitter scenes between her and her husband even in the first days of their married life, and before many months people smiled and looked wise when they saw her riding about with her old lover Villiers. And then came dark stories of Albert's devotion to the gaming-table, the scenes of wild dissipation in which he mingled, the vile character of his choe-

en associates—ending in a shameful exposure of the wife's guilt by her jealous maid—a hostile meeting, in which Villiers was conqueror, leaving his antagonist badly wounded on the field, and finally an elopement, even while the surgeons were searching for the bullet in Travers's shattered arm.

The disappointment about his uncle's property, which he had always looked on as his own; the disgraceful conduct of his wife, and the irritation of a long and painful illness, combined to make this young man a most dangerous member of society, when returning strength once more allowed him to mingle with his fellow-men.

His first business was to get a divorce from his false wife, which was easily accomplished; the next was to look about for some rich heiress by whose means he could replenish his empty purse. This might have been done quite hastily, for he was handsome and accomplished, and well trained in the art of winning hearts. But his plans were completely changed by making a visit to his Aunt Hamilton, where he had an opportunity of seeing how perfectly amiable and lovely Sir Richard's Adela was growing. The sole idol of her father and stepmother, possessed of a mind and person equally faultless, heiress to a splendid estate and large income, in fact, a match for any man in England, titled or not. There was only one drawback to his satisfaction, and that was the knowledge that his cousin Walter had an almost equal share of the affection Sir Richard and his lady bestowed on their own child; and Walter was younger, richer and handsomer than himself—of course he would win this lovely child for his bride. And Albert ground his teeth with rage, and stamped on the wild flowers, as he walked under the oaks in Hamilton Park, cursing this new-found cousin, who had already destroyed so many ambitious hopes.

But Albert was not a man to withdraw from any ambitious undertaking which promised to benefit himself, and he drew an outline of a plot that might in time be successfully worked out.

"No great harm can come while Adela is still at her studies, and Uncle Walter keeps his paragon so well under his tutor's eye, and when it is time to claim my little wife, it will be hard indeed if I can find no one to aid me in this matter. There is Snelling for instance, old C—'s partner, a hopeful scamp enough, if folks only knew it—I have him always at command, and he dare not disobey me. There is nothing like getting people well into your power, you never can tell how soon they may be useful. Old C—'s name is good enough to cover his partner's wild deeds, and Snelling himself has such a sanctified

air no one would judge him to be the knave he is. Aunt Maria was saying to-day that Walter did not look strong, now it would not surprise me at all if he should fall into a consumption that no one can cure. Such perfection as his does not suit this world, and Homewood and that little beauty, Adela, may still be mine."

The further progress of his diabolical plot would be the work of time, but he made sure of his companion in iniquity, over whose head he continually held the terrors of the law.

"Stand by me," he said to Snelling, "and you have nothing to fear. Betray me, and there is not a corner of the earth dark and desolate enough to hide you from my wrath!"

He merely told him that he was going abroad for a year or two, and on his return there would probably be work to do, but was careful that the fellow should not learn more than would be safe. He made more determined efforts to win a better opinion from Sir Richard than that sturdy old Englishman had hitherto been willing to accord him, but it required all his art to hide the evil feelings that rose when Walter and he met. The family felt so interested in him as their dearest brother's son, the peculiar circumstances attending his childhood were so distressing, and at the same time so interesting; Adela's regard was always noticed with complacency, and commented on in her absence with evident pleasure by the parents; and all these things filled Albert's mind with tortures of "envy, malice, and all uncharitableness." Walter was quite at home in his aunt's splendid parlors, and even Albert had to acknowledge that they were not proud of him without reason. A more accomplished or attractive young man it would have been very hard to find; for if the ladies extolled him as a partner in the ball room, the gentlemen were equally ready to admire his prowess in the field, or his skill in riding, in which he had few rivals.

Walter Travers was proud of his son as any father might have been, and very carefully guarded him from the errors likely to beset a youth in his situation. The most perfect love and confidence existed between them, and in this great blessing the father found more than a reward for the sorrows of earlier years. He asked for no greater happiness than to see his son married to his old friend Hamilton's child—a match he felt would give mutual satisfaction to the families.

"And do you leave us to-day, Albert?" said Walter, as the young men met in Sir Richard's library one morning.

"Yes, and I presume you will all be broken-hearted," was the sarcastic answer.

"O, I dare say we shall find consolation," answered Walter, with a merry laugh. "But you mean to return some time or other, I suppose."

"Yes, I shall be at home soon enough—soon enough to spoil all your plans, my fine fellow," he added, to himself, as Adela entered.

"My music-teacher has come, and we are all waiting for you, Walter. Mama says, 'make haste' Now I wonder who you have been making that wreath for—and where did the wild flowers come from? O, I have found out what you went to ride so early for!"

"Now stand still just one moment, while I put it on. There, nothing could suit that blue dress better than those little white buds."

"Now don't you want to take another sketch of me? You must have a book full of my likenesses by this time."

Albert came forward and spoke. "I am going away, Adela, have you nothing to give me as a remembrance?"

"O yes. What will you have, a book or flower?" And as she spoke, she took a rose from a vase beside her.

"Neither. I want you to give me a kiss. You know I am your cousin now, and you never would kiss me when you was a little girl."

"You are not my cousin, and I am not any more inclined to kiss you than I used to be."

And the little lady of fifteen drew herself up with the stateliness of fifty, and looked the picture of insulted dignity.

"By heaven, I will have one!" cried Albert, as he tried to clasp the slight form in his arms, but Walter stepped between them, and Adela vanished.

"How dare you lay your hand on me, sir?" cried Albert, white with rage.

"Why, you must be crazy," returned his cousin. "You have alarmed that child beyond measure, and what do you suppose Sir Richard would say if he knew it?"

"Go and tell him if you like," was the insolent rejoinder, as he left the room.

Walter went to the music-room. "Where is Adela?" cried his aunt. "I sent her to call you, and now she is missing—her teacher is waiting for her."

He found her hidden behind the velvet curtains of a deep window of the drawing-room; there were traces of tears on her cheeks, and she turned away her head, but allowed Walter to take a seat beside her, and apologize for Albert's rudeness. "Come and play for me now. I shall not have a chance to hear you very often, for I am going away to-morrow."

She looked up-sorrowfully. "So soon?"

"Yes; but I do not need a remembrance, I never can forget my little playmate."

"And I never can forget you, dear brother Walter."

"Don't scold us, Aunt Maria, it is all my fault," cried Walter, as they entered the music-room. But there was little to dread from that quarter. Lady Hamilton greeted them with a well-pleased smile.

In less than a week Albert was in Paris, and Walter had commenced a two years' tour, part of which was to be spent in an artist's studio in Rome.

Two years soon pass away, and though Mrs. Travers thought the time long, she could not think of recalling her son while his letters told them that he was well and happy. He came at last, however, looking somewhat pale from close confinement to the easel. Albert arrived about the same time, and he aroused the most serious fears by his comments on his cousin's appearance, advising him seriously to see the family physician.

"You know, aunt, there has been consumption in our family, and there is nothing like prevention in time, and Dr. C. is so skillful you can put all confidence in his opinion."

"How kind of Albert to feel so anxious about you, Walter, dear! I did not know that he had such a kind heart." And Mrs. Travers's conscience reproached her for so long disliking one who had her darling's welfare so at heart.

"Albert is far from being kind or generous," said Sir Richard; "he always was selfish, and the past two years have not improved him. I think him a very dangerous person."

"We will not discuss his good or bad qualities, but at present it is very proper to act on his advice, and let Dr. C. pass an opinion on our prodigal here, who does not look quite so well as I could wish," said Mr. Travers. "Ill or well, he must come with you to the birthday party. Adela would not enjoy herself at all if he did not; so, young man, you see you have just one week to get well in."

"Why, Uncle Richard, there is nothing in the world the matter with me. I am just listening to them all, trying to persuade a fellow to be sick whether he will or no; don't be surprised if you see me over at the park to-morrow. I cannot wait a week to see my dear little cousin."

"Come when you like, my boy," said his warm-hearted friend; "be sure there is always a welcome awaiting you."

Dr. C. obeyed Mr. Travers's summons instantly, and while he is assuring the anxious parents that there is not the slightest cause for

alarm, we will listen to a conversation going on between his partner, young Dr. Snelling, and Albert Travers.

"You see," said the latter, "that everything works admirably, there is every chance for you to work, and if you are only tolerably careful, no possibility of detection. I care not how long the business is in doing, if it is only safe and sure; and now that I have explained to you the whole affair, I see no reason why you cannot work it out. You know your reward, and I have never deceived you."

"And do you suppose that proud Miss Hamilton will marry you? Why, she looks for a coronet, no less!"

"Never mind, *he* shall not stand in my way. Hamilton Park is worth some trouble to win."

"So it is, but I am afraid you won't win it. However, I won't discourage you; go ahead and I'll go with you. I have a small score of my own to settle with that young chap, which makes the job all the easier to do."

After renewed cautions to his confederate to be circumspect, young Travers left, and Snelling proceeded to fulfil his promise. At the expiration of a week Walter was decidedly worse, but nothing would prevent his attending the birthday ball given by Sir Richard in honor of his daughter's completing her seventeenth year. He was astonished at the improvement two years had made in Adela, who appeared before him a very vision of loveliness. Her face and figure were perfect, and the delicate lace dress with apple blossoms, were exactly suited to his taste. Many were more gorgeously attired, but none looked more beautiful.

Walter danced but once; there was a strange, weary feeling upon him all the time, and even Sir Richard had to own that he looked ill, and advised him to leave the excitement of the ball-room for an hour's repose on the library sofa, whither his aunt accompanied him.

"This illness of yours is strange, Walter; what does Dr. C. think of it?"

"O, he says I am quite well, aunt, only a little wearied with the journey. I shall be all right in a day or two."

"I sincerely hope so," said the lady; "try to recover yourself a little, and then join us in the supper-room."

Walter watched the last silken flounce disappear, and then he buried his face in the pillows and groaned aloud. "What terrible disease has taken hold upon me, I wonder, to make me feel thus weak and wretched in so few days? Where is all the strength I was once so proud of? My nerves unstrung, my head confused and dizzy!

God help me, can it be madness? I dare not let them know how strangely I feel, my mother, Adela. O, my bright anticipations of this meeting, and how realized!"

"Papa wishes to know if you are better, Mr. Travers!" And looking up he saw Adela beside him, her beautiful countenance expressing the deepest anxiety.

"O, yes, I feel much better; but before we go down, I want to be quite sure that you wish me to call you Miss Hamilton. Or shall it be Adela and Walter, as in the old times?" And he held a little trembling hand and looked earnestly into a sweet, blushing face. Walter had spoken so suddenly, that she had no time to recollect all the dignified speeches she had intended to make, and in fact the power of speech at all was gone.

"You are not angry with me, Adela, dear Adela? It is happiness to meet again, is it not?"

"Yes." The whisper was so low he had to bend down to hear it. For one instant he held her to his heart, then in pity let her go, she trembled so violently. Still holding her hand he drew it under his arm, and led her down to the crowded rooms below, where they joined the party in the supper-room. Highly-wrought feeling for a time banished the deathlike languor he dreaded, and Sir Richard congratulated him on his improved looks. Walter asked his permission to address his daughter, which was readily granted.

"You are worthy of her, and that is more than I would like to say to any one else. I will own that if you can win her, it will make us happy. We can trust our treasure to your care."

The party went off joyously, but before morning, gaiety was turned into anxiety, and messengers had been sent for Walter's physician; repeated and deathlike faintings having greatly alarmed the whole family. Dr. C. could not come, but Snelling answered the call, and as a matter of course, Walter did not improve. Nothing could exceed the physician's attention, but his patient daily grew weaker and worse. Old Dr. Brown was summoned at last, and then Snelling had to work most cautiously, for a keen pair of eyes were upon him. There was no chance to retreat, for Albert was ever near, and there were a thousand dangers in advancing. An unknown danger, too, beset them, for Albert's every action was watched by one whose vengeance was sleepless, one who more than suspected the vile plan he was working out, and whose determination to thwart him was as immovable as her hatred was undying.

Dr. Brown advised Walter's going abroad as

soon as he could bear the journey, but there were many reasons for his wishing to remain at home. Since his engagement to Adela, life had become doubly precious, and he preferred Snelling to all others, from the continual encouragement that arch-schemer gave him that he would soon be well.

"Now when the spring has come and England is so pleasant to live in, I cannot make up my mind to go abroad. If I must die, let me at least die where I can see all I love around me."

He looked fondly at his young betrothed who was never far distant. She came and placed a vase of early blossoms on the table at his side, drew back the heavy curtains that the sun and air might enter freely, and stood watching from the open window.

"You look pale this morning, Adela; you feel too anxious about me, dear. I shall have to return home."

"No, we cannot let you go home until you get well; but I have had a letter this morning that fills me with alarm, because I am forbidden to tell any one about it. There is something dreadfully mysterious in it, and I am not sure but it is a deception, as the writer asks for an interview alone, and pretends to be able to tell what is causing your illness."

"Is your correspondent male or female—and how are you to appoint an interview?"

"O, it is evidently a lady's hand, though disguised; and I am to leave an answer under the right hand pillar of the park gate. What do you think of it, Walter?"

"I will tell you what to do, love. Don't allow it to agitate you in the least, it is probably of no consequence at all; but you can answer it, and tell your unknown correspondent to come to the window here at this time to-morrow, where she can see us alone, and can enter and depart unknown to the rest of the household. If she knows anything to benefit me, she can have no possible objection to letting me know it."

Miss Hamilton acted on this advice, and with the utmost impatience awaited the issue of this strange adventure. Precisely at the appointed hour next morning, a woman well disguised in a long cloak, with a large bonnet and thick veil, came through the shrubbery, and as Adela unclosed the long window which opened to the ground, she quietly stepped in and seated herself near Walter's sofa.

It was Sir Richard's hour for taking his morning ride, and his lady's daily visit to her charity school, so that there was little danger of interruption; yet Miss Hamilton urged her to tell the object of her visit.

"I am hungry," she replied, in a strange, hollow tone. "I am too hungry to talk."

A tray of delicate refreshments stood on a table near, and Adela hastened to pour out some wine, and offer her a bountiful supply of toast and cake and sandwiches. She drank the wine, and ate the bread and meat greedily, but she never raised her veil, and motioned the young girl back when she would have offered more.

"Walter Travers, I have come to warn you of the plot now working against your life," she said, in the same mournful voice. "God knows I have done few good actions in my life, and if I may be the means of making you two happy, it will be one pleasant thought at least. And now I bid you beware of your cousin Albert Travers, and of his accomplice Snelling, who are taking your life. Every particle of medicine you take, and even some of your food and drink, contain more or less poison. I know this to be true, and as you value your life beware of them. It may be that when they find their plans discovered, some more violent means will be resorted to, but I have warned you. Snelling is capable of anything when the other threatens him—so again I say beware!"

She got up, drew her cloak closer about her, and her veil more tightly over her face, and would have left the room, but that Adela caught her hand.

"Can we do anything for you in return for what you have done this morning?" she asked. "If you go away from here you will be hungry again. Stay with us and you shall never want."

There was a world of sympathy in that sweet, pale face, so full of agitation, the tears falling from the most beautiful eyes in the world; even the clasp of the soft, warm hand seemed to thrill through the strange woman for an instant—no longer; then she flung off those trembling fingers, and laughed scornfully.

"You don't know me, girl, or you would shrink from the contamination of my touch. Let me pass."

"I know you," said Walter, as he rose up and laid his hand upon her arm. "I know you, and I cannot let you pass until you promise that I shall see you again."

She shivered under his touch, and cowered down as if from a blow.

"Do not fear," he said, "your secret is safe with me. Take this to keep you from danger and want. You have saved my life, and you shall never be friendless again."

She took the purse he placed in her hand, held his poor, wasted fingers for one moment in her own, then slowly left the room.

"Walter, can this be true? Can Albert be a murderer at heart? Or is this some poor, crazy creature who fancies this horrible story is true?"

"It is true, Adela. I can think of a thousand things now that convince me of her sincerity; but for the sake of the family we must keep this secret. Once warned, I fear nothing that Albert can do; and health and strength once more returned, what a blissful future opens before us! The bitterness of death was in the thought of leaving you, my own love."

"Fly instantly, if you would save yourself! I cannot help you, as I shall be off in an hour. The fiend that once bore my name has discovered all, and betrayed us. If you can get the three thousand belonging to old C., take it by all means. He has plenty, and you will need it all. Only don't delay, if you would get off clear. I know that the game is up."

Such was the warning that Albert sent his accomplice Snelling, and it need scarcely be added that the latter was not slow to act upon his advice. His sudden flight precluded all necessity for Walter to explain the horrible circumstances to his family, whom he wished to spare such a shock.

It was many long months ere he recovered from the effects of the attack on his life, but gradually his strength returned, and he was able by degrees to renew his life-long love for out-of-door exercises, and enjoy the sports and dangers of flood and field. And now commenced the delightful preparations for the most important of all events, and Mrs. Travers and Lady Hamilton held earnest conversations together, and had the carriages out at most unseasonable hours, and mysterious orders were sent up to town, and enormously long bills accompanied the packages that came down from town. Adela and Walter troubled themselves little about any such matters, so that they were allowed to enjoy each other's society unmolested.

At last Mr. Travers and Sir Richard are seen to talk very earnestly together, and then ride off in a very sudden and mysterious manner, and Adela grows pale and hopes "nothing is the matter." She has been very nervous ever since that dreadful day, and Walter asks what she fears while he is there to protect her, and thinks it a delightful task to re-assure his lovely little bride, and the circumstance is forgotten until they all meet at dinner, when the gentlemen positively refuse to gratify anybody's curiosity, and to turn the conversation, tell them that Beech Hill is sold.

Now Beech Hill lies directly between Hamilton

Park and Homewood, and is a most superb residence, and Walter thinks how much pleasanter it would have been to take Adela to a home of his own like that, than even to share the splendor of Homewood, but he carefully guards all such regrets lest his father should feel wounded. And now the wedding day rapidly approaches, and Colonel Travers and his lady arrive with many regrets that Albert cannot be home in time to be his cousin's groomsman, and Walter listens to the polite message with apparent calmness, but an inward thrill of horror.

No bride could have desired or asked for a brighter sun than shone on the wedding day, and never was a happier bride "veiled and crowned" than Adela.

"Let me see her just for one moment before they all come," pleaded Walter. And his aunt could not refuse, although she insisted that it was "highly improper, and no one ever heard of such a thing."

"You are happy, love, are you sure you are quite content?"

"Quite content—and you?"

"Yes, too happy—far too happy for words."

When the ceremony was over, Mr. Travers himself assisted his new daughter into the carriage which was to convey the young couple to Homewood, placing in her hand a package they could scarcely understand the meaning of until the carriage drove under the magnificent avenue leading to Beech Hill. Overcome by the princely generosity of such a gift, they could not find words to admire the interior of their new home, which lavish expenditure and good taste had made as near perfection as possible.

"And this is the mystery we were all so anxious to unravel?" said Adela.

"Yes—and truly a well kept secret. I never dreamed of such a plan to surprise us."

"I do not know which to admire most, your father's kindness, or his taste in fitting up rooms. Could anything be pleasanter than this?" And with almost childish delight she gazed on the various adornments of a small apartment fitted up expressly for her, a very gem of a room, with books and birds and flowers, and best of all, one large bay window, commanding the most charming prospect.

"Almost as beautiful as the scene from Cliff Cottage," Walter said, and he could give it no higher praise.

GOODNESS.

So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invisible; abashed the devil stood.
And felt how awful goodness is.—MILTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

I KNEW WHEN FIRST WE MET.

BY WILLIS WARR.

I knew when first we met
 I'd love thee very dearly—
 Love thee, gentle friend:
 Love thee, dear, sincerely!
 When first I gazed into
 Those liquid eyes of thine,
 I felt a strange, strange thrill
 Within this heart of mine.

And when I heard thy voice,
 It woke within my heart
 A chord that ne'er will cease
 To thrill—thou art
 The beautiful ideal
 I'd pictured in my mind,
 Ne'er hoping on this earth
 Its counterpart to find.

And now my heart to thee—
 To thee, fair one, I give;
 To thee I dedicate my life,
 For thee alone I live.
 And let us cheer each other,
 Sailing down life's stream,
 Until we wake in pleasure
 From this our earthly dream.

[ORIGINAL.]]

The Days of the English Riots.

BY WILLIAM S. MACDONALD.

MARY CHAWORTH! How the name lingers on the memory of all who have read Byron's real or affected lamentations over his ill fated boyish attachment to a girl older and probably wiser than himself, and which, he says, "threw him out alone on a wide, wide sea." The lady, as is well known, married a man of less poetical name as well as of fame, than the poet, and rejoiced in the name of Musters. They resided at Colwick Hall, near Nottingham, England, where the lady's health declined, exhibiting unmistakable marks of consumption.

One night, towards the close of her fatal disorder, she was driven from her house on a cold autumn evening, by the alarm of fire. Some time elapsed before the poor lady could be carried to a shelter, and in the meantime she had the misery of beholding, from her uncomfortable position in the wet shrubbery of the garden, the destruction of her home. The exposure was too much for her feeble frame. She died soon afterward, the event, doubtless, hastened by the horrors of that midnight hour in the garden.

This was in the eventful autumn of 1831, when the riots consequent on the rejection of the Re-

form Bill, by the House of Lords, took place. The family of Robert Stanley, the elder, had assembled at the evening meal in the autumn of that year. Stanley was himself a manufacturer, on no very extended scale, it is true, but with sufficient success to support those he loved in comfortable circumstances. His house was reputed to be the neatest in all Nottingham. His wife, still quite youthful, if one might judge by the soft and beautiful brown hair, was a pale, gentle-looking woman, on whom the cares of a large family had not sat uneasily, yet had been sufficient to take away the fine English bloom.

Robert, the eldest son, who sat beside his mother at the table, was an assistant in his father's manufactory, had recently arrived at the age of twenty-one, and was, moreover, engaged to a very pretty damsel who, on this occasion, was visiting her prospective relations. Susan Hazeldean was a modest little creature, almost nestling in her extreme timidity under the arm of Mary Stanley, beside whom she sat. Occasionally she darted a quickly-withdrawn glance at her lover's father, of whom, with his large, piercing black eyes and dignified bearing, she seemed quite awed. She had not yet learned what a soft and tender heart the strong, stalwart man possessed, although she seemed perfectly sensible of the perfections of his handsome and manly son. As the other children took their seats around the ample table, from which the odorous steam of the hot tea was diffusing itself through the apartment, there was not a happier nor a finer-looking group in all England than in that apartment.

It was a room, large and lofty, for the mansion itself had once belonged to that portion of the aristocracy, the younger members of which had disdained to live in the midst of a manufacturing town, and had carried their pride and their reduced means to a more genial atmosphere. The heavy oaken wainscoting and lofty windows gave it an air of old-time grandeur, and Robert Stanley's good taste had supplied it with furniture adapted to its style, instead of deforming it with modern gewgaws.

The meal finished, they still lingered at the table, the mother with her loving and gentle eyes gazing upon the nine human blossoms that were hers by right, and mentally adding Susan Hazeldean as the tenth. A loud knock at the hall door, and a voice was heard inquiring for young Robert Stanley, who immediately rose and went out. He quickly returned and called his father, and both seemed, to the listening ears of the group, to be in loud conversation with the visitors, for there were evidently two or more.

"Some trouble with the workmen at the fac-

tory, probably," said Mrs. Stanley, answering the wondering looks of this unwonted intrusion upon their quiet tea hour.

Another cause was soon revealed to the terror-stricken family. Robert came back, and said, with a voice not quite so clear as usual, and a face flushed with some undefinable emotion:

"Mother, I must leave you for a time. These men," they had followed him and now stood in the door way, two stout, brawny English policemen, "insist on my presence for some disputed matter. I trust it will not take long to prove my—that is—" The young man hesitated, looked at Susan Hazeldean, who grew pale as death, and then flew to her side.

The father still stood without, trying to conquer his own feelings. He entered, after a while, and, going straight up to his wife and taking both her hands in his, he said, affectionately:

"My dear, it is of no use to hide anything; better tell all at once. Robert is arrested on a charge of setting the Colwick Hall on fire."

"Is that all?" asked Leonard Stanley, a bright boy of fourteen. "We all know where Robert was that night," glancing at his intended sister-in law.

A momentary gleam lighted up Susan's pale features, and then disappeared as suddenly. Her first thought was the same as Leonard's—that he had been at her father's house on the evening in question; her second told her she had not seen him at all on that evening.

The men stood looking into the room, apparently surprised to see so refined a family as this one evidently appeared; and they expressed no impatience to be gone, although it was now getting somewhat dusky. When, at length, the poor young man had wound himself up to the pitch he was trying to attain, of parting with his family, he attempted to speak his farewell in calm words. He broke down when he came to Susan, and rushed toward the door. The men, thinking he was about to elude them, took his arm. He threw them violently off at first, but recollecting himself, he submitted quietly, and accompanied them down the lawn to the gate, where stood a carriage. Into this he was desired to enter, and was rapidly driven to Nottingham, where, after a short examination before a magistrate, he was conveyed to jail.

The dreaded trial came on. Several persons had been tried and fully committed to await the execution of their sentence. Robert Stanley had, it seemed, been arrested on two counts, one for the burning of Colwick Hall, and the other for that of Nottingham Castle. On the first count he was fully acquitted, there being found

many people who were ready to prove that he was elsewhere. On the second it was not so easy. His counsel entreated him to plead guilty, observing that the *alibi* proved yesterday would rarely avail the second time. His prosecutors even agreed to spare his life, if he would own his guilt, and relate all he knew.

"What!" said the brave youth, to his own counsel, as he laid this before him, "would you have me take upon me for life the burden of a crime which I never committed, and add to it the curse of falsehood also? No, rather bear an unjust penalty, than to perjure myself."

The counsel was silent. He could not but sympathize with a sentiment so honorable to his client's heart.

Meantime the family of Robert Stanley were enduring tortures untold. Not a doubt of Robert's innocence troubled them, but these were troublous times, and the public justice demanded with loud cries a victim to atone for the outrages continually planned and executed. Here, then, was a man whose social position was far higher and his education immeasurably above that of the rioters in general. The condemnation of such a man would lead them to suppose, at least, that no mercy would be shown to others inferior in rank and knowledge; and it might serve as a bugbear to prevent future outrage, if a young man like Robert Stanley, the son of a master manufacturer, and already possessed of ability to conduct business on his own responsibility.

Robert's sole reply to those who pressed him to plead guilty was this: "I am innocent, and will take my trial."

No *alibi* could by any stretch of the imagination be proved. In vain the friends of the family, the family itself, or even the prisoner, tried to recall the evening's events before the castle was fired. Having nothing definite by which to remember, and although it was in the minds of them all as a general impression, that they had seen him every evening, still that fatal evening had left no particular mark upon any of them. Nothing, therefore, could be elicited in his favor—while the evidence against him was overwhelming. Many witnesses were brought forward who swore positively to having seen him with the lawless crew who committed the deed; and this evidence seemed given in full faith, and with the most perfect conviction of its truth.

The Stanleys, encouraged by the success of the first indictment being crushed, were quite sanguine in their hopes of the second. They attended the trial—at least the parents and older children did, and they brought along with them the object of Robert's love.

Poor Susan!—now blushing, now pale as a water-lily, and then tearful—it was a terrible ordeal for that fair, young girl, who had garnered her life-hopes upon a bark which seemed suddenly to be sinking away from her. All along she had not shared the hopes of the family. She had experienced many strange mysteries that wore the aspect of presentiments—and she came of a superstitious race, and no doubt the family weakness was transmitted to the sensitive and impressible girl. Nothing that they could say to her would raise the slightest color of hope. She had already sunk deep in despondency, and they were only prevented from sharing it by their strong desire to comfort her. In this they were rewarded by losing half their anxiety in the generous hope of imparting courage to her.

But Robert's chances were growing slighter already, and the fearful reality was actually beginning to have its weight in the minds of all. Mary Stanley who had hitherto kept up wonderfully, had fainted and been carried from court, when some portion of the evidence seemed to affect the people against the prisoner. Mrs. Stanley grasped the seat with both hands to keep from falling, her husband shook and trembled like a leaf, and brave young Leonard, to whom any fatal result seemed simply impossible, became affected with the general apprehension.

It was now that poor Susan Hazeldean's courage rose as the depression of the others increased. She laid her hand upon Mrs. Stanley's arm, and besought her not to give way to her emotion, for a light had seemed suddenly to shine upon the dark way. Mr. Stanley caught her words. He shook his head. His own hopes were rapidly giving way. It was now nearly dark, and the court was already being adjourned to the following morning. It was a respite, at least, and Susan went home with the family. As they sat around the fire, silent and tearful, the young girl suddenly arose, and stood before them with an air that seemed born of hope itself.

"Father!" she exclaimed,—she had long addressed Robert's parents as her own—"Father, where is William Stanley?"

Mr. Stanley scarcely comprehended her question. Her excited manner made him fear for her reason, but she repeated the question until he answered what had seemed to him unnecessary to be asked, now that they were suffering under such present prospect of peril to one they loved.

"I saw him not long since," he answered listlessly.

"Before or after the burning of the castle?"

"I cannot remember, Susan. Why do you ask this question?"

"O, Mr. Stanley—father, do try to tax your memory! Believe me, I do not idly ask. Mary,—Leonard, when did you see William Stanley?"

Mary's quick mind had followed Susan's.

"Father," said his daughter, "listen to Susan. She has reason for what she says. Think a moment. Recall William's face to your memory, and say whom he resembles."

As if new life had been suddenly infused into the dead, up rose every member of that stricken family. It is strange indeed how a single thought that has not yet received expression, may thus permeate so many minds at the same moment, and produce such wonderful changes in the hearts that have been bowed almost in despair.

To explain this scene we must turn to the youth, the bare mention of whom had caused such emotions. William Stanley, the son of Mr. Stanley's eldest brother, had been a wild and reckless young man, causing great grief to his parents, and inspiring the dislike of all who knew him. He had long been estranged from his kindred, and indeed they had striven to forget him. At intervals he would be seen in the vicinity of Nottingham, but even his own relatives passed him on those occasions without recognition. All that was worthy of remark about him was the strong and vivid resemblance which he bore to Robert Stanley, the younger. It had been a source of great mortification to the latter, yet, strange to say, it had never occurred to him now. The grief and surprise had effaced it from his memory, and from that of his whole family. Susan's words had first recalled it.

"How stupid we have all been!" was young Leonard's characteristic speech. Mr. Stanley's first step after receiving the new impression, was to go immediately to Robert's counsel, who caught at his words with perfect rapture. When the idea was presented at court hundreds embraced it at once, and the witnesses frankly acknowledged their error. There were many persons now who came forward and declared that they had seen William Stanley prowling about for several days previous to the fire. Still, no one had thought of him before. Susan had the credit of rescuing her lover from a fate which seemed inevitable. William Stanley was never brought to justice, but Robert was saved! Never were more hearty rejoicings, for all liked the frank, generous young man. He was literally carried to his home on the shoulders of the populace, and they who had unwittingly placed him in such woful peril by a fearful mistake, were first to bear witness to his worth and goodness.

Friendship—often talked of, but seldom seen.

[ORIGINAL.]

"IT IS GOOD TO BE ALONE."

BY YORK.

"Ah!" said the guide, as on the bleak hill
He felt the north wind piercing and chill,
And terror was numbing his powers and will,
And his frame was cold as stone,
"It is good to be alone."

"Ah!" said the trapper, as over the river
His gleaming skates the ice did shiver,
With none near him to deliver
From the following wolves with their dismal tone,
"It is good to be alone."

"Ah!" said the youth in a foreign land,
When crushed and smitten by Death's cold hand,
He looks in vain for the friendly hand
Which would have been round him at home,
"It is good to be alone."

"Ah!" said the sad, disconsolate lover,
When the first neglects made him discover
That she whom he loved now loved another,
And his happiness had flown,
"It is good to be alone."

"Ah!" said the husband, when by him lying
The bride of a twelvemonth lay gasping and dying,
And moments more precious than kingdoms were
flying
With the clock's monotonous tone,
"It is good to be alone."

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GIPSEY DANSEUSE.

BY EDWARD HAWKSLEY.

In the story we are about to tell you, kind reader, we shall not dwell upon the characteristics of a class whose peculiarities have already been made the theme of much ink-spilling; but we have only to refer the reader to the manners and customs of the English gipseys of the last century. They were a class peculiar and distinct, who wandered about the country in small bands, comprising both sexes, and living literally by their wits; poaching, stealing, fortune-telling, and the like occupying their time.

At the date our story commences, about the year seventeen hundred and forty, there resided in the west riding of Yorkshire, England, a family of ancient pedigree and great wealth. This was the family of Sir George Pasely, a gentleman of the old English school—proud but kind to his numerous retainers, hospitable and liberal to the fullest extent of charity, but as a justice he was also austere and rigid, imbued with those strict notions that actuated the early Puritans,

our own parents, who were descendants of the same stock as Sir George himself. Justice Pasely as the peasantry were accustomed to call him, lived in the old family mansion of his ancestors, of whose long and honorable line he was the only living representative.

Sir George was married, but not until he was already a bachelor, but his wife was a young and lovely being, of tender age compared with his own, for when she became Lady Pasely she was but nineteen years of age. Sir George doted on her, and indeed she was worthy his fondest regard, being everything in person and mind that the heart could wish. But, alas! the destroyer death came, and the same hour that made him a father, took the gentle mother and fond wife to her long home. Sir George was a philosopher, but what does cold, methodical theory weigh when the heart is touched? He wept over his bereavement like a child, and while he pressed his infant daughter to his breast, swore to love it with a redoubled affection, and thus make up in part for the want of a mother's endearing care. Time rolled on, and the sweet child grew daily more and more like to what her mother was, while Sir George loved her with a deep and absorbing affection.

There was a young man, a wild and reckless spirit, that claimed to be next of kin to the Pasely family with Sir George, and who would, doubtless, from some peculiar causes known to law, be able to establish his right to the estates now holden by Sir George, provided he should die without issue. Therefore the birth and future growth of the little Louise Pasely was watched with jealous care by Ernest Renwood, who hoped one day to possess the broad Pasely estates for his own. The child presented an insurmountable barrier to this expectation, and each day that added strength and fresh life to the bright-eyed and lovely Louise, rendered the dark-spirited Renwood more desperate. And yet, to cover the feelings that prompted him, he was in the daily habit of communion with the family and household of Sir George, and the little Louise even had no warmer friend, apparently, than the dark and wicked-souled Renwood.

Four years had passed since the birth of Louise, who proved to be a sturdy and beautiful child, when Renwood saw that he must bring his designs to an issue, nor leave any longer his hopes to chance. He therefore formed the resolution of adopting some expedient to rid himself of her, for as we have seen, she stood between him and the rich lands he so much coveted. He was not naturally a hardened villain, but that powerful incentive to evil, that most thriving

agent of the evil spirit, avarice, was goading him on to the brink of perdition; and he had no power whereby to resist, for he was an orphan, and had been reared, lacking the fostering care and goodly counsel that forewarns and forearms youth against the temptations of manhood.

It was late one mild summer's night, when he came to this conclusion; he recalled to his mind that at a wild and secluded spot, some two miles from the immediate neighborhood of Sir George's estate, there were encamped at that very hour a band of gipseys, who he at once conjectured might be of service to him in the plan he proposed to execute; viz., to rid himself of the little Louise Pasely, heiress to the estates that he was determined to possess. Renwood had wrought himself up to a pitch of desperate determination, and he scouted at the means by which he was to gain his purpose, so that he might but succeed in his grand object. Step by step he had come to this, as we always progress in evil, for there never was a hardened villain who became so at a single move. Therefore is it that we should guard against the first advancement. Ernest Renwood was soon at the gipsy camp, and ere long in close conversation with the leader of the troop, a man who had villany engraven on his very forehead, and rascality looking out from every expression of his wrinkled and weather-beaten countenance. It is singular how thoroughly a man's calling will mould his physical system into his express image. This man was the chief of the gipseys, and his form and every look said the same. He seemed to have been formed by nature to fill the space he filled; and yet no mortal could tell the untoward circumstances that had made him that which he now was. Circumstances had moulded him to its purpose, not birth, for I could point you to signs there that bespeak intelligence above the class in which he now moves; but we wander.

Renwood explained his business at once; which was that of the child's destruction. He knew his man, and made it a plain business transaction, offering the gipsy a reward that might have tempted a more honest man. All was arranged to his satisfaction. The gipsy contracted that on the following night the child should be stolen from her own room while sleeping, the doors being left unlocked through the agency of Renwood (who, as we have seen, had free access to the house), and its life sacrificed before the light of another day should dawn upon them; and for this the gipsy was to receive five hundred pounds sterling. This fixed upon, Ernest Renwood turned to seek his home, moving with the stealthy tread that cleaves to

the feet of the guilty. It was a fearful night to him, though the elements seemed all to slumber, for he had contracted for the murder of a human being!

The gipsy was faithful to his contract; the little Louise disappeared on the subsequent night, and on the following morning, when her absence was discovered, consternation filled the hearts of all. The father, Sir George, was almost delirious with anguish. No means were left untried to explain the mystery, but in vain was all search. The gipsy band were examined, but no intelligence was gleaned from them. They appeared to be all at their encampment as before, and all search seemed only deeper to envelope the whole affair in mystery. A sadly dark cloud then settled over the household of Sir George, for even the domestics fully participated in his grief, so great a favorite had the bright-eyed and beautiful child been with all.

Time never lags, let whatever contingency occur; and still it passed on, but it healed not this wound in the heart of Sir George Pasely, and all the attempts instituted by his friends to divert his mind were in vain. He joined in the politics of the times, became a member of parliament, contested the palm with some of the most powerful minds of the day, and with success, too, for he was a man of brilliant talents and general acquirements; but all the while did the festering sore of grief canker in his heart, wrinkling his brow and dimming the light of his eye. In the sweet little Louise he seemed to have lost everything that was dear to him in life. She still held the same place in his heart, and he daily pictured her gentle little form to his imagination, and wept over the remembrance.

Twelve years, with all the changes that so long a portion of time brings, have passed since the loss that had so wrung the heart of Sir George. He had grown gray, and many a wrinkle crossed his manly brow. Fatigued and disgusted with an employment in which he could feel no interest, he determined upon a partial retirement from the political arena, as a course more congenial with his feelings; therefore it was at the expiration of the time referred to, that he was again at his home in Yorkshire, where he resumed his seat as a justice of the county. Leaving Sir George Pasely with a heart softened from its native sternness by the sorrow it had so intimately known, we will turn to another part of our tale, begging the reader's patience.

Turn with us then, so please you, to the south of sunny France; it is the vineyard season, and the racy grapes, bloated with over-ripeness, are being gathered. A gay time this among the

French peasantry, and these gipseys know it well, for see, in this little post-town, it is night-fall, and the laborers of both sexes, each with a richly-loaded basket of the generous product of the vine, are coming in from the neighboring fields. Here before the small post-house and tavern on the little green, the laborers pause to witness the dance of the gipsy tribe. While the rest throw themselves lazily upon the greensward, forming a wild and picturesque group, to whose countenances the twilight and reflections of the western sky lent additional interest, by clothing them in strangely vivid hues; two of the gipsy tribe, a male and female, commenced the dance together upon the greensward.

The girl coupled her light and graceful movements with the notes of the merry castanets, while the young man accompanied her upon the gay ringing tambourine. The girl might have been sixteen years of age, and her companion perhaps a couple of years her senior, both evincing the healthful vigor that the gipsy's life, so near to nature, is sure to induce. The fostered and delicate child of wealth could only envy such charms as the gipsy girl exhibited, she could not possess them. Art may imitate, but it cannot equal nature. Minnitti, the danseuse of the gipsy tribe, was a queen in beauty, and many a queen would have envied her.

What brilliancy in those eyes of black, and how round and beautiful the outline of that form and face. How thrillingly lovely the expression of her speaking countenance, how graceful her light and airy step. The dance over, she advanced to the crowd, who have stood mute and entranced with the scene, and holding the tambourine taken from her companion, solicits in eloquent silence a few francs in payment for the exhibition. And stay, even the crabbed old post-keeper thrusts his hand into his pocket. It must be enchantment that can move him. The gipsy danseuse has all the ruddy complexion that her exposed life induces, but still there is a delicacy in her skin, a native refinement in her manner, that seem to announce her as being above the rude companions who surround her. Her dress resembles the Castilian style, and her companion wears the costume of a Spanish mountaineer. Had fate ever placed two beings more appropriately together? Each seemed the counterpart of the other, and grace and beauty the share of both.

"Friend," said the landlord of the little inn referred to, addressing the leader of the gipseys, a dark tall man, with a most forbidding countenance, "friend, whither do you travel?"

"We are bound for merry England."

"And from whence, master?"

"Here, there, and everywhere," replied the gipsy, vacantly; and then, as if arousing, said, "we have travelled these many years upon the continent, and are now about to try English ground."

"Where do you stay for the night?" asked the landlord, eyeing the beautiful person of the danseuse, who had evidently warmed into life what little soul the old man had left in his bosom.

"In the outskirts of the village, where our tents are pitched."

"Does the danseuse sleep under a tent with the rest of you?"

"Where else should she sleep, monsieur?" asked the leader, now turning his shrewd and suspicious eye upon the speaker.

"I would fain give her lodgings free in my house for the night; she seems too delicate to lodge without better shelter."

"There is no better shelter than the heavens," said the gipsy, turning coolly away, and making a signal for the band to follow.

A month subsequent to this scene upon the greensward in France, the gipsy band were in the west riding of Yorkshire, England, and the beautiful danseuse Minnitti, with her handsome companion, were performing to the delighted villagers of the country. It does not escape the inquisitive eyes of the spectators, that her companion, Fernando, watches with a loving eye each motion of Minnitti. Both seem to be all in all to each other; while they danced day after day, apparently happy and content, until at last trouble met their path, and of which we must tell you, gentle reader.

The little town in the environs of which the gipsy band were encamped, was one day thrown into commotion by one of the inhabitants declaring that an article of considerable value had been stolen from his house. The article stolen was a valuable jewel, and as a matter of course the gipseys, who had now been in the neighborhood for some days, were charged with the theft. One of the inhabitants even remembered to have seen a female of the tribe near the door of the house from whence the jewel was missing, on the day of its loss; while another, thus aided and prompted by the declaration of the first, was ready to make oath that he had also observed the person, and moreover that it was none other than Minnitti, the danseuse of the band!

This was quite sufficient, and upon such strong circumstantial evidence, the beautiful girl was seized and rudely carried before the justice of the county for examination. Poor Minnitti, how she drooped under the rough charge and consequent

mortification, even as a budding flower withers under the influence of an untimely frost! She hid her face in her hands and wept like a child, while the gaping crowd wondered how a gipsy could cry at all. The justice listened with official dignity to the charge brought against the gipsy girl, and after hearing the evidence that was also given, he was forced to send her to prison. In vain was all the proof offered by the tribe as to her innocence; no court would heed a gipsy's evidence, and the justice was forced, though compassion was in his heart, ay, and beamed broadly from his countenance, too, to commit the girl.

Immediately after the justice had pronounced the sentence, and the weeping girl was about to be borne away by the officers of the court, a young man stepped suddenly forward from the crowd and said, while he thrust aside the rough hands that were extended to seize Minnitti:

"Stand back, if you would not have me take your lives! The girl is innocent—I stole the jewel! Why should you charge this upon that gentle being, innocent and pure, ay, purer than the best of ye? It is I who am guilty!"

"Thou!" cried the gipsy girl; "impossible, Fernando!" for it was her companion of the dance. And the gentle girl, rejoicing to find one friend so near her in this fearful moment, threw her arms about his neck and wept upon his breast.

"Even so, dear Minnitti," he replied, "but fear not for me, I shall soon be released again. Keep up a brave heart, dear girl."

As he said these words, the justice directed the officers to release the girl and commit the young man to prison, glad of an opportunity to clear one whom he could not find it in his heart to commit. With anguish speaking in every line of her beautiful face, the gipsy girl bid Fernando farewell, and turned weeping towards the encampment.

"My good girl," said the justice, calling after her, "come hither, I would speak with you."

Minnitti obeyed mechanically.

"What is thy name, child?" asked the justice, in a gentle tone intended to soothe her wounded feelings.

"They call me Minnitti," she replied, sadly.

The justice looked kindly upon her, and conferred in a low tone with the clerk at his side, for a moment, then asked:

"And this young man, who is he?"

"His name is Fernando, and he is one of our people."

"Though he was guilty, it seems he was too

honest to let thee suffer for him," continued the justice.

"Sir," said the gipsy girl, a virtuous indignation beaming from her bright eyes, "he is not guilty."

"Not guilty, girl? Why, he acknowledges the charge freely."

"Still he is innocent."

"What is his object, then?" asked the justice, more interested than ever in the conversation and the subject of it.

"To save me from prison, sir," said Minnitti, while her bosom heaved with sobs that well-nigh choked her.

"Do you know this to be so?"

"What other purpose could he have in view?"

"True, true, if he be not guilty in fact. Stay, is this Fernando thy lover, girl? Speak."

The gipsy blushed (another wonder to those around, that a gipsy could show the color of virtue) and hid her face.

"Well, well, child," said the justice kindly, moved even to tears by the scene before him, "I will think over this matter, and perhaps if neither of you is guilty it may be made so to appear;" and signifying to the gipsy that she might depart, the court room was soon cleared and the crowd dispersed.

The justice was Sir George Pasely, and that same night while he sat alone in his study, musing upon the examination of the gipsy and the singular circumstances relating to it, a servant announced that a stranger desired to see him. He was admitted, and the tall, gaunt person of the gipsy leader was before him. Sir George motioned him to a seat.

"Judge," said he, at once, "I am a man of few words. I have come here on a matter of business, and with your permission will speak at once to the point."

"Go on, sir."

"Twelve years ago," continued the gipsy, "you lost a child."

The old man sprang like an infuriated animal upon the person of the gipsy, and seizing him by the throat, had nearly thrown him upon the floor, before the gipsy sufficiently recovered himself to release his neck from Sir George's grasp.

"Stay," said the gipsy, casting off the justice with an ease that showed at once his superior physical power, and with a degree of composure that proved him to be no stranger to scenes of personal conflict; "no power on earth can make me speak unless I choose. Now deal with me like a man, and I will do so; resort to force, and I am dumb forever."

"Speak, then," said the old man, trembling in every limb; "speak—what of my child?"

"As I said before, this is purely a matter of business on my part," continued the gipsy; "will you give me five hundred pounds if I will return your daughter to you?"

"I will have you confined until you do speak," said Sir George, reaching towards a bell to summon a servant.

"Stop," said the gipsy, "if you resort to force, I tell you again, this secret shall die in my breast; deal honestly with me, and I will keep my word to the very letter, and your child shall be restored."

Sir George sunk back in his chair, overcome by the exertion he had involuntarily made, bidding him go on.

"The check, sir," said the gipsy, "draw me the bill for five hundred pounds, and I will then go on."

Without a word further, Sir George drew a bill upon his banker for the amount specified, saying to the gipsy as he exhibited the draft, honestly drawn and filled up:

"Now, sir, speak, and if you give me faithful intelligence, upon my honor the draft and money shall be yours."

"Enough. I am satisfied. Now, Sir George, the girl that was tried before you to-day, charged with theft, is thy daughter."

"My God!" exclaimed the agitated parent, scarcely able to contain himself, "bring her to me at once."

"Stay, sir," continued the gipsy, "first let me explain to you my own agency in the affair."

"No matter, no matter, I forgive you—bring me my child."

"But I ask no forgiveness; first let me explain. I learned this secret in a distant land, from a man who had been paid to destroy your child, but who, taking a fancy to her, preferred to save her life, and adopted her. When I learned this from him he was on his deathbed. I promised him to bring her to you. I have done so, and now only demand payment for my expenses."

Saying which, he coolly placed the draft in his pocket, saying that the girl should be sent at once to her father. Part of the gipsy's story was true. He who had stolen Louise from her home was dead. The present leader of the tribe did not come to Sir George, however, until he ascertained that Benwood was deceased, and that nothing was to be made by keeping the secret. So had he in part spoken truly.

At the expiration of an hour, during which Sir George could hardly conquer his impatience,

Minnitti, the lovely danseuse, entered Sir George's apartment, and was at once clasped in his arms, with barely a word that told her all.

"O, Heaven," said the father, while he alternately pressed her to his heart, and held her from him, that he might see more clearly her womanly perfections, "I thank thee for at last returning her to me, so beautiful, so gentle, so loving, ay, and so pure, there can be no guile or deceit in that face;" and Sir George was almost beside himself with joy and delight. Louise," said he, the tears streaming from his eyes, "dear, dear Louise."

"I do remember that name," said she, musing, "it comes over me like a dream, long, long forgotten."

"Ah, my child," said Sir George, "nothing on earth shall again separate us from each other."

"But father, dear father," said Louise, bewildered and over happy, "will you release Fernando?"

"Ay, at once. The brave fellow who would have saved thee at the expense of his own liberty, shall be suitably rewarded."

As he spoke he wrote an order for his immediate release, which was despatched forthwith by a servant, with directions to bring the gipsy to Sir George's apartment. In the meantime Louise's early history was crowded upon her astonished ears, almost in a single breath, while Sir George wondered that he had not at first discovered the likeness of Louise to her mother, which was now so apparent at a glance. Rarely is there such a quantum of joy crowded into one single hour, as filled the one we have cited. It was no longer mere time, but swift-winged seconds.

Fernando came at last, little dreaming of the denouement that was awaiting him. He was surprised to find Minnitti in the company of Sir George, and at once rightly conjectured that his release was owing to her intercession; but his astonishment was beyond description when the true position of the matter was explained to him. Suddenly he became sad, and a tear even trembled in his handsome eye, when the justice asked:

"What grieves you, my friend?"

"To realize, sir, that Minnitti's finding a father must be the cause of our separation."

"How so, sir?"

"Would one of your blood and standing in the world marry a child to one of the proscribed race?"

"Ay," said the justice, "Louise should be yours if you were the—the—I won't exactly say

what, after the proofs of affection you have shown her. Why, she tells me that for a year, ever since you first joined the band in Spain, you have been like a brother to her, having a care for all her wants, protecting her from insult and injury, in more than one instance at the peril of your life. Here, sir," said Sir George, "the world may call me an old fool if it chooses, but give me your hand, and yours too, Louise—there, (placing them together) you have a father's blessing, may you be happy."

Fernando pressed the tearful girl to his breast, saying :

"Dear Louise, blessed be the power that overrules us all."

"Dear Fernando, how happy we shall be now, with every opportunity for improvement; and all the fine things you have taught me, to read, to write, and everything, I can improve them all."

"We will, indeed," replied Fernando; then turning to the justice, said, "the trial is passed, and now I too will speak. One year since I made a vow, on quitting my studies, that I would seek a wife who should love me for myself alone. Being of noble birth—nay, start not, it is true—I assumed these rustic garments, and determined to wear them until I found a heart and proved it worthy of my love. I saw Louise as a gipsy. I loved her at once, yet I determined to keep my oath. I tested her affection in every reasonable way, and learned to love her for her purity of mind, as well as her extraordinary beauty of person; travelled with her, danced by her side, slept in the same camp, and when the time had nearly come for me to take my gipsy wife to my bosom, lo, I find her of gentle birth like myself, while each has truly proved the other's love."

"And such faithful love Heaven must surely bless," said the father, wiping the big tears away from his furrowed cheeks. "O, spare me from any further disclosures," said Sir George, "lest I find the next shall awake me and prove all this joy but a dream."

"It is too tangible for mere fancy," said Fernando, again embracing Louise, "for see, I hold thee, dearest, to my heart."

"God is great!" said the justice, raising his hands to heaven, and while they knelt there, the gray-haired old man poured forth a prayer which was redolent of the overflowing of a heart filled with gratitude.

Fernando de Cortez was indeed born of the blood royal of Spain, and in this romantic way had he chosen himself a wife. We might make our tale more complete by adding to it, but still we could only show that happiness was the future lot of THE GIPSEY DANSEUSE

A CHINESE EXECUTION.

I went yesterday to see the decapitation of ten rebels who had been caught, and it was believed they had come from the north as spies. Making them kneel in a row with their hands tied behind them, the chief executioner motioned to his "sub" to commence. It was evident he was a novice, for he hacked three times with the first, and made two blows with the second. This was more than his master could stand; for just as he approached the third poor wretch, he received a blow upon the back of his head, which had it been with the edge instead of the flat of the sword, would certainly have finished him. Under the more experienced hand of the chief executioner things went on better, each head falling with a single blow. He changed his sword twice during the operation. As he cut off the tenth, I asked for the sword to look at, which he handed me, after wiping it very carefully. It was very long and sharp, with a slight curve in the end. Being double-headed and heavy, the weight alone must have much to do with the dexterity of the cut. The governor of Shanghai was present. At a motion of his hand each one lost a head; and when it was all over the crowd departed, just as though they had only witnessed some ordinary show.—*An Englishman in China.*

FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE.

There are plenty such, if you are not too hurried to notice them. I picked three to-day. First, I saw a workman at mid day, seated on the sidewalk under a tree, his faithful wife beside him, just uncovering a steaming little dinner-basket which she had prepared and brought from the distant street in which was the one room they called "home." Who happier than they? he eating, she looking on, well pleased and happy. Next, at evening, I saw a mother, her hard day's toil over, bringing the little one, with its shining face and smoothly-combed hair, to meet the rough but loving father, and place it, crowing, in his out-stretched arms, smilingly taking in exchange from his hand the spade, with which that night's supper had been cheerfully earned for her and her babe. Again—I saw a laughing little boy, whose face suddenly grew old in a moment, as a reeling figure came round the corner, glide with white cheeks to his side, and passing his little arm within that of the nerveless drunkard's, sob out to the boys, with a love that no taunts or disgrace could quench, "Hush, 'tis my father!"—*Cassell's Family Paper.*

WORSHIP OF DEPARTED SPIRITS.

The *Augila*, a people of Africa, had no gods besides the ghosts of men deceased. This error, though gross, was linked in a double chain of truth; the one, that souls of men deceased did not altogether cease to be; the other, that the things which are seen were ordered and governed by unseen powers; yet loath they were to believe anything which in some sort they had not seen, or perceived by some sense. Hence did their general notion miscarry in the descent upon particulars, prostrating itself before sepulchres filled with dead bones, and consulting souls departed.

—*Jackson.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE POOR ARTIST.

BY D. C. DAVIDSON.

THERE are beautiful pictures in the world that do not grow out of youth and romantic love. The very painting that meets our eyes in the windows of every shop, and on the walls of almost every room, substitutes this assertion—I mean that of “Age and Infancy.” And what picture can be sweeter, even aside from its world wide associations of science and literature, than that of Humboldt, the good, great and venerable, in his study? I need not go on multiplying examples; for the great heart of the public is continually stirred into enthusiasm for these delineations—enthusiasm which the portrait of the most beautiful young lady could not rouse to more than a passing word of approbation.

Such a picture, was the mother of a struggling young artist whom I knew in Philadelphia, some years ago. She had known a world of sorrow—that calm, dignified, yet cheerful woman; and now that her age had but one prop left, she was striving to make his home as happy as she could. They were very poor in what the world calls wealth—rich in intellectual culture, in goodness and affection for each other. Theirs was a narrow sphere, but O, how worthily filled!

One room, and a small closet where Arthur slept, were all that the Austins could afford to occupy. These were, however, on the second floor, front, of a respectable street, and were furnished with the relics of better days. A Turkey carpet, that had been so well kept as to have parted with but little of its original richness—an ample couch which at night formed Mrs. Austin's bed—some antique leather-bottomed chairs—a small oval mirror, from which the gilding was not wholly worn away, and a heavy, old-fashioned table, comprised the inventory of the furniture; yet I have seen many, very many splendid rooms, that to me were far more desolate-looking than these.

Arthur's easel occupied the darkened corner; and a few choice pictures stood upon the floor near it. His mother's armchair was not far off; for, if it was Arthur's brain that conceived and his hand that painted, it was no less his mother's taste and judgment that suggested, and which he gladly followed.

The duties of their little *menage* took up only a small part of the morning, although the result was a neatness, order and nice arrangement that a whole tribe of servants would not have attained in double the time. The small grate did not

admit of any elaborate cookery, if their means had allowed it; but the cup of tea and the baker's roll that constituted their breakfast, and the bowl of soup for dinner, were as daintily served as if fairies had laid the table. And it was all accomplished too, so tidily, that there was no trace of kitchen work to mar the neatness of their arrangements.

Mrs. Austin, in her black dress, smooth and unwrinkled, and her widow's cap of plain white muslin, always looked like the lady she really was. The gown might have innumerable darns, invisible save on close inspection; and the cap might have been starched and re-starched; but she had an exquisite way of doing these things, and doing them also when there was no one by to see the process.

“I must keep myself down to portrait-painting, dear mother,” said Arthur, one day, in that weary, half-resigned tone which means so much.

“You are not discouraged, Arthur?”

“I hope I shall not be. But, as I proceed with this, my hopes grow less bright. If I—loving it as I do—am not satisfied, how can I expect others to be? Besides, mother, it will take a year longer to carry out my conception of it, and, meantime, what are we to do for bread?”

“There is your ‘Little Nell.’ Did you not hope to get that into the Academy at the next exhibition?”

Arthur reached out his hand for a painting that was turned to the wall.

“I have not looked at it for these two or three months. To think of the days that I spent upon it, too! No, mother! this will never go to the exhibition,” he added, half sadly.

“And why not?” persisted the hopeful mother. “It is a beautiful conception, and grows upon one at every look. I have seen it every day for these two months that you have not looked at it, and can assure you that you undervalue it.”

Arthur turned the picture round, and, rising, he went to the other side of the room. His look relaxed. It was better than he thought. He remembered that, when he painted at it, his mother was ill, and his heart was not in it; hence he had thus put it out of his sight. But not so the mother. To her it was indissolubly associated with the fond, loving attentions which her boy had paid her while painting at it. She remembered how she had lain in the little bed-room, in which he usually slept, and had looked in through the open door, night after night, to see him alternately painting and watching until the dawn. And the more she saw him, the more earnestly did she sympathize with the grandfather of little Nell, in his undying love for the child.

Arthur had once coaxed a little school girl, whom he saw daily as she passed on her way to school, to sit for the picture of Nell. She was a sweet creature, a thought too pale for childhood, and her dark hair making her still paler. But the child had rosy lips, that scarce met over the teeth that looked like the heart of a cocoa-nut, and her expression was so joyous, that Arthur had to try ever so many times before he could subdue it to the somewhat mournful—at least, deeply thoughtful one, which the word-painting of Dickens has given to this creation of his genius.

"That is a sweet little girl, Arthur," said Mrs. Austin, after she had bounded down stairs from her last sitting. "What is her name?"

"I do not know, mother. I forgot to ask her."

Mrs. Austin smiled at this new proof of Arthur's abstraction and indifference to outward things. But she said no more; for she did not annoy him by referring, at any time, to his peculiarities; yet often and often, the face of the child came before her, like the face of an angel.

One of those cold winter afternoons, in which the little grate seemed hardly to warm the frosty atmosphere within the room, brought a visitor to Arthur. It was the next day after his conversation with his mother about retouching the picture, for exhibition, and he languidly set about it, for his hope was not yet awakened for its success.

A gentle knock at the door was answered by the young man himself. A lady to see Mr. Austin! No one had less foolish pride than Arthur; but on this occasion, he was embarrassed by the consciousness of his own appearance. He had busied himself about the picture, to please his mother; and his hair was hanging in loose curls over his forehead, in a state foreign to his usual neatness. He did not, generally, affect the careless style of artists; but, to-day, the cold had induced him to throw a crimson wool scarf across his shoulder over the gray blouse he always wore at work, and, above his curls, he also placed a tiny cap of the same crimson hue. He had not presence of mind enough to doff this last, but he fairly colored, as he encountered the bright, laughing eyes of the lady.

She was wrapped in rich and abundant furs—cloak, muff, wristlets; and even her little hood had an edging of the same costly material. Long, dark curls shaded cheeks that were brilliant with the roses that the frost king had deepened, and the sweetest brown eyes looked frankly and fearlessly, yet with a touch of girlish shyness, into his own.

He set a chair for her near the fire; murmur-

ed his mother's name. Mrs. Austin was at once interested in the visitor. She loved youth and beauty, and here was one of the most perfect representatives of both.

Warming at once toward the beautiful old lady who greeted her with such a kindly smile, and showed so much solicitude about the room being too cold for her, the girl unfolded her errand.

She had understood that Mr. Austin sometimes painted portraits. Would he try here? She had had it tried twice, unsuccessfully. Arthur did not wonder at that, when he saw the changeful expression of the face. Such a good face, and its beauty was of so thoroughly healthy a sort! None of your pale, sickly, sentimental faces. She drew off her gloves to tie the strings of her hood which had become unfastened, and he remarked her hands. Very beautifully shaped they were, with pink palms and almond-shaped nails; but they were far from being white, like those of a person living uselessly and without employment. Nor were they disproportionately small, either, as if they had been too small to grow.

"I had better have brought little Minnie with me, to introduce me, Mr. Austin," she said, when Arthur had signified his acceptance of the commission. She turned half round as she spoke, and the picture of Little Nell met her eye. She uttered an exclamation of delight and surprise. "Minnie! has Minnie been beforehand with me, Mr. Austin? The child has talked incessantly, of being here, but she never told me of this. Did papa—did any one?"

She blushed at her own voluble surprise, and begged pardon.

"It is a secret, I won't investigate it," she said, smiling. "Mine too is a secret, which must not be known until I speak from the canvass. Papa has been disappointed twice. I will not have him experience it again. But I forget myself strangely. Mr. Austin, are you willing to trust my face, without knowing who I am? Speak freely. Don't let any consideration for the feelings of a foolish girl permit you to undertake any thing which you would rather not."

"I will," was Arthur's eager, hearty answer; and the beauty threw off her little hood, and asked where she should sit.

It was refreshing, as Mrs. Austin afterwards said, to see one so lovely take so little thought or pains to show her face to the best advantage. She did not even cast a look at the little mirror, but sat down in the chair which Arthur designated.

It was truly a labor of love. He kept her talking continually, and caught her liveliest, most

piquant expression. A few dashes of his free pencil, inspired by such a face, were truly successful. Mrs. Austin, though fearing, always, that people should think she was playing trumpeter for her son, could not restrain an involuntary exclamation at the strong and unmistakable likeness. It was echoed by the girl herself.

Then, in the most natural and simple way, she gave directions about the drapery and attitude. She had been tormented enough, she said, with consultations upon these two points. She should choose them now so simply that there need be no discussion—no words spoken. A plain, dark riding habit, closed tight at the throat, one hand gathering up the folds as if about to mount—no ornaments—no trimmings—"nothing," she blushing added, "unless Mr. Austin lends me his picturesque scarf and cap."

"Certainly! It will be at once becoming and unique."

And she tried on the cap over those silken curls, and drew another half scream of gratified taste from Mrs. Austin.

"Do you know whose child is Minnie?" she asked.

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Austin. "We neglected shamefully, to ask it of her."

"Then don't ask her now, if she comes. And pray, don't let her see my picture."

"She shall not," answered Arthur, turning his easel so that no one but himself could enter behind it. And so with a graceful good-by, the bright vision departed. There was no lack of warmth in the apartment now. The excitement of her visit had thoroughly dissipated the sensation of cold from each. The western sun glanced in cheerfully too, and the weak tea and the few thin slices of bread, though nearly as unsubstantial as Duke Humphrey's feasts, were all that the greatest banquet could have seemed.

She came again and again. Arthur worked constantly upon her picture, and every day it grew sweeter to do so. Often, after he had retired to sleep, he would rise and dress again, and the watchful mother would see him steal across the room and quietly resume his place at the easel, where he would spend the long hours of a winter night in touching and retouching the beloved picture. For it had come to that. This unknown lady had become the lady of the poor artist's love. Never before had his heart yielded to that sentiment—and he honestly tried now not to give way to it. Everything about her bespoke her wealth. How vain and presumptuous would it have been for him to dream of her then! But not in his most earnest aspirations, he would not have thought of any one as a wife.

He was married already—married to Art. And then his mother! To no one on earth would he commit this sacred charge—the legacy of his father. No one should even share the happiness of caring for her. So thought he now. Was it always to be thus?

Spring had come. Her sweet breath came even to the artist's home. Mrs. Austin brought up the roses and geraniums so carefully cellared all winter, and one long, bright, clean window was soon full of the sweetest buds. The little plat of ground, eighteen inches wide and forty long, beneath the window, was redolent of garden and violets mignonette; and the room fairly shone with the rubbing and waxing it had received.

And there, in the best position, stood the picture of the unknown lady, waiting the final approbation of the original—waiting for the name to be inscribed on the reverse, for so she had promised.

And now she entered, leaning on the arm of a stately gentleman, with the original of Little Nell beside her.

Arthur bowed as they came in, and his little pet ran to him, with her hands full of odorous spring flowers. He kissed and thanked her. So much he might do to the sister of her whom he would have died for at this moment, so beautiful, so angelic did she look. How he grudged the rapturous look of her companion as he surveyed the painting.

"Perfect! perfect, my love," were the words spoken by the gentleman. Arthur was fluctuating between the two beliefs that he was her father or her husband, and the rare praise fell powerless on his ear.

The lady stepped round behind the easel where Arthur was feigning to be busy adjusting the heavy frame which had been sent the night before. She took up the brush and approached the canvass on which Arthur had already written: "Painted by Arthur Austin for ——" She filled out the line by writing Marion Mansfield.

"You never told me your name," said Arthur in a low voice.

"I—am only Minnie—"

"Minnie what?"

Her answer was drowned by the voice of the gentleman who was thanking him for the unequalled likeness he had obtained; and then the three departed. Marion lingered, however, a moment, as she passed Mrs. Austin.

"I forgot to give him this—but you will be his banker."

It was a purse containing a sum far exceeding

that which Arthur had intended charging. Indeed he was thankful that she had not offered it to him. He could not bear the thought of receiving money for that which had given him so much delight.

Minnie came the next day to have her look at the picture. She saw the gentleman in the street and ran out to pull him in also; so Arthur had no chance to question her of what lay nearest his heart. He had himself gazed upon the picture until he grew sick with the thoughts that came to him, and he resolutely placed "Little Nell" before it, and was busy in adding new touches to that.

"How is this?" said the gentleman eagerly. "Is this my little Minnie? Mr. Austin, is that picture engaged?"

"No, sir."

"Then please consider it so, and name your price. I cannot thank you enough for Marion's picture. But this of Minnie's! How came you by it?"

And Minnie told the tale so rapidly that there was no need of a word from Arthur. Marion came in the afternoon again. She did not order the picture home.

"Keep it a week—a month, if you wish," she said, kindly. "Your mother loves it, she tells me."

O, how he longed to tell her that he too—Ah, no! he must keep that great love in his heart, never telling it even to the kind mother who would have thought Marion Mansfield with all her wealth was none too good for her son.

From this time, Marion came often—never, however, when she thought the painter at home. She had conceived an affection as ardent as it was tender and reverent, for the mother of Arthur. From her, she learned all his hopes, his aspirations, his disappointments. The girl listened with a tearful eye. Her own life had been so sheltered, so happy, that it seemed strange that so much trial should be felt by those who were only a few streets removed from her. Mrs. Austin explained that her own terrible and protracted illness of last year, succeeded by a low nervous fever with which Arthur suffered for months, had been the occasion of great trial. His large picture, scarcely begun, which he hoped to get into the exhibition, was delayed, and the smaller one had lost the charm for him until little Minnie came.

"And papa intends now that it shall go there; and, as it will be ticketed "Sold," it will be all the better for Mr. Austin. But this large picture—what is it? I have not seen it."

Mrs. Austin rose, and turned a picture from the wall. It was a scene of which Arthur had

brought the drawing from South America—taken by himself on the spot. It combined all the charm of wild, mountain and forest life—herds of wild animals and rough mountaineers pursuing them—sunlight on the brow of the hills, and, at the bottom a little lake in the shadow, a skiff and a lonely boatman. Beyond this lake a dark ravine and near it a lightning-shattered cascariña, behind which peeped a swarthy face. There were spots, here and there, where the brilliant flowers of that country were blooming with a beauty like living blossoms; and, again, on some ruined tree or high rock, a bright bird might be seen, so perfectly painted that one might almost fancy its wild notes were borne on the breeze.

"But with such talents as Mr. Austin possesses, he surely has only to reach out his hand, to grasp wealth and distinction."

Mrs. Austin sighed. "Ah, I feel this deeply, my dear. Arthur will not leave his mother; and, hitherto I have opposed his going to Italy, as he wished. He is my all, dear," said the poor mother, somewhat apologetically, as if she blamed herself for his want of success.

Marion Mansfield had a long talk with her father when she returned. The result was a visit to Italy, and an earnest invitation to Arthur and his mother to accompany them. It was accepted.

When I visited Philadelphia, nine years afterwards, my second inquiry was for the Austins. I was told that they were in town.

"At the old place?"

"Indeed no," said my informant. "Austin has become rich by his talents, and lives in a plain, but rich style. He is a happy man."

"His mother?"

"Is happy in his happiness. He married Marion Mansfield, an heiress in her own right, independent of her father. Shall we call there?"

I eagerly acceded. My friend had not exaggerated. I found Arthur and his beautiful wife, his mother and two sweet children; and the cordiality with which I was greeted, assured me that the hearts of the Austins were untouched by that feeling of selfishness that is so often the curse of wealth. From Arthur himself, I learned that he never avowed his love for Marion until his own circumstances were such that he could do so without compromising his pride and self-respect.

A TENDER VOICE.

Her voice is soft—not shrill and like the lark's,
But tenderer, graver, almost hoarse at times!
As though the earnestness of love prevailed,
And quelled all shriller music.—BARRY CORNWALL.

LOVE ME LESS, OR LOVE ME MORE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Why thus leave me madly doubting,
Maiden, if thou hast a heart?
Wherefore all this useless pouting?
Bid it play a worthier part!

Fear not that thy frown will grieve me,
Time can peace of mind restore;
Smile upon me still, or leave me—
Love me less, or love me more.

Is thy heart with grief o'erladen?
Tell thy grief and ease thy pain;
Sighing will not soothe thee, maiden,
If thy sighs are all in vain.

Leave me, if you've learnt to doubt me,
Then be happy as before;
I have lived, can live, without thee—
Love me less, or love me more!

[ORIGINAL.]

DEATH IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM!

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THERE is no sight, to me, more mournfully suggestive, than that of a deserted school-house. Desolation, always sad, if not absolutely frightful, seems here doubly so: the very contrast from the scenes of youthful hilarity and busy occupation, to lonely silence and ruin, carries a marked solemnity to the heart of the visitor. Memory unconsciously recalls the throng of bright and happy faces which once peopled the now deserted school-room, the pleasure and excitement of youthful rivalry in study, the hours of recreation, and the thousand other incidents of school-boy life—and the question naturally suggests itself: Where are now the youthful companions, with whom these regretted days were passed! Alas—the answer is as readily suggested! Scattered, perhaps, over the whole world, lost in the cares and anxieties of a new life, and, undoubtedly, looking back, at times, with profound emotion, to scenes and days such as I have described.

Thoughts like the above were my unavoidable companions, not long since, while visiting such a spot: the building where my own earlier school-days were spent. A host of old memories thronged upon me while I looked around upon the lonely place; and for the moment, every vacant seat seemed again occupied, and I fancied I could hear the hum of study and recitation around me. Yet it was but fancy.

"Mute is the bell, which, at the peep of dawn,
Quickened my truant steps across the lawn!"

And time and decay are fast obliterating each familiar feature of the scene.

But there was one reminiscence, deeper and still more durable than all these; and my steps were directed to the old school-house, upon that balmy summer morning, principally to look for some token of the mournful occurrence, which might bring it more forcibly to my mind. The door of the school-room was swinging idly on its hinges in the morning breeze, as I entered: and a moment's search upon the inside disclosed a gradation of marks, indicating the height of each of the former pupils. One, the highest of all, evidently marked the stature of a man; and opposite were the half-effaced words pencilled in my own hand, "Trent Lyman—Died, here, May 6th, 182—"

The name was that of our teacher: almost the first of whom I have any distinct remembrance. Yet how well do I recollect him! A tall, slender man, of thirty years, with light blue eyes, and a smile of winning sweetness, which subdued the ruder spirits among us, and engaged the affections of all. There seemed to be no change in his appearance—at all times, his face wore the same aspect of gentleness, mingled with melancholy; and often, when moving among us, assisting in our tasks, his thoughts were evidently elsewhere, although his attention was given to us. There was that about his demeanor which puzzled, while it interested all; but, although he quickly won the confidence and affections of both parents and pupils, yet he studiously kept his own counsel, and made no confidants. A hundred different surmises as to his former life were afloat in the village; and as the subject was one to which he never alluded, in the most indirect manner, these were, in fact, nothing else than surmises.

At the time when he first became our teacher, the school was mainly composed of small children; and it was attended by none who could appropriately be termed anything else. But the removal of a wealthy and aristocratic widow, from a neighboring city, to our village, furnished, in the person of her daughter, a scholar of a very different class. She was a proud, beautiful girl, of seventeen; and it was with difficulty that the city belle, accustomed as she was to flattery and attention from her circle of city admirers, could be persuaded by her mother to attend the humble village school. But even pride was compelled to yield to a bitter consciousness of her own uncultivated mind; and thus another scholar was added to our little number.

I well remember the day upon which Bessie Merton first made her appearance among us; how scornfully she swept her handsome eyes

over both teacher and pupils—how fastidiously she selected a seat, removed as far as possible from us—and how abashed we felt, in the presence of the haughty little beauty! It really became a serious question in my juvenile brain—puzzling me almost as much as the mysterious multiplication table, between which and the new scholar my eyes divided the forenoon—as to whether Mr. Lyman would dare to attempt the instruction of so grand a young lady.

But all doubts upon this subject were soon dispelled. At recess, the teacher approached Miss Bessie, and seating himself by her side, began to question her, in his kindest manner. It was easy to see that the haughty reserve of the wilful girl disappeared rapidly before his winning manner and gentle tones; and ten minutes had not elapsed, when—unquestionably, to her great surprise—Bessie Merton found herself pleasantly conversing with her interlocutor, and eagerly questioning him as to her future course of study. The barrier of senseless pride, which had heretofore repulsed all kind advances, was effectually undermined by the powerful influence of that unobtrusive gentleness, with which this singular man had already won the hearts of all the village.

From that day, a new era commenced in the life of Bessie. Her manner of life had been such as to smother all the generous impulses of her better nature; but under the judicious care of Mr. Lyman, these soon showed themselves. The preceptor had insensibly gained a power over her, which she might have been unwilling to acknowledge, but which he used constantly for her good. For the first time in her life she found herself actuated by a higher motive than mere love of flattery and display; partly because she was now convinced of its utility, and partly to gain the approbation of her preceptor, she applied herself to her studies with unwonted diligence. The result, under his admirable tutorship, was a rapid and increasing proficiency in the branches which he had recommended her to pursue.

Nor was this the only result. The comprehension of children is often precocious far beyond their years; and although the causes and results which I have named, are the fruit of the deliberation of maturer years upon the subject, what I am now about to state was surmised by us at the time when it occurred. The relations between Mr. Lyman and the new scholar were something new in our little world; and it was therefore quite natural that many a truant eye should wander from the book before it, to the much more engaging problem of human life, then in process of solution within the walls of

that dear old school-house. It was the subject of much grave deliberation among us, as to why it was, that when our teacher bent down over Bessie's desk, to assist her in some difficulty, until his auburn hair mingled with her dark tresses—it was seriously debated, I say, why, under such circumstances, the rich blood must needs tinge Miss Bessie's brown cheeks; and we wondered why the teacher's eyes so often wandered from his class, to her desk. Nor was it at first clearly apparent to us, why the young lady so frequently lingered over her tasks, when we had been dismissed—nor why the two almost invariably left the school-house together, and walked thus slowly along the side of the brook, and through the grove, when they well knew that the nearest way home lay over the hill; but childish speculation finally, and without assistance, satisfied itself that there could be but one explanation to all this. And when we knew that he had more than once accompanied Bessie all the way home, and had even passed the evening several times at the white cottage over the hill—then we knew also, that his quiet power of gentle fascination had carried the day against Mrs. Merton's pride of birth and position, and that our explanation of what we had before seen was veritably true!

Never have I seen a greater change in a human being, than that which now affected Trent Lyman. Without an effort, as it seemed, his strange appearance of melancholy was cast aside, his eye grew brighter, his laugh loud and musical, his step elastic, and his cheek ruddy; he was, in reality, a changed man, in the full sense of the term. The prospect of happiness before him had given him an exuberance of spirits, strangely contrasting with his former aberration of mind; and so surprising was the change, that, to our youthful imaginations, he seemed ten times handsomer than ever before. Nor was the alteration visible in Bessie Merton less remarkable; intercourse with him had infused his own amiability into her spirit, and the haughtiness and pride which had before marred an external beauty almost perfect, were entirely eradicated.

So it seemed. So futile are all appearances—so vain all estimates of human happiness! Already was it whispered, that at the end of the term, we would lose a teacher, and Bessie would gain a companion, for life, when—but it cannot be told in a word. Let me describe the thrilling occurrence, briefly summed up in the title of my sketch, just as I remember it.

The day was in May, and a pleasant, sunshiny one. The afternoon exercises had just begun; and Mr. Lyman, sitting, as usual, by the side of

Bessie, upon the recitation-bench, was reciting with her, from the same book. I was standing by, waiting for his assistance; when as he drew his handkerchief from his breast-pocket, an object came with it, and fell to the floor. As it lay there, I could easily see that it was an ivory miniature, and the face painted upon it, that of a young girl.

Mr. Lyman had already reached forth his hand to take it, a slight flush crossing his forehead, as he did so; when Bessie quickly snatched it from the floor, and concealed it about her dress. Her face was pale—fearfully pale, I thought, and her lips quivered; and Mr. Lyman, as he looked up, in grieved astonishment, was scarcely less white. He held out his hand towards her; but neither by word nor look did she show that his meaning was comprehended.

"Give me the picture, Bessie!" He spoke in a calm, stern voice, so unusual to him, that I looked again to discover whether it was really he who had uttered the words. There seemed, at first, a conflict in the mind of the young girl, as to what course she should pursue; but her heart triumphed, and she said, in a low, tender voice, while the color came back to her face:

"Explain this, Trent; I know you can! God knows, you cannot have deceived me!"

The pallor of death seemed to have settled upon the face of Mr. Lyman, as she spoke, and his brow was as rigid as marble. Never have I seen a face expressing such determined, *horrible* firmness!

"Return me the picture, Bessie!" was his only reply.

"Trent," and her hand was laid almost fearfully upon his arm, "*can* you explain the meaning of that picture?"

"Yes!"

The answer came forth freely and without hesitation.

"And will you?"

"I will—when the picture is returned; *never* till then! You show your distrust of me, by detaining it; if you have the slightest distrust of me, Trent Lyman, whose life would be held cheaply in purchasing your happiness, it is better that I should know it now!"

The words touched the chord at which they were directed; her hand was half reached out, with the miniature, and then quickly withdrawn. A passionate sob followed.

"Trent Lyman, you have deceived me—cruelly deceived me!" were her broken articulations. "You never loved me; if you did, it would be easily explained, what this picture in your possession means. But until it is explained, you

may rest assured that it will never be in your possession again!"

The words were uttered with the angry flash of the eye, and the haughtiness of tone and manner, which had characterized the Bessie Merton of old. Paler still, and still firmer, grew the face of Mr. Lyman, as he rejoined:

"You would not wish to forfeit the happiness which is now almost ours, Bessie?"

"It is you who seem to wish it!" was the passionate reply. "If you have ever felt one particle of the love for me which you have so often professed, you will explain what seems to cast the stigma of hypocrisy upon you!"

O, how white did the face of Trent Lyman become, as he listened! *White*? It was ghastly, deathly pallid; paler than any confined face that I have ever looked upon!

"Once more Bessie," he said, in a whisper, "I ask you for the picture. You know me too well to doubt me!"

"I *did* know you thus—it remains with you to say how I shall regard you hereafter!"

He rose so quickly, and walked away to the window, that I could not see his face. With a strange mingling of emotions betraying themselves upon her tell-tale countenance, Bessie moved to her seat, sank into it, and hid her face upon the desk. A sob, deep and full of anguish, suddenly startled the school. Turning quickly, at the sound, the teacher walked to her seat, and laying his hand lightly upon her shoulder, spoke her name. The hand was impatiently flung off; and Mr. Lyman again turned away, his face quivering in every line, and his hands tightly clasped. Seldom have I seen such a conflict of purposes and wishes, as his features at this moment indicated. He walked to and fro, in a nervous manner, for some moments; and then, as if resolved upon his course, sat down behind his desk, and began to write. Some time was thus occupied; and at length, calling me up to him, he placed a note in my hand, and pointing to Bessie, bade me give it to her.

I felt that his eyes were bent anxiously upon me; and proceeding upon my mission, I placed the note before Bessie Merton. She merely looked at it once; and then, recognizing the writing, swept it contemptuously to the floor. I glanced towards Mr. Lyman. He had seen the action, and his face was now overspread with a look of mortal anguish; utter hopelessness was the only other expression which could be detected. Seating himself in his chair, he looked out at the open door; gradually the expression changed to one of tender and gentle melancholy, such as I had been accustomed to see him wear, and all

pain seemed to vanish. For a long time he continued thus, gazing dreamily out upon the fields; and then resting his arms upon the desk, he bowed his head upon them.

It was now past four o'clock; and the children, wondering at the unusual neglect of their recitations, had put their books away, and were waiting permission to depart. An hour more slipped by; and one by one softly took their departure. I was the last to leave, save Bessie, whose eyes were steadfastly bent upon the book before her; and as I reached the threshold, I stopped to consider whether I had not better go back and wake the teacher. He had not stirred from the position he had taken. But the clock struck five, Bessie looked up. She seemed surprised to find the school-room empty, and was about to reach down her bonnet, when her eyes fell upon Mr. Lyman. The sight seemed to humble her pride of spirit, and she moved slowly towards him. He made no reply, when she spoke his name; nor did he in the least regard the hand which she now, for the second time, placed upon his shoulder.

"Speak to me, Trent!" she implored, in broken accents. "I was wrong, to keep the picture—here it is," and she laid it down before him. "Do speak to me, Trent; do say that you forgive me! I was wicked to mistrust you: I will believe anything you say. But he don't hear me—he won't speak—O God, what can be the matter!"

The head of Trent Lyman fell over upon one side, thus exhibiting the face, and revealing the terrible truth. He was dead! Dead, in the bright and sunny daytime—dead, in the midst of happy and joyous life—dead, and of a broken heart!

I need not speak of the bitter, agonizing sorrow of the unhappy Bessie. Inspired by the terror of the scene, I fled for assistance; and when I returned, she was lying senseless by the corpse.

The contents of the note explained all that need be explained. The miniature, as it appeared, was that of one whom Trent Lyman had loved years before, and of whom he had been bereaved, but a few days before his intended bridal. Grief for her loss, chastened by time into a pensive melancholy, had become, as it were, part of his existence; and this had never been in the least degree laid aside, until his meeting with Bessie. In her, he fancied that he had found the counterpart of the one he had lost; and the prospect, or, as it seemed, the certainty of a second bereavement, had been sufficient to act fatally upon a heart already keenly wounded. He died, as I believe, of grief, and of that alone!

I have seen Bessie Merton many times since that day; and very lately I met her at one of her own magnificent reunions, in the costly mansion which her sordid husband inhabits. She seemed the gayest, as she certainly was the loveliest, of the brilliant crowd around her; yet I fancied there was a touch of sadness upon her face; and when I could gain her ear, I whispered to her that I had just returned from a visit to the old school-house. The look deepened, I thought; and I was sure that the splendid woman was not entirely heartless; but when, a few moments later, I missed her from the company, and found her, after much search, alone in the recess of a bay-window, overwhelmed in the tears and sobs of a grief which had only been dormant, never dead—then I was doubly satisfied, that, spite of the glare and glitter of all around me, there was another than Trent Lyman, whom the day I have spoken of made **BROKEN-HEARTED**.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN HANCOCK.

During the siege of Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock was the President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested from having all his property in Boston. After he left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole in the following terms: "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British from it, and the liberties of our country require their being burnt to ashes—issue the order for that purpose immediately!"

LEGALIZED SUICIDE.

In Marseilles, it seems, there was once a singular custom for the benefit of those who desired to leave the light of the sun behind them. The magistrates kept constantly on hand, and in their own charge, an efficacious poison for the use of those who wished to take their own lives. Such persons were obliged to petition to the senate, which consisted of six hundred members, and set forth their grievances. The senate then investigated the ills the flesh was heir to, and if there was any satisfactory cause for quitting life, they decreed permission, and gave out the necessary poison. No one had a right to take his or her own life without permission. What was the penalty of breaking the law, we are not told.—*Historical Annals.*

DEPARTED JOYS.

Vanished hopes and vanished smiles,
All lost forever more,
Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,
And never came to shore.—**THOMAS K. HEWITT.**

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STORY OF A LETTER.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

"ANY letter for me to-day?"

What a white face it was—yet beautiful for all that. Beautiful, for all the bright eyes had grown dim and lustreless, the cheek lost its carnation, the lips their crimson—beautiful, despite the lines care and sorrow—not time—had drawn across the white brow shaded by such a wealth of waving, sunny brown hair. Care and sorrow, we say, yet I might have said it was *waiting* that made pretty, sweet Maggie Austin old, when but a score of summers had passed over her innocent head—waiting.

"Any letter for me to-day?"

A dash of crimson flushed the white brow, dyeing lips and cheeks—a sudden gleam came into the dim eyes—weeping made them dim—what a trembling there was of the slight form, what a wavering, as if between hope and despair, of the rich voice!

The old postmaster took down a bunch of letters from "Box A," and looked them over slowly. He always did when Maggie asked for letters, although he knew well enough—sympathetic old man that he was—that there was none for her, and that "no" must be the answer, let him defer it as long as he could. Hadn't she come regularly every day, rain or shine, for the last six months, with that same question upon her lips, that question to which a negative reply was always given.

"Any letter for me to-day?"

Poor Maggie Austin! Every one said two years before, when gay, dashing Hugh Austin led her to the altar, that the young scapegrace only courted the girl's property, and when he had obtained that, would not hesitate to cast the sweet, trusting wife aside to suit his convenience.

Hugh Austin was poor—Maggie was an orphan and rich. Hugh embarked in an unsuccessful speculation and lost all—Maggie said, "never mind, Hugh, we can work." And she smiled just as sweetly as when she said a year previous, "I am yours, Hugh."

But poverty was stinging, and the cry of "gold, gold," came from the far-off mines of California. Hugh Austin went. Every one said he meant to desert his young wife and baby; that he had left them unprovided for, and what would they do? Every one said that handsome and winning and pleasing as Hugh was, he was a rascal after all—"every one" said so, and "every one" be-

lieved it, except Maggie, who with a noble woman's trust, scorned alike the imputation and its supposed fabricators.

Maggie turned away from the low, brown post-office. What of it? She had turned away hundreds of times with that same look of despair upon her white face. The passers-by jostled her—she was weak and faint. Poor Maggie! weak and faint, yet what of it? Who cared?

* * * * *

"Writing home, eh?"

Hugh Austin yawned, wiped the ink from the pen upon his black curls, and then replied:

"Yes."

"To that dear little wife of yours, eh, Hugh?"

"Yes again, you inquisitive Charlie."

"Inquisitive, am I? Well, I'll earn the cognomen then. Pray, how many letters have you written the charming little lady since you've been here?"

A crimson flush crept up over the handsome face.

"I'm ashamed to own it, Charlie, but this is the first."

"First!" Charlie Summers brought his hand down emphatically. "First! why, you're a wretch, a most unpardonable wretch, *mon cher*!"

"If it wasn't you, I'd strike you for saying that," replied the handsome Hugh Austin. "But I'll tell you how it was; when I arrived here, I was so busy, and hated letter-writing so bad, I kept putting it off day after day, week after week, until I was ashamed to write without sending something besides words;—they won't always pay the baker and butcher, you know. Well, so I waited and waited, and all I could do was to run clear myself; board high, and the miserablest luck in the world."

"And yet at a single stroke you made five thousand dollars!"

"I know it—wait, Charlie—I am a wretch—I know it! As you say, at a single stroke I made five thousand. In one night I lost it all. I was going to write to Maggie the very next day. Then I was passing a gambling-hell—went in, drank, played, lost, and was beggared! Could I write to Maggie then? Dared I write her after I had been in California six months, and not send her a cent? So I waited, and kept waiting until just now. But when she gets this letter she'll be a hundred dollars richer, poor little puss—and then she'll forgive me for my long silence, I know she can't help it."

"She ought not to forgive you, Hugh."

"No, I know it; but, dear child, she loves me so devotedly—and I, well, I believe I worship

the very ground she walks on, Charlie. But then—but then—”

* * * * *

“MRS. MAGGIE AUSTIN.”

A California postmark, superscription in Hugh Austin's well known hand. Was it possible? The little old postmaster read the address over and over—there was no mistake, the letter had come!

“Wont she be glad—wont her eyes shine? O, it will be worth a hundred dollars to give this to her,” said the old postmaster to his wife.

“Poor child!”

The old lady said “poor child!” and then took up the stitch she had dropped.

“I'm getting so blind!” she muttered. But I shouldn't wonder if that tear made you so, dear, sympathetic old lady.

“I don't see why she don't come,” said the little old postmaster, as the afternoon wore away, and the evening came on. “You take the letter over, Hannah—poor thing, maybe she or the baby's ill.”

“I would, John, but my bread's just in the oven; but I'll mind the office a bit—you run over—it aint but a step, John.”

“Mercy on me, what a woman you are, Hannah! Me run over—run with one wooden leg, and a bone in the other—O, Hannah!” And the little lame man laughed.

“Don't laugh, John, it hurts me somehow. I'm worried about the poor young thing. How curious she looked out of her eyes yesterday afternoon, when she said, ‘are you sure there is nothing here for me?’”

“Yes, I mind, Hannah.”

“And you know I asked after the baby, and she said, ‘not very well, I thank you, but it will be better to-morrow!’”

“And what of that, Hannah?”

“O nothing, only the words and the way scared me, and she put her hand over her heart as if it hurt her, though I've seen her do that dozens of times for aught I know.”

“Poor thing!”

* * * * *

Rap, rap, rap.

The winds were whispering softly among the lilacs in front of Maggie Austin's window. The stars were up in the sky, and the moon looked down with pale, sad face upon the little lame postmaster, as he stood at Maggie Austin's door.

Rap, rap, rap.

But there came no answer. “It can't be that she's asleep—”

Ah, but Maggie was asleep! Heaven forgive

her—for those who sleep thus never waken. Life had been too weary! O, Maggie, with your dead baby clasped upon your breast!—O, Maggie, if you had but hoped but *one* day more!

* * * * *

“Any letter for me to-day?”

Hugh Austin asked the question.

“A strange hand-writing—ha! my own letter, and two locks of bright hair! What can it mean?” Hugh Austin's face was very white, as he read in the hand-writing of the postmaster:

“Take back your letter—it came too late; they are both dead! Heaven forgive you; your negligence killed them! Here is a lock of your wife and baby's hair. They are buried in one grave. Heaven forgive you! O, if your letter had come one day sooner, or if Maggie had but hoped and waited one day more!”

THE NAUTILUS.

The nautilus possesses the power of descending at will to the bottom of the sea or rising to the surface. It is, therefore, very hard to capture; and though the shell itself is not uncommon, yet the animal inhabiting it had never been seen by any naturalist for more than a hundred years, until Dr. Bennett caught one in 1829, and sent it to Professor Owen, who made it the subject of his well known monograph. Before he wrote it, he went to Paris and saw Cuvier, whom he asked if he had ever seen the animal in question. “No, sir,” was the reply; “I have not seen it, and I never shall.” The expression was prophetic, for when Owen had finished his monograph, and sealed up a copy to send to Cuvier, the news arrived that the great anatomist was dead. It was on a calm evening in August that Dr. Bennett descried his nautilus floating on the water keel uppermost, and looking like a dead tortoise-shell cat. It was in the act of sinking when the boat approached, but its shell being broken with the boat-hook, its escape was prevented.—*London Journal*.

COLDS.

When a man begins to cough, as the result of a common cold, it is the effort of nature herself attempting the cure, which she will effect in her own time and more effectually than any man can do, if she is let alone and her instincts cherished. What are these instincts? She abhors food and craves warmth. Hence, the moment a man is satisfied he has taken cold, let him do three things: First, eat not an atom; second, go to bed and cover up in a warm room; third, drink as much cold water as he wants, or as much hot herb tea as he can, and in three cases out of four, he will be entirely well in thirty-six hours.—*Hull*.

The only escape from grief is to employment. The only resource against it is religion; yet it is neither our policy nor our destiny to escape it altogether—since it is by grief that we gather strength in heart and soul, as labor endows the arms with muscle and manhood.—*Simms*.

[ORIGINAL]

LABOR.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

In all this enginery of worlds,
Where labor's mandate reigns,
All work their own appointed tasks,
And man alone complains.
The trees fret not in sullen gloom
About the work to bud and bloom.

Then out upon the coward souls
Who cant, and whine, and grieve,
About the work supposed to be
Entailed by Mother Eve.
The talents given to our trust,
Less worn by use, will idly rust.

That proverb, proved oft and again
Since first the world began,
"Satan will find some mischief still
For every idle man,"
Is true as when its golden rule
We conned in primer-books at school.

The ready hand that freely does
Whate'er it finds to do;
The willing heart inspired with zeal,
With will and purpose, too,
Will to this work a glad heart bring,
And as he labors cheerily sing.

Then God be thanked for labor,
For weariness and toil!
'Tis the life-giving wine of life,
The healing balm, and oil
That makes creation's wheels go round
With merry clang and cheery sound.

[ORIGINAL.]

KING EDWARD'S CAPTIVE.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

CHAPTER I.

Her cheek had the pale, pearly pink
Of sea shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
She lived, one half night-deam, on roses sopped
In silver dew.—BAILLY'S *FESTUS*.

WITHIN a room of the grand old castle of Windsor, seated near the glowing fire, was a lady of matronly form, clothed in the sable robes of widowhood. The Princess of Wales, twice widowed, mourned the death of her husband, the Prince of Wales, familiarly known as Edward the Black Prince.

In early youth the princess had been known as "the fair maid of Kent;" since those early days she had loved, wedded and buried Sir John Holland, then listening to the suit of her cousin Edward, she became his wife, and the Princess of Wales. But the relentless death-angel had again

entered her home, placing his cold hand upon the brow of the prince, and the tears of the nation were mingled with those of the princess, so bitterly did they bewail the loss of so good and kind a prince as Edward.

Near the princess was seated her daughter Maude, Lady Courteny, also a widow; and as the princess had been called "the fair maid of Kent," Lady Courteny was called the most lovely woman in England, the beauty of the court. Her sable robes contrasted well with the pearly whiteness of her skin, and the bloom upon her cheek was like the most delicate tint of the nautilus; costly jewels sparkled upon the snowy hand shading her eyes from the glow of the fire near which she was seated.

"Maude, my daughter?" The princess's voice was very sweet, expressive of the deep love she bore the beautiful Maude.

"Sweet mother, thy pleasure?"

"As thou well know'st, fair daughter, I have been much engaged of late; the interests of my son, my Richard, demanded my time and attention, who now, an' it please God, will one day be king of the realm. This is why I have not spent the time with thee I would so gladly have done. Hast been much alone, my daughter?"

Gradually the rose-tint spread over the face and throat of the youthful Lady Courteny, while over her beautiful eyes the lashes drooped till their heavy fringe rested upon the crimson of her cheek.

"At first I was, my mother."

"At first thou wast; but of late, Maude, the king tells me of his prisoner, the Count de St. Pol, that he is thy companion in my absence. Is't so, my daughter?"

"Even so, my mother."

"And thy mother hears it first from other lips than thine."

The sweet voice of the princess was very sad, and Maude, raising her downcast eyes, and kneeling before her mother, said:

"Thy pardon, dearest mother; I have not thought the matter deserving thine attention. The Count de St. Pol is a prisoner, and lonely. This is all I have to tell."

"In truth, Maude, is't really all?"

"In solemn truth, my mother."

"But this Frenchman, the Count de St. Pol, is of a noble race. Is he fine-looking, Maude?"

"Yes, mother."

"And noble-hearted as he is noble-looking?"

"Yes, mother."

"And thou lov'st him, Maude?"

"Mother!"

"Tell me, Maude."

But Maude was weeping bitterly. She had never acknowledged, even to herself, that she loved the prisoner whose prison was the beautiful castle of Windsor. He had not asked her for her love, and though she now realized that she had given it to the stranger, she could not force herself to confess it, even to the mother so beloved.

"There is little need of words, Maude; but the king had fears. He does not wish thee to meet the count as thou hast done. Wilt remember?" Kissing the flushed cheek of her daughter, the princess left the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have.
SHAKESPEARE.

In another apartment of the castle the noble prisoner, the Count de St. Pol, impatiently awaited the hour when he had so often found Lady Courteny alone. When he had been taken to the presence of the king, his majesty had said:

"Thou art our prisoner, but it is not our intention to confine thee in a dungeon. Give us thy word of honor as a true knight, that thou wilt take no advantage of our clemency, and thou art at liberty to go about the castle at will."

The Count de St. Pol pledged his knightly word that no advantage should be taken of this clemency on the part of his majesty the king. It was not long ere the noble prisoner made the acquaintance of the far-famed beauty of the court, Lady Courteny, and the acquaintance had blossomed into friendship, and the friendship ripened into love, ere the attention of the Princess of Wales had been called to it. As before stated, she had been much engaged, as her young son Richard was to be acknowledged as his grandfather's successor to the crown.

The count had been taken prisoner at Ligne, and had been at first impatient to return to his estates in Lorraine, till love also bound him captive, and in the fascinations of Lady Courteny's society the chains he wore were wreathed with perpetual roses. His love had been silent as yet, fearing the interest the lovely Maude felt in him was only on account of his loneliness.

Lady Courteny was very still; her head, with its golden crown of softest braids, rested on one hand, while the other toyed with the jewels sparkling in her girdle. They were very costly, their glitter had caused Maude Holland to become Lady Courteny at a very early age. She was musing on the words of her mother. She

knew herself to be a petted favorite of King Edward's; she knew also that if the stern mandate had passed his lips that she should meet his prisoner no more, it must be even as he willed it; and as the Count de St. Pol entered her presence, her cheeks were gommied with tears. The prisoner was fine looking; Lady Courteny thought she had never seen him look so noble as when he came and seated himself at her feet.

"Have thy sweet lips no welcome for me, lady? I dare not linger in thy presence without the words of welcome thou art wont to speak."

The liquid gems sparkled now upon the velvet of her robe.

"Nay, answer not, sweet lady, if thou'rt sad. Now I will retire; on the morrow thy smiles will welcome me as of old."

"I can bid thee no kinder welcome than than now."

"Ha, what say'st thou? Art weary of my coming? If so, I sue no more for welcome, though my heart break in its sad loneliness."

The downcast eyes of the lady were raised, as she said, "Then thou wouldst be lonely?"

"Canst ask the question, Lady Courteny? Is not thy presence to me what the sunlight is to the prisoner in the dungeon, only dearer than ever the brightest ray of sunlight could be, had the prisoner been shut out from the light of day for years? I also am a prisoner, but thou hast made the captive's life like some bright dream of heaven, thyself the brightest angel there. Far away from here, lady, in the province of Lorraine, I have a home, sunny and beautiful. When I am a prisoner no longer, be the angel of that home. Wilt thou be my wife, Lady Courteny?"

The rose-tint had faded quite away from the fair face of the lady, but she said, in a clear, firm voice:

"Had the noble Count de St. Pol asked this but yesterday I had not said him nay."

"But yesterday! What can have chanced since yesterday, that Lady Courteny would say me nay to-day?"

"It is the pleasure of his majesty the king that the Count de St. Pol spend these twilight hours in other society than that of Lady Courteny's."

"But thou lovest me, Lady Courteny, only tell me this?"

She turned her face away that he should not see how wholly, how entirely he was loved, saying:

"I have passed many pleasant hours with the Count de St. Pol."

"Will it pain thy gentle heart to meet him no more save in the dance, or at the tournament?"

The lady answered not, but a shower of tears relieved her, and as the count pressed her to his heart, he whispered, "I need not waste words, sweet Maude; I ask no truer love than thine."²

The twilight faded, the darkness gathered around them. All the bright jewels in her diadem rested upon the brow of night, ere the Count de St. Pol and Lady Courteny parted, happy in the sweet consciousness of their mutual love. The love filling their hearts was no passing fancy; Lady Courteny, though a widow, had never loved. Her hand had been bestowed upon Lord Courteny by her father when she was a mere child, and since the death of her husband, she had shown no favor to any of the noble suitors for her hand. She had never loved before; she could never love again. Where once her love was given, it was given forever, and she promised that though she might not give her hand where her heart was already bestowed, the hand should never be given to another.

Lady Courteny was also the first love of the count. He had known many sweet fancies, but never loved till he had met Lady Courteny; and now that the mandate had passed that they must meet no more as they had met, each knew the strength of the love they bore the other. They also knew how hopeless was this love; for it had long been a favorite plan of King Edward's to unite the fortunes of Harry Hereford, his nephew, of Lancaster, and Lady Courteny.

CHAPTER III.

The earth is bright,
And I am earthy, so I love it well;
Though heaven is holier, and full of light,
Yet I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.
MRS. JUDSON.

THIRTY miles from London, in the county of Essex, at Castle Pleshy, Lady Mary de Bohun resided with her sister, Eleanor, Countess of Buckingham. Lady Mary was both young and beautiful. Younger by some years than Lady Courteny, the two, bearing not the slightest resemblance to each other, were very beautiful. Lady Courteny's beauty was that of the fair, stately lily; Lady Mary's that of the fresh-blown rose. Lady Courteny was calm, a perfect woman; Lady Mary, restless, impatient, childlike in every word and thought, wholly dependent upon those around her.

This suited the purpose of the Earl of Buckingham, for the countess and Lady Mary were the sole heirs of their father, Humphrey, Earl of Hereford, who had been one of the greatest lords and landholders in the country, and while Lady Mary remained unmarried, the Earl of Bucking-

ham enjoyed the whole of this immense fortune.

Upon the death of the Earl of Hereford, he had taken the young girl to Castle Pleshy, and secretly resolved that she should never marry. At the time of which we write, Lady Mary had just completed her fifteenth year. She was seated at the feet of her confessor, listening eagerly to the words falling from the good father's lips. At length he spoke no more, and the young girl said, eagerly:

"Good father, dost know I have no wish to retire from the world thus early in life? I really do not know what life is, yet."

"I know thou dost not, sweet child. It is what I would fain save thee from knowing by thine own experience. But I can tell thee what life is. It is a weary way, full of trials, temptations, tears; full of vanities, leading the young heart astray, satisfying not, yielding less of pleasure than of pain. Such is the life upon which thou wouldst so thoughtlessly enter; such the life I would save thee from."

"But, good father, Eleanor, my sister, has tried this life—she has not found it so full of trials and tears—she is very happy."

"Yes, child, but the countess has only trod a little way on life's journey; she may be happy now, but she has formed ties only to be severed. Sooner or later a guest unbidden and unwelcome will enter her home, bearing away in his cold embrace the form of some loved one dearer even than life. She has a husband she loves. As the years roll on, one or the other will be left alone. She has children, perhaps even now the grave waits to receive the little forms in which her very life seems bound up."

Lady Mary shivered as Father Henri pictured out the gloomy thoughts she had listened to; but rising above the momentary depression, she said, sweetly:

"But I think that were I in Eleanor's situation, I would rather think of little Anne and Guy in heaven, than never to have known their sweet love."

"Hush, child! Thou canst not place thyself in the countess's situation. Thou art very young, good friends of thine think it is for thy temporal, as well as spiritual good, to renounce the follies and vanities of the world, and enter the convent of St. Clare; there to devote the remaining years of thine earthly pilgrimage to the service of thy Maker. Again I ask, art willing to renounce all this, and live a holy life, free from spot or blemish?"

"I fear I could not live such a life, even in the convent. Now don't look grave, good father,

as thou dost sometimes; but I don't feel holy, yet. I have a much greater desire to go to London, to see something of life, and the world, than I have to enter the convent."

Father Henri raised his eyes heavenward, clasped his long, bony fingers together, and Lady Mary knew at once that her light remarks were considered almost as blasphemy. She dared not speak again till the father bent his cold, gray eyes upon her, then in the stillness of the summer afternoon, her voice so clear and sweet was heard, as she said:

"Father Henri, I know thou canst but think me very sinful—I know myself that I am sinful; but, good father, I cannot think it a sin that I should wish to enjoy this beautiful world in which we are placed. I promise to ponder well what thou hast told me. Thou wilt not refuse thy blessing, father?"

Thus said the maiden, kneeling at the feet of the confessor; but she was young and happy—one of those on whom care rests lightly—she supposed Father Henri thought it a duty to warn her of the temptations waiting to assail her as she entered upon the theatre of life; that this duty done, the decision rested with her. Not so thought Father Henri and the Earl of Buckingham; but fearing she would weary of the long conversations with the priest, they brought from the convent two nuns, well-trained in the duties of their religion, to be in constant attendance on the young heiress, sisters Agathe and Madeline. Sister Agathe was the elder of the two, and to Madeline Lady Mary attached herself at once, never thinking for what purpose they were there. Leaving the maiden thus attended, we will turn our attention to the youthful widow, and again imagine ourselves within the castle of Windsor, taking note of passing events as the reign of Edward the Third draws near its close.

CHAPTER IV.

Press me not, beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none 'th' world,
So soon as yours, could win me.—SHAKESPEARE.

MANY times had King Edward offered his prisoner to the King of France, in exchange for the valiant Captal de Bach; but the King of France would not consent to this exchange, and the Count de St. Pol was still a prisoner at Windsor. The Princess of Wales had become deeply interested in the Count de St. Pol. His interesting manners, his loneliness, his deep love for her daughter, all caused her to look upon his suit with favor, as did the knowledge of the deep love her daughter bore him. She had sought the

presence of her royal father-in-law for the purpose of again asking his consent to the betrothal of the count and Lady Courteny.

"Fair princess, thou'rt welcome. Where is thy gentle daughter, that she comes not with thee to our presence?"

The princess breathed a low, soft sigh, as she answered:

"My gentle Maude is very sad. I fear me that the sunny smiles have fled from her sweet lips forever; she is very quiet and grave of late. The thought of a marriage with Harry Hereford is far from being pleasant to her. Poor child! it grieves me to see her unhappy."

"I wonder not, fair daughter. Foolish child! There is not a more noble-looking youth among the courtiers than my nephew of Hereford, Derby and Lancaster, an' it is good looks she waits for she must be hard to please."

"Sire, I have often heard my daughter comment on the beauty of Harry Hereford's person, and the grace of his manners; but thou knowest my Maude has given her heart to thy noble prisoner; her hand she would give where her heart has gone before, or to none other."

"Thou plead'st well, fair daughter; but plead no more, for methinks thy sire and king has not the iron will of his youth; in refusing the gentle pleadings of thy voice, it almost seems that I am grieving my lost Edward. No other voice has power to move me as thou hast done; not even that of the gentle Maude herself."

"I plead no more, an' thou bidst me be silent; but, kind father, thy nephew of Lancaster loves not my Maude with such a love as the Count de St. Pol lavishes upon her. She is the light of his eyes, the darling of his fond heart."

"Say no more, fair daughter; there shall be a tournament, thy daughter Queen of Beauty, as is her right; if the count bend his head before her for the victor's wreath, I care not if he greet her as his betrothed. If my young favorite, I only command that she think of him with more favor than she hath heretofore shown. Should the count be victor of the day he shall be at liberty to cross the channel and remain in France for the space of one year. Thus will he have an opportunity to procure the price of his ransom. If he return not, thy daughter will be satisfied of his unworthiness, and be content to wed our noble nephew of Lancaster."

"Thanks, sire, thou'rt over kind. The count will be the victor, for his heart will be in it, while gay, careless Harry Hereford has little to lose, save the victor's wreath."

And she said truth. No burden of care rested heavily upon the heart of Harry Hereford. Am-

bition as yet slumbered quietly in the breast of the youth whose manhood was to call him to the throne, to crown him King of England. Ambition slumbered, gentle hands had touched the chords of his life's harp, awakening melodies unheard before, and those gentle hands were not Lady Courteny's.

With Lady Courteny he had never pressed his suit; no smiles were banished from his lips that she listened not to it, for another than the beauty of the court reigned queen in the heart of Henry of Hereford, Derby and Lancaster. But though a matter of small import to him that Lady Courteny had as yet refused his offered hand, it was a matter of grave importance to his father, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

He had sometimes thought his son too gay and careless, and had looked forward to a marriage with Lady Courteny as almost certain. Her quiet dignity would, he thought, temper the exuberant spirits of his son, and the heart of the Duke of Lancaster was set upon the match, quite as much as that of his brother the king.

CHAPTER V.

And had he not long read
Her heart's hushed secret in the soft, dark eye,
Lighted at his approach, and on the cheek,
Coloring all crimson at his lightest look?

MISS LONDON.

WALKING upon a terrace without Castle Pleshy, Lady Mary de Bohun and Sister Madeline were conversing earnestly.

"How happy I have been since blessed with thy sweet company! I should be quite happy if thou wert always to be my companion. Shouldn't thou be happy, too?"

"As happy as I could well be away from the convent. There alone can I be entirely happy, for only there can I devote myself wholly to the service of the church."

Sister Madeline's eyes were raised as Lady Mary had so often seen Father Henri's, while an expression of sweet content rested upon her childish features.

"Didst ever love the world as I do, Sister Madeline?"

"Yes, till I entered the convent my life was a succession of gaieties. I have tasted the pleasures of the world and learned to see their folly; pure happiness is to be found only in the sweet seclusion of the cloister."

"But, Sister Madeline, thy home; surely thou must pine for the loved ones there—for the looks of love—the many little acts, telling thee each day, and many times each day, that thou wast one of the dearest there?"

"I pine for nothing I have lost. Mary Mother and her son Jesus are all that I have need of."

Such conversations were of daily occurrence. Lady Mary was interested, for she loved the young nun. The beautiful holiness and rest of a life spent in the convent of St. Clare were among the pictures daily presented to her mind, and the gay, light-hearted Lady Mary changed from the laughter-loving sprite of other days, to the pensive, thoughtful maiden, thinking often that it must be her duty to enter the convent, though she had thought so much of a life so different.

Often in her childhood, the nephew of the Earl of Buckingham, young Harry Hereford, had come with his father, Duke John, to Pleshy. The last time he was there, she had stepped from the fairy land of childhood, into the world of realities. A child no longer, yet scarce a woman, like a flower just unfolding to the light, Lady Mary was bursting into womanhood, and unknown to herself, the maiden had touched chords in the heart of the youth, the music of which still lingered about him as he thought of the maiden whose blushing cheek had told the tale of a love she knew not the existence of.

Since his return to Windsor, she had heard rumors of the marriage long-talked of at court, that of Henry of Lancaster and the beauty of the court, Lady Courteny. She was unable to define her feelings; but she was conscious of pain when this was mentioned in her presence—conscious that shadows seemed gathering around, even when the mid day sun cast its warmest rays upon her—conscious that Harry would come no more to Pleshy as he had done, free, light-hearted, careless. A stately lady, the Queen of Beauty, even where all were beautiful, would claim the place beside him as her right, and he would guard her happiness as tenderly as the Earl of Buckingham guarded her sister Eleanor's. She did not think it strange that Harry should love the beautiful lady of whom she had heard so much, she only wished herself as beautiful.

The tournament was over; the victor had knelt at the feet of the Queen of Beauty, and as she had crowned him with the victor's wreath, she whispered:

"Thou hast fairly won the hand that crowns thee."

And as he kissed the hand, he said, in tones as low:

"My beautiful—my own!"

Thus was the Count de St. Pol betrothed to the fair Lady Courteny. But those were whispered words, heard only by themselves, and few

of the noble lords and ladies there assembled dreamed that Lady Courteny crowned her lover when she crowned the victor of the tournament. All this had passed, and the Count de St. Pol was the acknowledged lover of Lady Courteny.

For a time the Duke of Lancaster looked coldly upon her that she should thus openly declare her preference for a foreign count, to one so nearly allied to royalty as his son, Henry of Hereford, Derby and Lancaster; but now that the king looked upon her love with favor, she cared not if all the world frowned upon her, for he alone had power to influence her happiness.

But his days were fast drawing to a close, and in the year of our Lord 1377, the vigil of St. John the Baptist, Edward the Third departed this life. England was in deep mourning. His reign had been long, and to use the words of Hume, "Edward himself was a prince of great capacity, not governed by favorites, nor led astray by any unruly passion, sensible that nothing could be more essential to his interests, than to keep on good terms with his people."

What wonder then that the nation mourned the loss of Edward the Third? Immediately the passes were closed, that no one might leave the kingdom and carry the tidings of their loss to France. They did not wish that the death of the king should be known there, till the government of the kingdom should be settled. A grand procession followed the body of Edward the Third to Westminster, where they buried him by the side of his lady the queen.

CHAPTER VI.

"She is a woman—therefore may be wooed;
She is a woman—therefore may be won."

TIME passed, the young Richard had been crowned at Westminster—being only in his eleventh year; the accomplished Sir Guiscard d'Angle was made his tutor, while the government of the kingdom rested on the Duke of Lancaster. He had now forgiven Lady Courteny the slight she had given his family, for she was the favorite sister of the king; the acknowledged beauty of the court, and he had turned his attention to the young heiress at Pleshy as a bride for his son.

Soon after the tournament, and before the death of King Edward, the Count de St. Pol had left England, as the king had proposed, to obtain his ransom; and when he had been absent a year, Lady Courteny was again on good terms with the house of Lancaster.

Standing behind the heavy drapery of a low window was Lady Courteny when the twilight

cast its shadows around, and she was joined by Harry Hereford.

"Lady, I came to break the spell of thy twilight musings."

"Thou'rt welcome! twilight musings are ever pleasant, but ever ready to be given up for the pleasure of holding converse with a dear friend."

"Then Lady Courteny classes me among her dear friends?"

"Did the noble Henry of Lancaster for one moment doubt that such was the case?"

"He only judged from past disappointments."

"Nay, Henry! ever hast thou known that I loved thee as a friend—ay, a *dear* friend, if that pleases better; and thou know'st that the disappointment was the duke's, not thine. Thy heart has not been touched by any charm Lady Courteny may be the possessor of."

"Dost think it has been touched by the charms of another? Where should I find a fairer bride than the beauty of the court?"

"Many beautiful flowers bloom in the wild-woods, Henry—flowers as beautiful as those in costly palaces—and I know not what fairy-like sprite may have laid siege to the heart of Henry of Lancaster, when he has accompanied Duke John on his many excursions."

He took the hand of the lady, holding it between both his own, saying:

"If, indeed, there is one who holds the key to the heart of Henry of Lancaster, wouldst hear of her, while I admit that when the fair Lady Courteny refused an alliance with the heir of the house of Lancaster, I knew not the meaning or the power of such a love as was in thy heart for thy noble betrothed. Still very dear to my heart was my early friend. I would tell this dear friend of my love. Will she listen?"

"Gladly, Henry!"

"List, then! the fairy who has found the way to the heart of Henry of Lancaster, is none other than Lady Mary de Bohun, the young sister of the Countess of Buckingham."

"Now, you surprise me indeed! the very lady the duke has selected as a bride worthy his son."

"Yes! but there are difficulties. My good uncle of Buckingham has an eye to the splendid inheritance of my wildwood flower; while her confessor and two worthy sisters from the convent St. Clare are using every effort to transform the beautiful Lady Mary into a nun. Now, Lady Courteny, what am I to do?"

"Hast won the heart of the lady?"

"She knows not of my love. For years, when I have been at Pleshy, have I seen a beautiful child; free from care, joyous, light-hearted, ever ready to take part in the gay sports I love

so well; she gave a strange charm to the hours I spent at Pleshy. But the last time I was there—dost thou remember when, Lady Courteny?" She blushed as she said:

"I do." For it was after her refusal of Henry of Lancaster, and just after the tournament.

"The last time I was there, I looked in vain for the child I had known and loved; while I waited for her coming, instead, there came a maiden, beautiful as the first faint blush of morning, graceful as the fairy queen, and more amiable, in her sweet simplicity, than all the nuns of St. Clare, with their austere faces and precise manners." He was much excited as he spoke of the nuns, and the convent, and the sweet voice of his companion bade him:

"Be calm, Henry. The duke will arrange all this. He will never allow them to make a nun of Lady Mary."

"No, Lady Courteny, my father will not arrange this thing for me. Dost think I can wait patiently, calmly, while my father arranges everything else, letting this matter rest quietly; not even believing his brother of Buckingham would be guilty of so base an act! Lady Courteny, I cannot wait, while the subtle influence of Father Henri, and the sisters Agathe and Madeline, are silently and surely at work, to bury from my sight, forever on earth, the beauteous form of Lady Mary, my first, my only love. I must do something at once; will not Lady Courteny give me some good advice?"

"Why not go to Pleshy, and win the love of Lady Mary? Then she would be stronger to oppose this scheme."

"Not there! Lady Courteny! Pleshy is no place to win the love of Lady Mary. I have been told that her buoyant spirits are saddened; that already everything about the castle is draped in gloom to her. Away from there, she would awake to new scenes, a new life, a first fond love."

"Hast thought of Lady Arundel? She is an aunt of the Countess of Buckingham, and her young sister. Arundel Castle is a gay place. If you could see her, and she would insist on Lady Mary's coming to Arundel, I think you need fear no further trouble."

Henry of Lancaster raised the fair hand of Lady Courteny to his lips, saying:

"Ten thousand thanks! A woman's wit is worth all a man's hard reasoning. I never thought of Lady Arundel, and she is just the person to assist me in this matter. Again, ten thousand thanks! and now adieu. With the morning I am off to Arundel Castle."

Again was the lady left to her musings; the twilight lingered not for this long conversation,

and the silvery moonlight lay in long shadows across the apartment when Henry of Lancaster left it.

"God speed him on his errand!" said Lady Courteny. "Lady Mary seems well calculated to render his life happy. I am glad his disappointment was so light. Not very flattering to myself, though. I love Harry Hereford as a friend, if I could not as a husband!"

The sad fancies she had indulged in, before Henry entered the apartment, now resumed their sway, and pearly drops glistened in the moonlight, as they fell on the sable velvet of her robe.

Of what was Lady Courteny thinking? It had been long since she had had tidings of her betrothed, the Count de St. Pol, and ever and anon, pictures would rise before her of evils that had, perchance, befallen him. As she mused, a footfall, familiar to her ear, sounded beside her, and Lady Courteny was drawn to the heart of her lover, while in hurried words he explained his long silence.

Upon his arrival in France he was accused of an intention to deliver to the English the castle Bouchain. He was arrested, and closely guarded, and found his prison far from being an agreeable one. At length he had regained his freedom, and returned to England, bringing with him the thirty thousand francs he had promised. On the evening of his return, his lady had promised that when the court should lay aside their mourning, she would become his bride.

Very happy was Lady Courteny—her lover had returned to her, stronger, perchance, for the stern discipline of his life since they parted—then, too, he would remain in England, for, although the charges against him had come to nought, he had not regained the favor of the king of France.

CHAPTER VII.

"Hope wears a golden chain."

In the saloon of Castle Pleshy, Eleanor, Countess of Buckingham, and her young sister, Lady Mary, were seated. The countess holding her little Guy to her heart, letting the scorching tears fall at will upon the little face upturned to see what it could mean, for he had never seen tears upon the face of his pretty mama, as he was wont to call her.

Anne, her first-born, shared in the grief her mother felt, for her womanly little heart was quick to understand that her father had gone—she did not know where, but from whence he might never return; she had seated herself at the feet of her mother, laying her fair hand upon the ruby velvet of her robe.

Lady Mary, much changed from the mirth-loving maiden of other days, clasped one jewelled hand of the countess, saying :

"Eleanor, sweet sister ; weep not so passionately ! Think what a happy day it will be when you welcome your husband back to his country, and his home." Her only answer was a fresh burst of tears, and not knowing what means to use to console her sister, she placed an arm around the tiny form of the child Anne, and leading her to a window, asked if she would not be happy when she should see her father riding over the high hill—coming home to mother, Guy and Anne.

It was something the child had not thought of, that she would watch for his coming home, and every day she looked from this same window out upon the road leading to London, waiting for his coming.

It was not the first time the Earl of Buckingham had left Pleshy, since his marriage, but his absences had been short. Now, he had been ordered to march through France, with three thousand men-at-arms, and three thousand archers, attended by earls, barons and knights, befitting the dignity of a king's son.

It was an expedition of great danger and difficulty, and this was the cause of the passionate weeping of the countess, when she parted with her lord. But as time passed on, the hope of his return chased the tears from the fair face of the countess, and she regained her accustomed cheerfulness. Anne and Guy talked constantly of the day when they should see their father coming over the hill—coming home to them once more.

At this time, also, the aunt of the sisters, Lady Arundel, made known her intention of visiting Castle Pleshy. To Lady Mary, a pensive manner had become habitual, and everything in life seemed saddened, to her young heart. The nuns had left the castle, long since, for so well had they performed the part allotted to them, that Father Henri felt sure of controlling the mind and fortunes of the young heiress. At this time, however, he was absent from the castle, having gone on a pilgrimage to the shrine of his patron saint.

Lady Arundel had waited for the departure of the earl, but she dared not hope that Father Henri might also be absent.

It was near the close of the month of October when Lady Arundel left Castle Pleshy, accompanied by Lady Mary de Bohun. Against the objections the countess had raised, Lady Arundel urged, that as Lady Mary had seen nothing of life, she

should insist on taking her to Windsor, that she might be present when the marriage of the celebrated court beauty, Lady Courteny, should take place.

Again the lips of Lady Mary were wreathed with smiles ; again her voice warbled the ballads of olden time. Another influence was at work directly opposed to that of Father Henri and sisters Agathe and Madeline. Then, too, she knew that Henry of Lancaster was not to wed the beautiful Lady Courteny, and he would greet her gladly, as in days of old.

A wedding at court, too ! What wonder that the maiden so readily forgot the teachings of her confessor, when the life she had so longed for was opening before her ? What wonder that she eagerly consented to accompany her aunt to Arundel Castle, and from thence to Windsor ? Heretofore, she had lived a life unsuited to her age and disposition, and she grasped at the invitation offered, as the child grasps the toy so much more beautiful than those he has seen before.

They had but just arrived at Arundel when a page informed Lady Arundel that Henry of Lancaster had arrived the previous evening. At this announcement, the fair face of Lady Mary was suffused with blushes Lady Arundel could not fail to observe, and as they faded away, she said :

"Fair niece, Henry of Lancaster is no stranger to thee. Often have I heard him speak in praise of the beauty of Lady Mary. Bid thy tire-woman hasten, that we may descend and bid the noble youth a hearty welcome to the castle."

Soon Lady Arundel and her niece descended to the saloon, where Harry Hereford impatiently waited to greet the gentle lady of his love. Her eyes were downcast as she returned his greetings, and he led her to a seat, seating himself beside her. He had hardly hoped Lady Arundel would succeed in bringing this beautiful flower from the garden where she had blossomed into womanhood—as a wild-rose bursts from a tiny bud to a gorgeous flower. But she was there—beside him—and soon Henry of Lancaster and Lady Mary were laughing gaily, as in the days of her childhood.

Every morning the light figure of the maiden was lifted upon a snow-white palfrey, while her lover, mounted upon his noble steed, rode beside her around the castle, and over the downs of Sussex. Each day Lady Mary thought less of the warnings of Father Henri, and more of the fascinating Henry of Lancaster ; for, innocent and guileless as she was, she could not but know that the noble Henry loved her. He could not conceal it if he would ; he would not if he could ;

he was proud of his love, and though he had not yet declared it in words, he only waited a fitting opportunity.

But with the knowledge that she was beloved came to the heart of the maiden many fears. She had been educated for the convent, she had no right to this love; so the gentle Lady Mary secluded herself, and Lady Arundel advised the lover to press his suit and urge a speedy marriage. When he had done so, and obtained a sweet confession of the maiden's love, it was the work of many days, for Lady Arundel and himself to gain her consent to so speedy a marriage.

Duke John at length came to Arundel, joining his entreaties to theirs, and at length Lady Mary consented to become the bride of Henry, without the consent of the Earl of Buckingham. The wedding was hastened, that Henry might present his bride at court and be present at the wedding of Lady Courtenay.

Thus did the house of Lancaster outwit the house of Buckingham, and thus did the Earl of Buckingham lose one half of the fortune the Earl of Hereford left his daughters.

* * * * *

It only remains to record the marriage of Lady Courtenay to the noble and valiant Count de St. Pol. She was the beauty of the court at all times, but on this, her wedding day, her beauty shone forth more resplendent than ever before; and among the most radiant of the very youthful faces there, was that of the bride of Henry of Hereford, Derby and Lancaster.

After the feasts and tournaments, in honor of the marriage of the king's sister, the Count and Countess de St. Pol went to the castle of Han sur-Heure, where they remained till the death of the King of France, when, through the intercession of the Dukes of Brabant and Anjou, he was recalled to royal favor, and his estates in Lorraine restored to him.

It was a sad day for the Earl of Buckingham, when the tidings of the marriage of his young sister reached him, and his brother, Duke John, was never forgiven the share he had in the affair.

PAWS OFF.

Visitors to museums are very apt to touch and handle specimens—this is an itching which seems natural to us all. Dr. Buckland had on his drawing-room tables, at Oxford, many things very pretty to look at, and valuable in themselves. Through frequent handling they had, from time to time, been injured and broken; he, therefore, placed on these tables labels with the words "Paws off" conspicuously engraved upon them. This concise mode of expressing the wish of the proprietor had the desired effect, and paws were kept off.—*Transcript.*

MAKE THE NURSERY PLEASANT.

Have you a print, or plaster cast, or blossoming plant in the nursery where your children spend most of their time? Never mind about your "parlor," but is your nursery a cheerful place? Is there anything there upon the wall for little eyes to look at, and little minds to think about, when they wake so early in the morning; or as they lounge about when a stormy day keeps them close prisoners? If not, see to it without delay. Don't say "I can't afford it;" one shilling—two shillings will do it; if you can spare a few shillings more, so much the better. You know the effect a bright, cheerful apartment has upon yourself, even with all your mature resources for thought and pleasure; think then of the little children, reaching out their thoughts like vine tendrils for something to twine about, something to lean on, something to grow to,—in fine, something to think and talk about. A blank, white wall is not suggestive or inspiring. Give the little nursery prisoners something bright to look at.—*Reynolds's Miscellany.*

HANDEL.

When Handel's "Messiah" was first performed in London, the audience were exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when the chorus struck up, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," they were so transported that they all, together with the king (who happened to be present), started up and remained standing till the chorus ended; and hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing. Some days after the first exhibition of the same oratorio, Handel came to pay his respects to Lord Kinnoul. His lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. "My lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better."—*Dial.*

PRIDE OF BIRTH.

Of all the follies and foibles to which frail humanity is subject, that which leads man to pride himself less upon his own merit than that of his ancestors, is the most contemptible. In the best of families there must be some who are a disgrace, as well as others who are an honor. A Spanish proverb says, "he that has no fools, knaves nor beggars in his family, was got by a flash of lightning." Douglas Jerrold makes the following admirable remark, in ridicule of this preposterous pride of birth:—"It is with the tree of genealogy as with the oak of the forest; we boast of the timbers it has given to a state vessel, but we rarely talk of the three-legged stools, the broomsticks and tobacco-stoppers made from the chips and ends."—*Household Words.*

THE MORNING MOON.

There are men who linger on the stage,
To gather crumbs and fragments of applause
When they should sleep in earth, who, like the moon,
Have brightened up some little night of time,
And 'stead of setting when their light is worn,
Still linger, like its blank and beamless orb,
When daylight fills the sky. ALEXANDER SMITH.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO A FRIEND.

BY WILLIE WARE.

Life wears for thee, my gentle friend,
 Its purest, brightest flush—
 Pure as the crystal drop of dew,
 Or a lovely maid's blush.
 Thy sky is blue and cloudless, friend,
 As fair as aught can be;
 And pleasure sheds her dawning smiles,
 Fair one, on thee—on thee!

Hope's busy fingers weave fair flowers
 In garlands bright, to crown
 Thy brow, so smooth and alabaster-like,
 Where never rests a frown.
 Thine eyes are never wet with tears,
 For grief's unknown to thee;
 Thy life is pure, untroubled as
 A summer's moonlit sea.

But O, misfortune's clouds will lower,
 And grief will fill thy heart,
 And pleasures one by one will fade,
 And even hope depart!
 But in thine hours of sadness, friend,
 Turn, turn thy thoughts above,
 And seek for comfort and for grace
 From Him who rules by love.

[ORIGINAL.]

RUTH THE WITCH.

BY WM. F. MATTHEWS.

It was a peaceful scene as displayed in that lowly cottage room in Salem town, in the summer of that terrible year, 1692. The picture lies before me now, every feature of it as fresh and distinct, as if the hand of the artist who produced it, had not mouldered to dust years ago.

There sits Ruth Goodwin beside the cradle of her sleeping nephew, one arm resting upon the rude pine table and supporting the fair, contemplative face, the other lying listlessly in her lap. Her brown hair is combed back beneath a modest little cap, thereby revealing the small ears, and giving the whole face an aspect of great serenity and sweetness. The coarse but well-fitting brown dress is relieved by the dainty cambric ruffles about the neck and hands, and the spotted white apron. Secured about the waist, and hanging by her side, is the customary pair of scissors and the little bag of housewifery implements, familiar, by constant use, to Ruth's hands.

The centre portion of the wide window stands open upon its hinges, affording an entrance to the sweet summer air, and giving a view of many a wooded knoll and valley, rich in foliage.

Over all, hangs the clear calm sky of a summer day.

Ruth had been reading, for upon the table near her neglected work, lay the well-worn book, with its heavy clasps, a book opened, not seldom, but many times a day, in that pious household. Ruth was now dreaming, perfectly unmindful of the sunbeam which stole in behind her through the open window and made a broad yellow track upon the rough pine floor. Totally unmindful was she, also, of the evil face which peered in at her and watched her slightest movement. It was the face of a man, dark and passionate, but yet with a certain resolution about it, which made it evident to one who read character easily, that what ver this man undertook—whether of good or evil—would be pursued with determination unto the end.

The entrance of Mrs. Goodwin, the sister of Ruth, disturbed the intruder. He walked away with moody brow and clenched fist, indulging now and then in a fierce exclamation, which did little more than startle the birds about him.

"Ruth," said Mrs. Goodwin, "your brother John says, that another poor creature has been arrested on the terrible charge of witchcraft."

The clear eyes of Ruth assumed a look of sadness as she murmured, "Heaven help her, and bring her safely out from this trial!"

"Hush, Ruth," replied her more cautious sister; "if she really is a witch, poor thing, and has entered into a league with Satan, she must even reap the fruits of her iniquity. The judges are wise and godly men, and fear not but they will do what is right for the poor creature."

"No, sister, it is a foul sin to torment and then destroy these poor, ignorant people for crimes which they have never committed. And their judges—otherwise upright men—will one day deplore their share in these terrible proceedings. No, sister, believe me, Heaven could not sanction such murders as are daily committed."

"Have a care," said her sister, warningly. "Dare not question what has been called a good and wise proceeding. We know not how soon some of us may be afflicted, but Heaven keep the day far distant."

"Amen!" answered Ruth, bending over the cradle of her sleeping nephew, whom she tenderly loved.

Mrs. Goodwin noticed, and long remembered it, that as Ruth bent over the child, her lips moved but no sound came from them, and that her face was paler than usual. It was remembered afterwards, also, that Ruth was unusually silent at meal times that day, and that her work was done mechanically, as if she had little heart in it.

John Goodwin's little family were gathered as usual, about the pine table in the early part of that same evening. In John's hand was the well-worn book from which he had been reading. Without, there was a tempest raging, for the calm summer sky had been suddenly overcast, and almost without warning a thunder storm had burst upon the earth.

In John's mind were running passages of Scripture mingled with vague visions of his boyhood's home. He was picturing to himself the stately English mansion, his fair and gentle mother, and the little sister whom, at his mother's death, he had promised to cherish and protect all his life through. Then his mind travelled over the years but recently past, and then, naturally enough, he thought of the future, and what a pride and delight his son would be to him when old age should come upon him.

But the pleasant dreams were rudely broken by a groan, as from some person in distress outside of the rude door. John and Ruth immediately sprang to their feet, but Mrs. Goodwin sat as if stupefied. The door of the dwelling was thrown wide open, and search was instantly made, but without discovering any human being. Scarcely was the door again shut when new groans startled them, and voices speaking in strange languages.

The anxiety of Ruth became almost insupportable, a circumstance which was likewise treasured up by Mrs. Goodwin, and brought to light afterwards.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Goodwin, as she saw Ruth folding a shawl about her and taking down the wooden lantern from its accustomed peg.

"In search of that poor, lost creature, whoever it may be," said Ruth, resolutely.

"Believe not that there is any such," answered Mrs. Goodwin. "It is but some of the devices of Satan to entrap some one of us. I beseech you, Ruth, to remain quietly here."

Ruth stood by the door, looking pale but still resolute.

"No, no, Ruthy," said her brother, 'gravely, as he took the lantern from her hand and prepared to open the door again; "if one ventures forth from this house to-night, it must be the master of it. I will go forth and search, and perchance I may meet with some distressed friend, and then lead him in safety to our dwelling. But if, as Mary has just said, it be Satan himself who lures me forth, I will fortify myself with silent prayer and passages from Scripture, and will thus come back to you unharmed."

Ruth drew back silently, put by the shawl and

sat down, with ill-disguised impatience, to await her brother's return.

A half hour passed, and then he came back slowly and silently, re-fastened the door, and sat himself by the table without speaking. The two women cast curious glances at him, but he noticed them not.

"Let us pray!" said he suddenly, and then there arose a fervent and earnest petition, in which were many allusions to those snares and temptations by which Satan seeks to entrap unwary mankind.

The pious household immediately separated at the conclusion of the prayer, and for the remainder of the night all was quiet about the dwelling of John Goodwin. But for hours after Ruth had retired to the little nook she called her own, she sat gazing out upon the calm moonlight scene, which had succeeded the tempest of the early part of the evening. Before her lay the Salem burying ground with its green mounds, here and there covered with a rough stone to protect the grave from the foxes. It was a fearful scene, but Ruth's thoughts were far away from it. They lingered about the far-distant colony of Plymouth, whither had gone one who was very dear to Ruth. Many a prayer for the safety of this beloved pilgrim rose from the full heart of this pious Puritan maiden as she sank serenely to sleep.

At midnight, however, Ruth was awakened by a stir in the rooms below, and then a voice, sharp with anguish, calling her name. She arose hastily and was soon descending the narrow and rude stairway. As she entered the room in which they had been assembled the night previous, she saw her little nephew, whom she had left in an apparently healthy slumber, rolling his eyes, foaming at the mouth, and twisting his face into such shapes that the mother screamed in agony as she bent over the sufferer.

Ruth hastened to take the child, that she might relieve for awhile her poor, frightened sister. But the more she essayed to take him, the more the child clung to his mother, regarding Ruth with more than mortal terror expressed in his eyes, and uttering low, moaning sounds each time she approached him. The repugnance which the child expressed was felt by both women. The mother clasped her boy more tightly, and spoke rudely and sharply.

"There, there, Ruth, go away! Don't you see that the child turns from you."

Ruth drew back pale and pained, but presently went to prepare something that would relieve the sufferer.

"I think the child is in a fit," she said to her

brother. "We will try a warm bath, and if that does not do, it will be best for you to call the doctor."

The warm bath was tried but the child grew no better. Then the anxious father brought the physician, who exerted all his skill for the sufferer, but all in vain. The little form gradually grew more rigid, the tiny hands loosed their hold and the child was gone.

The wretched mother sat with a stony face, hearing nothing and heeding nothing, till the doctor turned to go away. Then she sprang like a tigress towards him.

"Tell me," she said, "of what did my boy die? I must know before you go."

In the pause that ensued, a voice in the doorway was heard to say:

"The child is bewitched." He noticed the start and shudder, which Ruth could not repress at the sound of that voice and at the sight of the evil face which presently showed itself.

"Why, George Earl," said the doctor, "what do you say?"

"That the child has all the signs of being bewitched, and that the person who has done this is in your midst."

There was another pause. The mother clung to the doctor.

"Is it so?" she asked in a fearful whisper.

The doctor was naturally a kind-hearted man, but his mind was deeply imbued with the prejudices of the age.

"Assuredly it looks much like it," was his grave answer.

"Can you doubt it?" said George Earl, stepping into the room. "Do I not know the symptoms well, I, who have so often sought out the wicked slayers of the young and innocent, and brought forward proofs of their guilt? Believe me, for I tell you the truth."

A dead silence fell upon all within the room. Ruth clasped her hands in silent prayer.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Goodwin in strange, wild, eager accents, "tell me what creature has done this!"

"She stands there," was George Earl's answer, as he pointed toward's Ruth. "She has the mark upon her brow, the seal of her iniquity."

Mrs. Goodwin darted fiercely forward. "Take her away," she shrieked. "She is a witch, and the child even in the agonies of death, turned in loathing from her. Take her away, lest I kill her!"

And before another night Ruth Goodwin was the tenant of a dungeon, brought there on the terrible charge of having bewitched and destroyed her brother's only child.

Ruth's own misery was so great that at first she took no heed of her dungeon companions. But when the first agony was passed she lifted her eyes and beheld two old and wretched women, who had been dragged hither from their humble homes. There was no picture here displayed of a lovely and peaceful old age, sinking gradually into an honored grave, but only two miserable, crippled creatures whom Ruth in her heart of hearts had always regarded with aversion. All the more was her kind heart now pained by their condition, and she immediately set herself to make them more comfortable, by depriving herself of all the articles of clothing she could spare, to defend them from the dampness of the dungeon.

"Law sakes!" muttered one of the old women, "if you be a witch, you are a kind one, Ruth Goodwin. Seems to me everybody hates us but you."

"Why should I hate you?" asked Ruth.

"Because we're witches. Don't you believe it?"

"No," said Ruth, gravely.

"But we're going to die," muttered the other. "We've had our trial and they made us confess that we were witches; if we hadn't, we should have been pressed to death. If you want to die quietly, Ruth Goodwin, tell them that you're a witch."

Ruth shuddered at the awful fate in store for her. "No," said she, "I am not a witch, and I cannot call myself one."

"Well, God pity you!" was the muttered reply, as the old woman sank into a slumber.

One more temptation awaited Ruth ere her trial. It was the very evening before the day appointed for that solemn farce, that Ruth heard a heavy step outside her dungeon door. Thinking it might be her brother, or, perchance, that other and dearer one returned from Plymouth colony, she looked up with a brightened face. But how great was her disappointment, her horror even, at finding herself face to face with her accuser, George Earl!

Ruth moved away without either word or sign of recognition.

"I have come to save you, Ruth," said her visitor.

There was no answer.

"Don't you love life?" he persisted. "Think of being cut off in your youth, as most assuredly you will be ere many more suns have set. Think of those stern judges, think of the evidence against you, and prepare yourself to die if you refuse to accept my aid."

Still there was no answer.

"Ruth, Ruth, are you deaf? I tell you I can save you, but it must be upon one condition. You know how long and hopelessly I have wooed you. I will forgive all, if you will promise to become my wife the moment you are free. Speak, Ruth Goodwin, will you live or die?"

"Die," said the maiden, for the first time looking at him, "yes, die, since it must needs be so. Go your way, George Earl, and tempt me not. I had rather a hundred times, nay, a thousand times rather die a shameful death, than marry such as you. Go and repent, George Earl! These are my last words."

He ground his teeth and clenched his fists, then strode to the door, where he paused and addressed Ruth once more:

"Die then, since you choose it, and may my curse go with you. You shall see me but once again, and that will be when your eyes are closing in death."

The day for the trial had come, and Ruth Goodwin, with others, was brought forward to answer to the terrible charge of witchcraft. The room in which the court was assembled was crowded, for everybody had known and loved Ruth Goodwin. In spite of this, however, Ruth found herself alone, for so strongly were the minds of the people prejudiced against one who bore the loathsome character of a witch, that even her best friends stood at a distance from her, and would not or dared not bestow any sympathy upon her.

Ruth thought with a pang, of one, who would have perilled his life for her if needful, but he was far away and could not help her.

George Earl was first called to testify to what he knew concerning the crime of the accused. His testimony artfully worded, so as to mingle much of falsehood with truth, was received with favor by the grim jurymen, who sincerely believed the person before them to be a witch.

Ruth did not deign to cast as much as a look upon him, but when her sister, Mary Goodwin, was called, it was observed, that for a moment she trembled violently. Mrs. Goodwin, with an energy and vindictiveness that seemed to surprise the spectators, gave a minute account of Ruth's behaviour during the day that had preceded the decease of her child.

The silent prayer, which Ruth had breathed over her beloved nephew upon that memorable morning, was believed by the mother and the horrified spectators, to have been a spell laid upon the child. Ruth's abstraction the remainder of the day, and the fearful groans and noises that had disturbed them at night, together with Ruth's eagerness to venture forth and discover

the cause of these disturbances, were but further evidences of her guilt, and made a powerful impression upon all.

John Goodwin was not there to testify, having absolutely refused to do so, and having been imprisoned for his obstinacy that very morning. There were a few more witnesses who recounted various little acts of Ruth, which a few months previous, no one would have thought of but as deeds of charity. The evidence was now all in, and Ruth was asked what she had to say for herself.

"I am innocent," was her sole reply, which simple defence, however, availed her nothing.

The verdict was now rendered by the foreman of the jury, and, though none were surprised, yet many felt a strong thrill of pity for the prisoner, when the single word "Guilty," rang through the room. The judge then pronounced the sentence of death, but promised, in consideration of the youth and previous good character of the accused, that the execution should be strictly private.

Two days after, when the first storm of her passion had passed, Mary Goodwin sought Ruth, and with prayers and tears entreated her forgiveness for the wrong she had done her.

"I was blinded with grief and passion," she said. "I believed you guilty. Now, I believe as fully in your innocence, but I am powerless to save you."

Ruth's calm, serene face was turned upon her in full forgiveness, as she said:

"When I thought that kindred and friends had deserted me, I was happy. Now, I am happier still."

Awe-struck and remorseful, Mrs. Goodwin passed from the room, and the two never met again.

In the fall, when that beloved friend came from Plymouth colony to claim his promised bride, sweet Ruth lay quietly in Salem burying-ground.

HAWKS.

A great observer of nature, and a clever sportsman, told me that hawks have their regular beat, and frequent daily the same line of country, soaring along for miles and miles in quest of prey. So strongly impressed was he with this idea, that he always marked the time and place when he saw a hawk on the hunt, and sure enough the next day would find my friend at the spot, waiting in ambush, gun in hand, and consulting his watch, as confidently as if he were expecting a friend by the most punctual of railways. He assured me that he always found the hawk true to his time by half an hour or so, and seldom varying his line of flight more than a hundred yards.—*Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History.*

TO MY OLD CLOCK.

BY R. WEIR.

My ancient clock no longer ticks,
Or taketh note of time;
Its hands are still, its voice is mute,
The voice that once so resolute
Sent forth its hourly chime.
And stillness now is felt to be
Like distant surges of the sea.

My ancient monitor of worth!
Thy silence makes me sad;
That measured tick no more I hear,
But pulses beating in the air,
And weariness run mad;
The skeleton of time, sans breath,
The prelude, as it were, to death.

Come, ancient friend, no longer thus
In moody silence stand!
Cheer up, and let your wheels go round,
And gladden with your silver sound
Once more our little band!
Speak to our hearts, and to us say,
"Thus, thus life's moments pass away!"

(ORIGINAL.)

MR. BROWNING'S BOOK-KEEPER.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"ARTHUR," said Mr. Luther Browning, of the firm of Browning, Burgess and Co., to his only son, who had just entered the office. "Johnstone's ill—very ill, with the typhoid fever. You will have to take charge of the books for a day or two, until I can get some one else."

The young gentleman addressed shrugged his shoulders, without replying, and then seated himself in an arm-chair by the table, and took up the morning paper.

But the old gentleman—Mr. Browning—was a widower of fifty-five, and that's considered old, now-a-days, you know—didn't seem satisfied with this mute reception of affairs, over which he had been fretting for nearly two hours before his son's arrival, and after fidgeting about in his chair for a few moments, he broke out with:

"I declare, it's trying—the luck I have with my book-keepers. There was Tom Tilton, who swore by his honor that he'd stay by me for years if I'd give him the situation, and then went flirting off to California, at the end of six months. Then came that rascal, Ware, who deserted me just at the end of the year, and left the books in a hubbub. Since, I've had Lane, and Fulton, and Dick Andrews—luckless scamps, every one of them. And now Johnstone's sick, and—"

"O, well, well, father; don't fret," said Arthur, looking up, nervously, from his paper. "Of course, it's not Johnstone's fault that he's ill. Here, I'll write an advertisement which will come out in the morning, and you'll have applications enough for the situation before the week is out. And until you get some one, I'll take charge of the books. Only don't scold and worry."

So the young man wrote out an advertisement, and sent it to the publishing office. In the course of the next day, there were several applications for the situation, but Mr. Browning, being somewhat particular, and knowing that the books were in good hands, was not suited. But on the third morning, a lady called at the store and asked to see the proprietor. She was directed to the office, which was in the rear of the sales-room, and where sat Mr. Browning. That gentleman rose at her entrance.

The lady introduced herself as an applicant for the situation of book-keeper. As she spoke, she threw aside her veil. Mr. Browning glanced earnestly at the pretty, young face thus revealed, and Arthur, after a glance in the same direction, left his desk and walked to a window near by.

She had never been regularly employed in the business, she said, but she had assisted her uncle, who was a merchant, and kept his own books, and she thought herself capable of assuming the situation, and giving satisfaction. She could also give satisfactory references, she believed. Mr. Browning seemed pleased by the lady's manner, and at the end of the interview, requested her to call again at the last of the week, before which time, he would call on the persons she had referred him to.

"There," said he, rubbing his hands, a way he had of expressing pleasure. "There, Arthur; I've a presentiment that there is the right one, at last. Quite an odd idea for us, isn't it? having a lady book-keeper."

"Yes," Arthur said, going to his desk again and falling to writing, vigorously.

During the next day, Mr. Browning satisfied himself that the young lady's character was unexceptionable, and when she called at the appointed time, the situation was given to her.

The next Monday morning she commenced work. At first, she required some little assistance, which Arthur gave her, very courteously, and after that she went on alone. Mr. Browning "kept an eye on her," for a day or two, as he expressed it, and then rubbed his hands again and nodded approvingly. Really, the gentleman's satisfaction seemed intense. He took to a habit of sitting before the table with a paper across his knees, and his eyes fixed, thoughtfully,

on the new book-keeper. He never missed an opportunity of speaking with her, and always smiled graciously, when he addressed her. Perhaps it was because the lady herself always smiled when she spoke, and, by the way, her smile was very pleasant, and revealed a row of teeth, white as milk. She was very industrious, too much so, Mr. Browning thought, and ventured to ask her, one day, if she were not wearying herself.

"No," she said, "she was used to steady labor."

But one morning, Mr. Browning entered the office to miss the thoughtful face with its smooth hair, at the desk in the corner. Miss Harding had not come in, and it was not long before a little boy called, to say that she was ill.

"O dear," said Mr. Browning, fidgeting about, when he was told of it, "I am really sorry, I wish you'd step round to her boarding-place, and see how she is, Arthur,—if it's anything serious."

Arthur was engaged in reading, and though he nodded and said—"Yes, father," pleasantly enough, he didn't seem to be in a hurry to start, and after watching him a few minutes, Mr. Browning put on his hat and went on the errand himself. He hadn't walked more than half a dozen blocks, however, before the young gentleman sprang up, and giving a hasty peep at the mirror, grasped his cap and started into the street.

Mr. Browning rang the bell at Miss Harding's boarding-house, and was shown into the parlor, where he awaited the lady's appearance. She entered in a little while, looking sweetly, in a morning wrapper of white muslin, with a tiny bow of scarlet ribbon at the throat and waist. Her employer was not a man much given to complimenting ladies, but he certainly made Miss Harding a very pretty speech on her taste in dress. She received it with a slight smile and quiet bow, as if it were a matter of course—something she was quite accustomed to. Her indisposition was nothing more than a headache, she said, in answer to his inquiries, but it had been very severe all night, and she felt hardly able to attend to business that day.

"Quite right, quite right," Mr. Browning said. "He never wished her to exert herself when she was not quite well. He had noticed her looking pale for a day or two; she must not over-work herself."

His face was quite flushed with earnestness, and Miss Harding gave him an odd look from under her long lashes, as he spoke. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and Mr. Arthur Browning was announced. On entering, that young gentleman started, and opened his eyes

very wide at the sight of his father, while Mr. Browning, senior, expressed as much surprise, and more confusion. Miss Mary Harding blushed, as she gave Arthur her pretty hand. But after a few explanations, the three got along very well together, though Arthur was rather more quiet and thoughtful than usual. The gentlemen did not stay long, however, and as they were on their way to the store again, Mr. Browning observed, suddenly:

"A very nice girl, Arthur."

"Yes," Arthur assented heartily, and then blushed up to his handsome eyes, but his father was too busy with his own thoughts to notice it.

"I admire her very much," said Mr. Browning. "Ahem—in fact, Arthur, I have thought of making her my wife, if she would accept me."

"What! You marry Mary Harding?" exclaimed Arthur, excitedly, and then he curled his lips as if in derision.

"Really, Arthur; I had no thought that you would take it so," said the elder gentleman, apparently somewhat hurt. "Why, do you really object to my marrying this young lady?"

"Yes, father, I seriously and emphatically object, and if you value my love and respect, you will give up the idea," and unlinking his arm from his father's the young gentleman separated from him at the door of the store.

"O dear," said Mr. Browning, alone in his office; "how proud Arthur is! He considers such a marriage beneath me, I suppose, but the girl is intelligent and well educated, and I think there would not be much sacrificed. She came of good family, too. Perhaps Arthur will change his mind. I'll do all I can to overcome his prejudices. I think the trouble is, that he doesn't know her and therefore doesn't appreciate her. They must get better acquainted."

And forthwith it seemed to be the first and most important thought of Mr. Browning's mind, to get Arthur in Miss Harding's company. He invented every possible way to draw her out before him, but he often found it no easy matter, for the young lady seemed as shy of Arthur as Arthur did of her.

Matters were in this state—and Mr. Browning fretting over them very much—when Miss Harding informed him one evening, that she should like to work until ten o'clock at night. He consented, supposing that she had sufficient reason for the request, but it was not until the hour arrived for him to go home—for he never spent his evenings at the store—that he happened to recollect that it would be unsafe for her to go home alone.

"I hate to trouble you, Arthur," he said, privately to his son, "but it would not be right to allow her to be out so late alone, and the evenings are getting so cold now, that I don't like to be out, with my rheumatism, though I would go rather than she should go alone."

"O well, father, I'll go, of course. Don't fret; I'll see her safe home," said Arthur, amiably.

"Arthur's a good boy," said Mr. Browning to himself, as he walked the length of the long sales-room, "I've no doubt that it's quite a sacrifice for him to make, but he made it without any wry faces. Yes, a very good boy."

Mr. Browning—dear, honest, blinded man—listen to me. After you had gone, your son jumped up from his chair where you left him reading, tossed his book helter-skelter behind a table, ran across the room to where pretty Mary Harding was sitting, and taking her up, arm chair and all, carried her to a place before the fire, and put a screen between her and the gas-light. Then he dragged a stool up before her desk and fell to writing. In less than an hour the work was done, for he was fresh and earnest, and she had been suffering all day with a headache. Then he brought her overshoes—how did he know where she kept them? I'm sure you couldn't have told—put them on for her, wrapped her in her shawl, tied her pretty rigolette beneath her dimpled chin, and finally tucked her little hand beneath his arm, and marched off down the street in the direction of her home. What! you won't listen?—actually walking away while I am talking! O, you obstinate old bat! Well, would you have been convinced if you had been awake and heard Arthur come softly into the house at half past three? Say?

One day, in the latter part of November, Mr. Browning's book-keeper didn't make her appearance as usual. Nobody seemed to know the reason. At last, Arthur came in.

"Arthur," said the old gentleman, "where can Mary be?"

He had lately taken to calling her by her Christian name.

"I believe she is at the Tremont House; I left her there," replied Arthur, quietly.

"At the Tremont House!"

"Yes," replied the young gentleman coolly, putting his feet on the table, and taking up the Journal. "She became my wife, last evening, and you won't see her here any more. Johnstone is well, now, and will be in in the morning."

"O, you scamp, you rascal! I thought you were at your club rooms all night."

There, Mr. Browning! now will you believe what I told you?

ANECDOTE OF OLD IRONSIDES.

The following is well calculated to make the rising generation proud of the noble spirits who shed so much lustre on their country's name during the memorable war of 1812, with the then proud mistress of the seas. The most brilliant naval action of the last war was undoubtedly that of the old American frigate *Constitution* (44), commanded by Commodore Stewart, when she captured the two British corvettes, *Cyane* and *Levant*, of a greatly superior force, each of them being equal to the old-fashioned, thirty-three gun frigates. The handling of the American frigate was throughout scientific and unexceptionable. By no manoeuvring could either of the British vessels obtain a position to rake the *Constitution*, shift their ground as they would. Old *Ironsides* was between them, blazing away upon both vessels at the same time. During the whole action, Stewart, instead of mounting the horseblock, sat in a more exposed situation, astride the hammock nettings, the better to observe the manoeuvring of his antagonists. The *Cyane* was the first to strike to Brother Jonathan—not an unusual thing with British vessels during that war. The first lieutenant came in haste to the commodore to announce the fact.

"The starboard ship has struck, sir," said the officer.

"I know it, sir," replied the commodore. "The battle is just half won."

"Shall I order the band to strike up 'Yankee Doodle,' sir?" inquired the lieutenant.

Here the commodore took a huge pinch of snuff, and then answered, quickly:

"Had we not better whip the other first, sir?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the lieutenant, taking the hint, and went to his quarters.

In a short time afterwards, the *Levant* lowered the cross of Old England to the stars and stripes, and the battle was ended. The lieutenant being somewhat rebuked at his premature exultation upon the surrender of the first vessel, was rather shy of approaching his commander again; but Stewart, beckoning to him, said with a smile:

"Don't you think the band had better strike up 'Yankee Doodle' now, sir?"

In an instant that spirit-stirring strain was floating on the breeze, played as no other than a Yankee band can play it, and the gallant crew shouted forth their cheers of victory as no other than a Yankee crew can shout.—*Post*.

ONE NAIL TOO MANY.

A few years ago one of the Cunard steamers was approaching our shores, and supposed herself 200 miles or more from land, when suddenly they found the ship had no soundings, and on backing, ascertained they were within two ships' length of a bar, from which no ship, running her keel on, had ever been able to get off. To account for this mistake in their reckoning, they found that a carpenter had driven a nail so near the compass, that it had influenced the needle, misled the pilot, and thus well-nigh destroyed the ship and all on board.—*Boston Post*.

NIGHT.

Night is the beautiful black slave of God,
And bends before him ever wrapt in awe,
While her great heart throbs thanks in burning stars!
Bigg.

[ORIGINAL.]

A LIFE-WORK DONE.

BY L. W. ALDEN.

With pulseless wrists
O'er a silent breast,
Ghastly he lies,
Forever at rest!
Never the light
Of the glaring sun
Will greet his eye—
His life-work's done!

With meek lips closed,
And eyelids shut,
Rigid he lies,
The life-chord cut!
And now he sleeps,
A lowly one,
Among the rest
With life-works done!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DISOWNED:

—OR,—

BREAD CAST ON THE WATERS.

BY LIEUT. WALTER MOWBRAY.

HERMANN FELTON was an adopted son, and a wild, yet generous, impulsive youth, verging on his seventeenth year, when he was summoned to his father's library, one fine morning, to receive a severe lecture for some real or alleged misdemeanor.

"I wonder what's up, now. At all events, I may prepare to catch it in style," he murmured, as he paused at the door of his mentor's retreat; and with a careless shrug, yet visible tremor, he entered the presence of his parent.

"Be seated, Hermann."

Unprepared for tone so gentle, the youth started, and seemed about to cast himself at the speaker's feet, when the latter demanded, austere:

"You hear, sir?"

"Excuse me, sir. I—I—"

"Then obey" interrupted the incensed parent. "Zounds, boy! You're enough to break my heart! Such doings, and at your age. What is the world coming to? How dare you presume, in addition to your innumerable follies, to stain the name I endowed you with, to blast my reputation through your own so early sacrifice to vice and crime?"

"Father—!"

"Not a word, you scamp! I'll not hear it. It behoves you to play the auditor. Was it for this, I took you—a foundling—from the niggard

protection of a stranger, endowing you with a name, home, and a child's title to my wealth? Was it for this, I fed, clothed, educated, ay, and loved you as a son?"

"For what, sir? I do not understand you."

"Silence! Dare you deny your guilt, while I hold in my hand the proof?"

"What guilt! and what is the proof?"

"Brazen-faced—But read. You are young indeed, to be so hardened, Hermann;" and the old merchant tossed him a folded slip of paper, which he opened and perused.

"Well, sir!" he resumed, impatiently, as the boy twirled the paper in his fingers, evidently puzzled. "What is that?"

"Your order, for three hundred dollars, payable to the bearer, sir."

"My order? Is that my signature? Compare," and he tossed him a second slip.

"I should say, no, sir."

"Hermann! you know it is not—you wrote that order."

The youth started. "I!" he gasped.

"Yes! you!"

For a moment he seemed stunned, when starting from his seat, he exclaimed, passionately, "No, no! You will not surely charge me with that?"

"I must, boy! I am convinced!"

"By Heaven, you wrong me, father! I may be heedless, reckless, disobedient and dissipated, if you will—"

"Stop! Have I not allowed you an ample supply of pocket-money?"

"You have, sir."

"And what have you done with it?"

"Spent it."

"But how?"

The lad's head dropped.

"Answer me, sir!"

"I—I—I confess, sir, that it has been squandered."

"Yes! in gambling. Boy, boy! I do not wonder the words cleave to your tongue. But, having confessed so much, why not also the source whence you derived those funds you sported on the turf."

"Father—"

"Silence, sirrah! Term me father no more. I disown, disinherit, and—but no, I will not cast you off, wholly. You shall have at least one chance to amend and atone. An honorable career shall be opened to you, in which, once fairly embarked, you must depend upon your own merits for success."

"For God's sake, sir, do not condemn me unheard!"

"Would you make me the auditor of a falsehood, Hermann?"

"On my life, no."

"What would you say?"

"That before Heaven, I am innocent of—"

But the old man's incredulous gesture sealed his lips, and he sat down, bowing his head upon his clasped hands, to conceal his tears.

Never for a moment did the old merchant's regard wander from that youthful form for the next ten minutes, while the shadow on his brow, and nervous twitching round the corners of his mouth, indicated the severe mental struggle he was enduring.

Well, indeed, had he loved the lad, and early destined to him a career at once noble, useful, and as he achieved success—famous. And for a time, a realization of his dream had seemed to be foreshadowed. His protegee proved the aptest of pupils, and the most studious of scholars. But a change came; a change, evidently wrought by the young student's early triumph and elevation to a higher range of studies.

It might have been attributable in part to new associations; suffice it, that it dated from the hour of his advent in one of the most famous high schools in our good city. From being overstudious, he became the reverse, and soon ceased to lead his class, save in such pursuits as had pleasure for their aim.

The change was speedily apparent to his watchful parent, who cautioned first, then reasoned, chided and remonstrated; and finally resorted to corporeal punishment, but in vain; when the bond of adoption became weakened, and he was wont to add chilling reminders of the youth's origin, to the well-merited chidings with which he met his increasing follies.

And those reminders had chilled the sensitive soul of Hermann, increasing his indifference to the remonstrances accompanying them, and consequently widening the breach, until the period of his graduation, when he barely passed his examination, and refused to prosecute his studies in a university.

At this period, rumors of his alleged doings on the turf, and elsewhere, reached the ear of the elder Felton, who was preparing a severe reprimand for him, when the order above-mentioned was brought to his notice, in a manner which indicated our hero as its author, and within an hour his name was published as a loser to the amount, by it specified, on a famous trotter, which suffered defeat for the first time, on the previous day.

The result of that news-item upon his parent's opinion, we have already noted, with the effect

of that opinion, upon the alleged culprit, at which point we resume our tale.

"Who is it, Martha?" demanded the merchant, as a servant announced a gentleman in the parlor.

"The same who was here this morning, sir!"

"Ah! Show him up! Hermann, retire, and remove the traces of those tears, if you would not be deemed a child. Go to the bath-room, I shall want you in a moment;" and he indicated an adjoining apartment, into which the lad retired, as the stranger entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Felton."

"The same to you, captain. You surprised me in bed, to-day."

"And I expected to. Fact is, I sail with the next tide, and wished to expedite matters. Is the lad handy?"

"He is; but ignorant of my purpose, as yet."

"Are his predilections in favor of the sea, sir?"

"I fear not."

"Then you are sending him to a rough school, where the aptest scholars prove the veriest dunces sometimes."

"Yet I rely on that school, and the lessons he will receive there, for his future prosperity. He requires severe lessons, to render him self-reliant and successful in life. You will see that they are not withheld?"

"Trust me, sir! That boy never sailed with me yet that does not remember, and will, till death pipes him aloft, the lessons received from Jack Williams."

The merchant bowed, and moving to the door, tapped lightly, when our hero came forth.

"This is he, captain! Hermann, this gentleman is Captain Williams, of the ship Hummingbird. I am about to resign you to his guardianship, having arranged with him to that effect."

"Guardianship! Arranged!" And an expression of blank amazement settled on the speaker's countenance.

"Yes. You sail to-day, entering upon a profession in which you may attain an honorable competence, and the respect of your fellow-men."

"Better kill me at once!—I will not go!"

"Do you choose a prison, and ignominy?"

The lad started. "O God! Must I be sacrificed unheard?"

"Saved, rather! You must amend, Hermann; and in order that you may have an opportunity, you must go."

"So it's decided, you see, my bantam, and you can't be over-expeditions in your movements, either," chimed in Captain Williams. "Your father's convinced of the folly o' trusting you with a long-shore education, and one of the first

facts that must be impressed on your memory in your new career, is, that 'time and tide wait for no man.'"

"Father!" murmured the lad with clasped hands, heedless of the interruption. It was his last appeal, and silenced by the merchant's stern

"Enough! Profane that sacred term no more. Go, boy! and so conduct yourself, that, should we meet at some future day, I may not have to blush as I remember, that once you bore to me the sacred relation of child."

"Shiver my timbers, if I know what to make o' that lad, or what he's good for, captain," said Ben Bolt, chief mate of the Humming-bird, as he paused beside his superior on the quarter one evening, when that ship was running the south-west trades down, sixty-three days out of Boston, towards Batavia and a market.

"What's he done now?"

"Just nothing! That's the rub! he wont do a thing, fair or foul, nor I can't make him."

"Can't! You aint worth your salt, Mr. Bolt, if you give up to a lad of seventeen. Haint I told you not to spare him?"

"Hev I? Blow me tight, if I ever held such a tight hand over man or boy afore."

"Have ye lighted him up with a 'hempen candle?'"

"Just a little; but what's the use? He don't seem to mind it more'n a flea-bite."

"Put it on the harder."

"Hang it all, captain, I can't. Taint in my nat'el."

"No, it aint! you old milk-sop! You predicted that he would be a good-for-nothing when I brought him off, and you helped to make him one! Of what do you complain?"

"Well, taint much to be sure; but then—"

"Out with it!"

"Why, I gave him the binnacle lamp to clean at four bells, an' when I asked if he'd done it, jest now, he sed the lamp was lost."

"How lost?"

"Gone overboard!"

"Then he hove it over."

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Have him aft—the young scamp! I'll teach him he aint dealing with his father;" and the taut disciplinarian rolled back his cuffs, and selecting the end of the mizzen-top-sail buntline, from among the gear belayed to the starboard, prepared to administer a true nautical lesson to the culprit.

"Well, youngster. Where's that lamp?"

"At the bottom, sir," responded our hero, halting, and eyeing the rope's end.

"The deuce it is! Who sent it on that voyage?"

"I, sir!"

"You did, eh! Well, here's to pay you for your trouble. Take that and that, and that," and he rained a perfect shower of blows on the shoulders of the unflinching youth, pausing only, when his arm was grasped by a lovely, but affrighted girl, who claimed him as father.

"Back, Myra! be off with you, girl!"

"Pray, father, don't. O don't," and she maintained an unyielding grasp.

"Why not, Miss Malapert? Take her off, Mr. Bolt! I'll make him wince afore I've done with him. I'll teach him to be a good-for-nothing—to lose binnacle lamps overboard. You'll find I've taken ye in hand, Master Hermann, I'll put ye on t'other tack, see if I don't;" and having—with his mate's aid—shaken off his gentle child, he prepared to renew the punishment. But another appeared on the scene—a wife, as gentle as her daughter, and wielding a weightier influence with him. Her glance was sufficient to stay his hand, and her

"Desist, for my sake, John;" deprived his arm of power to wield its weapon.

"Done! The sulky, destructive whelp! But come, wife! This is no scene for you."

"See, his shirt is saturated with blood, husband. You have been severe enough, whatever his crime," said the lady, heedless of the invitation.

"No comments, madam, if you please;" and drawing her arm within his own, he led her to the taffrail, speaking hurriedly, and gesticulating in a manner which indicated a remonstrance upon her intrusion.

In the meantime Mr. Bolt had released his charge to order forward a group of seamen who had ventured abaft the mainmast to witness the scene; and finding herself alone with the culprit she approached him, demanding in a gentle, winning tone:

"Why has my father punished you? What have you done to offend him?"

"What is it to you?"

"Hermann!"

That simple word was a volume of reproach, and touched her auditor's soul in defiance of the armor he had encased it in; yet he demanded, gruffly:

"Well?"

"Are you insensible to pain?"

"I should be."

"Your back must be a mass of bruises."

"What if it is?"

"I pity you."

"Bah! Pity!"

"Yes, pity, Hermann. I can feel for you, if you cannot for yourself;" and hastening aft, she joined in her mother's entreaties that the culprit might be spared.

"Well, well! To please you both, I'll let him off with what he's got, this time; but next time he falls in my hands I'll break him in—I'll make him wince; and you had better be careful, wife, how and where you interfere."

Night had fallen, and the outcast was tossing on a bed of pain, in that portion of the forward cabin set apart for his accommodation. He was wounded in spirit as well as body; and, replete with bitterness, was dreaming only of revenge,—revenge upon the parent who had consigned him to a career he detested, and upon the tyrant who had rendered that career tenfold obnoxious. Passion and resentment had blinded him at first, and led him into gross error, resulting in serious aggravation of the privations and trials he was so suddenly exposed to. He had, in fact, adopted the wrong course, in his new career, and was now reaping his reward.

"They may kill, but, by Heaven, they shall not conquer me," he murmured, amid the groans which he deemed unheard. "Condemned unheard! Consigned to a dog's life, and such torture as this, unjustly! By Heaven, 'twas too much! too cruel, apart from the taunts he has showered upon me. Was it my fault that made me an orphan; my crime, that cast me upon the cold charity of the world? Adopted. O yes! for his aggrandizement. He hoped to repose in the shadow of his creature's future greatness, and his dream might have been realized, had he appealed less frequently to my sense of obligation, and oftener to my love! for I did, and do love him still, notwithstanding his injustice. God help me! None to love! none to care for, none to befriend me. I am much worse off, than I could have been, had I remained in the hovel from which he removed me. I had at least been inured to such a dog's existence as this. Now, my fate is apparent; I cannot bend, submissive, to the will of those coarse and tyrannical creatures, and must therefore suffer, and die; but, not without revenge—no! not without revenge!"

"On whom, Hermann?" And the intruder's tone was sad and tender, as she raised the shade of a dark lantern, and guided by its gleam, tripped over coils of cordage and spare blocks which crowded the narrow den. She had entered unperceived, just in time to catch his solemn oburgation.

"Humph! What do you want, Miss Williams?" demanded the misanthrope.

"To see how you fare, poor boy, and learn if you wanted anything."

"I want nothing but solitude."

"Well, I have brought you something, and you must take it;" and she held up a tumbler filled with ruby wine. He turned his face away, disdainfully.

"It will strengthen you! Take it, Hermann, for my sake."

"Your sake! Ha, ha. Why should you care for my sufferings or wants?"

"Yet I do, for both, and have come to alleviate one, and minister to the other."

"You wept to-day. Would you have me believe that those tears flowed for me?"

"I ask you to believe nothing, Hermann. Who could witness the degradation of a fellow-being, unmoved; still less, when that being possessed a noble intellect, and talent of a high order? I wept, at witnessing the progress of your moral ruin, Hermann."

"Spare your tears in future, then. They cannot influence Fate, or change my destiny—I am doomed."

"For my sake, Hermann! do not talk thus! Drink this wine. If you knew what I have risked to obtain it, you would not refuse me."

"You run risk for me?"

"Yes! why not? Is not woman's peculiar mission to sympathize with and befriend the unfortunate; and, though scarce a woman, I cannot more properly or pleasantly commence my life-long task, than in bestowing on you my sympathy and friendship. Why will you reject them?"

He was regarding her earnestly, and after a brief pause rose, leaning on his elbow, and extended his hand. "The wine!" he said.

"O, you will drink it then?" and the maiden's countenance beamed with unfeigned delight, as she placed it in his hand.

"Yes. If it was poison. You are a kind, good girl, Myra, and I thank you; but you must risk no more for me, I am not worthy."

"For shame, Hermann; you are—"

"A homeless, friendless, despised outcast!" he exclaimed, passionately. "Unjustly branded with infamy—an object of scorn—a—"

"Hush! Hermann, you are wrong. I do not scorn you! My mother does not despise you. I want to be, and *will* be your friend, if you will let me."

Her auditor regarded her doubtingly, for a moment, then swallowed the wine, and returning the glass, sank back on his hard couch with a groan.

"Let me look at your back, Hermann. It must

require something to soothe the irritation,—let me see it."

"You?"

"Yes. See, I've brought some excellent salve to dress it;" and she exhibited a small wooden box. He set his lips firmly and shook his head.

"But to please me, Hermann. You don't know how much I have pitied you, and how gladly and often I would have spoken kindly to you, when my father and Mr. Bolt were severe, if I had dared. You need a nurse now. Do let me do for you."

She had conquered. Obeying the gentle impulse of her hand, he submitted his bruised and bleeding shoulders to her inspection, when she sought water and bathed them, speaking gently and cheerfully the while, and as she applied the soothing ointment and bound them up, exhorted him to forget the past, and—for her sake—commence anew."

"To what end."

"To convince those who doubt you now that you are innocent of crime."

"Do you believe me innocent?"

"As myself, Hermann. I never deemed you guilty, and I know that you can convince others."

"But I was refused a hearing."

"Acts are more convincing than words. The future is before you. Let its record be bright and spotless, and you will reap a rich reward for all you have suffered, while your atonement for the heedless follies of youth will be most ample, and gratifying to yourself—the brightest page in your history."

"Would it give you pleasure?" he demanded, regarding her through a veil of moisture.

"Can you doubt it, Hermann? Your triumph would be mine."

He seized the hand which rested on his berth-board, and pressing it fervently to his lips, relinquished it moist with tears. She started; tears were in her own eyes, and a thrill of pure joy in every vein, and she hurried from the spot, feeling already rewarded for her interest in the outcast.

"I fancy that boy's had enough of the rope's-end, Mr. Bolt," said Captain Williams one pleasant afternoon, some three weeks later, as our hero was hurrying aloft, in obedience to the former's order, to make up a brace of gaskets on the main-top-gallant yard.

"He aint the same lad he was, sir, that's sartain; but I don't know as it's the result of that awful trouncing."

"Fudge! Just so says my wife, and Myra there," indicating our heroine who was leaning

over the taffrail intent upon the movement of some marine monster who was gliding along, directly beneath the rudder. "What changed him, if not that?"

"Can't pretend to say; but I judge from his actions. Why, his eye will flash as sharply as ever, at a stern word; but if I speak kindly, no man on board will jump so fast to obey; or exert himself so much to please me, as he."

"Humph! 'Twas that licking, depend on't. I never failed yet when I set out to conquer; and—" A sharp cry from his daughter arrested the sentence on his lips, and turning, he beheld her place at the taffrail empty. Bounding aft with a wild cry, he would have been overboard in an instant, but for the restraining grasp of his mate, who shouted:

"Down, helm! Starboard watch, attend braces! Port watch—My God! that boy! Lower away that boat!" And retaining a firm grasp on his superior, he continued to direct the movement of the eager crew, from whose throats burst a spontaneous cheer, as they witnessed our hero's daring leap from the dizzy height, from which he had witnessed the plunge of his good angel.

He was an expert swimmer, though an unwilling sailor; and thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of the art, had rendered his fearful plunge subservient to success. He broke water at her side; responding to her joyous cry, with an assurance that she was safe. And she believed him, implicitly, when supported by his hand her struggles ceased, leaving him at almost entire liberty to battle for their united safety.

The ship had become stationary, some three hundred yards distant, and a boat, full manned, and commanded by her anxious sire, had just shoved off, when the mate's shout attracted our hero's attention. The old seaman was gesticulating violently, and evidently directing his attention to some object to the westward. A single glance betrayed the origin of the old man's earnest movements, and the confused haste of the approaching boat's crew. Glancing along the surface, and in a direct line for himself and companion, was the dorsal fin of the wolf of the seas—the huge tiger-shark of the Pacific.

But no start betrayed the fact to his gentle, trusting Myra. He was no coward, and though apprehensive of the worst, viewed the monster's approach with amazing calmness. Down went the fin, when within thirty yards, and turning to his companion on the instant, he said:

"I must rest, Myra! Don't be alarmed I'm going to splash water a little;" and as he spoke, the spray began to fly in all directions. A single moment he paused, to glance at the boat, and

on that instant he detected the flash of his shark-ship's white side, as he turned to seize his prey.

But with a violent start and smothered exclamation, our hero resumed his task, replying to Myra's demand, "A touch of cramp in my right foot! but it has gone. Thank God! the boat at last! Now, now reach your father's hand." As he spoke, the boat dashed up, and both were taken bodily from the brine by energetic hands, more than one of the boat's crew exclaiming: "Thank God!" as their captain fell back, fainting, in the stern-sheets, with his child fast locked in his embrace.

"Did you not see the shark, boy?" demanded one, on whose shoulder our hero was leaning, while endeavoring to gain his equilibrium.

"Yes, and felt him, too," he responded, elevating his right limb bleeding profusely.

"By Jove, a close shave!" burst from several, and the admiring regard of all rested on the gallant youth, who had eyes only for her whose preservation he deemed still cheaply purchased.

Nine months later Captain Williams entered the counting-room of Felton and Bloodgood—the style of the new firm, formed by the association of the merchant's nephew and late head clerk—with him in business. The senior partner was expecting a visit, and hastened to greet him with:

"Welcome, captain! What news? You bring tidings of—that scrape-grace boy, I trust you have him safe? Is he well? Can you make anything of him?"

"Patience, sir. I bring you news of Hermann; but grieve to say that's all."

"Why?"

"He deserted in Macao."

"Deserted?" And a frown settled on the merchant's brow.

"Ay. At a time too, when I would have given all my wealth to have retained him;" and the seaman added a lengthy detail of the incidents of the outward passage, including those already laid before our readers, when Mr. Felton responded:

"Ah! Cowardice was no part of his composition. Pity he possessed a tendency to crime."

"Pardon me, sir! You couldn't convince my wife and daughter of that, and for myself, I must say that I think you are mistaken."

"Impossible, my dear sir! The proofs are too strong. I knew not half the evidence against him till after he had gone. In fact, I am almost pleased to hear of his desertion, and trust he may never return, to blast my vision with his presence."

"Still, I incline to the belief that you did not

know him. I confess, I was grievously mistaken in his character, my estimation being founded on your sketch of his conduct."

"Well, we will not discuss him, captain. You know that I have associated Bloodgood with me in business. He is an equal partner, and as his prospects for a fortune are brilliant, I trust that I may early have the pleasure of greeting your estimable daughter as my niece."

"That must be as Myra says, my dear sir. I have no objections to Mr. Bloodgood; but she must choose for herself."

"I thought the thing was settled between the parties?"

"It may be. But I am not the girl's confidant in such matters, you know."

"I trust it may, for I am eager to see one within my childless home whom I could take to my heart as a daughter. I have had Bloodgood with me since—soon after you sailed: But there! He is only a sister's son, and try as I will, I can bring him no nearer." Poor old man—the aching void in his heart could be best filled only by the absent, though he knew it not.

But the desire for the union of his nephew with the fair Myra Williams was doomed to present disappointment. That gentle young lady rejected the renewal of attentions, which she had received passively, if not with pleasure, ere her departure for a foreign clime, and to the young man's urgent solicitations of her favor, and offer of his hand and fortune, interposed a decided negative.

"He must seek a bride elsewhere," she said; she had no inclination for bridal honors; still less, to leave her parents. "T'would be time enough to think of a husband seven years hence, or—if she lived so long—when the demise of her parents left her unprotected.

The persistent lover pleaded in vain; then declared he would wait, and he did, through a dreary lapse of years, during which he derived his only hope from the fact, that Myra Williams turned a deaf ear to all her suitors, and still avowed as firmly her determination to remain a maid.

"Why do you persist in wasting your manhood and prime, in attendance on that icicle, Edgar?" the merchant began to ask at length. "You are rich, shrewd and successful, and may command the hand of the proudest heiress in the Trimount City. Why not seek her?"

"Because I love Myra, and can afford to wait. Besides, my dear sir, her father's demise would seriously disarrange our business, you know, he has such a vast amount embarked therein."

"True, true! Well, please yourself." And thus

the matter rested for another series of years, when a great financial crisis came sweeping over the land, sapping the foundation of the strongest houses, and spreading devastation through the commercial world.

All bowed to the terrible simoon, and many fell, scorched and seared to death, beneath its blasting power; but the house of Felton and Bloodgood seemed to withstand the tornado, upheld by its former reputation and alleged ample resources; so well secured that none, who had business relations therewith, doubted for a moment its stability, and by their confidence aided in upholding it.

'Twas in the midst of this crisis that Captain Williams entered port with a highly valuable cargo on his own account, purchased on short credit, and for which he had given bills of exchange on Felton and Co., of which fact he immediately apprized them. A second cargo as valuable as his own was on its way to port; and both had cost him the sum of one hundred thousand dollars including all expenses, for which amount he had pledged the credit of his bankers.

That sum comprised his whole fortune, and more; and the prospect of speedy realization upon his goods being but meagre, he was obliged to store them to await an improvement in the market. In the meantime the agents of his creditors received and presented his drafts, which Mr. Bloodgood—to his senior's consternation—declared the firm unable to pay at short notice, and requested time—a week—to collect the funds.

It was granted; but when the period expired he was still unprepared, and so confessed, when the agent levied upon the goods in bond, and a general run upon the firm ensued.

Mr. Felton met the storm and his creditors manfully, and announcing his suspension, demanded an investigation of his affairs, declaring his readiness to render up his assets, and his firm conviction that they would be found to exceed his liabilities by a hundred per cent.

His creditors' confidence was unshaken in his integrity, and the result was an offer of every facility to guard his interests from serious detriment, so he was mentioned on change that day as merely suspended, to resume forthwith.

Yet he sought his home with a heavy heart, that eve, to find a note in a strange hand awaiting him, the writer of which alluded feelingly to his trying position, and begged his acceptance of an accompanying package, to be used as he should deem most advantageous in the liquidation of his liabilities, and at the same time enjoining him to secrecy, adding, that he would be present at the meeting of the creditors on the

morrow, to receive his acknowledgement of the loan, and, if necessary, increase it, and enjoining its reception as a favor to the writer, signed himself, "A nameless friend."

Mr. Felton tore open the package, to find deeds, bonds, bills of exchange, and available securities to an amount covering all his liabilities and a few thousands to spare, and in blank amazement demanded from his servant a description of the party who had left the package.

"A dark gentleman, well dressed, with a foreign accent and slightly lame," was all he could learn. But that was enough to lead him to accost the proper person, when that party entered the counting-room next morning, with a bevy of creditors.

"A word with you, sir!" he whispered in the stranger's ear, and leading the way to his private office, he continued:

"You are my nameless friend?"

"I shall be proud of the honor, sir, if I can be of any real service."

"You would save me from ruin," and the merchant's eye glistened while his tremulous tone betrayed his emotion. "When I asked for time, yesterday, I deemed that I had available assets to cover all my liabilities, and a handsome residue; but since then investigation has disclosed a confusion in my affairs that has amazed me, and must remain a mystery until explained by my partner."

"Well, my dear sir, I trust the package contained sufficient."

"Ample. But—sir—I may be a bankrupt, and I would not sacrifice you."

"Away with those fears, sir! I will assume the risk, cheerfully."

"Who are you, sir?"

"If you will, one who has too high a regard for rectitude of life and business integrity to witness the ruin of their possessor, when it may be prevented. In a word, sir, our relations are neither of to-day nor yesterday. Long years of uninterrupted business relations with you—while seas rolled and continents reared their mountains between us—have convinced me that in this I perform my duty."

"Then you are—"

"An East Indian merchant! Seek to know no more, my dear sir; at least for the present! but hasten to accept, and use those funds, at your disposal, and rest assured that in so doing, you are but reaping the return of 'bread—long since cast upon the waters.'"

The grateful merchant raised his head to respond; but his benefactor was crossing the threshold, and he was obliged to follow where

his presence and announcement, "Gentlemen, I am happy to state that I am prepared to meet all your claims in full, on presentation, and request those desirous of immediate adjustment to step up to the cashier's desk," clothed every face with smiles, when, seizing the arm of his unknown friend, he whispered, "You must dine with me."

"Nay, sir, you must excuse me at present. Three weeks hence—when you have thoroughly investigated your business, and are prepared to set a time for the liquidation of my claim, I shall be most happy to avail myself of your invitation; and bowing urbanely, he limped away, leaving the grateful merchant just a little chilled by his allusion to pecuniary matters.

"Yes. He is right," he murmured. "I must unravel that mystery regarding the coupons and other securities I deemed so safe."

That investigation resulted in the startling disclosure of propensities in his youthful partner, that he had never dreamed of. Suffice it, that when cornered, that worthy confessed to large, unsuccessful speculations in foreign stocks and commercial bubbles in secret, which had swept away piecemeal, the vast funds of the firm in reserve. The intelligence fell like a leaden weight on the merchant's soul. How could he meet his strange creditor?

But he did meet him. The latter proved punctual to the day named; and his ring was answered by a servant who ushered him into the merchant's presence, announcing the arrival, at the same time, of Captain Williams and his daughter.

"Make my excuses, Martha, and say I will meet them at dinner," said the merchant, as he wrung the stranger's hand in a convulsive grasp.

"No, no! If you please, sir, the captain and I are old acquaintances; and I should be pleased to meet him here."

"Send him up, Martha. I have no secrets from him, or should have none."

"And he can serve as a witness to our business transaction."

The merchant groaned, and the captain entered and greeted the stranger warmly.

"Who is this gentleman, captain?"

"I thought you knew him."

"As my greatest benefactor; but he will tell no more."

"Nor must I while he is mute, though I've carried many a valuable invoice between you."

The stranger smiled, and resuming his seat, said:

"Now to business, Mr. Felton. What has been the result of your investigation?"

He was told, and listened calmly to the whole, quietly remarking:

"Just as I expected".

"You?"

"Ay. I've long suspected Mr. Bloodgood of underhand dealing with his partner. But of that anon. When can you repay me?"

"I cannot say. I am in your hands, sir, and must rely upon your generosity."

"Which shall not fail you, worthy sir; yet I require repayment now."

"How? Impossible!"

"Nay, sir. One waits without who will tell you how it may be effected. May I request her attendance?"

The merchant bowed mechanically, and our heroine entered at the stranger's signal; when the former exclaimed:

"How!—Miss Myra!—What mean you, sir?"

"What I have said, my friend! She will explain."

"Yes, Mr. Felton. I am commissioned by the gentleman to say, that a restoration of your name to the child you once adopted, and cast off, will be deemed liquidation in full of all demands."

"Hermann alive! Does he desire it?"

"He does!"

"Sir—Myra! Tell me! Has he aught to do with this? Where is he?"

"Here!" said Myra, laying her hand on the stranger's shoulder—"My own dear, noble Hermann, who has wandered so long without a name."

"My boy! my son!" and the gray-haired merchant tottered to the open arms of his benefactor.

At that instant, the haggard face of Edgar Bloodgood protruded into the apartment, and was seen by his partner who started, exclaiming:

"Here, Edgar! You owe me one more explanation. I remember that you were very watchful over the morals and conduct of my adopted son, in years gone by, and furnished me with numerous clues, to what I then deemed his rascality; but now—in view of recent facts—I doubt. How say you, in his presence, are not you the two-fold guilty party?"

"His presence! Hermann, the benefactor of the firm?"

"Ay. But answer me. Remember, if you have wronged, and wronging him, caused me to do likewise, you owe him more than a confession of the crime. Did not you charge him with your own crime?"

The real culprit stood confessed and cowering beneath his guilt, until the generous outcast touched him saying, "Look up, Edgar. Let

the past be forgotten, as by me forgiven. I would not have this day, for which I have toiled so long, beneath foreign skies, clouded by a care or grief. Let nothing mar our joy; nothing embitter the happiness we jointly owe to my Myra here, whose winning gentleness arrested me when fairly embarked for ruin, and who, aroused to interest in the outcast, effected his salvation by a kind word."

What would you more, reader? If you require evidence of the foregoing incidents, we are happy to be able to refer you to the junior partner of Felton, Son and Co., and of his happiness; to the home in Brookline, which nightly receives him, where his smiling Myra and a troop of joyous children live, and love to welcome THE DISOWNED.

PORTUGUESE WOMEN.

The position of woman in Portuguese countries brings one nearer to that Oriental type from which modern society has been gradually diverging. Woman is secluded, so far as each family can afford it, which is the key to the Oriental system. Seclusion is aristocracy, and if it cannot be made complete, the household must do the best they can. Thus, in the lowest classes, one daughter is often decreed by the parents to be brought up like a lady, and for this every sacrifice has to be made. Her robust sisters go barefooted to the wells for water; they go miles unprotected into the lonely mountains; no social ambition, no genteel helplessness for them. But Mariquinha is taught to read, write and sew; she is as carefully looked after as if the world wished to steal her; she wears shoes and stockings and an embroidered kerchief, and a hooded cloak, and she never steps outside the door alone. You meet her, pale and demure, plodding along to mass with her mother. The sisters will marry laborers and fishermen; Mariquinha will marry a small shopkeeper or the mate of a vessel, or else die single. It is not very pleasant for the poor girl in the meantime; she is neither healthy nor happy; but "let us be genteel or die."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

CONSCIENCE.

No person ever did a kind, a benevolent, a humane, or charitable action, without feeling a consciousness that it was good; it creates a pleasure in the mind that nothing else can produce; and this pleasure is the greater from the act which causes it to be veiled from the eye of the world. It is the light which angels feel when they wipe away the tear from affliction or warm the heart with joy. On the other hand no person ever did or said an unkind or mischievous thing, who did not feel that he had done wrong. This kind of feeling is a natural monitor, and never will deceive if due regard be paid to it; and one good rule which you should bear in mind and act up to as much as possible is, never to say anything which you may afterward wish unsaid, or do what you may afterwards wish undone.—*Admiral Lord Collingwood*.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

The chimes of the vesper bell had ceased,
And quiet pervaded the air;
Tranquil and silent all nature seemed,
As if rapt in silent prayer.
Then Somnus arose from his mossy couch,
And scattered with noiseless hand
The seeds of slumber here and there,
Broadcast o'er all the land.

The weary peasant, oppressed by care,
Accepts the gift and joins in the prayer;
His restless spirit was seeking repose,
Which none but the weary and careworn knows.
The gray-haired sire, whose form was bent
'Neath the weight of many summers spent—
So gently it came with its noiseless breath,
Mistook the angel of sleep for death.

The cradled infant forgot its pain
While under the silent angel's reign;
And the loving mother blest the power
Which brought repose to her much-loved flower.
The angel of slumber at morning's dawn
Retreated across the flower-wreathed lawn;
To its sister spirits it seemed to say,
Why stand ye idle?—work while 'tis day!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LITTLE HEROINE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"MORNING again!" And the weary, wasted invalid lifted his head from the pillow and looked pitifully over the dim room. "O, that the night had been longer. To the wretched, sleep is dear. My poor, poor wife—my darling babes—must they freeze and starve! O God! it is too much!" And with tears gushing from his eyes, the pale man buried his head in the scanty coverings and groaned aloud.

It was no wonder he was out of heart on that cold, dark December day. At best, he had a hard struggle to get food and clothes for his family, and for the past six months, the struggle had been almost desperate, for his wife had been unable to assist him in the least, being confined to the bed with a slow, wasting disease. His little daughter Marie, a pretty child of twelve, kept the one room tidy, and herself and two little brothers like wax. By the aid of her mother's whispered directions she also cooked the scanty meals, and even managed to do up the weekly washing and ironing.

"My little cunbeam," the father fondly called her, while the mother would say, in her low, sweet tones, "our angel."

One night, the young housekeeper waited till it was pitch dark for her father to come home to his frugal supper, and then with fearful forebodings at her heart, undressed the little boys and put them to bed, and tied on her hood and cloak to go for him. A crowd met her at the very threshold. With a wild cry she rushed towards the inanimate form they carried upon a board. It was her father, brought home to them with a broken leg.

A week had passed since this misfortune. By the sale of their few pieces of furniture, the wolf had been kept from the door. But now, nothing remained save the coarse bed on which the distressed ones slept. No coals for the little grate; no tea for the feverish lips; no crusts for the famished children. What should be done?

It was a question little Marie asked herself again and again, as she lay there watching the few pale sunbeams that straggled through the windows. And she asked it oftener after she had arisen and dressed herself and brothers, and smoothed the two beds. Bread they must have that day. They were all faint even then, and the boys clamoring for their breakfast. Suddenly a bright thought came to the little daughter. She remembered having seen in some coffee-houses, young girls, no taller than she, waiting upon the customers. Perhaps they would try her. "If they only would," she murmured, softly. "I am handy, quick and patient, and I would try so hard to oblige." I am pretty, too, she might have added, had there been a spark of vanity in her heart, for she was a sweet child, with a brow like a sunny snow-drift, and eyes like the spring violets that needle in the woodlands. "I will try at least, and see what I can do;" and after watching a few moments the weary sleep of her parents, she whispered to the little boys that she was going out to get some bread for them, and hurried away.

She did go to the baker's, but her pitiful story failed to touch his hard heart, and there were tears on her cold cheeks as she turned away. Even if she secured a place, she could hope for no wages till Saturday, and there were four weary days between this and that. Bread would be too late if she waited till then. What should she do—"beg?" She asked herself the question with a quivering lip. Never before had their poverty driven them to that strait, and it was hard, even now, with the picture of that wretched home, fresh in her vision, to plead for charity. But she did it. Again and again she said to the passers-by, "please, sir, please, ma'am, give me a penny to buy bread for my sick parents." But the gentleman had their over-

coats buttoned to their chins, and the ladies were enveloped in furs, and it was too much trouble to find their pocketbooks or purses just to supply a beggar's wants.

"Go to the soup-house," said one at last, more churlish than the rest. "The city provides for such as you."

It was a new idea to her, and fast as feet could carry her she went, and entering in breathless haste, told her story to the attendant matron.

"I will report the case to the committee," said the woman, quietly, making a memorandum of the name and number of the street. "Come in to-morrow morning and I will do what I can for you."

To-morrow! She would be too weak to walk so far by that time, and what would become of the rest? With a heavy heart she went home, having no courage to present herself as a waiter to any of the coffee-houses she passed on her way.

"Did you get some?" cried the boys, and gathered about her, pulling off her cloak to see if it were hidden in her apron or under her arms.

"Did you get some?" said two faint voices from the bed in the corner, and the coverlet was thrown off and two pairs of thin white hands put forth.

"No, no," she answered plaintively; "but I will try again. Keep up good hope. There will be plenty out of the oven now. Yes, plenty," she said to herself, as she buttoned her cloak on the threshold; "plenty, and I'll have some, too. They shall not starve. Men and women forsake me; God doesn't hear me any longer; there is nothing left for me to do but *steal*."

Her face palled as she spoke it, and for a few moments there was a wild wrestle in her heart. Then she went on quietly, pausing an instant before each baker's window, and looking anxiously within. By-and-by, she found one that seemed empty. A whole pile of steaming loaves lay upon the counter. She rushed in and seizing one, and hiding it under her cloak, fled madly up the street. But the baker had seen her from the little sitting-room door, and was after her, crying lustily, "Stop thief, stop thief!" A crowd followed her, and the poor child was soon ran down.

"A clear case," said the police officer, who took her in hand—"property found on her. She must go to the court-room."

In vain she pleaded with them, and told her story. "They must do their duty; she might have begged; she might have gone to the soup-house; there was no excuse for stealing at any rate."

No excuse, and her mother was *dying* for food!

An important trial was just closing, and all the avenues to the court-house were thronged.

"They'll be through soon," said the officer to the baker; "we'll wait here a few moments. No danger of her getting away while my grip is on her," and he tightened his hold on her shrinking arm, till the flesh quivered with pain.

"Take me home first," she said, sadly; "they will worry about me so. My poor mother will die if she thinks I'm lost."

"They'll soon find out where you are," said he, gruffly. "Bad news is like lightning, it travels fast."

"O, dear! O, dear! What will become of them?" and she sobbed aloud.

A little girl about her own age was passing by, a rich man's child; you would know it by the embroidered dress and cloak, the rich velvethood, and the costly fur tippet and muff. But there was no false pride hidden under the expensive raiment; a warm heart was beating there, and its sympathies went out largely toward the poor little prisoner. For a moment, she paused as if irresolute upon her plan of action; then laying her mitted hand gently on the officer's fingers, she said politely:

"May I speak with her?"

"O, yes; she's not committed yet."

Putting her soft, rosy cheek close to the purple-cold one, she whispered very earnestly. Marie told her touching story, and begged she would, by the love she bore her own mother, find out their humble home and comfort the distressed ones.

"I will, I will," the stranger replied, earnestly; "and don't you cry any more; my father knows the judge, and he'll get you away to-morrow. Good-by—keep up a good heart;" and off she ran.

She knew her mother to be one of the most charitable of women, and hastened home to tell her the story of Marie; but unfortunately, she had just gone to ride, and would not be back till near dinner time.

"What can I do?" she cried, and wrung her hands. "They want coal, and bread, and tea, and so many things, and I have only ten cents in my pocket." She sat down on the marble steps and pondered. All at once her eyes brightened, and a beautiful color flushed her face.

"I'll do it," she said, resolutely; "mama will forgive me, when she knows all. Without fire, without food, nearly naked, quite starved—O, she will be glad I thought so far," and she bounded down the street and rushed around the corner.

Pushing open the plate-glass door of the most fashionable hair-dresser in the city, she went quietly up to an attendant, and asked to see Monsieur B. He ushered her into the inner room, saying he would call him. Her heart fluttered while she waited, but her resolution did not fail her.

"Ah! *c'est ma belle Therese*," and Monsieur B. took her hand kindly. "Good morning, dear. Come to have your ringlets dressed for the ball to-night—no," as she shook her head, "*et pourquor*—you go certainly; you are one of monsieur's best pupils. What is it then, *ma petite*?"

For a moment her lips quivered; then she spoke up quickly. "You said once, sir, you would give me an eagle for my curls. Will you do it now—to-day—this minute?"

The hair-dresser was astounded. What could the child mean? To cut off those curls, long, silken and gold-colored, the pale gold of a stray sunbeam—it would be sacrilege almost for a mother to have done it; to sell them was surely a crime.

"Does she, *rotre mere*—does she know you come here?"

"No, sir; but she will not blame me when I tell her how it was. O, no, she is too good."

"And how is it, *ma belle*—make a friend of me, and tell me how it comes you ask me to buy your hair?" and he stroked the glossy curls as tenderly as a father might.

She hesitated, and then opened her heart to him. There was a mist on his eyes when she finished her plaintive story. He walked the floor a moment as if irresolute, then stopping before her, he took out his pocket-book and handed her two half-eagles. She put them in her purse, and quietly took off her hood.

"Not now, *ma petite, mere ange*," he said, huskily; "now now, I am too busy; to-morrow will do as well; or stay, I will come in this evening. Till then, do not mention it to any one. Go now on your mission, *me soeur de charite*," and he led her to the door.

How quick her little feet flew over the pavements. She could hardly speak when she had reached a baker's shop.

"Two loaves, sir, large ones, too," she gasped, and threw down one of the gold pieces.

The man stared at her curiously. The color rose to her brow, but she said nothing, and hurried away with her warm, fragrant bundle.

"Is it you, Marie? What kept you so long, daughter? Quick, break me a crumb, I am faint."

Like an angel the little stranger looked to them as she glided in, her cheeks like apple blossoms.

soms, and her hair falling over her shoulders like ripples of sunshine.

"Marie cannot come home yet," she said, in a voice that was sweet as a robin's in May-time. "But she will return to-morrow; perhaps, this evening. She has sent me with the bread. See the two nice loaves I've brought you," and she tore them in fragments. Tears coursed down her face as she saw how eagerly they clutched them. She had never dreamed of poverty like this; never known how hungry folks can be and live.

"I must go now," as she opened the door; "but I will come again soon and make you comfortable," and she hurried to the nearest grocer and bought a basket full of provision, and engaged him to send in some kindlings and coal.

The little boys helped her build a fire in the cold stove, and when it blazed merrily, she put over the kettles and had soon a refreshing cup of tea for each invalid, and a platter of smoking potatoes for the children.

"Where is Marie, do you know, little angel?" asked the sick mother, as she gave back the cup. "O, yes, I know," she answered cheerily. "Didn't I say she would be home early to-morrow? Don't worry. Better days are coming. I'll bring her in the morning. Good-by."

It was as though a fairy had come and vanished; a kind-hearted fairy, too, for beside the supply of coal and food, a half-eagle lay in the sick father's hand.

Murmuring to himself all the tender adjectives in the French language, the good hair-dresser immediately hastened to the court-room. The judge was a friend of his, too, and he hoped to save the child from prison. She had not yet been brought in, the court having adjourned for half an hour. He asked for a private interview with the judge, and as soon as it was granted, he told him all, Marie's distress and the generous kindness of the little Therese.

"Poor child, good child," said his listener, wiping his glasses. "She must go to prison, I suppose, but it shall be a chamber in my own house. Go into court and tell the same story over. It will be better than a lawyer's plea."

He did so, and there was not a dry eye in the audience when he ceased. Even the baker hung his head and seemed to muse. Before the breathless silence had been broken, he looked up, and said to the judge, "I withdraw my complaint; let her go with me and take all she wants."

The spacious room rung with applauses, and while the enthusiasm was at its height, a thoughtful old man went about the crowd with his hat. People's fingers found their pocket-books as by

intuition, and when he poured the collection into Marie's apron, she screamed with joy. No more cold, no more hunger, no more nakedness that winter; they were rich.

The baker took her home himself, and told her at the door not to worry about bread till spring, for his wagon would leave them all they needed, every morning. How lightly she bounded up the staircase. It was like a bird's footfall, a singing-bird's in the time of flowers.

"Have you come, Marie?" Two voices spoke at once.

"Yes, mother, yes father; and we are rich, see!" And she emptied her apron on the bed. How merrily the silver and gold coins jingled. It was like the echo of a harvest song, the distant echo brought back by summer breezes.

"Bless you, my little sunbeam; bless you, my angel child!" And two hands were laid upon her head, and tears and smiles strangely mixed together.

"What does it mean, Therese?" And the mother looked wonderingly at her beautiful little daughter, as she came into the parlor, in obedience to a message brought by a servant. "Monsieur B. says you promised to see him to-night."

"I did, mama. Did you bring your scissors, sir?" And she carried a footstool to the sofa upon which he sat, and quietly nestled at his feet.

"Yes, *ma belle*, see!" And he took from his pocket a shining pair.

"Therese! What means this?" The mother spoke sternly.

"I have sold my hair to him, mama, and he has come to cut it off."

"Sold your hair—cut it off—were you crazy—are you in earnest?" And she gathered her to her side and laid her hands protectingly over the precious curls.

"Tell her how it was, sir. She won't be angry then. Please, sir, tell her."

He did so. Closer and closer to her heart was the child drawn by the tearful mother, as the narrator proceeded with his touching story. And when it was finished, she covered her face with kisses, and said, with a broken voice, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A single ringlet was severed from the beautiful head that night; one long, soft, golden curl, which the hair-dresser carried home as reverently as though it had been down from an angel's wing. On the morrow, he had it woven into a heart's-ease, and the sunny, shining, human flower was ever afterwards worn next his heart, a talisman against besetting sins.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE ORANGE DANCE.

BY LIEUTENANT T. S. REED.

THERE WAS no prettier girl within many miles of Ballyscowan then Jenny Ryan. And very few girls were more thoroughly aware of their perfections, whether numerous or few, than this same Jenny Ryan was of her own. She had several admirers, and there was a glance shot occasionally from her full, large, brown eyes, that made the thoughtful old people who knew her, shake their heads and sigh. Jenny Ryan, next after her own pretty face and tall graceful figure, loved a flirtation, especially, if assisted by music and a dance; and she resolved that at the Orange dance, to be given at Ballyscowan by the Orangemen, her white muslin dress with two flounces, deep and full, should flutter in the briskest jig the fiddlers could pull from catgut and rosin.

But there were two persons who thought they had a right to exercise some influence in the matter, and who were almost as certain that Jenny should *not* attend the Orange dance at Ballyscowan, as Jenny herself was that she would. These two dissentients to Jenny's plans were, Jenny's mother the widow Ryan, and Tom Lane a young Roman Catholic, who was one of Jenny's lovers.

"An' sure then, Jenny, you will not go against yer mother's will to the Orange Ball," said Tom Lane, as he leaned against a stone wall and watched Jenny as she milked her mother's cows.

"Indeed but I will, Tom Lane!" Jenny replied. "I have promised Jamy Rea to dance with him, and if you will come, I will dance with you too."

"That's asy for you to spake, Jenny, but you know a Catholic would not be let stand up, let alone dance, at an Orange ball."

"And isn't it unginteele of you, Master Lane, to be hindering me of a good time, merely bekaase I'm a Protester, and you are a Catholic?"

Tom Lane answered in a sorrowful tone: "The powers above know, Jenny asthore, that it would bring sorrow to my heart to have you lose a minute's enjoyment, or a moment's pleasure, but I feel heart sick at thinking of the happy time others will be making, with your bright eyes beaming on them, and your red lips speaking to them, and your hand in theirs. May be, Jenny, when you so lightly bid me come to the Orange dance, you don't think that it would be certain death at the least to me, a Catholic, to be caught as a spy, as I should be called."

"Well, Tom Lane, if you are afear'd to come, stay away. I am going; and if you will come and ask me to dance, I promise you I will dance

with you; and more than that you nor no man has a right to ask or to expect."

"Afraid I did you say afear'd, Jenny! and is it you that thinks Tom Lane is afraid?"

"Faix, Tom, I don't know whether you are afear'd or no, and I don't care. But I do know there's a sayin' 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady.'"

"By the living thunder, Jenny! if I should be kilt five hundred times, I will be at the Orange dance. Only say the word, and touch palms on it, that you will dance with me."

"There's my hand, Tom! and more than that, now you speak as a man as is a man should speak; here's a ticket, you see it's a card of admission, and the name is left blank. It's regularly signed, and will pass you in, if you was the Pope of Rome, or Cardinal Wiseman himself. That lets you in safely. And if you behave quiet, and don't give or take offence, you may make as good time as any Orange blood among them all."

"Well! I thank you, Jenny; although it goes agin the grain, I tell you, to take this ticket, seeing as I know it comes from Jamy Rae."

"Now, good-by, Tom! don't say a word to mother or to anybody that I am going to the Orange ball."

And Jenny Ryan went towards her mother's house, which was just such a residence as is common among Irish people, who occupy and cultivate at a rental, some forty acres of land. As she was passing the turf stack, a tall and handsome young man, met her, and said:

"And will you go, Jenny?"

"I will, Jamy; when I say a thing, I mane it."

"And how have you managed about your dress?" Jamy Rae inquired.

"Sure thin, that's complete; my thin slippers and sandals are in my dress pocket, and my white muslin dress is hid away in the turf stack!"

"Begorra, Jenny, you are a good one! Now thin, for my part. Come along."

They entered the widow's cottage together. And Jamy Rae delivered a message from his mother, requesting a visit from Jenny and Mrs. Ryan. The widow made excuses for herself, and many objections to Jenny's leaving home. Her suspicions were not lulled, and as Jenny was going out, she called:

"What shoes have you got on?"

"My thick shoes in coorse, mother!"

"Bad luck to you, if you deceive me, Jenny. I will not have you go to the Orange dance, mind that! It's to be in old Paddy Burke's barn, and the old villain of the world shall never see one of my blood under the thatch of his roof."

"Forget and forgive, Mrs. Ryan," James Rae

said, "and let yesterday's sorrow be hid with yesterday's light!"

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget. I leave him to God to punish him. He wronged me and my fatherless children; but I have raised them, sometimes with an empty belly, and sometimes with a full one; and I forgive Paddy Burke, but I cannot forget. And I will not have me nor mine taste bit, nor sup with him or his. You may go, Jenny, to Mrs. Rae's, and tell Mrs. Rae I thank her kindly, but I can't come. But mind, Jenny, a mother's curse is on you, if you deceive me, and go to the Orange dance at Paddy Burke's."

Jenny Ryan hesitated; and a slight shudder passed through her at the thought of the treacherous part she was playing, and of the terrible threat her mother uttered. But Jamy Rea winked his blue eye at her, and smiled; and she passed lightly over the threshold of her mother's poor but honored home.

The Orangemen mustered strongly, with their orange silk scarfs hanging gracefully over the left shoulder and tied on the right hip in a bow with six long ends. Each Orangeman had brought a sweetheart or a wife, and when the party assembled in Paddy Burke's big barn, the scarfs were untied from the shoulders of the men, and fastened over the shoulder and round the waist of the lady, whom each young Orangeman preferred. James Rae's scarf was in this manner transferred to the pretty figure of Jenny Ryan, who commenced dancing with Rae, and was afterwards led by him to a seat, to which she was expected, according to the custom, to return after every dance.

Tom Lane who did not venture to wear an orange scarf, came in after the dancing had commenced. There was some whispering among some of the more violent Protestants, when he appeared, but it was checked by Paddy Burke and the other members of the committee of management, to whom he had shown his pass-ticket, and had briefly explained how it came into his possession.

"It's Jenny Ryan has put the comether over him," Paddy Burke said, "and the poor boy is as ignorant as a blind puppy of the road he is going; but as long as he behaves himself, let him dance and welcome."

"Will you stand up with me, Miss Ryan?" said Tom Lane.

"With all the pleasure in life, Mister Lane!" and Jenny, flushed with pride at exhibiting her power, and parading her conquest, shook her muslin flounces, and did the "double cut and shuffle," "the heel and toe," and other difficult steps in the jig, with a vivacity and neatness, that soon

attracted the notice and admiration of the company to herself, and their jealousy to Tom Lane.

At the conclusion of the dance, Lane, instead of leading Jenny to the seat she had left, walked with her to the other side of the room, and there the two sat down together.

James Rae, who had been dancing with another girl, missed Jenny from the seat she ought to have occupied. His angry glance soon fell on the imprudent girl, who with the senseless vanity of a flirt, was wickedly encouraging, alternately, her admirers. Flushed and enraged by the slight Jenny had openly put on him, he strode angrily across the barn, and violently and rudely threw himself on the seat between Jenny and Lane.

Tom Lane was thoroughly aware of the difficulty and danger of his position, as a Roman Catholic, in an assembly, which if not sealed as an Orange lodge, was essentially a gathering of the faction, openly and avowedly in determined and almost savage hostility to the Roman Catholics. By a violent restraint upon his temper, he for a moment controlled himself, as he said with affected calmness:

"Mr. Rae, you are behaving rudely."

"To the d—l with you! you Catholic interloper. The very least you could do, when you took the girl from her seat, was to take her back to where you found her. Bedad! if you don't know Protestant good manners, I'll go bail, we'll find means to teach you, Mr. Lane! I'd like to know what you came here at all for."

"I came here, sir, to dance, as a man and as a gentleman, and here is my pass-ticket, perhaps you know it. It is number 109!"

Before these words had passed, a crowd had gathered round the two young men. Muttered curses against Catholics in general, and against Tom Lane especially, were audibly uttered; and were soon succeeded by threats of violence. Some one was pushed against Lane, whose Irish blood tingled in his fingers, as he in return roughly thrust aside the man who had rudely touched him. Immediately a blow was struck, and in less than five minutes, amidst shouts and screams and curses, Lane, fighting and resisting manfully, but vainly, was thrust and tossed—with his clothes torn, and his features bloody, and his body bruised—out of the barn.

The affair was regarded by the Orangemen as merely a little additional pleasant excitement, the more agreeable because unexpected. Retaliation was of course anticipated; but a jolly fight is one of the pleasures of all Irishmen, and especially of all Irish Orangemen. So the whiskey passed round freely; Orange songs were

sung and Orange toasts were drunk, and fun and frolic, games and laughter wore away the night. Midnight passed, and several of the party began to show that revelry was producing its effects, when some one observed that there was much smoke in the barn, and that a strong smell of burning straw and peat was unpleasantly perceptible. At first the most jovial revellers declared that the odor was only the fumes of whiskey, and the smoke nothing but the dust of the barn. But some one, more timid than the others, went to the door to look round. He found the door closed and fastened in such a manner that he could not open it. Others came to aid him in his attempts to force it open; but the strong timbers defied their efforts. Something was evidently piled up on the outside, and effectually prevented the egress of the party. A wild panic instantly seized the women. The recollection of her mother's curse flashed on the memory of Jenny Ryan, who, in the terror of being suffocated, became almost paralyzed with fear. Men rushed wildly from one side of the barn to the other, vainly endeavoring to break through the heaped up straw that was piled round the sides of the barn, and hindered and impeded each other's efforts, by their wild terror. Women screamed, old men swore; some young girls fell on their knees in prayer; and some clung to their lovers in the hope of being saved by them, or of dying with them.

A few of the men retained their self-possession. In this number James Rea was conspicuous. He rallied some half dozen of his friends, and directed their combined efforts. Under his superintendence an opening was made in the straw at one end of the barn, and the prospect of release was offered to the agonized crowd. Hands and feet, stools and forms were used to batter down the masonry. But the thatched roof of the barn was on fire, and burning morsels of straw began to fall inside. The terror of the imprisoned crowd increased. The glare of the flames shone through the openings of the burnt roof on the pale and terror-stricken countenances of the unhappy prisoners. The crackling and the roaring of the fire mingled with groans, and curses, and drunken imprecations; and fear and dismay in every stage, from recklessness to imbecility, were marked in the features and exhibited in the actions of the horrified men and women.

James Rea had found a crowbar, and armed with this powerful instrument, he exerted his great strength in continued efforts to move one stone. His blows fell heavily, and at every thud of the weighty iron, sparks of fire and chips of stone hissed from the wall. At the sight of her

lover's energy, Jenny Ryan recovered from her torpor. She approached Rea as closely as she could without being in the way of the swinging bar of iron.

"Give me your coat, James," she said.

James Rea's blue eye flashed upon her, and she read in that passionate glance, more love than the warmest breath had ever whispered in her ear. James Rea stripped off his coat, and threw it to Jenny, who at the instant made a vow to Heaven, that if released from this present danger, she would never again indulge in heartless coquetry.

"It moves—it moves!" Rea exclaimed, as, having forced the end of the iron crowbar between two large stones, he pushed one towards the outside. He paused for a moment as the crowd pressed upon him, and he shouted:

"Keep back, every mother's son of you—and if we make a way, let the women go first!"

The men stood back, and at the instant when the straw at the far end of the barn caught fire, the wall gave way. In another second a great gap was made, and then Rea caught Jenny's hand and bade her escape.

"No, no, no!" she murmured, "live or die, I stay with you! Go, the rest of you." And she stepped aside and the other women passed out.

When the Orangemen regained the open air, they perceived the extent of the disaster that had befallen Paddy Burke. It was evident that an incendiary had set fire to his outstacks, and that the flames had communicated to the roof of the barn, which fell in very soon after the Orange party escaped. No one doubted that it was the act of the Catholic faction, and many accused Tom Lane. A speedy retribution was promised, and many vows of revenge were registered in the hearts of the enraged Orangemen, who easily saw that several persons must have been engaged in the work of destruction and diabolical injury. No unaided individual could have so effectually blocked up the barn-door with wagons and carts.

As it was time to return to their several homes, the party broke up into groups. A great many were going to the township of Clogart, where Mrs. Rea resided, and where Jenny Ryan might have passed the night. So, headed by a fiddler and a fifer, the Clogart division left Ballyscowan about an hour before daybreak. They had proceeded in this joyous manner about a quarter of an hour, almost forgetting the dangers they had escaped, when a boy sprang from behind a wall that bounded the road, and told Rea that a party of Whiteboys was waiting for them at the burn, a narrow but deep stream that was to be crossed by stepping-stones, over which only one person

could pass at a time. Not in any way daunted by the intelligence, Rea proposed that the women should remain in the rear, whilst the men proceeded to reconnoitre, and perhaps to force a passage through the Whiteboys. Jenny was unwillingly one of the party left behind. As she rested on the wall at the side of the road, she was startled by a voice close to her ear:

"Hist, Jenny! hist!"

She looked round. A man with a white shirt over his ordinary clothes, and his face covered with black crape, was standing on the other side of the wall. Jenny at once knew this was one of the Whiteboys, and she suspected it was Lane.

"Come with me, Jenny. You cannot pass the burn; there is a strong party of our boys there, and your folks will be turned back. Come with me, and I will take you safely to your mother."

"And is it me that will trust myself to you, Tom Lane, after your cowardly attempt to burn the boys, and me too, in Paddy Burke's barn?"

"By the living thunder, Jenny, I swear I had no heart nor part in the matter—I did not know a word about it, till ten minutes ago, when I was told Paddy Burke's stacks were burnt, and that his barn had caught fire by chance. I don't believe any man, let alone an Irishman, would do such a deed as roast the boys and girls alive."

"And who was it built up the barn-door then?"

"Whosoever did that, Jenny, did it for a lark, with no forethought of the accident that happened afterwards."

"Say what you will, Tom Lane, it's a black deed, and there will be red blood spilt for it."

"Maybe there will, and maybe there won't. Any way, it's better to spill red blood from the skin than keep black blood at the heart. You're angry with me, Jenny, when it's me should be down on you for treating me as you have done. But come, I'd be loth to see you harmed any way. Come, step across the bog with me; where I can walk, your light feet can follow; and we will be over the hill and home to your mother's, before your boys can get a foot across the burn."

Jenny Ryan's kind but wavering heart hesitated. Certainly if she had a preference for one man, that preference was in favor of James Rea; and certainly when nobody else was by, there was nobody she preferred to Tom Lane. But the events of the night had made Jenny reflect more than she had ever reflected before. She had resolved whilst the fire in the barn was burning the roof above her head, that she would love James Rea, and James Rea alone. She had resolved that she would be friends with Tom Lane, but nothing more than friendship should be the

tie of their acquaintance. Now she hesitated. The Whiteboy took her hand, and she did not withdraw it—he whispered burning words of passionate love, and she heard them without rebaking them. And whilst she still refused, and at every refusal evinced decreasing resolution in refusing to accompany Tom Lane, a pistol shot in the direction of the burn to which James Rea had advanced, and the sound of approaching horsemen coming from Ballyscowan, altogether overthrew her remaining firmness.

The other women screamed and ran, they knew not why or where, and Tom Lane, gently putting his arm round her waist, lifted her over the wall, and ran with her along the side of a bog. They heard the shouts of people calling "the Peelers!" "the Peelers!" And then they knew the mounted police were out, and probably in pursuit of the men suspected as the incendiaries of Paddy Burke's barn. They heard a voice hail and cry—"Stop! Surrender!"—but they ran on, and Tom Lane, still holding Jenny's hand, said:

"Twenty yards more, Jenny, and we'll be on the bog, where they cannot follow us."

As he spoke, the pale light of a pistol flash dazzled their eyes—and the next instant they both fell to the ground. For a short time Jenny Ryan lay insensible. As her consciousness returned, she perceived several policemen gathered round about, and she heard one exclaim in tones of surprise: "Why, one on 'em is a woman!"

Her white dress, as seen in the dusky gray of the morning, had been mistaken for the disguise of a Whiteboy, and the same ball which killed Tom Lane had wounded her. She was lifted gently and kindly from the ground, and was conveyed to her mother's cottage. As her mother bent over her with streaming eyes, Jenny groaned painfully, and murmured:

"Mother, dear, take off your curse!"

"I will—I do—my child—my darling!"

Six months afterwards, a ship well freighted with hopeful emigrants sailed from Liverpool—and at this present hour, there is not a happier or a more prosperous farmer on the banks of the St. John than James Rea; a better or a steadier wife than Jenny, or a prouder grandmother than Widow Ryan. The old woman says she forgives Paddy Burke, for Heaven has punished him. And whenever she can find a listener, she tells the story of the Orange Dance at Ballyscowan. Dear reader, should you ever go beyond "Jumping-off Point," in Maine, and visit New Brunswick, look among the smiling farms on the banks of the tranquil river St. John for the thriving family of James Rea and Jenny Ryan.

The Florist.

It does not need the bloom of spring,
Or summer's light and gladness,
For love has spread her beaming wing
O'er winter's brow of sadness.

MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

The Age of Steam horticulturally considered.

What has steam to do with the florist, except perhaps as a means of creating artificial heat? A good deal, friend—more than appears on the surface. Here we are a thousand miles and more from the Eastern flower-centre; yet we can, thanks to steam, obtain the new things as soon as "out." Witness that pretty little verberna, *Imperatrice Elizabeth*, last spring heralded by a few florists as something eminently beautiful, now in almost everybody's collection, even out West. In olden days it would have taken years to have reached thus far; for it would have had to make yearly stages—in fact, grown itself step by step out here. Importing from abroad, too, is quite easy with the aid of steam; hence we get the accumulated riches of the world to adorn our gardens. Speaking of this little verberna, reminds us to say to all those who love verbenas, and have not got it, to be sure and procure one this spring. This verberna is unlike the ordinary verberna in foliage, and even in flower; in fact, belongs to another type—that of *V. pulchellum*, while the other kinds are descendants of the old *melindres*. The foliage, instead of being more or less entire, like the progeny of melindres, is elegantly lacinated, of a glassy dark green, and a remarkably compact creeping habit. The flowers are of a bright violet purple, with pure white lines down each side of the petal. It will no doubt be the forerunner of an entirely different race of verbenas, possibly crossed with varieties of melindres. It is finely adapted for very small beds, vases or baskets. Let every one add it to their collection.

Grasses.

There are but few ornamental kinds of grass that are worth cultivating in a garden; and the most remarkable of these are the quaking grass, *briza media*, and the feather grass—*stipa pennata*. The Italian reed, *arundo donax*, and its variety, the ribbon grass, *A. D. versicolor*, are very ornamental; but they are reeds rather than grasses, though they belong to the same natural family, *gramineæ*. These reeds are very ornamental for the edge of a pond, or to spring up in a low, marshy piece of ground, giving an appearance of tropical vegetation. The following list of laying down grasses for a lawn or grass-plot may prove acceptable:—fox-tail, meadow-grass, *alopecurus pratensis*, which should form one-fourth of the whole; the sweet-scented spring-grass, *anthoxanthum odoratum*, which gives fragrance, and the *poa pratensis*, the common meadow-grass. To these may be added the crested dog's-tail-grass, *cynosurus cristatus*, and the hard fescue-grass, *festuca duriuscula*.

Florespectability.

An English writer gives the following hint to "poor folks:"—"Keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behaviour. For the same reason it is not surprising to learn what they who have been in the habit of awarding prizes in various parishes say, and it is this—that in almost every instance where they have found a good garden, they have observed that the woman, the children, and the house, are also neat, orderly and well kept."

Fragrant Plants for the House.

No plants are more easily cultivated in the house than heliotropes, mignonettes, and other sweet-scented plants, and none more desirable. Oranges, jasmines and pittosporums are not only beautiful, but exceedingly fragrant. All these plants are very easy of cultivation. A dozen pots of heliotropes and mignonettes will give bloom enough to spare for bouquets in the sitting-room. Heliotropes, when taken from the ground, or re-potted, should be well cut back. Mignonettes should be raised from the seed. In addition to these a few pots of hyacinths and jonquilles should be grown for fragrance, and a little pot of musk, or the mimulus. Oranges and pittosporums are generally too large for convenience, but where room is abundant they should be grown by all means. We must not forget to mention the beautiful fragrant Cape jasmine. The last mentioned plants will require to be grown in cedar tubs, with handles for convenience in moving from place to place. When in bloom they may be placed in a hall or sitting-room, and if the tubs are neatly painted, and the leaves of the plants washed with a sponge, they are really handsome ornaments. In summer they may be placed anywhere in the lawn or garden, or sunk in holes in the ground.

Dwarfing Plants.

Herbaceous plants, whether annual or perennial, may be dwarfed by growing them first in very small pots, gradually increasing the size every time, taking care that each pot shall be well drained, and that the soil used to fill up the pots shall be a rich sandy loam. Thus treated, and supplied with abundance of water, which is not suffered to remain round the roots, and kept in an open situation where they can have an abundance of light and air, and not be exposed to cold winds, all herbaceous plants will become bushy and compact, and will produce flowers at the extremity of every shoot; while, on the contrary, if suffered to remain in small pots, they will become drawn up, with weak naked stems, and produce comparatively few flowers.

Cotula.

Hardy and tender annuals, of which *Cotula aurea*, the flowers of which are like little golden balls, is the only one worth cultivating. It will grow in any common garden soil, and requires to be sown in March, with the usual treatment of hardy annuals.

Wild Liquorice.

A climbing leguminous plant, with pale purple flowers, and very beautiful red and black seeds, a native of the West Indies. The root tastes like liquorice. In America the plant should be grown in sandy peat with stove heat. The seeds are used by the natives for making necklaces.

Salsola.

Saltwort. Annual and biennial succulent plants, which grow wild on the seacoast of Britain, and which are sometimes cultivated for their very curiously shaped round stems. Soda is made from one of the species.

Wendlandia.

A climbing shrub, nearly allied to *menispermum*, formerly called *Cocculus Carolinus*. It requires but slight protection during the winter, and is quite ornamental.

Houstonia.

This is a delicate and pretty plant, with flowers of pale blue. It grows on a naked, slender footstalk, only a few inches in height.

The Housewife.

Flavoring Extracts.

We have before spoken of the celebra flavoring extracts manufactured by Joseph Burnett & Co., of this city, and for sale by druggists and grocers generally. They comprise extracts of lemen, orange, nutmeg, vanilla, peach, almond, ginger, rose, nectarine and others. Our lady readers who desire to impart to their delicate dishes the richest flavors with the least trouble and at the smallest cost, will procure these choice extracts. Landlords and confectioners generally have adopted them, and testify to their superior strength and delicacy.

To take out Spermaceti.

First scrape off the drops of spermaceti nicely with a knife. Then lay a thin soft paper over them, and press on a warm iron, which must not be hot enough to injure the color. Afterwards rub the place with spirits of wine. If the spermaceti has fallen on an article of which you can conveniently get at the wrong side, first scrape off as much of the grease as stands on the surface, then rub the under side of the spot with Wilmington clay-ball scraped to powder, and let it rest for an hour or two—then repeat the application.

Sore Throat.

This is a gargle for a simple sore throat—Tincture of myrrh, two drachms; common water, four ounces; vinegar, half an ounce; mix.—For inflammatory sore throat:—Take of infusion of roses, six ounces; tincture of myrrh, one ounce; honey of roses, one ounce. Mix, and also use as a gargle.—But if those who are subject to sore throats were to bathe the neck with cold water in the morning, and use the flesh-brush at night, they would find a benefit which would more than compensate them for the time and trouble.

Oil to promote the Growth of the Hair.

Castor oil, half a pint; alkanet, half an ounce; oil of bergamot, ten minims; oil of cloves, ten minims; civet, one and a half grain. The castor oil must be gently heated; when sufficiently hot, it should be poured upon the alkanet root, which immediately communicates its color. It must then be strained, and when cold, the other ingredients are to be stirred in it. This oil will not only promote the growth of the beard in youths, but will also strengthen and improve the hair in every respect.

To improve the Voice.

Beeswax, two drachms; copalba balsam, three drachms; powder of liquorice root, four drachms. Melt the copalba balsam with the wax in a new earthen pipkin; when melted, remove them from the fire, and while in a melted state, mix in the powder. Make pills of three grains each. Two of these pills to be taken occasionally, three or four times a day. This is an excellent remedy for clearing and strengthening the voice, and is used by most professional singers in Europe.

Oil for the Hair.

Oil of ben, one pint; civet, three grains; Italian oil of jessmin, three fluid ounces; otar of roses, three minims. If otar of roses is not to be had, ten or twelve minims of common oil of roses may be substituted. This oil strengthens and improves the hair, makes it curl, and gives it a beautiful gloss.

Moths.

Many persons erroneously suppose that the best way to prevent moths from getting into woolens or furs is occasionally through the summer to hang these articles out in the sun and air. This is a great mistake, as it is by such exposure that the moths are most likely to get into them. On the contrary, in the spring, when the season is over for furs and woolens, they should be well shaken and brushed, and then wrapped up tightly in linen, laying among them lumps of camphor, handfuls of fresh hops, shreds of good tobacco, or cuttings of Russia leather.

Marking Ink.

Take one drachm of nitrate of silver (lunar caustic), dissolve it in a glass mortar in double its weight of pure water. This forms the ink. Then dissolve one drachm of salts of tartar in one ounce of water in another vessel; this is the liquid with which the linen must be previously wetted, then allowed to dry, and afterwards to be written on.

To quiet Children.

If a young child is provided with a large substantial rag-doll to take to bed with him, he will seldom be unwilling to go to bed, even when wide awake. He will pet and talk to the rag-baby till he goes quietly to sleep. These are the best and most satisfactory dolls for small children.

Family Oil for the Hair.

Oil of sweet almonds, one gill; spermaceti, quarter of an ounce. Melt them together over the fire, first breaking the spermaceti into very small pieces. When cold, stir in a few drops of oil of bergamot, rubbed up with half a grain of civet.

Oil of Roses for the Hair.

Olive oil, two pints; otar of roses, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one drachm; mix. It may be colored red by steeping a little alkanet root in the oil (with heat) before scenting it. It strengthens and beautifies the hair.

Pound Cake.

A pound of flour, one of sugar, one of butter, ten eggs, a nutmeg, the rind and juice of a lemon. Some persons use only fourteen ounces of butter, and add a quarter of a teaspoonful of saleratus. Citron and currants may be added, if preferred.

Pork Outlets.

Choose a small neck, cut eight outlets out of it of the same shape of the mutton, only leaving a little more fat on it, season, egg and bread-crumbs, fry in a pan, serve with either sauces Robert, ploverade, piquante, tartare.

Minced Fowl.

Cut the remains into small dice, with a little tongue or ham, add thick white sauce, season mildly; it can be served with poached eggs over.

Sugar Gingerbread.

Two cups of butter, four of sugar, one of milk, two teaspoonsful of saleratus, one egg, two teaspoonsful of ginger, and flour to roll out.

Macassar Oil.

Olive oil, one pound; oil of origanum, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one and a quarter; mix. Its tendency is to make the hair grow fast and to curl.

Cream-Tartar Biscuit made without Milk.

Rub a piece of butter the size of an egg into a quart of flour. Be sure to do this till there are no little lumps. Then add a teaspoonful of salt. This being stirred in, scatter in two heaping teaspoonsful of cream of tartar. Have ready a large pint of cold water, in which a heaping teaspoonful of saleratus or soda has been dissolved; pour it into the flour, stirring it quickly with your hand. Do this several minutes that the ingredients may become well mixed; then add flour enough to enable you to mould it smooth. Roll it out the same thickness as tea-biscuit. If these are made right, they are almost as light as foam. They may be made of unbolted flour, if preferred.

Hair Washes.

Rosemary Wash—rosemary water, one gallon; rectified spirit, one half pint; pearlash, one ounce. Tinted with brown coloring—**Athenian Water**—rose-water, one gallon; alcohol, one pint; saffras wood, one quarter of a pound; pearlash, one ounce. Boil the wood in the rose-water in a glass vessel; then, when cold, add the pearlash and spirit. This wash is even more efficient than the rosemary preparation for cleansing the hair, strengthening it at the roots, and improving it in every respect.

Cider Jelly.

Boil three quarts of cider just from the press, till it is reduced to one. Skim well, and add not quite one quart of white sugar; boil fifteen or twenty minutes, and strain through a coarse linen cloth into your jelly glasses. If the cider is very rich, as the last drippings from the press, it will not need boiling down quite so much, and the only difficulty in getting a nice jelly is in using too much sugar. A pint cup filled within one inch of the top is sufficient for a full cup of the boiled cider.

Litchfield Crackers.

To one pint of cold milk put a piece of butter the size of an egg, a small teaspoonful of salt, and one egg. Rub the butter into a quart of flour, then add the egg and milk. Knead in more flour until it is as stiff as it can possibly be made. Then pound it with an iron pestle, or the broad end of a flatiron, for at least one hour; then roll it very thin, cut it into rounds, prick, and bake in a quick oven twelve or fifteen minutes.

Stain for Imitating Ebony.

Pale-colored woods may be stained in imitation of ebony, by steeping them in a strong decoction of logwood or of ox-gall, allowing them to dry, and then steeping them in a solution of sulphate or acetate of iron. When dry, they are washed in clean water, and the process repeated, if required. Afterwards they are polished or varnished.

Chocolate Cream.

Chocolate scraped fine, half an ounce; thick cream, one pint; sugar (best) three ounces; heat it nearly to boiling, then remove it from the fire, and mill it well. When cold add the whites of four or five eggs; whisk rapidly, and take up the froth on a sieve; serve the cream in glasses, and pile up the froth on the top of them.

Hydrochloric.

Take twenty ounces of sulphuric acid and twelve ounces of water; mix in a retort, and when cold add two pounds of dried chloride of sodium. Gradually distil in a sand-bath into a receiver containing twelve ounces of water.

To purify Water.

It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large table-spoonful of pulverised alum sprinkled into a hoghead of water (the water stirred round at the time), will, after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure articles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single teaspoonful.

Apple-Dumplings.

Line a bowl with potato-crust, allowing the paste to come a little over the edge. Have ready pared apples enough to fill the bowl; scatter in a little cinnamon or nutmeg and a wine-glass of rose-water; cover with paste, and turn over the edges, and wet them with water, and pinch them together; set the bowl into the oven, or into a cloth, if for boiling, and boil it in water already boiling.

Snow Fritters.

Stir together salt, milk and flour, to make rather a thick batter. Add new-fallen snow in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint of milk. Have the fat ready hot at the time you stir in the snow, and drop the batter into it with a spoon. These pancakes are much preferred by some to those made with eggs. Eat them with sugar and lemon-juice, or with sugar and wine.

Whigs.

Half a pound of butter, the same of sugar, six eggs, two pounds of flour, a pint of milk, a gill of yeast, and a little salt. Melt the butter in the milk, and pour into the flour; beat the sugar and eggs together and stir in. Add the yeast last, and be careful to mix the whole very thoroughly. Bake in tin hearts and rounds, in the stove, or in muffin-rings.

Copper in Pickles or Green Tea.

To detect copper in pickles or green tea, put a few leaves of the tea, or some of the pickle out small, into a phial with two or three drachms of liquid ammonia, diluted with one-half the quantity of water. Shake the phial, when, if the most minute portion of copper is present, the liquid will assume a fine blue color.

The President's Pudding.

Boil one quart of milk with the rind of a lemon; strain and boil again. Mix one tablespoonful of flour with two of cold milk; stir it into the boiling milk, and let it boil up. Take it from the fire, and when cool add three well-beaten eggs. Sweeten to taste, and bake in a crust in a quick oven.

Stye on the Eyelid.

Put a teaspoonful of tea in a small bag; pour on it just enough boiling water to moisten it; then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night, and in the morning the stye will most likely be gone; if not, a second application is sure to remove it.

To cure Sick Headache.

Two teaspoonfuls of finely-powdered charcoal drank in half a tumbler of water will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid on the stomach.

Curious Matters.

A curious Story.

A fatal pair of pantaloons is put on record by the *New Orleans Crescent*. The steward of the ship *Barnabas Webb* fell off the staging of that ship at Liverpool, and was killed. His wife was stewardess, and she cleaned and put away his pantaloons with his other clothes. The cook of the ship, named Nell, was promoted to the post of steward, and on the arrival of the ship at New Orleans, having occasion to go ashore, and being a little short of clothes, he borrowed those of her deceased husband from the stewardess. Going on board the ship again, he fell off the staging, like his predecessor of the pants, and was killed. It is not probable that they will be worn by any one acquainted with the circumstances.

A Menagerie Incident.

A rather singular episode took place during a storm in the menagerie of M. Hebert, the naturalist, on the north jetty, at Havre. A fine royal tiger, which had been for some days in one of the cages, had conceived a strong affection for a magnificent lion, and the two animals lived together on the most friendly terms. On the night in question, whether the animals became alarmed by the violence of the wind, or whether some cause of quarrel had arisen between them, is not known; but a fight took place, as when M. Hebert entered the place in the morning, he found the tiger strangled, and the lion walking round the dead body with all the triumph of a conqueror.

Petrifications.

Some remarkable petrifications have been discovered at Pike's Peak, the most notable being the base of a mammoth pine-tree. When found it was still standing, but in several places, having the appearance of a stump shaken and shivered by a violent wind, which had torn the remainder of the trunk away. It measured ten feet across, and it is believed that the original diameter was as much as twelve feet. Several pieces have been taken away, which are said to show the grain of the wood as if in its natural state, while from the cracks resin has exuded, and is petrified in pellucid, honey-like drops, somewhat resembling pearls.

Wonder of Science.

In the new French opera house about to be erected in Paris, the electric telegraph will, it is said, play a very prominent part. An instantaneous line of communication is to be established between the cabinet of the minister of state and that of the director of the theatre; a wire will also run from the box-office to the principal hotels, so that strangers will be able to engage places immediately on their arrival in Paris, and by the aid of the same electric power the prompter will be enabled to give notice to the actors and actresses in their rooms when the curtain is about to rise.

A smart Dog.

A sagacious little black-tan terrier, known to officials on the South-Western Railway, England, as "Windsor Bob," is in the habit of travelling up and down the London and South-Western Railway on the engines, carefully taking charge of the locomotive in the absence of the driver or stoker, and preventing any one from getting on the engine. He stops at intermediate stations at his own pleasure, and jumps on the engine of either up or down train which follows that which left him.

Summary Demand.

A month or two since one of the wealthiest men in Rio Janeiro was riding with his family in the evening, when his carriage was stopped, and a young man, armed with a revolver, demanded the company of his daughter, declaring his intention to marry her. No resistance was offered, and he took her into a boat and landed her across the bay. By feigning to faint she managed to be conveyed into a friendly house, and was rescued. The abductor has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and the girl obliged to marry one of her father's clerks, to prevent such annoyance in future.

A botanical Curiosity.

The Ballarat Star says that a botanical curiosity has been discovered by the Prince of Wales Company, Cobblers' Lead, at a depth of three hundred and forty-three feet from the surface. Lying on the reef, the miners came upon some fossil seeds, or seed-pods, of various shapes and sizes. Some of the capsules retain their shape, apparently uninjured, while others have been broken. We have exhibited them to a local botanist, who states that they are dicotyledonous, but is unable to say if they belong to any existing plants.

The Dighton Rock.

Dighton Rock, on which the Northmen chiselled some hieroglyphics some years before Columbus was born, cannot be moved out of its bed in the Taunton River; and to blast it, or otherwise attempt to get off a slice, including the inscription, would ruin the only valuable portion of the rock. So its present Swedish owners have concluded to fence in their "real estate." The rock was bought by an enterprising Yankee for \$50, and sold to the Royal Antiquarian Society of Copenhagen at an advance.

Queer Accident.

An English woman in Springfield, Mass., weighing *three hundred and fifty pounds*, met with a singular accident, and had a narrow escape from a broken neck, lately. For some reason she avoided going down stairs by jumping from a bedroom window, when her skirts caught upon the top of a bed-post and held her, "feet up and head down," until a neighbor arrived and rendered assistance. Her hoops were badly broken, but otherwise the damage was of no account.

A capacious Maw.

A shark caught near Port Jackson carried the following curious miscellany in his capacious stomach:—Half a ham, several legs of mutton, a hind quarter of a pig, head and fore legs of a bull-dog, with a rope round his neck, a quantity of horseflesh, a piece of packing, and a ship's scraper. No wonder that over twelve gallons of oil were obtained from his liver!

Musical Machine.

Professor Furgang, of Germantown, Pa., has just constructed a curious and novel machine, which plays upon the piano or organ from any set composition, no matter how complicated. The machine is so arranged that the largest combination of sounds can be produced with a precision, velocity and power exceeding that of the greatest masters of keyed instruments.

Curious.

If small shavings of camphor are thrown on the surface of perfectly clean water, in a large basin, the pieces immediately begin to move rapidly, some round on their centres, others from place to place. The cause of these motions is unknown.

Mary Queen of Scots' Missal.

The following is an account of a missal which formerly belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, now in the Imperial Library, St. Petersburg:—"This missal, or prayer-book, is bound in purple velvet; the leaves are of rich vellum, of a large octavo size; it is ten inches long, seven broad, and an inch and a half thick. The sheets are highly illuminated with pictures of saints with Saxo-Latin inscriptions under them. In various parts were originally blank spaces that have been filled up with observations and lines of poetry in French, and in the queen's own handwriting, and with two signatures. On the first page are these words, 'This belongs to me, Mary.'"

Jaw dislocated by Vomiting.

A jolly Englishman, a night or two since, drank of various beverages that made his stomach complain fiercely, and the poor fellow could find no relief, except by vomiting. His last effort was an unusual *upheaving*, and in opening his mouth to the required extent, he dislocated his lower jaw. After rapping it about for some time, he found he was not a surgeon equal to the emergency, and with chin dropped and mouth wide extended, he proceeded to a physician's office. The jaw was soon set, for which service he is extremely grateful, but isn't anxious to have his name mentioned.

Ice Showers of India.

The following is an account of the squalls and storms preceding the monsoon rains in Eastern or Central India: Three or four of these occur during the months of April and May, and are frequently accompanied by furious hail-storms, the hail being on an average about the size of walnuts, frequently that of duck's eggs—single hailstones have occasionally been found from one to three pounds in weight. There are, indeed, four cases on record, within the last seventy years, of masses of ice having fallen from the firmament of from half a ton to a ton and a half in weight.

An ancient People.

There is a remnant of a race of Indians in New Mexico, who are entirely different from any tribe on the continent, and are supposed to be descended from the Toltecs, who preceded the Aztecs. They are small, have a peculiar conformation of skull and face, are of peaceful habits, and live by agriculture. They wear cloth, build with tools made of stone, and build towns of stone and walls with mortar. They have now seven small towns; but the ruins of their ancient cities show that they were once inhabited by millions.

Extraordinary Longevity.

Daniel McGrath died at Montreal, recently, at the age of 110 years. He was born in Waterford county, Ireland, and retained his mental faculties to the last. His occupations through life were mostly out-of-doors. He was six and a half feet in height, with a well proportioned frame, lived a life of uniformity, temperate, though not abstemious, was the husband of two wives, and the father of sixteen children, twelve of them daughters.

A curious Case.

A man does not often hear his own funeral oration delivered from the pulpit, but that advantage was enjoyed lately by a papal crusader, M. Ghequel, who formed one of the congregation of the bishop of Poitiers, and heard his virtues extolled as one of the martyrs at Castelfidardo. He had turned up unexpectedly that morning from Italy.

A queer Will.

The will of the Earl of Pembroke, who lived in the days of the Commonwealth, after a good many profane jests, proceeds thus:—"Item—I give all my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the king a buck out of his own parks. Item—I give nothing to Lord Say, because I know he will bestow it on the poor. Item—To Tom May I give five shillings; I intended him more, but whoever has seen his "History of the Parliament," thinks five shillings too much. Item—I give Lieutenant-General Cromwell one word of mine, because hitherto he has never kept his own. Item—I give up the ghost."

Nature's Remedy.

A man in Bayeux, France, had his leg broken by a fall, and with other injuries the tibia, or shin-bone, was completely shattered, and a fragment eight inches long was, after a few months, ejected. Nature, however, went to work and replaced the bone. It might be felt at first as a soft mass, but gradually hardened until at the end of another half year it became entirely solid; and the leg is, in every respect, as sound and as perfect as before the accident.

Curious Juxtaposition of Ideas.

Lord Melbourne's official announcement of the death of William the Fourth to the mayor of London, may be quoted to illustrate the difficulty of writing a brief paragraph upon a great event. The British premier on the occasion above named, said:—"It is with much regret that I announce to your lordship that it has pleased Almighty God to relieve his majesty from his sufferings."

Remarkable Longevity.

Among the many remarkable instances of the longevity of whole families in New England, the most noted are those of twelve children of Samuel Plumer, of West Newbury, whose average age was 73 years; and the ten children of Mr. Abraham Jaques, of Wilmington, Mass., whose ages were 88, 77, 80, 86, 86, 84, 86, 70, 90, 80—826. Average age, 82 3-5 years.

Strange.

Miss Ormsbee, of Warren, R. I., has been deprived of sight and the power to articulate a single word for the last fifty-five years. About three weeks ago, without an extra effort on her part, she began to converse, and now holds conversation with all who visit her. It seems to her as if a new light and a new world had been opened to her.

Singular.

Over a year since a Mr. Drinkwater, of North Yarmouth, Me., was rendered speechless by being knocked down by an ox. His horse lately having run away with him, in his efforts to cry "whoa," his vocal powers returned, and his attempt to stop his horse loosened his voice, and he now articulates distinctly.

Lusus Natures.

John Muth, butcher, of Rochester, N. Y., killed lately a bullock whose tongue had upon the end what appeared to be toes, resembling those of a human foot. Rochester people regard it as a wonderful curiosity; and the butcher, though he has been in business twenty-two years, has "never seen anything like it before."

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

To our eyes, this is the proudest and loveliest piece of bunting that dallies with the sun and breeze. It is beautiful in itself, with its alternate stripes of glowing red and milky white, with its blazoned constellation of stars; but the glorious scenes over which it has waved invest it with a magical halo of fascination. Whose heart has not echoed the words of the poet Drake, as he gazed upon that glorious flag?

"Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone
And the long line comes gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet)
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And the cannon's mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud.
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
There shall thy meteor glances glow,
And covering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death."

In July, 1777, the stars and stripes were established by law. Watson, in his "Men and Times of the Revolution," says, "Soon after my arrival in England, having won at the insurance office one hundred guineas on the event of Lord Howe's relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in a most admirable style, except the background, which Copley and myself designed to represent a ship bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgement of independence; with the sun just rising on the stripes of the Union streaming from her gaff. All was complete; save the flag, which Copley did not esteem it prudent to hoist under the present circumstances, as his gallery was the constant resort of the royal family and the nobility. I dined with the artist on the glorious fifth of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the king, formally receiving and recognizing the United States of America into the rank of nations. Previous to dining and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there, with a bold hand, a master's touch, and, I believe, an American

heart, attached to the ship the stars and stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag in old England."

LONDON GAS.

In an elaborate report of the New River Water Company, of London, recently made by Professor Spencer, the startling statement is made—speaking of the corrosion of iron mains and of gas leakage—that there are 4000 miles of gas mains laid under the roadways of London, from which 600,000,000 feet of gas are annually absorbed into the earth, the far larger proportion of which could be saved by improved conduits. As a matter of economy, its results would pay a dividend of five per cent. on the gross capital of the London companies. Can anybody wonder that the mental emanations of people, not only in London, but in other cities, are "gaseous," when they continually walk over earth and breathe air impregnated in that manner with the inflammatory substance? As a collateral to this, it should be remarked that gas is well known to be a preventive against infectious diseases—the workmen in the gas houses never falling victims to either cholera or fever. Who knows but that this impregnation of earth and air may be found an excellent sanitary fact, having a strong bearing on the health of cities? People should not be so much impressed with the truth of this, however, as to blow out their gas on retiring to bed, leaving the pipes open!

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—One of the consequences of good breeding is a disinclination, positively a distaste, to pry into the private affairs of others.

PASSIONATE MEN.—Many men are like glass, smooth to the touch as long as it is tenderly handled, but sharp and piercing when broken.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.—The present is chained to the past, as the living have been to the dead; but one day it will be free.

DIFFICULTIES.—The thicker the clouds are around us, the nearer they are to sinking.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

There are persons to whom a life in the country is a perpetual penance; even in the glory of mid-summer they hanker after brick walls and dusty streets, and the never-ending roar and excitement of the great city. They see no splendor in the grass, nor beauty in the waving flower; their thoughts are not lifted to heaven by a cloudless sky; they cannot lie for hours on a mossy bank, and watch the waving panorama of the clouds with a feeling akin to ecstasy. They cannot understand the enthusiasm of honest Bewick, the artist and wood-engraver, who said, "I had rather be herding sheep on Mickie bank brae, than to be premier of England." The amount of all this is that there is no accounting for tastes, and since cities must be in the great scheme of civilization, it is well that there are plenty of good men and true who are content to build them and live in them. Perhaps the truest life, that which brings forward the whole man, gives the amplest scope for all his faculties, is a life divided between town and country, by which the excitement of one is balanced by the quiet of the other, and the peculiarities of each are enhanced by contrast.

Of a country life, the author of *Recreations of a Country Parson* speaks thus eloquently: "There is no reasoning with tastes, as every one knows; but to some men there is, at every season, an indescribable charm about a country life. I like to know all about the people around me; and I do not care, though in return they know all, and more than all, about me. I like the audible stillness in which one lives in autumn days; the murmur of the wind through trees, even when leafless, and the brawl of the rivolet even when swollen and frowning. There is a constant source of innocent pleasure and interest in little country cares, in planting and tending trees and flowers, in sympathizing with one's horses and dogs—even with pigs and poultry. And although one may have lived beyond middle age without the least idea that he had any taste for any such matters, it is amazing how soon he will find, when he comes to call a country home his own, that the taste has only been latent, kept down by circumstances, and ready to spring into existence whenever the depressing circumstances are removed. Men in whom this is not so are the exception to the universal rule. Take the senior wrangler from his college, and put him down in a pretty country parsonage, and in a few weeks he will take kindly to training honey-suckle and climbing roses, he will find scope for his mathematics in laying out a flower garden, and he will be all

excitement in planning and carrying out an ever-green shrubbery, a primrose bank, a winding walk, a little stream with a tiny waterfall spanned by a rustic bridge. Proud he will be of that piece of engineering, as ever was Robert Stephenson when he had spanned the stormy Menai. There is something in all this simple work that makes a man kind-hearted; out-of-door occupation of this sort gives one much more cheerful views of men and things, and disposes one to sympathize heartily with the cottager, proud of his little rose-plots, and of his enormous gooseberry that attained to renown in the pages of the country newspaper. I do not say anything of the incalculable advantage to health which arises from this pleasant intermingling of mental and physical occupation in the case of the reclusive scholar; nor of the animated rebound with which one lays down the pen or closes the volume, and hastens out to the total change of interest which is found in the open air; nor of the evening at mental work again, but with the lungs that play so freely, the head that feels so cool and clear, the hand so firm and ready, testifying that we have not forgotten the grand truth that to care for bodily health and condition is a Christian duty, bringing with its due discharge an immediate and sensible blessing."

There is truth and eloquence in these words, and they will find an echo in the heart of every one who has a real love for a country life.

HAYDN'S HARPSICHOORD.—A musical curiosity is now on exhibition at Vienna—the harpsichord of Haydn. This historical instrument was presented to the composer by some English admirers, and is now to be seen at the establishment of M. Levy publisher of music.

D. D. OWEN.—David Dale Owen, son of Robert Owen, and brother of Robert Dale Owen, died recently in Indiana. Deceased was a man of considerable scientific attainments, and particularly noted as a geologist.

THE BITER BIT.—A man in California lately undertook, on a bet, to bite through six pies at one mouthful, but was stopped by a tin plate that some one had placed between.

A VETERAN.—The oldest male inhabitant of Norwich, Ct., is Henry Green, a native of Warwick, aged 98.

EDINBURGH.—The population of "Auld Reekie" is 170,000 souls.

WOMAN IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

We resist the strong temptation of quoting Scott's famous apostrophe, commencing

"O, woman, in our hours of ease,"

though peculiarly appropriate to the remarks we propose to offer, in the belief that the passage is familiar to our readers. In the great dramas of the world's history, in those political convulsions which change the face of society and open new volumes in the records of the race, woman, though she appear not on the battle-field, though she be not heard in the forum or the senate, yet performs a part as important as that enacted by the lords of creation. In the "times that try men's souls," the very heart-strings of woman are wrung; the same crisis which develops the energy, the daring, and the activity of man, brings into relief the devotion, the fortitude, the self-sacrificing heroism of woman. And these qualities the more demand our respect and admiration, because they are generally exhibited out of the world's eye, because they look for no reward, because they seek no stimulus but the silent applause of conscience. When a man dies in the public discharge of his duty, whether in the "imminent deadly breach," or on the scaffold which he mounts in the name of liberty, glory sheds a halo around his exit; he is sure that posterity will remember him. But a woman has none of this to excite or stimulate her; she knows that History will not stoop to record her sufferings, her trials, her unobtrusive deeds. How little is known of the noble acts of the glorious women of our Revolution, the mothers, the wives, the sisters of heroes! Yet how much of the best and purest kind of heroism must have existed on our colonial hearthstones. Family traditions, files of old letters mouldering here and there in immemorial chests, alone preserve the interesting record.

This is true, to a certain extent, of the women of other countries. In the great revolutionary convulsion of France in the last century, we know the part that Madame Roland played; but she was a public character, the wife of a distinguished man, and so mixed up with the doings of men, that she could not well escape historical notice; but volumes might be filled with the records of women of less note, but no less worthy of commemoration for their sufferings and heroism. The historical records of the Reign of Terror fill us with horror and disgust, and impress us, in spite of ourselves, with a most discouraging idea of human nature; but scattered through this period are examples of female devotedness, tenderness, courage and pity, which

fill us with gratitude and emotion, and again reconcile us to our kind. The first movement of the women of the French Revolution was a petition to the Convention, emanating from fifteen or sixteen hundred of them, imploring mercy for the victims of revolutionary power. Afterwards, when, throughout the land, they were massacred or thrown into the most loathsome dungeons, there were no perils that the women did not brave, no entreaties that they did not spare, no sacrifices that they did not impose upon themselves, to save, or at least to see and console the objects of their affections, and when they could neither obtain their liberty nor succeed in defending them, they voluntarily shared their captivity or death.

Madame Lefort, in one of the western departments, fearing for her husband, who was thrown into prison as a conspirator, purchased the permission to visit him in his cell. At the approach of night, she came and induced him to change clothes with her, and thus disguised, make his way out of prison, leaving her in his place. The plan succeeded and the husband escaped. The next morning it was discovered that the wife had taken his place. The representative of the period, who visited her in the dungeon, said, in a menacing tone:

"Wretched woman, what have you done?"

"My duty," was the reply, "and now do yours."

A similar stratagem was employed at Lyons, when that city, compelled to submit to its victors, became the theatre of the most barbarous executions. One of the inhabitants was about to be seized. His wife learned the fact, hastened to give him warning, gave him her money and jewels, forced him to retreat, and then put on a suit of her husband's clothes. The murderers made their appearance and asked for him; his wife presented herself, and was taken before the revolutionary committee. The mistake was soon discovered, and she was interrogated respecting her husband. She answered that she had induced him to flee, and that she gloried in having exposed herself to save his life. The horrors of the punishment which awaited her in case she refused to reveal the road he had taken, were depicted.

"Strike when you please," replied she. "I am ready."

When told that the interest of the nation commanded her to speak, she answered:

"My country does not command me to outrage nature."

M. Daraux, ex-lieutenant-general of the presidency of Riom, had been arrested in that town

and was to be transferred to the Conciergerie at Paris. He was suffering under the pressure of age and infirmity. His wife foresaw the fate which awaited him, and wished to share the sanguinary sacrifice. There was no warrant of arrest against her, but, though free, she sprang into the carriage which was carrying prisoners from the departments to Paris. On their arrival, she was incarcerated with them, and a few months afterwards perished on the scaffold beside her husband, around whom her arms were tenderly thrown. A hundred instances of such self-devotion might be readily found.

WASHINGTON OPENING CONGRESS.

We know not who is the author of the following description of Washington as President of the United States. It is, however, well worth preservation: "It was, I think, in 1794 or '95, that, as a boy, I was among the spectators congregated in the streets of Philadelphia to witness a great public spectacle. Washington was to open Congress by going in person, as was his custom, to deliver a speech to both Houses assembled in the chamber of the House of Representatives. The crowd was immense, considering the size of our city, for although then the largest in our country, its population was hardly more than forty-five thousand. It filled the whole area in Chestnut Street, and spread north and south some distance along Sixth Street. A way kept open for carriages in the middle of the street, was the only place not closely packed with people. I had a stand on the steps of one of the houses in Chestnut Street, which, raising me above the mass of human heads, enabled me to see to advantage. After waiting long hours, as it seemed to a boy's impatience, the carriage of the president at length slowly drove up, drawn by four beautiful bay horses. It was white, with medallion ornaments on the panels, and the livery of the servants, as I well remember, white turned up with red; at any rate, a glowing livery; the entire display in equipages at that era, in our country generally, and in Philadelphia in particular, while the seat of government, being more rich and varied than now, though fewer in number. Washington got out of his carriage, and slowly crossing the pavement, ascended the steps of the edifice, upon the upper one of which he paused, and turning half round, looked in the direction of a carriage which had followed the lead of his own. Thus he stood for a minute, distinctly seen by everybody. He stood in all his civic dignity. His costume was a full suit of black velvet; his hair, in itself blanched by time, powdered to snow whiteness, a dress sword at his

side, and his hat held in his hand. Thus he stood in silence; and what moments these were! Throughout the dense crowd, profound stillness reigned. Not a word was heard. It was a feeling beyond that which vents itself in shouts. Every heart was full. In vain would any tongue have spoken. All were at gaze in mute admiration. Every eye was rivetted on his majestic form. It might have seemed as if he stood in that position to gratify the assembled thousands with a full view of the father of their country. Not so. He had paused for his secretary, then I believe, Mr. Dandridge, or Colonel Lear, who got out of the other carriage, a chariot, decorated like his own. His secretary, ascending the steps, handed him a paper, probably a copy of the speech he was to deliver, when both entered the building. Then it was, and not until then, that the crowd set up huzzas, loud, long and enthusiastic."

APPLES FOR BREAKFAST.—Hall's Journal of Health recommends apples as a healthful article of food, and says that if taken freely at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, they have an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicine.

A TERRIBLE CASE.—A lady in Belleville, Canada West, lately had five cancers cut from her breast during one operation. Three years ago she had a similar operation performed.

BRITISH EGGS.—During the last fifteen years the prodigious number of 1,613,115,459 eggs have been imported into the United Kingdom.

REGRET.—A woman often thinks she is regretting the lover, while she is only regretting the love.

FRENCH WOMEN.—Madame de Girardin says, "The rarest thing in France next to a stupid woman, is a generous one."

BALDNESS.—Drinking soft or distilled water will, it is said, prevent the premature falling off of the hair.

HALL HALL!—Nearly 1,000,000,000 tumblers of ale are drank annually in London.

POLITENESS.—Lord Chatham calls politeness benevolence in trifles.

SNEEZING.

The custom of blessing persons when they sneeze is derived from very ancient times, and its origin has been variously accounted for. Several writers affirm that it commenced under Pope Gregory the Great, when a pestilence occurred, in which those who sneezed died; whence the pontiff appointed a form of prayer, and a wish to be said to persons sneezing, for averting this fatality from them. But the custom is of much more ancient date. It was accounted very ancient in the time of Aristotle, who, in his *Problems*, has endeavored to account for it. It is alluded to in the Greek Anthology in an epigram, in which the salutation of *salve Jupiter* is given as a familiar phrase addressed to sneezers. Alexander Ross says: "Prometheus was the first that wished well to the sneezer, when the man which he had made of clay full into a fit of sternutation, upon the approach of that celestial fire which he stole from the sun. This gave origin to the custom among the Gentiles in saluting the sneezer. They used also to worship the head in sternutation, as being a divine part, and seat of the senses and cogitation." Various testimonies show the antiquity of this custom, and Aristotle has a problem, "why sneezing from noon to midnight was good, but from night to noon unlucky." The Rev. John James Blunt, in his "Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs, discoverable in Modern Italy and Sicily," says, "Whatever may have been the cause, something mysterious seems always to have been attached to the act of sneezing. Any future evil, however, to which it might have been the prelude, was supposed to be averted by a word of good augury from a bystander. This, like many other unintelligible notions, has descended from the Romans (at least more immediately from them, though the same fancy prevailed among the Jews and Greeks) to several modern nations. In our own, the salutation of 'God bless you,' is sometimes given upon such occasions; in France, '*Dieu vous soit en aide*,' is not uncommon; but in Italy, that of '*Viva*,' or '*Felicità*,' is paid with the utmost scrupulousness. Thus, too, it is recorded of Tiberius, that whenever he sneezed in his carriage, he exacted such a mark of attention from his companions with the most religious solicitude." And Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," says, "We read in Godignus; that, upon a sneeze of the Emperor Monomopata, there passed acclamations successively through the city."

LOVE.—As long as a woman loves, she does nothing else. A man has other matters to attend to in the intervals.

A CURIOUS MARRIAGE.

A curious fact in regard to the marriage of John Kemble, is told in Bannister's memoirs. One of the daughters of a noble lord, formerly holding high office, but then living in retirement, had fallen in love with the graceful and showy actor, merely from seeing him on the stage. Kemble was sent for by the father, and, to his astonishment, acquainted with the circumstances. The noble lord told him further, that it was in his power to do him either a great evil or a great favor; and, that, if he would do the latter, by relieving him from all apprehension of the lady's indulging her fantasy, and relieve him effectually, by marrying any one else for whom he might have an attachment, his wife should receive a dower of five thousand pounds. Kemble immediately proposed for Mrs. Brereton, a pretty actress in the company, and the marriage took place without delay. But the amusing part of the tale is, that the afflicted and magnanimous father instantly recovered his spirits, and lost his memory. On being applied to for his thousands, he declared that he had no recollection whatever of the compact, nor, indeed, any of the idea, further than some general conversation on such matters with the "very intelligent person in question;" adding, that if he was to pay five thousand pounds for every whim of his daughter's, he must soon be a much poorer man than he ever intended to be." It is certainly believed that Kemble never got a shilling from this very sensitive nobleman, and that, for the rest of his life he attached a new value to the vulgar etiquette of signing and sealing beforehand, even with the most plausible of mankind.

SLANDER.—Slander cannot make the subjects of it either better or worse. It may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one, but we are the same; not so the slanderer, for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated, never.

AUTHORSHIP.—Dull authors will measure our judgment not by our abilities, but by their own conceit. To admire their vapidty, is to have superior tastes; to despise it, is to have none.

GENTLENESS.—Gentleness is a sort of mild atmosphere, and it enters into a child's soul like the sunshine into a rosebud, slowly but surely expanding it into beauty and vigor.

MEMORY.—The shadowy remembrance lasts longer than the real enjoyment. Flowers may be kept for years, but not fruits.

CREDULITY IN INDIA.

An amusing anecdote, related by Bishop Heber, gives us a good idea of the foibles and ignorance of one of the petty princes of India and the meanness of the minister who managed his affairs. The fondness of the king for mechanics, says the bishop, led him to try some experiments, in which he fell in with a Mussulman engineer, of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word, "if he were wise, to leave Lucknow." The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera, ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children, and no more was said. Some time after, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood. He was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing, made his men draw in to shore, and, to his astonishment, saw the engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands, to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board, returned in high anger to Lucknow, and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain such a man was dead. "Undoubtedly," was the reply, "I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children." "Harumzada," said the king, bursting into a fury, "look there, and never see my face more." The vizier turned round, and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of "God be merciful!" "Satan is strong!" "In the name of God keep the devil from me!" he said, "I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object?" "Touch him," said the king, "the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality." "Istufirallah!" said the favorite, "and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?" The king still stormed; but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. "It is certain, refuge of the world," resumed the minister, "that your majesty's late

engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his grave—it may be that when that is opened, he may enter it again peaceably." The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room, and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore, with a horrible oath, that "if he did not put himself upon the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning, if he ever trod the earth again it should be as a vampire indeed." This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses.

A DANISH CUSTOM.

In Denmark an extraordinary custom prevailed of burying a live animal, a horse, a lamb, a pig, and sometimes even a child, at the commencement of a building. It is strange that a similar custom appears from Servian ballads, to have prevailed among the Slavonians. A lamb was generally entombed in the foundation of a church; a horse in a churchyard. This horse, the peasants say, appears again, and goes round the churchyard on three legs; when he meets any one, he displays grinning teeth, and death accompanies him. He is, therefore, called the *haelhest*—the death-horse; and it is usual for a person, on recovering from a fit of sickness, to say, "I have given death a bushel of oats."

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—"Paddy, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the "Phaeton" of a jaunting car. "Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I who upset your honor in a ditch two years ago?"

GREAT TALKERS.—A writer has very happily observed, that "he that talks all he knows, will talk more than he knows. Great talkers discharge too thick to take always true aim."

HEAVEN.—The blue of heaven refreshes the eye of the soul when it rests upon it, as much as the green of the earth does that of the body.

WISDOM.—Every fool knows how often he has been a rogue; but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

Foreign Miscellany.

A necklace of pure gold, of the time of the old Britons, has been found at Moorecourt, Eng.

The Bishop of London lately preached to 2000 persons from a locomotive!

The London Times says not one mail paper in ten reaches its destination.

Lord Brougham being without children, his patent of peerage has been transferred to his brother.

A man was arrested in Stockholm, Sweden, in October, for murdering seven infants, which he justified by unique philosophy.

Goats, sheep and camels, are being extensively used in the Parisian theatres in the getting up of pieces.

A billiard table has been invented in Paris, which may be used for a dinner table, a chest of drawers, a bed, a bathing tub and a stove.

Late statistical returns show that in Belgium there are at present fifty-one lunatic asylums. The number of inmates is 4907, which is one in every 920 of the population.

Such is the crowded state of the Paris thoroughfares, that during the past year five thousand persons have been wounded and seven hundred killed, by the vehicles of all kinds which fill the streets, and render the crossing of the latter almost impossible to pedestrians.

The Sunday Journal of Koenigsburg publishes a letter from the Rev. M. Detroit, a Protestant minister now in Italy, which states that Protestantism is spreading in that country, and that congregations, following that religion, have been formed at Pisa, Pistola and Leghorn.

A new religious corporation has been established in Algeria, under the name of "The Plowing Fathers." These monks have imposed on themselves the task of plowing successively and gratuitously all the uncultivated portions of the soil of that colony, which they will then make over to the State for the use of emigrants.

A man lately fell into an old chalk pit, at Clapton, near Hungerford, England, and was not discovered until midday on the third day. He had a piece of bread and a handful of nuts in his pocket when he fell into the pit, but could not eat either. He slept well the first night, but passed the second in prayer, and had worked the top of his fingers raw in endeavoring to climb up the sides of the pit.

In the heart of old Stamboul, in the very centre and stronghold of Mohammedan superstition, stands a bookstore. Within its walls, Bibles and Testaments are to be found in all the languages spoken throughout this vast empire; and from this house they are constantly going in large numbers wherever they can be carried on the back of horses or of devoted men.

A French savant, M. Seguin, found millions of frogs, about the size of a bean, on his estate, about 300 to a square yard. These came about the same moment from the myriads of tadpoles which he had previously observed; and he believed, that being continually jumping, they would be carried by high winds to a distance, and give rise to a belief in showers of frogs.

A lapdog of the King Charles species was lately sold in London for \$2600.

Twelve vessels have been raised at Sebastopol, including a sixty-gun frigate, in good condition.

The diamonds belonging to the crown of France are 16,312 in number, weighing 18,752 carats, and worth about \$6,000,000.

Queen Victoria is about to create a new order of knighthood, that of the Knight of the Indies, for the natives of the Indian Empire.

There is a certain tree in India, the wood of which is held in such veneration, that every Burman house has a beam of it.

In 1552, during the reign of Edward VI., books of astronomy and geometry were destroyed, as being infected with magic.

Last year there were in England and Wales fifty-two capital convictions, one a week on an average, and nine executions followed, all for the crime of murder.

The exemption of the Russian nobles from corporal punishment dates no farther back than 1762. The stick is yet applied to the backs of all the rest of the people.

Australia papers state that a new gold field of some promise has been found at Shady Creek, Gipp's Land, and some valuable discoveries of precious stones are reported.

On Garibaldi taking his departure for the island of Caprera, he was overwhelmed with the most striking demonstrations from the king, the staff, the officers and the army in general.

A romantic French chemist burned the body of his friend, extracted from it the iron that was contained in the blood, and had it made into a finger ring, which he wore in memory of his friend.

Specimens of the new paper for printing, invented in Austria, and made entirely from maize straw, have reached Paris. Some of the specimens are very fine. The advantage in cheapness is more than one-half.

The last census of Victoria, Australia, shows that while there are in the colony 88,355 unmarried men of 20 years and upward, there are but 12,545 single women of corresponding ages, at the rate of seven men to one woman.

A Belgian, of Ghent, has discovered that the rusting of nails employed to fasten the branches of fruit trees to walls can be prevented by knocking into the wall, at the same time as the nail, a small piece of zinc.

A Bible was recently sold at an auction in France, which had been presented by a nobleman to a deceased actress. The purchaser turned over the leaves and found scattered here and there \$3000, which the actress had never discovered. Her heirs have commenced a suit to recover the money.

The high price of rent in Paris has determined the French government to encourage the building of dwellings for the workmen at some distance from the city. Each workman will have his small tenement for his own capacious use, the large garden in the midst being alone the common property of all; baths, wash-houses, ovens, and drying grounds to be provided outside the squares occupied by the dwelling-houses.

Record of the Times.

The sponge gathered at Key West, Florida, last year, realized \$72,000.

A German apple pedler, of San Francisco, has made \$4000 in three years.

There is a boy in Newport Illinois, whose body is covered with scales like a fish.

A woman has been arrested at Birmingham, England, for murdering six of her children.

It is stated that the man in Montreal who held the patent right for making paper out of straw, has sold out for \$800,000.

The Jewish residents of Kingston, Jamaica, have subscribed \$500 for the suffering Christians in Syria.

In 1683 Philadelphia had 500 population and 80 dwellings. It has now 568,034 population, and 89,978 dwellings.

The complete census of Indiana returns a population of 1,347,120. The census of 1850 returned 990,258, being an increase in ten years of 356,862.

It has been found that waves or systems of lines of equal barometric pressure, have passed over very large portions of the globe at the same time.

In the reign of Henry I., about the year 1301, a sheep could be bought in England for fourpence, and wheat enough for feeding one hundred men a whole day cost but a single shilling.

What a climate is that of Minnesota! They say that a man who had coughed up bits of his lung, of the size of a walnut, was, after a seven or eight months' residence in that country, a perfectly sound looking, well-set man, with no cough at all.

A heraldic review gives the following as the arms of the principal cities of Italy: Naples has a siren; Rome, a she wolf; Florence, lilies; Modena and Placenza, a cross; Venice, a lion; and Turin, a bull. The arms of Sicily are a head with three legs.

The finny population of Lake Champlain is fast increasing. Two or three years ago the smelt made its appearance in these waters, and has since been caught in quantities; and now the black bass, a fish heretofore by no means abundant in the bay, is daily caught from the break-water in considerable numbers.

A father stricken with scrofula and erysipelas, reduced to a skeleton; a mother paralyzed; a daughter of 26 from childhood afflicted with scrofula and pulmonary disease; a son sinking into the grave with enlargement of the viscera and an internal tumor; and a beautiful girl attacked with hip disease; is the sad history of an unrepining Boston family.

The patent office bureau reports that 5638 applications have been received, and 841 caveats filed. Three thousand six hundred and twelve applications have been rejected, and 3896 patents issued, including re-issues, additional improvements and designs. In addition to this there have been 46 applications for extensions, and 28 patents have been extended for a period of seven years from the expiration of their first term.

The College of Asti first conferred the title of Doctor of Medicine in 1329.

Professor Agassiz assures us that the grasshopper's organs of hearing are his legs.

A brother of Charles Dickens is employed in the land office of the Illinois Central Railroad. He does a little in the literary line.

A priest was horrified in Hungary, recently, by a peasant, who wanted his child to be christened Garibaldi. The name was exchanged for Francis Joseph.

Some idea of the commerce of London may be formed from the fact that two hundred and forty-eight vessels—a total of more than 52,000 tons—arrived there in one day.

Hart, the sculptor, has contracted with the citizens of Louisville, Kentucky, to cut the statue of Henry Clay for \$10,000. The work will be done at Florence.

Jules Gerard, the African lion-killer, won the emperor's prize, a fowling piece worth eleven thousand francs, at the "Tir National," at Vincennes. The grand prize of honor of ten thousand francs was won by a Belgian.

As an event in the art history of the century, should be mentioned the completed erection of Marochetti's noble equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion. It is beyond all comparison the noblest equestrian statue in London.

The year 1861 will be the first of the 660th Olympiad. There will be an annular eclipse of the sun on the 11th of January, another on the 7th of July, and a total eclipse on the 31st of December. There will also be a partial eclipse of the moon on the 17th of December.

Over 100,000 pounds of egg shells, reduced to an impalpable powder, and commonly called *cascarilla de huevo*, are used, it is estimated by the Cuban ladies annually, as "lilywhite," for the face, neck and arms. This is exclusive of all the cosmetics imported.

The effect of climate on the human system is shown in a striking manner by the inhabitants of Australia, who, in the course of two or three generations, lose the corpulence characteristic of Englishmen, and become a tall, gaunt, rawboned race, like the inhabitants of our Southern States.

Our country has increased in size more than threefold since the close of the Revolutionary War. We have a territorial extent nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined, and one sixth only less in extent than the arena covered by the fifty-nine empires, states and republics of Europe.

In St. Louis a young man bet a pair of boots with a young lady on the election. He lost, and thereupon had a mammoth pair of boots manufactured and conveyed to the young lady's residence on a dray. Inside of the boots, however, he took good care to deposit a pair of Cinderella slippers.

The Scientific American suggests that paper manufacturers should furnish letter and note paper in half sheets, since the outside leaf of most letters and notes is wasted, because of the almost universal use of envelopes. People generally use a whole sheet to avoid the appearance of meanness, when a half one would answer every purpose.

Merry-Making.

The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it.

It is supposed the fellow who left the house was not able to take it with him.

The currants in our gardens are easily stemmed; the current of life isn't.

A judge ignorant of grammar is very apt to pronounce incorrect sentences.

The point upon which many women seem most sensitive is the *embonpoint*.

Some men can never hold their own in conversation, except by holding their own—tongues.

A bachelor's face is often the worse for wear—a married one's for wear and tear.

Every man must of necessity have a master, and so you had better be your own.

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and is now quite comfortable.

Women who sue for breach of promise may fail to get money, but they generally receive heavy damages.

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

An Irishman tells us of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crowd, and "that belonged to the tay-kettle."

A friend of ours who left the editorial fraternity a year ago is now engaged in raising pigs. So he has again taken the pen in hand.

A blind man went out to tea, when there, how did he contrive to see? He took a cup and saw, sir (saucer).

Some of the California miners have their beds in their mines, to keep their ores from being abstracted. They sleep upon their ores.

A man once observed that milestones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

Those who would enjoy good eating should keep good-natured; an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage, or stewed umbrella.

An Irishman being asked in court for his certificate of marriage, showed a big scar on his head about the shape of a shovel, which was satisfactory.

"Come, go to bed, Eddie, you see it is sun-down, and the little chickens all go to roost at that time." "Yes, aunty, but the old hen goes with them."

"Why don't you mount a clean collar, Brown? I mount one three times a day." "Yes," replied Brown, to the swaggering Jones; "but every one's mother isn't a washer-woman."

"Tom, what's a monomany?" "Why, you see, Dick, when a poor woman steals it is called larceny; but when it's a rich 'un, the jury says it's a monomany, and can't help it—that's it."

"Hast thou ever loved, Henrietta?" I sighed. "I should rather imagine I had," she replied. "O, did not my glances my feelings betray, when you helped me to pudding the third time to-day?"

A plea for old cheese—Mite is right.

A sufficient explanation. Tom—What ails your eye, Joe? Joe—I told a man he lied.

What is the best thing to prevent a maid from despairing? Pairing.

The last place to look for chickens on ship-board is in the hatchway.

What is the first thing a young lady looks for in church? The *hims*.

Why do white sheep eat more than black ones? Because there are more of them.

A celebrated author says that in sleep we are especially open to heavenly influences. How about the nightmare?

"Do you pretend to intimate, sir, that my butter is old?" "Not old enough to have lost its hair, dear madam."

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

The Brighton Reporter is out against the girls wearing their dresses "so long at the lower end."

The way to succeed in business is to "pay down," and then you will never be dunned to "pay up."

It is a common thing in the voyage of life, to mistake, like Sinbad, a whale's back for an island.

Wealth does not always improve us. A man, as he gets to be worth more, may become worthless.

"I shall be indebted to you for my life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

Jeremiah was telling how much he liked calves' head for dinner, when the mistress exclaimed, "O, you cannibal!"

Some malicious persons assert that the letters M. D., which are placed after physicians' names, signify "Money Down."

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

He who erects a perpendicular line upon a horizontal one, makes a right angle; he who fishes for trout with a naked line, makes a wrong angle.

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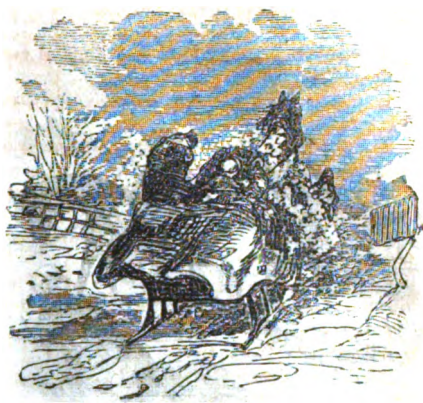
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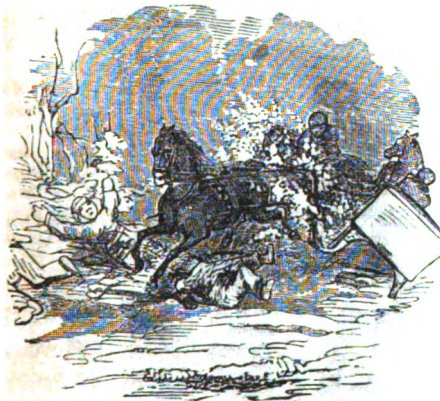
THE FIRST SNOW!



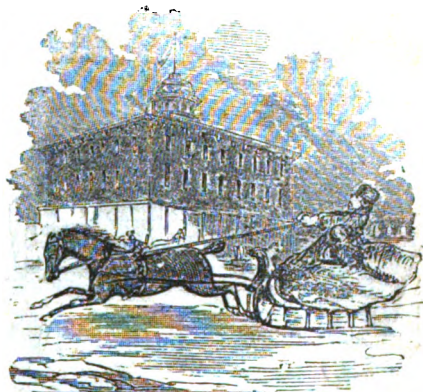
Tim Tibbets resolves to improve the first fall of snow, and take Mrs. Tim Tibbets, that is to be, out to Brighton.



As the horse settles down to his work, he makes the snow and ice fly in their faces in a most terrific manner.



Not being able to see one inch ahead, Mr. Tibbets runs for luck, and damages accrue.



Wants to stop at the Cattle Fair Hotel, but horse doesn't want to. At a dead run.



Sudden disappearance of Mr. Tibbets and his lady-love—two pairs of heels just discernible peeping out of a snow-bank—horse disappearing.



Mr. Tibbets having extracted himself, gets a shovel and digs out his *lady companion*.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Countryman brings back the horse and pieces!



Safely transported to the hotel upon an ox-cart.



Reach the hotel and *relax* themselves, while another sleigh is harnessed up to take them home.



Lady had rather walk than ride! Arguing the topic while hostler holds the impatient horse.



Finally the lady yields, and they start once more in good style.



Represents Mr. Tibbetts and lady drawing the horse—the animal being dead in the sleigh!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, MARCH, 1861.

WHOLE No. 75.

SKETCHES OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



IN the opening pages of the present number, we lay before the readers of the Magazine a series of engravings, from drawings taken on the spot, illustrating the flourishing city of New Bedford. The station-house of the New Bedford and Taunton Railroad, which runs to Mansfield, where it connects with the Providence Railroad, is shown in our first engraving. It is a wooden structure, of the Egyptian order of architecture, presenting a neat appearance externally, and having excellent and commodious interior ar-

rangements. The City Hall, standing in the centre of Market Square, and built of stone, presents a fine appearance. It is surrounded by thrifty trees, as shown in our engraving, which a few years hence will form a beautiful park. The taste for tree-planting is one of the features of the times, and many other places are emulating each other in the establishment of parks and social promenades. The roadsides of many towns and villages bear witness to a generous interest in the ornamentation of public thoroughfares by shade trees, that offer a grateful retreat from the sun's rays in summer, while they beautify their localities. The High School, shown in our third engraving, is a plain brick edifice, two stories in height, and is occupied by schools for both sexes. It is in a flourishing condition, and enjoys a high reputation. Our next view is of the Unitarian church, which stands in a good position in the elevated part of the city, and is built entirely of granite. Its square towers, battlements, and buttresses and pointed windows, and the ornamental character of its surroundings, give it an



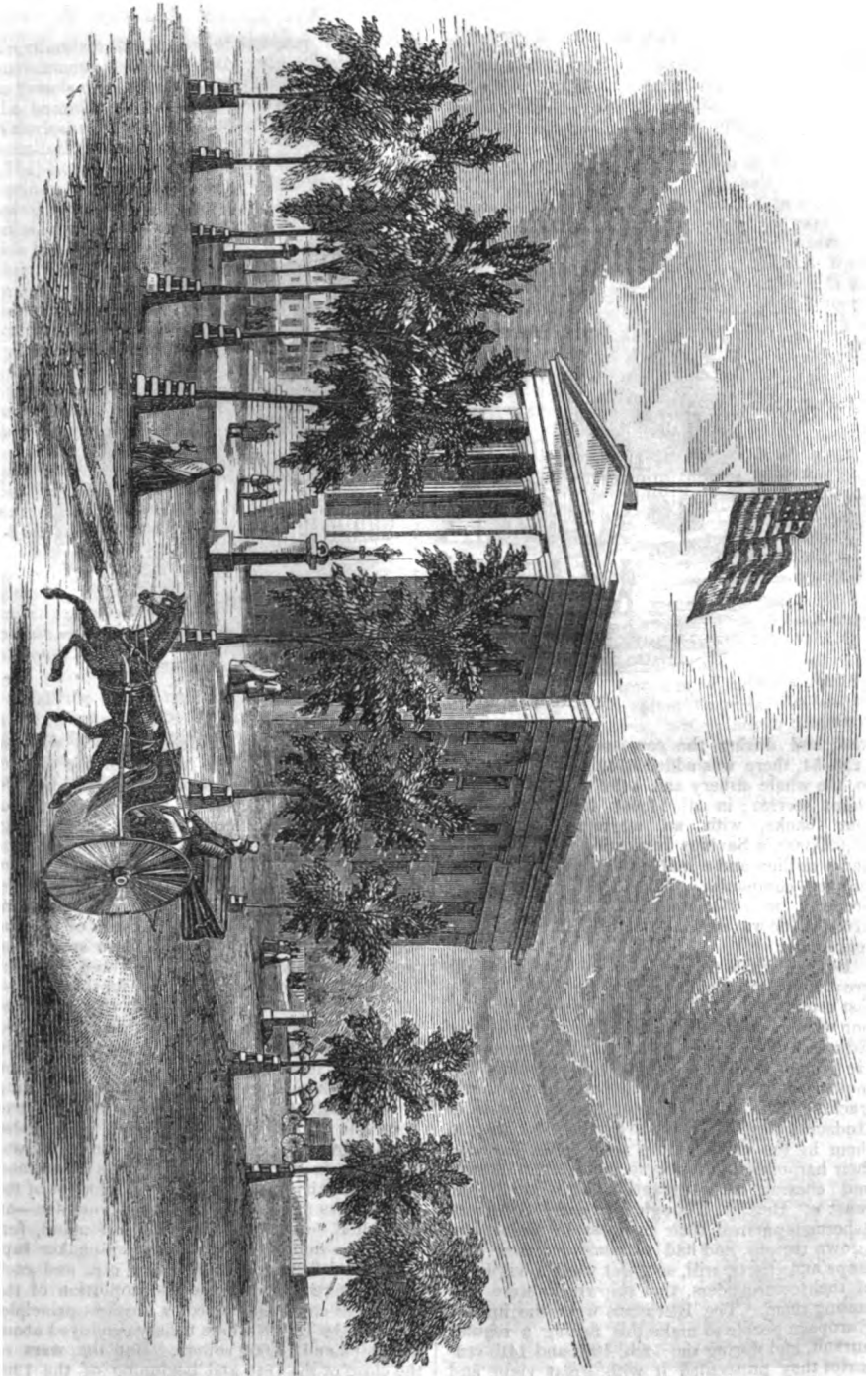
RAILROAD STATION, NEW BEDFORD.

imposing and attractive aspect, and render it the most striking church edifice in the city. The trees planted near it add an additional effect to its picturesque appearance. The Court House, delineated in our fifth picture, is a fine, substantial brick building, with a handsome Doric colonnade in front, to which access is had by a broad flight of steps. It stands in County Street. The grounds are handsomely fenced and ornamented with trees. The Police Station and Watch House, correctly delineated in our sixth picture, is a plain structure, but well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. Our next engraving shows us the handsome granite building in which the officials of Uncle Sam sit at the receipt of customs. It is a very neat and commodious structure. The Post Office is in the same building. The Savings Institution is a neat and serviceable structure. These illustrations, all of which are accurate, will serve to convey an idea of the architectural character of New Bedford. Our readers will notice with pleasure that the public buildings all have ornamental trees in their immediate vicinity, a very praiseworthy and agreeable feature. Indeed, the people of New Bedford are remarkable for their tree-loving propensities. Every year, therefore, will add to the attractiveness of the place; for, unlike the works of human hands, these noble ornaments increase in beauty with age, and do not reach their period of decline till centuries of sun and frost have passed over their branching heads. New Bedford is beautifully situated on the west side of a small estuary called Acushnet River, which indents the land near the western extremity of Buzzard's Bay. It is fifty-five miles south of Boston, and the same distance from Nantucket, with which there is a steamboat communication. It is situated on an acclivity, and is laid out with great neatness and regularity. A large number of the houses are of wood, though of late years more durable material has been employed. Many of the private residences are very elegant, and the grounds about them laid out with great taste. The general aspect of the place, as viewed from Fairhaven, on the opposite side of the river, as you approach from the harbor, is pleasing. The streets are laid out on the rectangular plan of Philadelphia. The upper part of the city is the best built. The houses on County Street are noted for their beauty, and this thoroughfare is closely planted with shade trees. An agreeable drive is furnished by a beautiful avenue, eighty feet broad with sidewalks eight feet wide, which extends from the city four miles, round Clark's Point, encircling the lighthouse.

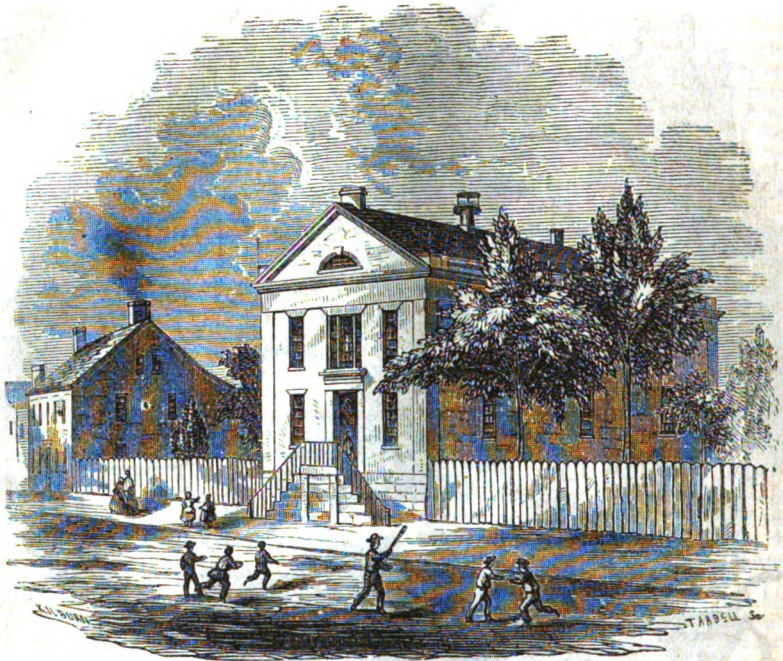
Of the churches, which are about eighteen in number, among which the Methodists have four; the Baptists, two; the Presbyterians, two; Congregationalists, one; Episcopalians, one; Unitarians, one; Roman Catholic, one; Seamen, one; and colored persons, three. The Seamen's church was erected at an expense of \$20,000, and is supported by ship owners. The poor-house is a large and handsome building. The citizens of New Bedford have provided liberally for education, and the expenditures for this purpose, in 1855, were more than \$50,000. Besides the High School, a view of which we give and which accommodates about 200 pupils of both sexes, there are about thirty-five other

schools. The Friends' Academy, on County Street, is a handsome building, with beautiful grounds, and although originally intended for young ladies of the Friends' Society exclusively, now admits pupils without distinction of creed. The city supports five newspapers, a large number for its population of but 18,000. Among the means of mental culture that the city possesses, may be mentioned a corporate institution, the Social Library, which contains a good stock of excellent books. In point of wealth, New Bedford, in proportion to its population, stands second only to Boston in all New England. On the authority of Lippincott's and Hayward's Gazetteers, we present the following interesting statistics of its business. The whale-fishery and the manufacture of the product of that fishery are the principal branches of business in which the inhabitants are engaged, and the prolific sources of their wealth. New Bedford has a greater amount of tonnage employed in the whale fishery than any other port in the United States. As early as the year 1764, the settlers of New Bedford sent forth their small vessels and their adventurous mariners in pursuit of the monsters of the deep, some of them sailing as far south as the Falkland Islands. Interrupted by the revolutionary war, the business was vigorously and successfully revived at its close, and with the temporary suspension caused by the second war with Great Britain, has been continued ever since, constantly increasing in importance. The gold discoveries of California caused a partial diversion of capital and tonnage. Much of the sperm oil imported, is here prepared for use, by the different processes by which spring, summer, fall and winter oil, as the different kinds are called, are produced, before it finds its way to the various markets of the country; and from the spermaceti, an article exclusively the product of the sperm whale, is manufactured the spermaceti candle. There are a large number of sperm-candle manufactories in the city. Much of the "right" whale oil is exported to the north of Europe. The number of vessels owned here employed in the whale fishery is about three hundred and twenty-five. The shipping of the collection district of New Bedford, June 30, 1852, amounted to an aggregate of 139,062 tons registered, and 10,145 tons enrolled and licensed. Of the former, 125,530 tons were employed in the whale fishery, and 9039 tons in the coasting trade. The foreign arrivals for the year were 113 (27,940 tons); the clearances for foreign ports 192 (58,340 tons); of which 55,347 tons were by American vessels. The whole number of American vessels arrived at New Bedford during the year ending December 31, 1852, were 99, of which 59 were employed in the whale fishery. The value of sperm oil entered at the custom-house during the same year was \$1,927,511; of whale oil, \$1,040,823, and of whalebone, \$444,318; total, \$3,412,658. The average annual receipts for the ten years ending 1852, were—sperm oil, 115,454 bbls.; whale oil, 240,459 bbls.; and of whalebone, 2,664,700 pounds. The amount of duties collected on imported merchandise, in 1852, was \$24,979 55. Besides the manufactories dependent on the whale fishing business, there are many others involving a large amount of capital. There is an extensive steam

CITY HALL AND MARKET, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



cotton mill, which employs three or four hundred hands, and there is also a large flouring mill. Coopering and ship-building are also carried on here extensively. During the year ending June 30, 1852, there were built 14 ships, 1 schooner and 3 brigs, with an aggregate burthen of 5226



HIGH SCHOOL, NEW BEDFORD.

tons, and during the corresponding period of 1853-54, there was added 6749 tons of shipping to the whale fishery and 4492 tons to the merchant service; in all 11,241 tons. There are four banks, with an aggregate capital of \$1,900,000, a Savings Institution, which in 1853 had a million and a half on deposit, and four insurance companies. The total valuation of property, in 1854, was \$24,989,100, of which \$16,476,400 was personal property, and \$8,512,700 real estate.

But the whale fishery is, as we have seen, the great source of wealth to New Bedford. In the last century, the gallantry and perseverance of our whalers called forth the eloquent eulogy of Edmund Burke, the great English statesman. He painted them in glowing colors, pursuing their monstrous prey amidst the icebergs of the north, tracking them to the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits; he showed them in the circle of the south pole, carrying their harpoons and lances to the coast of Africa, and chasing their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. Though the early American fishermen pursued their business in almost unknown regions, and had to construct their own maps and charts, still, so great was the vigilance of their commanders, that shipwrecks were rare among them. The Biscayans were the first of European people to make this fishing a regular pursuit, and during the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries they prosecuted it with great vigor and success. Their profits, however, did not accrue from the oil, as the whales they took were not so large as those of the polar seas, but resulted from the sale of the flesh, which was used extensively

for food, and of the whalebone, which was immensely valuable. The whales of the Bay of Biscay, however, were soon exhausted, but the hardy Biscayans, expert in the management of the harpoon, were eagerly enlisted by the English and Dutch navigators, whose voyages, undertaken in search of a northwest passage to India, had thrown open the northern haunts of the whale. At this period whales were so abundant that a ship soon obtained a cargo of oil, and many whales were killed out of pure sport, that were afterwards abandoned. In those days the blubber was boiled on shore, and for this purpose the Dutch founded a considerable village on the northern shore of Spitzbergen, which they called Smeerenberg, from the word *smeeren*, to melt, and *berg*, town or village. Afterwards, when whales became scarce about Spitzbergen, taking to the Greenland seas, the Dutch used to send home the blubber direct to Holland. The fishery, at first the monopoly of a company, was made free in 1642, and the result was an extraordinary activity in the business. The ships of the Dutch were fitted out on the following plan—an individual, who generally took command, furnished the hull of the vessel, the sailmaker supplied the sails, a cooper the casks, etc., and each person shared according to his proportion of the outfit, the crew being hired on the same principle. In 1680 the Dutch whale fishery employed about 260 ships and 14,000 sailors. But the wars of the close of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries, completely ruined this branch of Dutch industry.

The English whale fishery, at first carried on by exclusive companies, met with better success.

To stimulate this branch of industry, the British government, for many years, paid a large bounty to vessels engaged in it, on the same principle as the bounties paid to our cod fishermen. The Americans, however, from the outset, have been peculiarly successful in this business. When, in 1784, Louis XVI. fitted out six ships on his own account, he enlisted a large number of experienced whalers from Nantucket. In the early colonial period of our history, we commenced this business. At first it was pursued along our shores, but as the whales abandoned them for remote waters, our hardy mariners followed in pursuit, penetrating far into the northern and southern oceans in the middle of the 18th century. From 1771 to 1775, Massachusetts employed 183 vessels, of 13,820 tons in the northern, and 121 vessels, of 14,026 tons, in the southern fishery. Their enterprise and daring added enormously to the wealth of the country, and the beautiful city we have delineated is a tangible proof of the importance of the business. The rapid growth in extent and wealth of our American cities is directly attributable to the character of our political institutions. Had this country remained a colonial dependency, its progress might indeed have been rapid as compared to that of Europe, but not at all comparable with the mighty strides it has taken as an independent nation, in every art and science which serves to advance mankind.

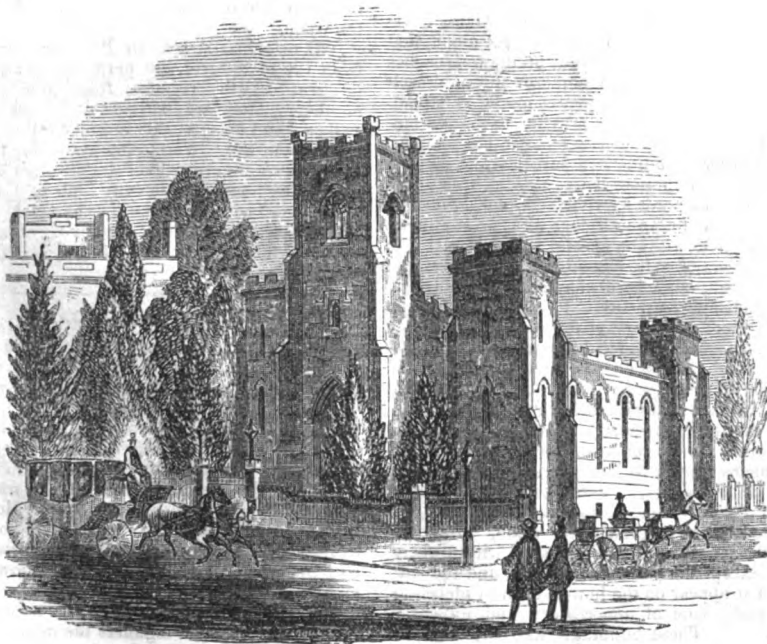
Half the ill-natured things that are said in society, are spoken not so much from malice as from a desire to display the quickness of our perception, the smartness of our wit, and the sharpness of our observation.

THE CLOCK STRUCK FIRST.

George the third was extremely punctual, and expected punctuality from every one in this respect. The late Lord H., was the most punctual person who attended on his majesty; he never was a second behind his time. He had an appointment one day with the king at Windsor, at twelve o'clock; on passing the hall, the clock struck twelve, on which his lordship, in a rage at being half a minute too late, raised his cane and broke the glass of the clock. The king reminded him that he was a little beyond his time, which he excused as well as he could. At his next audience the king, as he entered the room, exclaimed, "Why H.! H.! how came you to strike the clock?"—"The clock struck first, your majesty." The king laughed heartily at the grave manner in which Lord H., justified himself, the mock solemnity of the answer adding zest to the *bon mot*.—*English Anecdotes*.

THE ISLAND OF CAPRERA.

The small island of Caprera, Garibaldi's residence, is situated on the northern coast of Sardinia, towards the eastern entrance of the Straits of Bonafacio, by the side of Iledela Maddelena, and almost opposite the southern point of the island of Corsica. It is somewhat less than six miles in length from north to south, and about two in breadth. It is very fertile in wheat, and derives its name from the number of goats that are bred there. Caprera must not be confounded with another island called Capraja, the ancient Ægidion or Capraria, which lies to the east of Cape Corse, to the northwest of Elba, and opposite Piombino.—*London Herald*.



UNITARIAN CHURCH, NEW BEDFORD.

THE CITY OF PEKIN.

Pekin, or Peking, the capital of China, now in possession of British troops, stands on a great sandy plain between the Peiho and one of its affluents, about a hundred miles from the mouth of the Peiho, and sixty miles south of the Great Wall which divides China proper from Mongolia, or Chinese Tartary, where the emperor is said to have sought refuge. The latitude of the Pekin observatory is 39.54.13 north, and its longitude 116.28.54 east. Though after London, Pekin is the largest city in the world, having a population generally estimated at 2,000,000, very little indeed is known of it by Europeans, and statements as to its size and population must, therefore, be accepted merely as approximations to the truth. The statements as to the extent of the city are very various, but the best authenticated make it from twenty-five to twenty-eight miles in circumference. It is composed of two contiguous cities, and is enclosed by walls about thirty feet high, with a breadth at the base of twenty-five feet, sloping to half that thickness at the top. Square towers flank the walls at the distance of every sixty or seventy yards, and the sixteen gates by which the walls are pierced, are each surmounted by a watch-tower nine stories high, every story being pierced for cannon.

The most northerly portion of the city, called the Tartar or imperial city, is in the form of an oblong square. In the centre of this part is the palace of the emperor and empress. It is surrounded by high walls about two miles in circumference, which are also flanked with towers, and faced with tiles of a yellowish hue. The form of this inner inclosure, called "The Forbidden City," is a kind of square, and on each side of the wall there is a tower surmounted gate. One of these gates, called the Meridian Gate, is reserved for the passage of the emperor alone, and is by far the most magnificent of the approaches to the palace. Here the emperor shows himself on occasions when he dispenses mercy to offenders, when he distributes presents to foreign ambassadors, or scans the prisoners captured in war. At another gate, a fine structure of white marble, he receives ceremonial visits from his court officers. The emperor's private retreat, which is named "The Tranquil Palace of Heaven," none can approach without special permission. The great officers of state assemble here for cabinet consultation, and here candidates for office receive their appointments. The walks leading up to the chief halls are paved with slabs of gray and white stone. Beyond the palace of the empress, which is also an extensive building, is the imperial flower garden, laid out in beautiful walks, interspersed with lake, canal, and fountain, and with numerous shady groves, temples, and pavilions. These palaces, however, do not by any means answer to European ideas of a palace.

"The buildings," says Sir John Barrow, one of the very few Europeans who can bear testimony from personal observation, "that compose the palace, and the furniture within them, if we except the paint, the gilding, and the varnish that appear on the houses even of plebeians, are equally void of unnecessary and expensive ornament. These buildings, like the common habitations of the country, are all modelled after the form of a tent, and are magnificent only by

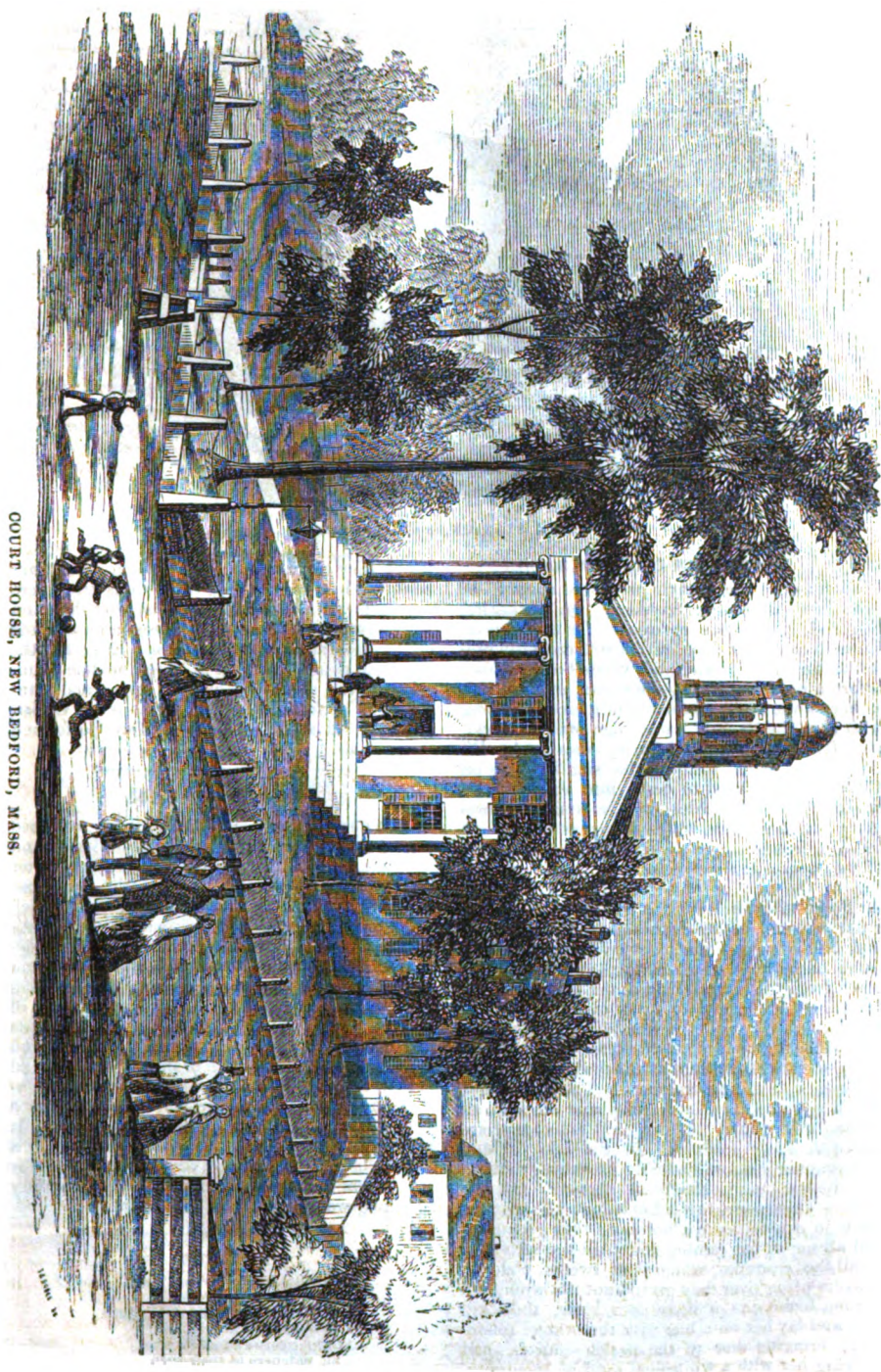
a comparison with the others, and by their number, which is sufficient, indeed, to form a town of themselves. Their walls are higher than those of ordinary houses, their wooden columns of greater diameter, their roofs are immense, and a greater variety of painting and gilding may be bestowed on the different parts; but none of them exceeds one story in height. The stone and clay floors are indeed sometimes covered with a carpet of English broadcloth, and the walls papered; but they have no glass in the windows, no stoves, fire-places, or fire-grates in the rooms; no sofas, bureaus, chandeliers, nor looking-glasses; no book-cases, prints, or paintings. They have neither curtains nor sheets to their beds; a bench of wood or a platform of brickwork is raised in an alcove, on which are mats or stuffed mattresses, hard pillows, or cushions, according to the season of the year; instead of doors, they have usually screens made of the fibres of the bamboo."

Outside this enclosure is what is named the "Angust City," which is about six miles in circumference, and surrounded by walls of about twenty feet in height. Here are the public granaries, the military depositories, idol temples, etc. In the outer city are the chief tribunals of the empire, the national college of China, in which the whole literary activities of the kingdom are concentrated, besides various other educational institutions, an observatory, the buildings of the Russian embassy, and the largest and most sacred Chinese temple in the city. It seems singular that foreigners should be permitted to dwell almost within the very precincts of the holiest place, but the Chinese have a supreme indifference about religious matters, and are quite ready to extol any form of religion. In the southern division of the city is concentrated all the trade.

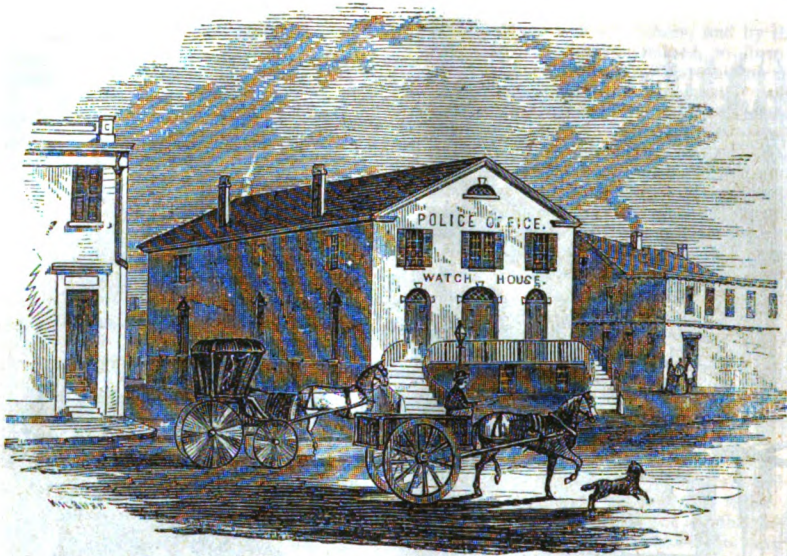
The principal streets in Pekin are very wide, from 120 to 200 feet, are perfectly straight and of great length, running from one gate to another. They are without pavement, and are as dusty and disagreeable in hot weather as they are dirty in wet. The streets branching from the main ones are narrow and dark—mere lanes, in fact. The houses are usually built of brick, and are covered with tiles, and for the most part are as inconvenient as they are devoid of taste and beauty. The appearance of the city is as monotonous as a military camp.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

The following anecdote is related in a journal of the year 1789:—A service of plate was delivered at the duke of Clarence's house, by his order, accompanied by the bill, amounting to one thousand five hundred pounds, which his royal highness deeming exorbitant, sent back, remarking, that he conceived the overcharge to be occasioned by the apprehension that the tradesman might be long kept out of his money. He added, that so far from its being his intention to pay by tedious installments, or otherwise distress those with whom he dealt, he had laid it down as an invariable principle, to discharge every account the moment it became due. The account was returned to his royal highness the next morning, with three hundred pounds taken off, and it was instantly paid.



COURT HOUSE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



POLICE STATION, NEW BEDFORD.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

Each country, and each province, county, or town, has its peculiar customs. In Yorkshire, England, it was once customary for every rustic dame to make a cheese, which was carefully preserved for the occasion, and when brought out, before it could be tasted, she scored upon it with a sharp knife the resemblance of a cross. Along with this, she brought out a huge wassail bowl, and frumty made of barley meal. At Ripon, in the same county, the singing boys on Christmas Day used to come into church with basketfuls of red apples, with a sprig of rosemary stuck in each, which they presented to all the congregation, and got a return made to them of two pence, four pence, or six pence, according to the quality of the lady or gentleman. At Folkestone, in Kent, the fishermen had a singular custom. They chose eight of the largest and best whittings out of every boat when they came home from that fishing, and sold them apart from the rest, and out of the money arising from them, they made a feast every Christmas Eve, which they called a *Rumbald*. The master of each boat provided this feast for his own company, so that there were as many different entertainments as there were boats. These whittings, which are of a very large size, and are sold all around the country, as far as Canterbury, are called *Rumbald whittings*. In the Isle of Man this singular custom formerly prevailed, though, like the last one, it has been disused. On the 24th of December, toward evening, all the servants in general have a holiday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock; prayers being over they go to hunt the wren, and having found one of these poor birds, they kill her, and lay her on a bier with the utmost solemnity, bringing her to the parish church, and burying her with a whimsical kind of solemnity, singing dirges over her in the monk's language,

which they call her knell, after which, Christmas begins. In a certain part of Devonshire, there was formerly a superstitious belief that the oxen were always found on their knees in an attitude of devotion at night on Christmas Eve; but the obstinate animals refused to accommodate themselves to the alteration of that style, and continued to perform their genuflexions on Christmas Eve old style, as long as they performed them at all.

A GOOD WOMAN.

I account a pure, intelligent, and well-bred woman, the most attractive object of vision and contemplation in the world. As mother, sister and wife, such a woman is an angel of grace and goodness, and makes a heaven of the home which is sanctified and glorified by her presence. As an element of society she invites into finest demonstrations all that is good in the heart, and shames into secrecy and silence all that in unbecoming and despicable. There may be more of greatness and of glory in the higher developments of manhood, but, surely, in womanhood God most delights to show the beauty of holiness and the sweetness of the love of which he is the infinite source. It is for this reason that a girl or a young woman is a very sacred thing to me. It is for this reason that a silly young woman or a vicious one makes me sigh or shudder. It is for this reason that I pray that I may write worthily to young women.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

BLUSHING.

Alas! that in our earliest blush
Our danger first we feel,
And tremble when the rising flush
Betrays some angel's seal!
Alas! for care and pallid woe
Sit watchers in their turn,
Where heaven's too faint and transient glow
So soon forgets to burn.—O. W. HOLMES.

LEGENDS OF THE ROSE.

The Romans were fond of roses. Cleopatra received Antony at one of her banquets in an apartment covered with rose leaves to a considerable depth; and Antony himself, when dying, begged to have roses scattered on his tomb. The Roman generals who had achieved any remarkable victory, were permitted to have roses sculptured on their shields. Rosewater was the favorite perfume of the Roman ladies, and the most luxurious even used it in their baths. In the East the rose has always been a favorite with the poets. They represent the nightingale as singing for its love, and many beautiful verses are derived from this fable. In a curious fragment, by the celebrated Persian poet, Atter, entitled, "Bulbul Nahem, the Book of the Nightingale," all the birds appear before Solomon, and charge the nightingale with disturbing their rest by the broken and plaintive strains which he warbles forth all the night, in a sort of frenzy and intoxication. The nightingale is summoned, questioned and acquitted, by the wise king, because the bird assures him that his vehement love for the rose drives him to distraction, and causes him to break forth into those passionate and touching complaints which are laid to his charge. The Turks believe that roses sprang from the perspiration of Mahomet; for which reason they

never tread upon a rose-leaf, or suffer one to lie on the ground; they also sculpture a rose on the tombstones of females who die unmarried.

THE AFRICAN CACTUS.

The African cactus, or Barbary fig, grows round Algiers into a regular tree of twelve feet or so in height, and the leaves are of course large in proportion; being generally about a foot long, and half an inch thick, and are very thickly covered with prickles of an inch in length. These prickles are as thick as a druggist-pin at the base, and very firm, so that the handling of the leaf is a matter of difficulty and pain; and should the points of the prickle break in so doing, it forces itself beneath the skin, and causes excruciating agony. The Arabs crawled adroitly towards the man who held the leaves, baying like the dogs they imitated, and as he held one forth, they thrust their heads forward and took rapid bites, devouring it seemingly without the slightest inconvenience. The green fluid expressed from the herb flowed in streams over their long beards, and I noticed that when they accidentally touched each other, they gave a low growl like curs that are gorging.—*H. E. Pope.*

Difficult mathematical problems and knotty moral questions have often been solved in dreams.



CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW BEDFORD.



SAVINGS INSTITUTION, NEW BEDFORD.

THE JELLY FISH.

The jelly fish, which presents at first sight only the appearance of a mass of jelly, sometimes the size of a cabbage, has really a stomach, and eats and digests the smaller kinds of fish.— Nearly allied to the jelly fish is the cuttle fish. The eggs of this last look much like a bunch of “burned vial corks tied together,” and are called by the fishermen sea grapes. In fossil cuttle fish the ink-bugs are often found quite perfect, and the ink good. Fine sepia paintings have been made with this so-called antediluvian pigment. Out at sea, near to Folkestone, is found a large species of this same fish called by the name of “man-sucker.” It has no bone in its body. The head, viewed in front, much resembles that of the elephant, and is surrounded by eight long arms with numerous sucking disks. One which was examined by the author was two feet in length. In the Chinese seas, this animal often attains an enormous size, and is the terror of boatmen. Dr. Buckland quotes Mr. Pennant as saying that, in the Indian seas, they measure twelve feet in breadth across the central part, while each arm is more than fifty feet long. The stretch from point to point of the extended arms is set down as being over one hundred and twenty feet. The natives of the Indian isles, when sailing in their canoes, always take care to be provided with hatchets, in order to immediately cut off the arms of such of these animals as happen to fling them over the side of the canoe, lest they should pull it under water and sink it. These statements are confirmed by Dr. Shaw.—*London Lancet.*

MOSQUITOES.

Old Parson M—, of Worcester county, sometimes used to be sent on a missionary tour. One time, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and wishing to wake them up, he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State. Among other wonders, he said he had seen many monstrous great mosquitoes, so large that many of them would weigh a pound. The people were by this time wide awake.

“Yes,” continued M—, “and, moreover, they are often known to climb trees and bark !”

The next day one of the deacons called upon him, and told him that many of the brethren of the church were scandalized by the stories which he told the day before.

“What stories !” said Parson M—.

“Why, sir, you said that the mosquitoes in York State were so large that many of them would weigh a pound.”

“Well,” replied the parson, “I really do think that it would take many of them to weigh a pound.”

“But,” continued the deacon, “you also said they would climb trees and bark !”

“Well, sir,” said Parson M—, “as to climbing upon trees, I have seen them do the same; haven’t you, deacon ?”

“O, yes.”

“Well, how could they climb upon the trees and not on the bark ?”

The deacon left somewhat mystified by his errand.—*Amesbury Transcript.*

DELUSIONS OF THE INSANE.

There is no end to the false impressions and delusions with which the mind may be affected. A physician was once called to see a man laboring under the fancy that he was converted into a teapot. And when the physician endeavored to ridicule him out of the idea, he indignantly replied, "I am a teapot," and forming a semi-circle with one arm, placing his hand upon his hips, he said, "there is the handle," and thrusting out the other arm, "there is the spout." Men have believed themselves converted into barrels rolled along the street. One case is recorded of a man who believed himself a clock, and would stand for hours at the head of the stairs clicking with his tongue. A respectable tradesman in England even fancied himself metamorphosed into a seven shilling piece, and took the precaution of requesting, as a particular favor of his friends, that if his wife should present him in payment, they would not give change for him. Some have supposed that many armed knights were engaged in battle with them. A sea captain in Philadelphia believed for many years that he had a wolf in his liver. A madman in the Pennsylvania hospital believed that he was once a calf, and mentioned the name of the butcher who killed him, and the stall in Philadelphia Market on which his flesh was sold previously to his animating his present body. One man believes his legs made of butter, and with the greatest caution avoids the fire; another imagines them to be made of glass, and with extreme care wraps them in wooden boxes when he goes out to ride. A prince of Bourbon often supposed himself to be a plant, and taking his stand in the garden, would insist upon being watered in common with the plants around him. A French gentleman imagined himself to be dead, and refused to eat. To prevent his dying of starvation, two persons were introduced to him in the character of the illustrious dead like himself, and they invited him after some conversation respecting the world of shades, to dine with another distinguished but deceased person, Marshal Turenne. The lunatic accepted this polite invitation, and made a hearty meal. Every day, while his fancy prevailed, it was necessary to invite him to the table of some ghost of rank or reputation. Yet in the other common affairs of life the gentleman was not incapacitated from attending to his own interests.

MAGNANIMITY.

When the emperor Vespasian commanded a Roman senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death, if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile, "did I ever tell you that I was immortal? My virtue is in my own disposal, my life in yours; do you what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels."—*Roman Annals.*

No man can expect to monopolize an idea beneficial to mankind.

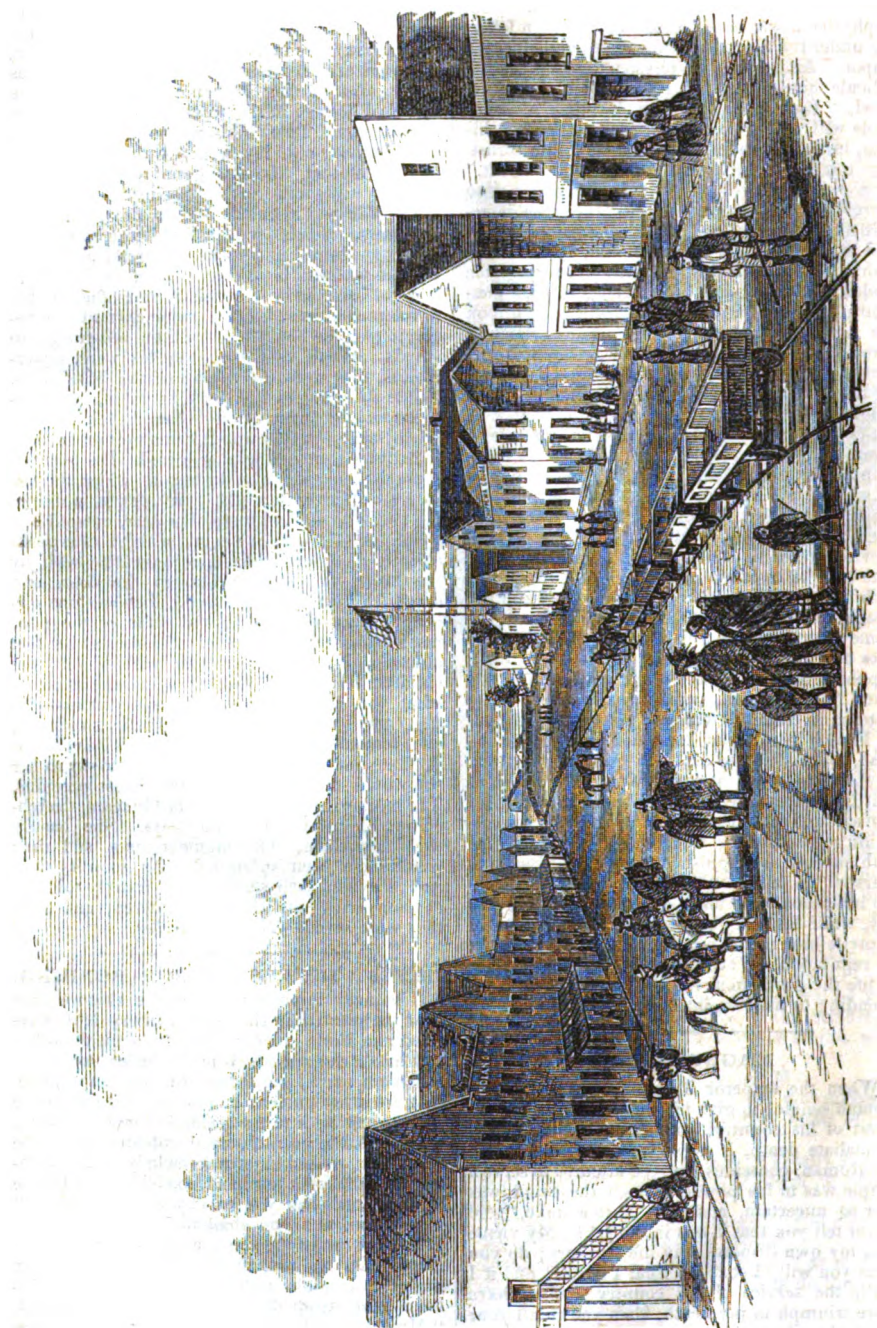
THE DOG OF ORTE.

In the severe and too memorable winter of 1709, when the wheat, olives, vines and fruit-trees were frozen in France, the wolves committed frightful ravages in the interior of that country, and even attacked men. One of these ferocious beasts, after having broken a window, entered a thatched cottage in the forest of Orte, hard by Angouleme. Two children, one six and the other eight years old, lay asleep waiting the return of their mother, who was gone to gather some wood to make a fire with. Seeing no resistance, the wolf leaped upon the bed to devour the tender prey. Seized with a sudden fright, these two boys slipped under the mattress, and there lay flat without breathing. So near the flesh, and not being able to reach it immediately, the murderous animal became more excited; he began to tear the blanket and all the bed-clothes to shreds. Weak as these obstacles were, nevertheless, they were the saving of the boys' lives. While the enraged wolf sought them, an enormous mastiff (which had followed their mother, his mistress into the wood) came up now in time to deliver them. The dog caught the scent at some distance from the house, to which the villagers, loaded with wood, were slowly walking. He ran with the swiftness of a deer, entered like a lion, and fell on the enemy, which now crouched into a corner. Seizing the cowardly wolf by the throat, he dragged him to the door, and strangled him upon the road. Let any one picture to himself the frightful state of the poor mother on her return home. She sees at her feet a dead wolf; her dog covered with blood; the children no more. Having a presentiment of what was passing—his mistress's distress—the dog came forward with an energetic solicitude, and, returning to the bed, he dives his head several times under the mattress, seeming to say to her she would find there what was most precious. The mother, approaching the bed in tears, stretched out her hand and felt the boys. She hastily withdraws them. One moment more and they would have been suffocated. As soon as they had recovered their senses, they frankly told her of their perils, how the wolf entered, and how they were saved.—*Boston Traveller.*

LATEST INVENTION FOR ROBBING.

The most impudent occurrence that we have ever yet heard of in the art of robbery is thus related in a Paris paper:—A lady went the other day into a shop in the Rue Richelieu to buy a cashmere shawl, and, having arranged the price, took from her purse a bank-note, and was in the act of handing it to the cashier's counter, when a man, who had been observed watching her at the shop door, rushed in, struck the lady, and snatching the note from her hand, exclaimed, "I have already forbidden you to buy a shawl, but will watch you, and you shall not have one." He then went out of the shop, and the lady fainted away. On her revival, the master of the shop began to console with her on this scene of violence, and regretted she had so brutal a husband. "My husband!" cried the lady, "I never saw the man before." It turned out that she had been robbed; pursuit was instantly made after the audacious rogue, but it was all in vain; he had got clear off.

A GLIMPSE AT SAULT STE MARIE, MICHIGAN.



PRINCIPAL STREET IN SAULT STE MARIE.

We present our readers on this and the following pages with a series of very interesting views of Sault Sainte Marie, drawn from sketches

made upon the spot expressly for us by a gentleman familiar with the localities. The first picture represents the principal street in the village,

with the rail track in the centre, and characteristic groups of figures, including some Indians, who are not unfrequent visitors to the settlement.

we have a full-rigged and gaily decorated steamer passing on her way. Saut, or Sault Sainte Marie, is a post-village, and capital of Chippewa

UPPER ENTRANCE SAULT STE MARIE CANAL.



Then come two representations of the canal, with the locks, weirs and adjacent buildings, and in one of them, that representing the lower entrance,

county, Michigan, situated on St. Mary's River or strait, four hundred miles north-northwest of Detroit, and about eighteen miles from the en-

trance of Lake Superior. The rapids at this place have a descent of twenty-two feet within the distance of a mile, and form the natural way, the cars being drawn by horses. The carrying trade was then considerable, and the prosperity of the town was owing to that fact. The



FORT BRADY, SAULT STE MARIE.

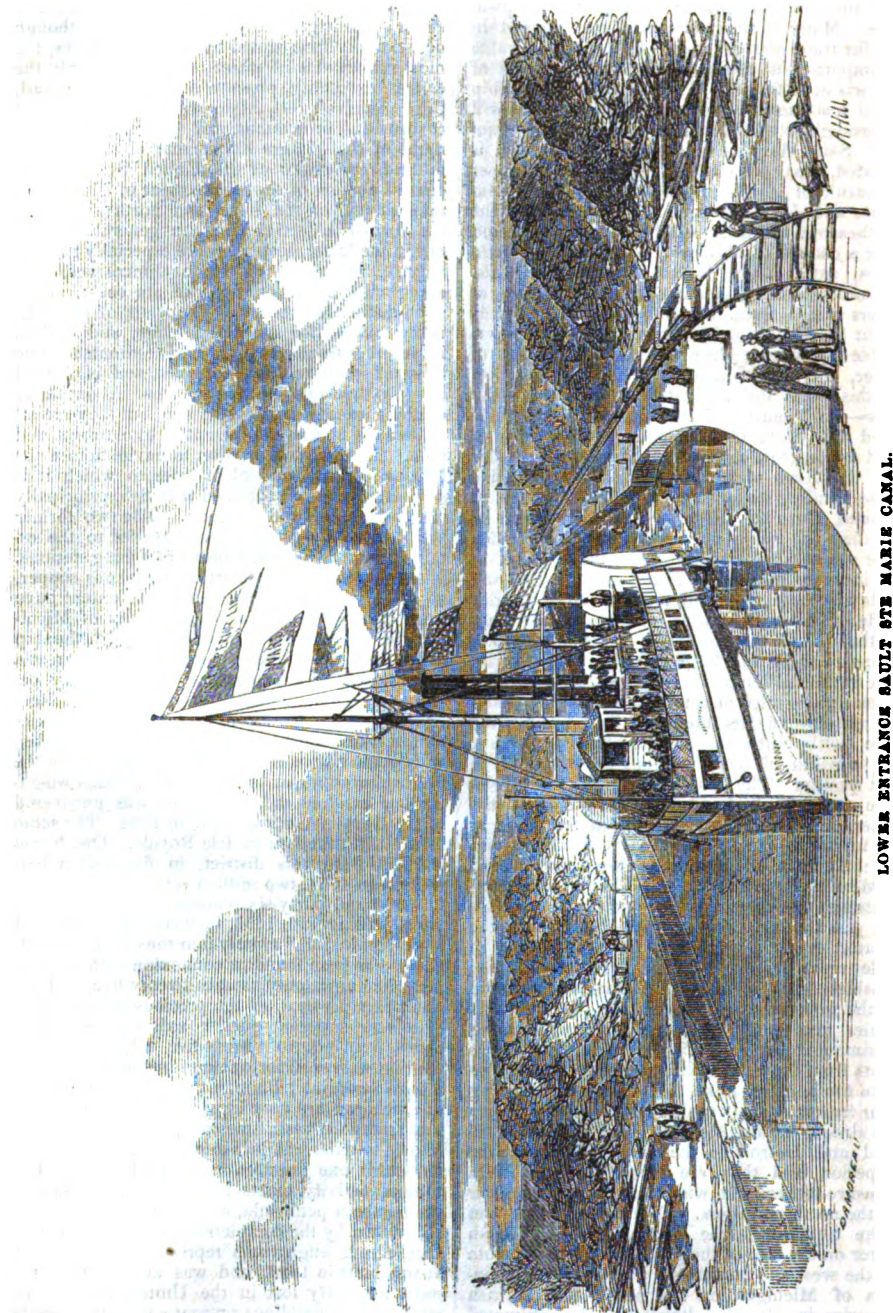
limit of steamboat navigation. Before the great canal was constructed, the copper from the Superior mines was taken round the falls by rail- place contains about eight hundred inhabitants, many of them being descendants of the old French "voyageurs," intermixed with the Indian

blood. The village is pleasantly situated, and contains, besides the county buildings, churches for the Baptists, Methodists and Catholics, and one newspaper office. Steamboats frequently visit this place in summer with parties of pleasure. Many of the inhabitants are engaged in the fur trade and fisheries. In 1851, the value of imports was estimated at \$151,134; that of exports at \$340,800. The building of the ship canal was a most important enterprise, and will be prodigiously felt in this portion of the country. Saint Mary's Strait, on which the town is situated, separates Canada West from the upper peninsula of Michigan, and connects Lake Superior and Lake Huron. It commences at the southeastern extremity of the former lake, and after a general southeasterly course of sixty-three miles, enters Lake Huron by three channels. At some places it spreads out into little lakes, at others rushes through narrow rapids, or winds about beautiful islands. Its entire length is navigable by vessels drawing about eight feet of water, up to within a mile of Lake Superior. At this point the navigation is interrupted by falls—the "sault" of the river. Congress offered the State of Michigan 750,000 acres of land to construct a ship-canal round these rapids; and the State of Michigan contracted to give these lands, free of taxation for five years, to Erastus Corning and others, on condition of building the canal by the 19th of May, 1855. The work now completed, forms the last link in the intercommunication of the great lakes, and adds seventeen thousand miles of coast to our trade. The work in style is superior to anything of the kind on this continent, and the locks are supposed to be the largest in the whole world. The combined length of the three locks together is nearly one-third of a mile, all of solid masonry, twenty-five feet high, ten feet thick at the base, with buttresses at every twelve feet, six feet in width, all faced with cut limestone of the first quality. The gates are each forty feet wide. The canal is one hundred feet at the top of the water, and one hundred and fifteen feet wide at the top of its banks. It is twelve feet deep, and the main body of the canal is excavated through solid rock of red sandstone. The largest steamboats and vessels which navigate the great lakes can pass through this magnificent canal with the greatest ease. The whole work was finished in little more than a year, a short space of time, considering the intervals of inactivity occasioned by the inclemency of the weather and the difficulties necessarily encountered. A vast saving of time and labor is effected by this work, as boats from the copper region can now pass directly to the ports on Lake Erie without re-shipping their freight at the "sault." A line of steamers has already been established, running from Cleveland and Detroit to the various port of Lake Superior, and they are always crowded with pleasure-seekers who wish to enjoy the pure air of the northern waters. Every one knows that Lake Superior is the largest expanse of fresh water on the face of the globe. It has Minnesota on the west and northwest, the northern peninsula of Michigan on the south, and British America in all other directions. Its estimated area is thirty-two thousand square miles. Height above the sea level, six hundred and thirty feet; depth varying from eighty to two hundred fath-

oms. It is of very irregular shape. The northern shore is generally bold and elevated, and extends about twelve miles, penetrating almost unbroken ranges of cliffs, which vary from three hundred to fifteen hundred feet in height. The south shore is generally low and sandy, though occasionally interrupted by limestone ridges, the most remarkable of which, situated towards the eastern extremity, presents a perpendicular wall, three hundred feet high, broken by numerous caverns and projections, and forming, under the name of the Picture Rocks, one of the greatest natural curiosities of the United States. The central portion of the lake is clear of islands, but they abound on the south and north sides. In the former direction they are generally small, but in the latter, several, more especially the Isle Royale, are of considerable dimensions, and along with the indentations of the coast, afford good shelter for vessels. The water of the lake is remarkable for its transparency, and derives its supplies from a basin which is estimated at one hundred thousand square miles, and is drained by more than two hundred streams. About thirty of these are of considerable size, but they are all impetuous torrents, interrupted by narrows and falls. The only obstruction to navigation of the lake arises from the violent gales to which it is subject. It is well supplied with fish, principally trout, white-fish and sturgeon. The two former are of excellent quality, and have led to the establishment of a great number of fishing stations. The other principal export by the lake is copper, of which veins of great richness and extent have been discovered. The copper mines of Michigan, in the northern peninsula, to which the ship canal we have delineated will prove so great a benefit, are the richest in the world. They occupy a belt one hundred and twenty miles long and from two to six miles broad. A block of almost pure copper, weighing several tons, taken from these mines, is embedded in the walls of the national museum at Washington. A mass weighing one hundred and forty tons was uncovered in the North American mine in 1854. The same mineral is abundant in Isle Royale. One house shipped from this district, in five and a half months in 1854, two million seven thousand six hundred and thirty-six pounds; and in the nine years, ending with 1853, inclusive, four thousand eight hundred and twenty-four tons were shipped. Silver has been found in connexion with the copper, yielding in one instance twenty-five, and another fifty per cent. of the precious metal. Iron of a very superior quality exists in a bed of slates, from six to twenty-five miles wide, extending westward for one hundred and fifty miles into Wisconsin. Though the mineral resources of Michigan are very imperfectly developed, yet lead, gypsum, peat, limestone, marl and coal are known to exist, the last in abundance at Corunna, within one hundred miles of Detroit. The utmost activity exists in the mining region of the northern peninsula, which has been intensely stimulated by the completion of the ship canal. One of our engravings represents Fort Brady. It was built in 1823, and was at that time the most northerly fort in the United States. Its whitewashed buildings present a neat and cleanly appearance, characteristic of such establishments. A company of infantry is stationed there, but it is rarely called upon to perform active service.

The Hudson Bay Company have a post on the opposite side of the river. It is a quadrangular enclosure, which, in addition to a dwelling and

low, the foaming water floating angrily over the rocks and between the numerous islands that fill the stream. The descent in a canoe was former-



LOWER ENTRANCE SAULT STE MARIE CANAL.

storeroom, contains several warehouses for furs. The St. Mary's Falls, or more properly speaking, rapids, present a picturesque appearance from be-

ly attended with great danger, but the water has been slowly rising for years past, and the shoot is now performed without difficulty or peril.

I LOVE THEE!—I LOVE THEE!

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I love thee!—I love thee!
 'Tis all that I can say;
 It is my vision in the flight,
 My dreaming in the day;
 The very echo of my heart,
 The blessing when I pray:
 I love thee!—I love thee!
 Is all that I can say.

I love thee!—I love thee!
 Is ever on my tongue;
 In all my proudest poetry
 That chorus still is sung.
 It is the verdict of my eyes
 Amidst the gay and young;
 I love thee!—I love thee!
 A thousand maids among.

I love thee!—I love thee!
 Thy bright and hazel glance;
 The mellow lute upon those lips
 Whose tender tones entrance.
 But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,
 That still these words enhance:
 I love thee!—I love thee!
 Whatever be thy chance.

EDITH AND ROSE.

BY MISS A. M. HALE.

THE sun had gone down in a blazing sea of flame color and gold, and the wind, which had blown hard all day, gathered new strength as the twilight deepened, and shrieked and roared through the old elms like a mad spirit. The moon rode far up in the blue depths, and rained down upon the white, silent earth, showers of golden rays. Melting away with my warm breath the thick frost which already encrusted the window panes, I could see nothing but snow-covered fields, broken at intervals by stone walls and fences, and darkened here and there by farm-houses and clumps of forest trees.

My eyes swept eagerly over these desolate wastes, seeking vainly the shadowy forms of the mountains, beyond which lay my home. I pictured to myself the many groups always gathered in the drawing-room at this hour, and half wished I was with them again, and yet I had been looking forward to the visit to my Aunt Caroline for many a month. I let down the curtain by a sudden impulse and turned to the warm, bright room, upbraiding my unreasonableness and dawning discontent. Aunt Caroline seemed to divine how it was with me—she had that peculiar, quick insight into one's thoughts and feelings, which like most rare abilities is a natural gift, not

an acquired power—and said, with her quiet smile:

"It's only the gloaming, Katy. That is the truly witching hour, not midnight. It even makes me homesick sometimes."

"You, auntie? But this has always been your home." And I drew my footstool to the side of her low chair and looked up questioningly into her face.

The smile had vanished, and her brown eyes were steadily watching the flickering lights in the wood fire. I know now of what home Aunt Caroline was thinking, but thoughtless girl that I then was, counting my sixteen summers, I did not consider; I only knew that she was grave, and a little sad, and that I must not let her or myself get moped, so I rattled away gaily for a few minutes, and smiles, real sunny smiles, danced again about her lips. Now that for many summers she has slept under the violets, I see more clearly what a dreary, cheerless life was hers. I know now why the roses faded from her cheeks so soon, why her eyes had that dreamy, far-reaching look, and why there came at last to be something sad in her gayest smiles. Hers was so lonely a life! Hemmed in by mountains, in winter the roads blocked up by the heavy snows, so that a week might go by without a single face showing itself in her home, few books, no society, no music, nothing but a brave doing of duty for duty's sake, a life which always brings its reward, it is true, but often not until the twilight of this present time has brightened into the perfect day of the hereafter. My Aunt Caroline was only one of a sisterhood whose members may be counted by twos and threes in every country village, till they grow so many it makes one's heart sad to think of it. But all this I did not know when I sat by her side that night, and chattered away with my usual inconsequence, telling her about the holiday festivities, the bridal parties and receptions I had lately attended, embellishing my accounts with a running commentary of my own, and adding notes, historical, critical and explanatory.

"I would never have believed, Aunt Caroline, that Sue Vernon would marry for money," I said, by way of climax to a story I had just related, where the heroine after being the reigning belle for six months, had yielded on the seventh to the attractions of a brown stone house, plenty of bank stock, and a French maid. "Addy says—you know they've always been great allies—that of all women in the world, Sue is the last one she would have thought of as marrying for anything except love. Why, she refused Fred Talbot, Harry Hughes, Morton Gay, and dear knows

how many more, because she didn't love any of them, so she told Addy, and she would never marry except for love, and now she has thrown herself away upon old Lawson, who hasn't a single merit in the world that I know of, and Sue was so talented, too, so superior in every way."

"Just the woman to sacrifice herself," said Aunt Caroline, gravely.

"Why, auntie?"

"Katy," said my aunt, smiling, "what do you suppose women generally marry for? I am curious to know what your sixteen years tell you about it."

My answer was prompt. Had I read all the novels in our great library for nothing?

"Why, for love, Aunt Caroline."

"Do they? Just recall the brides of your acquaintance and see how it is."

I mused a moment. "There was Fanny Trevor, I suppose *she* did marry to pique Edgar Dana, and Lizzie Cooper married her father's partner because her papa wanted her to, and Susie Brown—" I stopped, for Aunt Caroline knew Susie's story, and was already laughing at me.

"Well, Katy dear, what becomes of your theory now?"

"Aunt Caroline," I said, reproachfully, "you don't suppose it is always so?"

"No, only ninety-nine times in a hundred."

"But, auntie, women *do* marry for love."

"Often, in romance."

"But in real life," I insisted. It was hard to see my air castles pulled down so ruthlessly. "You do believe in ideal marriages, where the husband and wife love each other just as truly and fervently as they do in the novels we read, where no mercenary calculations enter into the motives of either, and where marriage really is the beautiful, tender relation that God meant it should be?" I paused, half ashamed of my earnestness.

"Yes, Kate, I believe there are such marriages.

"I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be,
Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive."

I was thankful for this admission, and I nestled my hand closer in hers.

"And every woman thinks her own will be such a marriage," said Aunt Caroline, reading my secret thought.

I looked away from her gaze, and we were both silent a moment, I seeing fairy pictures in the glowing coals.

"Katy," said my aunt, presently, "do you remember Edith Raymond and her sister Rose?"

Edith is my dearest friend, and Rose—the white Rose you used to call her—don't you remember how you loved her?"

"O, yes," I cried, "I remember Edith's face, so full of poetry, and that sweet Rose. Edith was my childish ideal of beauty, and Rose was like the Madonna. How I would like to see their lovely faces again."

"Would you? Then open that drawer, Katy, and bring me the three daguerreotypes you will find there."

I obeyed, and Aunt Caroline pressed the spring of one, and the cover flew back, disclosing a beautiful, winning face, with masses of dark hair sweeping away over a low, womanly brow, eyes which thrilled you by their eager, loving look, and a mouth tremulous with feeling.

"O, Edith, the beautiful; but the picture has a sad expression, auntie."

"It is Edith's own," said Aunt Caroline, sadly. "Now the other, Katy."

"Ah, Rose, thou sweet blossom! Isn't she lovely?" And I gazed with delight upon the delicate face, with the calm, holy look in the eyes. "Who is this, auntie?" I said, taking up the third.

Aunt Caroline opened it, and let me see a manly face—an intellectual face it was. The forehead and eyes were good, the mouth sensitive, curling hair and a fine beard, which crept up to the temples, and clustered about the chin, not, however, quite concealing its outline. Some would have called it a handsome face, but it did not quite please me.

"How do you like it, Katy?"

"I don't like it."

"Why?"

"I don't know, exactly. Isn't there a weakness about it? I can't describe it, but somehow he doesn't look reliable. But who is it, and what was he to Edith and Rose?"

Aunt Caroline went to her writing-desk and took from it a manuscript volume.

"You know, dear, that I sometimes interweave with my journal other incidents besides those which immediately concern me, and among other things I have written here the story of Edith and Rose."

Aunt Caroline's stories had gladdened many winter evenings in days lang syne, and I was not displeased at the prospect before me. My aunt began to read in her usual clear, sweet tones:

"All that in those days I could imagine of beauty and grace, of rich intellectual gifts, of tender sensibilities and self-devotion, combined to make Edith Raymond the heroine of my girlhood. Every school girl has her ideal, some

character, historic or imaginary, or more seldom living in the real world, which is to her the embodiment of all those charms and excellences that her vivid imagination holds most dear. Edith Raymond was mine. She was older than I, and yet I always felt for her a cherishing love which made me wish to shield her from the ills of life. I knew by instinct that she was not fitted to encounter sorrow; hers was not a nature to be strengthened by battling with rough weather. I knew she would sink down beneath the first rude shock, crushed and heart broken. She was one of those rare women in whom the tenderest and deepest womanly susceptibilities are intensified by genius. Fatal gift, for to woman, who has need of all her inherent strength to sustain the griefs which are inevitable to her nature, it is only an added capacity for suffering. And yet few could enjoy like Edith. There was some interior relation between her nature and every form of beauty. She luxuriated in it—it seemed as necessary to her as food and drink to common mortals. It was delightful to see her enthusiasm in its presence. Joy was with her no superficial sensation, but an emotion swelling up from the deep places of her soul. It was akin to pain in its intensity. I have known her eyes fill with tears at the sight of a beautiful sunset. We had grown up from childhood together; we hunted the sunny southern knolls for the earliest violets, we brushed away the lingering patches of snow in our search for the first trailing arbutus of the season. Edith loved them so, I was almost jealous of the fragrant blossoms. In those days Edith found enough in her life to make her glad. I do not think she pined for appreciation, or that sympathy which to such characters as hers is even more grateful. It was not until the dawn of womanhood that one saw how great were the necessities of her nature, and how unlikely it was that they would ever be adequately supplied. She was like a tropical plant. It must have brilliant sunshine and fervid warmth, if you would see it unfold its fiery petals. Though leaves may grow and buds may form, no pale light and faint warmth will coax it to its full development. Among her commonplace companions she was like the one exotic, growing in the country flower garden among marigolds and poppies. Have you not seen a hyacinth or a cape jessamine amid such surroundings, and has not the incongruity struck you with surprise and pain? Edith was such, sitting on the same bench in the rude district schoolhouse, conning her lessons from the same books, and in the choir at church mingling her pure tones with those harsh and discordant. Edith and Rose inherited

their beauty and genius from the fair mother, who not long after she was transplanted to that uncongenial soil, drooped and faded.

"Mr. Raymond was a farmer, and cultivating the rugged uplands and narrow meadows of that mountainous region, found no superfluous funds in his pocket at the end of the year, so the daughters grew up with small advantages for culture, only fortunate in those gifts which enable their possessor to turn insignificant means to good account. Norwood was the same in those years that it is now. It was finished long ago, and except an occasional coat of paint added to the church, or the substitution of a new rail for a broken one in the homely fence around the common, it does not change in the least from one decade to another. If a railroad had found its way through the village, if even a mill stream had wound through its valleys, there would have been life of some sort, something which would have been preferable to this absolute stagnation.

"Here in this almost monastic seclusion Edith grew into a beautiful womanhood. She kept her pretty, girlish ways a long time, and indeed there was always a childlikeness in her manner which was not the least of her charms. It was not until she reached her eighteenth year that Norwood found out who among all the village maidens was worthy to bear away the palm of loveliness, and even then it was not an original thought with the good towns' people. Ministers who exchanged with the pastor of Norwood, physicians who came to consult Doctor Willis in obscure cases that transcended his skill—they were all middle-aged men, with daughters of their own—these first discovered Edith's peerless beauty, and made a revelation of the fact. So it came to pass that the village youth fell into the habit of straying towards Farmer Raymond's of an evening, and indulging in I know not what edifying conversation with the young mistress of the household. But Edith valued their homage lightly. Her ideal was of the heroic stamp, unapproachable in knightliness, the flower of chivalry, *sans peur, sans reproche*, and so these paler reflections of that excellence which culminates in some representative man of an age, never made her heart throb quicker, or tempted her to stoop to their level. I, in my worship, could hardly imagine one good enough for her, though I knew that in her heart there slept all those sweet affections that glorify domestic life, and as the years rolled by and found and left her the same, I began to look forward with some anxiety to her future.

"'Edith,' I said one day—it was just after an artist, drawn to Norwood by its landscape attrac-

tions, so he said, had ceased to haunt our glens—'Edith, do you know, I am not sure you have not raised in your heart too high a standard of manliness? Walter Emerson is no common man.'

"I know it, Linny. He is talented and good—much too good for me, I fear.'

"And he is cultivated and refined. Why couldn't you love him, Edith?'

"I don't know,' she said, somewhat sadly, 'I sometimes think the crowning glory of womanhood is not for me. But I am not fastidious—I only want what suits me.'

"And failing to find that, you will go to writing poetry, or turn artist. You always had a talent for sketching. It may be your vocation. Mr. Emerson left materials enough to establish you.'

"Do you suppose, Linny, that any vocation, or fame, or pleasure in the exercise of creative power can compensate a woman for the loss of love?'

"I don't know. Perhaps it is the best substitute for it. And the ideal love may be the key to unlock all. Bettina Brentano says, 'Whatever I gain, may it be by this ideal love. It bursts all bars to new worlds of art, and divination, and poetry.'"

"And, Linny, Bettina says, too, in her pretty German-English way, that "these shiverings of love are the breath of a higher existence to which we shall once belong, and which in these earthly blessings only breathes softly upon us."'

"We were sitting under the old elm here at my door as she ceased speaking; we fell into reverie, looking dreamily into the blue space, and in fancy through the veil to the land beyond.

"When Edith was twenty-four years old, the aged pastor of Norwood died, and left a vacant place in the church, by the fireside and in many hearts. It was a new experience for Norwood, and great excitement arose about the succession. The old seemed to think that the foundations of religion were swept away and that the church was afloat on a shoreless sea, when, for the first time a young man made his appearance in the pulpit as permanent incumbent. The young people rejoiced over the innovation, and congratulated each other that Norwood was at last about to fall in with the march of progress. The new clergyman was of all men the one best adapted to stimulate public spirit, to introduce new customs, better suited to the times than the old, and to give an impulse to whatever intellectual and moral power was latent in his parish. He was especially suited to this work, because he had a resistless energy, an unflinching and earnest faith

in his own views, and that indefinable gift which wins affection. His popularity among the younger part of the parish soon rose to a great height; his friends were prepared to sustain him in whatever he proposed. It soon became a battle between conservatism and progress. Conservatism was content with maintaining itself in its old position, with a dogged obstinacy worthy of a better cause. Progress successfully assaulted the outworks and carried the war to the interior fortress. The old people said that Mr. Bernard had indeed a way of enunciating doubtful opinions that made them seem like unquestioned principles; that he indulged freely in those broad, general assertions which sound so grand when one hears them for the first time, but which are, after all, only the echoes of great truths. They admitted his earnestness and sincerity, but they said that his zeal was sure to flag as soon as his aim was accomplished, and then he would desire a second change. There was just enough truth in these allegations to make it difficult to dispose of them satisfactorily. I had not thoroughly liked Mr. Bernard from the first. He did not impress me as a genuine character. Those 'glittering generalities' of which he was so fond, seemed to me hollow and worthless. I fancied his opinions had only a superficial basis. I doubted his steadfastness of purpose. I saw that he was vain, and vanity in a man is usually the index of qualities yet more hateful and ignoble. I disliked his reformatory schemes, because they did not assail the root of the wrong he wished to eradicate. And yet, so great was his magnetic power, so moving his eloquence, and so winning his manner, that in his presence I, too, was borne away on the tide of sympathy, and only when I was alone again could I distinguish this gilded sham from the fine gold of truth. Could I wonder then that Edith's poetic fancy was captivated—that Edith, in whom imagination predominated over reason, should see in Norman Bernard a heroic knight, waging war against all error and wrong, where I saw only an egotistical Don Quixote, tilting against external forms which will fall away of themselves when once the interior spirit is raised to a higher plane? But Edith could not see this superficiality. To her he was the embodiment of lofty purpose, noble daring and brave endeavor. Their tastes, too, were similar. He liked the same authors, loved the same poetry. He had read extensively, and to a good purpose, and he could open to her new thoughts, introduce to her master spirits, whose names only she had hitherto worshipped. And so through these many sympathies, Edith at last poured out the treasures of her heart for

him.* I think no one else suspected all that summer, while he was stealing from her the fragrance and beauty of her richly dowered nature, that they were more than friends; but I read it in the soft depths of her luminous eyes, in the steady carnation glow upon her cheek. I had often wondered whether, when Edith should love, it would be a passionate, troubled emotion, or that still, quiet affection, which, gathering up all the springs of feeling, flows forth in a living tide, tranquil and silent from its very depth. Edith's love was the last. Her faith in him was unreserved, and that love which rests on perfect trust is necessarily entire.

"One midsummer evening Edith came to my home. Would I walk with her? she asked. I knew what she was going to tell me, and I almost dreaded to hear. I had a secret fear that her sweet mine of love would turn to poison. I had too a selfish feeling of my own. I had loved her so dearly, and now he had come between us, I had lost her. But I put this aside, and we went out together. We had a favorite haunt. It was a wooded hill overlooking the village and the patches of field and forest that crowded up to the bases of the mountains. There we had a glimpse of the outward world where two giant forms recoiled from close neighborhood. From childhood we had loved to look away to the open space, and talk of the wonders beyond. To us it was the gate to the vast world. We climbed the hill in silence. My heart was too full to speak, and I knew that Edith shrank from admitting even me to that inner closet of her heart where they two had dwelt together alone. We sat down on a mossy rock, just on the brow of the hill. Sunset was kindling its crimson fires in the west, and the glory gathered about the mountain pass.

"It is like the gate of paradise," I said, "opening out of this low, imprisoned valley into celestial freedom, or like some great affection opening to us the way out of our unloved loneliness."

"It is like Norman Bernard's love to me," whispered Edith.

"I threw my arms around her—I forgot my forebodings—I forgot my selfish fear of losing her.

"O, my dear Edith, may his love be indeed a gate leading to perfect happiness, that shall always endure!"

"It will, Linny. I love him, so it cannot be otherwise. You cannot imagine what a strange sense of repose fills my heart. It is as if all the storms and sorrows of life were overpast." Her look and tone almost pained me, they were so full

of happiness. It seemed like the hush before the tempest.

"Life looks to you as fair as the scenes that we used to imagine lay beyond the Pass."

"Yes, only not definite like those. I only know that there is a light shining over it which will shine forever. Linny, I have given him all the faith and love which I have hoarded up in my whole life. If he should fail me, I should have no place on earth to put my trust. But he will not."

"How could I suggest a doubt? How could I whisper a word that should disturb this sweet repose? It would only have grieved her sorely, and made her love him more to compensate for my ingratitude. Besides, my distrust of Mr. Bernard was founded rather upon my impressions than any positive knowledge, and these might easily deceive me. It grew dark and chilly, and when presently we came down from the hill, I noticed that the crimson tints were quite gone from the west, and gray storm clouds were settling heavily down upon the mountain pass.

Years afterward that sunset, with its quickly-vanishing splendors, came back to me with a sad significance. Mr. Bernard came to meet us. I had not known the charm there could be in his manner toward one whom he loved. It was earnest and tender, touched by a courteous deference, just the manner to win Edith. I could not doubt that he loved her passionately, if only I might trust in his constancy.

"Keep the secret, Linny," said Edith, when we parted. "We three will keep it."

"Yes, we will keep it a little while longer," said Mr. Bernard. "It is too precious to be given over to village gossip yet." So we kept the secret, and summer ripened into autumn, and no one in Norwood knew of Edith Raymond's engagement to Norman Bernard.

"Mr. Bernard was a lover of music, and Edith, whose voice was sweet, and who played well already, had taken unusual pains to improve herself of late, that she might give him the pleasure of hearing good music. I was, however, surprised when she told me that she was going to spend the winter in the city in order to avail herself of the best instruction. I knew how much ingenious planning must have been necessary before this could have been accomplished.

"Can you and Mr. Bernard bear to be separated a whole winter?" I asked, playfully.

"I am not separated from thee if I truly love thee," returned Edith, quoting Bettina again, "and then I make the sacrifice for him."

"Edith," I asked, after a moment, "don't you

intend to tell your father and Rose of your engagement before you go?

"Edith hesitated. 'I almost wish to tell Rose, but Norman doesn't like it, and so I shall wait till I come back.'

"Do you think that is best, Edith?"

"Why not?"

"I could not give my real reason, so I hunted up another.

"It would give Rose so much pleasure to know it."

"Yes, poor little Rose, I am afraid she will be lonely, but Norman has promised to be a brother to her."

"I wished very earnestly that Rose might know he was to be her brother before Edith went, but in the light of her faith my suspicions looked so unlovely that I kept them out of sight, and tried to hide them from myself. When winter came, fierce and stormy, Edith went to the city. I remember the sweet, peaceful look in the eyes that met mine when she bent her head to give me the good-by caress. I have never seen it there since.

"In the months that followed Edith's departure, I saw more of Rose than I had ever done hitherto. I found charms in her character whose existence I had not suspected. I had known her as a sweet, amiable girl, but I had not known of the rare qualities that were latent within her. As now in Edith's absence she let me look little by little into her pure soul, its loveliness so won upon me that I made room for her in my heart. She was like a bird that sings in the far depths of the forest. You hear the melody, you follow on to find the singer, but he has flown, and from the dim distance the sweet tones come back to you, but again he escapes your quest. I was drawn on by a loving curiosity, and daily I learned to appreciate her better. Rose was bashful. Hers was the pure, unworldly loveliness of the white rose.

"Mr. Bernard was with us a great deal. My vague doubts gradually died away. We were three friends who sincerely cared for each other, and what right had I to torment myself with dark forebodings? We enjoyed Edith's letters. Rose and I threw ours into the common treasury, I exercising a prudent reticence in regard to those passages that might betray the secret. Mr. Bernard was silent about his own, and Rose was as unsuspicious as we could desire.

"Edith had been absent a little more than a month, and now the deep snows of midwinter came in all their force, piling up huge drifts in the roads, and making frequent communication

between neighbors impossible. I missed Edith and Rose, and I began to be uneasy at Edith's silence. She did not write me for weeks, and when the letter came it was cold and constrained. In the midst of all this I fell suddenly ill, and for many days the world was a hideous phantasmagoria, where everything took shapes and tones, caught from the recent uneasiness I had experienced about Edith.

"When I awoke from my trance I saw Rose bending over me, looking so pale and wan that at first I was frightened; but she would not let me ask questions, and when soon some one told me how kind she had been, watching day and night, I thought it was her care for me that had paled the soft tint that was wont to flush her cheek. A few more days and the danger was past, then followed the weary convalescence, slow and interrupted. Through it all, Rose was near me with her tender hand and loving heart; but so changed, so strange! She was silent and gay by turns. If I questioned her—'It is not good for you to talk,' was the answer she gave me, and then she would chatter away herself, saying it would not hurt me to listen.

"At last I could bear it no longer. The haunting fear at my heart would not be silenced. One night she was arranging something about my couch, when I caught her hand, and said:

"Rose, my darling, what ails you? You must tell me."

"The hand I held trembled, and her face grew as white as the flower on her bosom. Her eyes dilated, and she tried to speak, vainly at first. At last she faltered forth:

"Only tell me that Edith is not engaged to Norman Bernard, as you said in your delirium!"

"My heart almost stood still. It was this, then. What could I say?

"Only tell me it isn't true!" she said, watching my face with eager eyes, as if she would wrest the secret from me.

"My poor darling! My white Rose!" I murmured.

"She sank down to the floor. 'O, God, it is true, then!'

"I drew her up—I, who was just now so weak—I clasped her in my arms, and my tears fell in showers upon her brown hair. She lifted up her head, and the wild look of agony went to my heart.

"You are crying, Linny. I wish I could cry," the quivering lips whispered.

"Her head sank down again, and she laid her dry cheek upon my pillow. I do not know how long I held her there. I grew very weary and faint, and at last, gently unwinding my arms, I

saw that the overwrought system was relaxed, and that now she slept. It was almost like the sleep of death. She had watched so many nights, bearing this terrible grief all the while. So she slept that night. I would not let them disturb her—she should wake in my arms.

"Morning came—a spring morning—waking to life and joy so many thousands of birds. One of the saddest moments one can know is the awaking from sleep to the fresh consciousness of sorrows. Rose woke soon, looked in my face a moment, then the tears came. I was so glad, for more than anything else I dreaded that dumb woe which cannot find relief in tears. By and-by, when she had wearied herself with sobbing, she could tell me about it.

"If Edith had told me, Linny, this would not have happened. I never suspected it for a moment. I did not care for him until after she was gone, and he came to see me every day, and at last—"

"How long is it since he has behaved like a lover to you, dear?"

"O a long time, nearly three months."

"Only a little month after Edith went away.

"And now what can I do?" said Rose. "I fear he will not make Edith happy, yet he must go back to his love for her. I must do what I can to make him."

"Dear Rose! I had known she could not build her happiness on the ruins of another's hopes, but now my heart leaped up with a warmer love for her. Yet, looking at the slight figure and at the red spot which burned on her transparent cheek, I feared that this sacrifice, this crushed love, this cruel deception, would break down the frail flower. My indignation against the author of all this sorrow burst forth.

"Caroline," interposed Rose, gently, "you must not blame him. I cannot bear that yet. He did not mean to deceive me, I dare say, at first, and he cannot help his nature. He would not love me long, I know, if he could forget Edith."

"I thought of Edith's letter, and I told Rose my fear that she already knew of his unfaithfulness.

"Poor Edith! how will she bear it?"

"I remembered what she said, that she had given him her whole trust and love. But there was no need to tell Rose of anything that would grieve her more. It was beautiful to see her unselfish, sisterly devotion, how completely she put aside her own wounded affections, and turned to the thought of Edith. But I knew that this was an unnatural strength, and I feared

the re-action that must come. I did not see Mr. Bernard often. He must have guessed that I knew of his double treachery, and the unworthiness of his conduct could scarcely be entirely concealed from himself. He need not have feared reproach or injustice from me. I was glad to allow full weight to any excuse that might palliate his fault. I considered his peculiar temperament, imaginative, fickle, excitable and fond of novelty. It was not in his nature to be true to anything or to any one for a great while. I acquitted him of any deliberate intention of wronging Edith or Rose. I knew he loved Edith when she was with him, but once separated from her, and constantly within the sphere of Rose's attractions, his first affection died out, and a new one sprang up, to die, perchance, as quickly.

"It was now the last of May, and time for Edith to come home. The first news I had of her arrival was from Rose. She came into my room in the soft, spring twilight, and sitting down at my side, said quietly:

"Edith has come."

"I had been expecting it for days, and now I trembled to hear it.

"How does she look, Rose?" I asked presently.

"So changed you would hardly know her—like one crushed."

"We were silent a moment, and then Rose said:

"We have talked it all over, Linny, and Edith asked me to tell you. She says she saw a change in his letters very soon, but it was long before she could really believe it. Then she wrote to ask him, and from something he said in reply, she suspected how it was. She gave him back his promise—O, Linny, it was not till after that letter was written that he asked me to love him!"

"I was glad to hear that; it was not much, but I was glad. He had not been dishonorable in words, at least, yet the sin was as dark.

"Edith says we must not speak to her of it," continued Rose. "It is all we can do for her, she says."

"This, then, was the end of all Edith's dreams, the fruit of her entire faith and love! So we were silent about the past, and both Edith and Rose strove to forget. I do not think now that this reserve was wise. Forgetfulness was not possible to such natures as theirs. The imagination brooding in silence upon one subject adds to it daily something more and more terrible. Rose struggled too much against her sorrow; the very effort she made to throw it

off only made it chafe her more. It is by bearing the burden quietly that it rests easily upon us. There are those who seem born for happiness, and when sorrow falls upon them it terrifies and agitates the soul, and it is tossed about in vain strivings after the peace it has lost. Rose sunk under the unequal contest. She grew whiter every day, only the red spot on her cheek burned with ever increasing brilliancy. The community of sorrow had made her dearer than ever to Edith, and my only consolation was, that in caring for Rose, Edith was prevented from dwelling upon her own grief.

"The old feud between conservatism and progress had ceased to agitate the parish. The energy of the young people had found an outlet in another direction, and failing to inspire the old enthusiasm, Mr. Bernard asked to be released from his relation to the society. We were all glad when he was gone—it was a relief not to hear his name every day.

"And now, though June flushed the earth with beauty, our white rose faded. All through the golden days we watched Rose with an anxiety trembling between fear and hope. I was with them always. I could not bear to be absent, for then my thoughts wandered so basily in the past. Rose had always been a favorite with the villagers. Her ethereal loveliness had made her seem to these people of rougher mould, as something very frail and precious, and many ominous prophecies had been pronounced over the slight child whose dreamy, blue eyes had such a look as an angel's might have. But it was not much to the father in his passionate grief that all the village shared it with him—only one sweet drop in the bitter cup. It seemed as if our love might hold her back from death, and yet it is of such pearls the Lord of hosts makes up his jewels.

"August drew away her blue, misty veil, and ushered in the glowing September. There were still warm, sunny days, but the nights soon grew chill. October poured out its fiery splendors upon the waiting forests, and now Rose was very weak. I was sitting by her side in the Indian summer noon, and she raised her small, thin hand, and let me see how transparent were the taper fingers.

"‘When the leaves fall I shall go home,’ she said, softly, a sweet smile fitting over her face.

"I turned away from her to hide my emotion, and looking from the window I saw one yellow leaf waver slowly through the air and fall upon the grass. Ere many days they came down in showers, and then Rose died, and in the still, autumn day, when the south wind rustled the elms, we laid her down beneath the shadows.

"Edith had nothing to sustain her now that Rose was gone. She let her forced energy go, and the state of listless apathy into which she fell alarmed me more than any violent grief would have done. But she said:

"‘Let me rest, Caroline, I shall get stronger by-and-by. I shall find peace sometime. You know I told you once that if he should fail me, I had nothing else on earth to trust in. Now I am afloat on a wide sea, but I shall come safely home at last.’

"And so she waited patiently, and at length she found her way over the dark waters to the tranquil shores of content. She was never again the Edith of old—she had been too utterly crushed and broken, but she learned to smile again, and to interest herself in the common affairs of life; but she never dreamed, never lived in the future. I believed no joy or sorrow could ever again touch her deeply. Life was monotonous, but it was peaceful. I used to think it would always flow on thus, but there was a change to come.

"Once, as I was coming home at night after a day spent with Edith, I saw coming toward me in the distance a familiar figure. I started, tried to think I was mistaken, but no, it was Norman Bernard. He had not been to Norwood since he ceased to be our pastor. He stopped and shook hands in his usual cordial way. The years had not flown lightly with him. His restless temperament had worn away his youth, and he looked careworn and ill. He had many inquiries to make.

"‘Edith was a charming girl. I loved her a great deal at one time. Is she changed much?’ he said.

"My pride for her rose up. ‘Edith has had some sorrows and cares—Rose’s death—and her father is now quite feeble, but she is beautiful yet,’ I answered.

"‘And Rose was very pretty. It must have been a great loss to the family. I missed her, too.’

"So he passed on, and I saw him enter Edith’s door. My head was in a whirl. I could not sleep that night. I scarcely knew what I hoped or feared. The next afternoon I heard that Mr. Bernard had left town. I hastened down to Edith. She was calm, as usual, but there were traces of tears on her cheeks. It was a long time since I had seen them there.

"‘You know he was here last night?’ she said.

"‘Yes.’ I waited for the rest.

"‘He would renew our old relations, and forget the past.’

"‘And you?’

"I cannot. I do not know how to trust him again. My faith is dead—even he cannot give it life again. And I cannot look forward now."

"Here was an end of my little romance. A few weeks after this, Edith said:

"I have something to tell you, Linny."

"I knew what it was. I had been dreading it for months.

"I have told Mr. Pierson that I will be his wife. You know father has wished it so long, and now I have promised."

"Edith!" I could not conceal my pain. A common-place man, utterly incapable of appreciating her—how could I have it so?

"It will please my father," she said, trying to smile, "and it is only one thing more."

"So there was a wedding. It was a June morning—there were joyous faces around—the house was gay with flowers, and Edith was beautiful in her white silk; but I remembered the funeral in that autumn day so long ago, and I did not weep then as I wept now.

"Yet perhaps it was best for her. When, a year ago, Edith drew away the soft coverings from about a tiny form, and let me see her child, there was something of the old gladness in her eyes, and I prayed that these small hands might lead her to real happiness and peace.

THE JEWS.

The Jews themselves have not preserved everywhere their primitive color. In the northern countries of Europe they are white; in Germany many of them have red beards; in Portugal they are tawny. In the province of Cochin China, where a number of them have settled, they have black skins, though they do not contract marriages with foreigners. Prichard says, that there is also at Mattacheri a colony of white Jews, who are called in India "Jerusalem Jews." And, lastly, there are black Jews dwelling in Africa, in the kingdom of Haoussa. Thus great varieties of color have been produced among this people during eighteen centuries, but no change has occurred in their cast of features, habits or ideas. Under a black skin or a white (observes General Dumas), in Soudan, in the Sahara, or the seacoast towns, everywhere Jews have the same instincts, and the twofold aptitude for languages and commerce. Color, then, is not a fixed characteristic. It may vary among members of one and the same race, or of one and the same tribe. And this is frequently observable also in domestic animals.—*Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

LOVE.

I find she loves him much because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence;
And where he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a miser in the dark,
To feast alone.

DRYDEN.

[ORIGINAL.]

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

BY FRANCIS A. COREY.

MARK WALTON, almost immediately after his marriage to Ruth Ashby, had departed, with his young wife, from his pleasant home in one of the New England States, for the wilds of the West, which, just then, was fast becoming the land of promise to all adventure-seekers from every nation. The young couple were accompanied by Lucy Walton, Mark's sister, who, like the good, true woman she was, had left all the old friends and associations, and even the luxuries of civilized life, to share, with her brother, the trials and perils of establishing a new home in the wilderness. It had cost her, at first, a great sacrifice to break all her old attachments, and leave all the old, loved spots which custom and time had rendered so dear and almost necessary to her, yet for her brother's good, and for the sake of the fair, young being who had so nobly promised to bear with him life's trials and triumphs, she had yielded it uncomplainingly, and even joyfully.

Nor was sweet Ruth Walton undeserving of some little praise for the entire trust, love and faithfulness which had prompted her to bid adieu to all once-loved scenes and pleasures, knowing well the trials and even dangers which lay before her—for Mark had concealed nothing when he had asked her to become his wife, but had placed the plain, naked truth before her, and asked her to judge from it—and accompany her husband almost into the very heart of an uncivilized and nearly wild country. To be sure, her sacrifice was less, for she had left father, mother and kindred for one who was to be more than all of these, still it was very great.

A few months previous, Mark had cleared a tract of land in a delightful valley, through which ran quite a large stream of water, and erected and furnished a rude but strong and comfortable log-house, so that there was very little for the happy family to do, when they had reached the place of their destination, after many days of weary travel, but to settle down quietly to the pursuits of the new life which had opened before them, and the new duties which had devolved upon them.

A single year produced many changes in the appearance of the little cleared spot surrounding the new home of the young couple. Mark Walton, by great diligence and perseverance, had rendered it much more extensive, and had even

begun to plough and plant a little; thus beginning, already, to reap something of the sure reward for all his toils. The house, itself, under the judicious management of Ruth, aided by the ready and willing assistance which Lucy Walton was ever anxious to give, had begun to exhibit a much more pleasant and tasteful appearance—snow-white curtains were looped neatly back from the small windows—the rude walls were adorned by many beautiful specimens of the expertness of the two young women, and even many of the native wild flowers had been transplanted, and were blooming in delicate profusion on each side of the door, front of the log-house.

And, added to all these comforts, a few intelligent families had settled in the neighborhood, at several miles apart, with whom visits were frequently exchanged, thus serving to brighten many hours which must otherwise have passed slowly and wearily away.

One day there came a messenger in hot haste, stating that a particular friend of Mark's was dying, and had expressed a wish to see him. The distance to the house of his friend was very considerable, and Mark well knew that he should be obliged to leave his wife and sister alone, the greater portion, if not the whole of the night, but he felt that it was not a case for delay, and at last concluded to go. He could not feel it right to disregard the wishes of a dying man, and Ruth and Lucy bravely prevailed on him to come to this conclusion. They should not be afraid to stay alone just one night, in his absence, they said, and as no serious event had ever happened to alarm them, at last Mark thought it might do to leave them. Still he could not help saying a few words of warning to them before he started.

"Ruth, you and Lucy had better keep mostly in the house during my absence," he said, as he mounted his horse before the door. "And I think you might as well keep the doors fastened, especially after it has begun to grow dark. You will remember, love?"

"Yes, Mark," returned the young wife, her cheek growing slightly pale with the anticipation. "But I hope you don't think there is any danger to be apprehended, do you?"

"O, no," returned Mark, striving to speak as lightly as possible. "If I did, nothing could prevail on me to leave you here alone."

"What peril could possibly threaten us?" Ruth still persisted in asking.

"In reality, nothing! My greatest fear is that you will be very lonely in my absence. If any one should happen to come while I am gone, I do not think you had better open the door to him. Send him away until I return, which will

be at just as early an hour as possible. Be sure and remember!"

He bade them both good-by, and they stood in the low doorway and watched his retreating form until it was lost at last, among the thick trees, and then entered the house again, to attend as usual, to their various duties. It was not until evening had fairly set in, that they began to grow sad and fearful, and even then they refrained from expressing their doubts openly to each other. Still it would have been a great comfort for either of them to have known exactly the state of the other's feelings, but they were both too generous to hazard an inquiry, fearing to excite fears where they had not before been felt.

Late in the evening, while they were sitting silently before the fire, there came a quick, hurried knock at the outer door. They started suddenly, and gazed anxiously into each other's faces, both of which had grown slightly paler. Ruth was the first to recover herself sufficiently to leave her seat. She walked towards the door and asked in a voice which trembled in spite of all her efforts:

"Who is there, and what do you wish?"

"Two travellers, who wish to come in and remain with you to-night," answered some one from outside.

"We cannot keep you very conveniently," Ruth managed, at last, to articulate. "You must pass on to the next house!"

"How far is it?" asked the same voice, after a few moments of hesitation.

"Nearly five miles, to the west of us!"

Again there was a slight pause, and the person from without, said:

"We cannot go so far to-night! My companion has been thrown from his horse, and might die before we could reach there. You must let us in! You may have his murder upon your hands—for it could be no less—if you do not! Will you open the door?"

Ruth's sympathies were touched by what the stranger had spoken. She hesitated a moment, and then looked at Lucy.

"What shall we do?" she asked, shortly.

"I hardly know," Lucy answered. "Mark told us to admit no one."

"Yes, but what if this man's story concerning his companion should be true, and we turn him away to perish?"

"It would be dreadful! We must let them come in! Even if they should prove wicked men, they can but murder us!"

"Yes, and the guilt would then be on their heads—not on ours. We will bid them welcome to our humble home."

She had tried to speak these words bravely, but nevertheless it was with trembling hands that she undid the fastenings and opened wide the door. She could plainly distinguish the forms of two men, through the deep dusk, without.

"Will you walk in?" she asked, quietly.

The two men crossed the threshold together, and Ruth closed the door behind them. It almost seemed to her then as if she was thus shutting out all earthly hope and succor.

"And so you concluded to let us lodge with you?" asked one of the men.

"Yes," she answered. "But," she continued, with a quick start, "I thought one of you had been injured, and was nearly helpless!"

Here one of the men appeared to lean heavily on his companion, who said:

"It appears that my friend was not so much hurt as I at first supposed. He was somewhat stunned by the fall, but now he has nearly recovered, with the exception of still being very weak."

Lucy placed chairs before the hearth, and threw on more wood, and the two strangers seated themselves in silence. They appeared to be rough, strong men, with rather stern countenances, in which many hard lines were drawn, wearing thick, jetty beards, which covered the whole of the lower part of their faces.

Neither Ruth nor Lucy were quite satisfied with the looks of the men, and they had even begun to dislike the story which they had told to gain admittance. They almost doubted it, although they had no positive proof it was not true. The man who pretended that he had been hurt, would occasionally—when he seemed to forget himself—appear as well and strong as his companion, and they began to feel very anxious, and sometimes cast fearful glances towards each other. Nevertheless they were too wise to betray the doubts which they could not help entertaining, to their guests, to any great degree.

Ruth busied herself, as well as she could, in attending to the wants of her guests, while Lucy, at the other end of the room, took up the sewing which she had dropped upon the entrance of the strangers. Suddenly one of the men asked, with some apparent object in view:

"Do you live here alone, young women?"

Ruth was much startled by this question, and came very near betraying her fears, at first. But she managed to answer, very quietly:

"O, no! My husband has been called away on business."

"Will he return to-night?" asked the man, again.

"I don't know. He said he should return as

soon as possible, and I suppose we may expect him at any moment."

Ruth said more than she really thought, but then, she did not wish the men to see how utterly defenceless they were. A few moments afterwards, as she passed near them, with noiseless tread, in attending to some household duty, she heard one of the men ask of the other, in a low, guarded tone, evidently not intended for her ears:

"What shall we do with these women, if they happen to prove troublesome?"

"O," returned the other, with a brutal smile, drawing his hand slowly across his throat, "this will be the best way to silence them."

Ruth shuddered, and grew deathly sick, but at last managed to creep back, away from them, unseen. She knew, then, that all the fears she had entertained were not groundless, and with the knowledge of her own and Lucy's peril, came the resolution to meet it bravely. She possessed a great deal of nerve and courage, under her quiet demeanor, and in a few moments, when she had mastered her first terror, she became dreadfully calm.

She had been preparing a light repast for the strangers, and, for a while longer she went quietly on with her work. Then she thought, as the peril threatened Lucy as well as herself, it was only right that they should both be ready to meet it. For this reason she tried to warn her without exciting the suspicion of the two men.

"Lucy," she began quietly, "will you come and help me slice this bread?"

Lucy was somewhat surprised, but she threw down her sewing, and went to the assistance of her friend. As soon as she could, without attracting attention, she said in a low, earnest tone:

"Be on your guard, and beware of these men? They mean to murder us!"

Lucy uttered a quick cry, which must have reached other ears besides those for which it was intended, for one of the men looked at them very sharply.

"Hadh't you better cut them slices a little thicker?" asked Ruth, loud enough for them all to hear, for she wished to reassure the men, if possible.

"Hush," she continued in a low tone, the moment they were unobserved, "be quiet, or you will betray all, and we shall be lost! We must not show the least sign of weakness or suspicion. It would only serve to hasten them in the work which they are here to perform. Be very brave and cautious, if you would live to meet Mark once more!"

"But what shall we do? I do not feel safe here a moment longer!" said Lucy, anxiously.

"We must leave matters to take their own course, for a time, but we can continue to be watchful and alert; Heaven help and direct us!"

The two heroic women resumed their employment with beating hearts, though strangely calm and unconcerned, to all appearance. The rude pine table was covered with a snowy cloth, the plates laid, and in a very few moments a tempting repast was placed before the two men, to which they did ample justice. When the meal was concluded, one of the men arose, and expressed a wish to retire. This was just what Ruth was expecting, and she placed a lamp in his hand, and directed his attention to the only remaining apartment of the hut. Through this the guests passed, after bidding their entertainers a friendly good-night.

"I don't see what can have come over me, Bill! I'm deuced sleepy!" exclaimed one of them, when they were alone together.

"I feel rather dozy myself, Tom," returned his companion. "Suppose we lay down and rest a while before we proceed to business? It can't do any hurt for an hour or two."

"No, we shall feel all the better for it."

The room was furnished with a couple of good beds, placed in opposite corners, and each of the ruffians staggered to one, threw himself upon it, and soon they were both sleeping heavily. When their guests had retired, Ruth and Lucy remained quiet for some time. Then the former arose, and listened a moment at the door.

"They have fallen asleep, thank God!" she said, as she heard their heavy breathing. "Now there is some hope for us!"

"Did you notice them when they left the room?" asked Lucy in a guarded tone. "The one who pretended to be sick, appeared to forget his assumed character, and walked as well and as rapidly as his companion! That alone proves them all we had suspected, and, merciful God! we are alone with them, and completely in their power!"

"Do not despond," said Ruth, encouragingly. "We are safe for at least a few hours to come. That old wine in their cups was drugged!"

Lucy stared at her companion, for a moment, in utter amazement.

"I remember you placed some upon the table for them. Did you add the sleeping-potion yourself?"

"Yes. We were nearly helpless and in danger, and I have done all that was in my power. While under the influence of the drug I have administered, we can bind them, and even take their weapons away, if necessary. Mark will be here before daybreak, and then we shall be per-

fectly safe. It was a last resort, but I think it will prove successful."

The brave-hearted young wife procured two stout pieces of cord, and giving one to Lucy, with a few simple directions, they entered together the apartment tenanted by their guests and would-be murderers. They found the men to be sleeping heavily, and without the least hesitation Ruth advanced to the bedside of the nearest one. With the cord she carried, she fastened the ruffian's hands together, and each end was wound around the stout bed-posts, so that it would have been next to impossible for him to rise, or change his position, unassisted. Having done this, she secured the knife and pistols in his belt, and then turned to assist her friend. But Lucy was quite equal to the new duty which had devolved upon her, and Ruth found the ruffian's companion to be in nearly the same secure condition. When completely convinced of their comparative safety, and assured their worst troubles were over, the unusual strength and resolution of these heroic women entirely deserted them, and they sank upon the floor weak and helpless, but with happy and thankful hearts.

The hours dragged slowly away. At last the men began to recover from the effects of the drug which had been administered to them, and great was their surprise and fury when they discovered that they had been completely outwitted, and by a couple of women, too! They threatened and begged to be released, but both alike were of no avail. Their captors were deaf to all entreaties, for they were too well acquainted with the natures of the men with whom they had to deal.

Just at daybreak, Mark Walton returned. After listening to the recital of the perils that encompassed his loved ones in his absence, he clasped his wife and sister to his bosom with a thankful heart, and blessed the infinite mercy of him who had given them the strength and resolution to gain such a complete victory.

The two ruffians, "Bill" and "Tom," were discovered to be old offenders, and were dealt with accordingly. By some means they had heard of Mark's unexpected departure, and had attempted to take advantage of his absence, feeling satisfied that Ruth and Lucy were left alone in the house. How they succeeded the reader already knows. Mark caused them to be removed to the nearest jail, where they soon afterwards met the just punishment due for their many crimes.

COUPLET.

God's dealings still are love—his chastenings are alone
Love now compelled to take an altered, louder tone.

R. O. TAYLOR.

[ORIGINAL.]

My Success as a Match-Maker.

BY MRS. JOSIE SIGNOR LOVERING.

It was too bad—actually provoking. That was the least I could say about it, even in my coolest and calmest of moods.

I was a newly-married young woman. Very good, so far; especially for a homely little fright, who never expected any such a precious streak of luck; who, minus beauty, fortune, accomplishments, grace, wit, art, a manœuvring mama, and in fact, everything supposed to go towards multiplying a girl's matrimonial chances; possessing only the doubtful attractions of an ugly face, a saucy tongue, and a temper like the edge of a sharp axe on a frosty morning,—had resignedly (which means, of course, that I couldn't help myself) set a very wry face towards the Sahara of an old maid's life, when all of a sudden—pop!—young man, moonshine, poetry, kisses, blushes, white kids, wedding-cake, a parson, a ring,—and goes the weasel! Behold me the sole proprietor of a dear, handsome, big-hearted specimen of that race of monsters, yclept men, who is such a delicious old goose as to think there isn't such another pretty, witty, lovable wife in the world as his own—bless the precious, mistaken darling's heart!

But that isn't what I was provoked about. Not at all.

I had a brother,—a bachelor, with just the greatest, handsomest black eyes, and moustache enough to stuff a sofa cushion! There's a description for you, romance writers! He loved me within one inch of my life, and I him. This rather hazardous state of affection on his part was manifested,—I forget just how, before marriage,—and afterward by making all manner of fun of me and my husband (sheer envy!)—especially during our honeymoon, and in scolding me for not remaining single to preside over his bachelor's den in the city. On my part, it was displayed in the persevering, determined, unwavering attempt to supply my place in the afore-mentioned mistressless den, by finding him a wife. In other words I took to match-making—the proper mission of married women, who haven't cut their wisdom teeth, and are willing to have their noses snubbed by the very persons they are trying to befriend.

But *that* wasn't what I was provoked about, either.

What was it, then? Dear me! Where's the use in hurrying a body? I was coming to the

point as fast as possible. I wish people wouldn't ask questions, and put me out.

Well, here was the case, exactly. Of all, my young lady friends, little Laura Edmonds—pretty as a peach, proud as Lucifer, quicker with her tongue than a cat is with her paws,—and withal the dearest, sweetest, nicest, most lovable bit of femininity that ever made Cupid aim his arrows at his own heart, in the suicidal frenzy of forgetfulness, was the wife my heart had chosen for Charley—the good-for-nothing fellow who would have been only “half a pair of shears” to this day, if I hadn't interested myself in his welfare.

So I coaxed her to get a vacation from her tiresome school-duties (she was a teacher), and come and spend the month of July with me at my home. Then with a long, affectionate, sisterly letter, I beguiled Charley from his dusty law-books in the neighboring city; and once having them both under the same roof with me, I managed so skillfully that before three weeks had passed, they were so deliciously deep in a flirtation, that I didn't see how either of them could take a single step further without being precipitated into the other's arms. I speak figuratively.

Just at this most interesting and dangerous stage of the proceedings, who should walk into my parlor one blessed afternoon, looking her handsomest in a bewitching travelling costume, but that hateful Margaret Briece?

(Explanatory:—She was a superb creature—this Margaret! An old flame of Charley's, who had jilted him years before, but would have been glad enough to get him afterward, everybody knew, but my blessed brother himself. She was five years older than my sweet little Laura, and an unscrupulous flirt.)

You may well believe I didn't feel like giving her a cordial welcome; for I had a sudden suspicion, that if I didn't keep a pretty sharp eye to the fire I had kindled, I should find my cake dough in spite of it. If my reception of her was rather cool, she didn't appear to notice it, but kissed me affectionately on either cheek, and then, pulling off her little gloves, went forward and offered Charley both her warm, white hands. I saw a flush rise in his cheek as he took them in his for a moment, and concluded that Miss Margaret had not only made my cake dough, but had gone still further, and resolved it back into its constituent parts of flour and water. How I longed to bite her!

Her words of greeting were, I dare say, common-place enough; but she made them exquisitely sweet and graceful, by the look which accompanied them, and the melodious tone in

which they were uttered. Even in my vexation, her rare smile (and there are few women who *can* smile, their attempts result either in grins or grimaces), and the music of her voice slid over my jarred nerves and soothed them, as the stroke of a cool, velvety palm soothes feverish flesh. If they had such an effect on *me*, what would become of Charley? I ground my teeth with feminine rage.

I always took considerable credit to myself for my skill in reading faces, and when I introduced Laura and Margaret to each other, the swift but silent crossing of invisible weapons between them did not escape my notice. At first they exchanged only the courteous smile of well-bred strangers, pleased at the prospect of an acquaintance with each other; then, an instant after, furtive glances, stolen from under half-raised lids, then a wide, bright, daring eye-flash—a sort of heat lightning, hardly distinguishable from the golden atmosphere through which it darted its electric thrill; a defiant telegram between two women whose purposes crossed, and who understood and challenged each other. Margaret's look, as I interpreted it, said:

"Step aside, if you please, Miss Edmonds. You are in my way. This lover of yours was mine once. He belonged to me before he did to you, and I have the best right to him. My claim is the oldest, and I reassert it."

Laura's eyes answered:

"Take him, and welcome,—if—you—can—get—him! I shall take no pains to hinder you; but keep those two subtle white hands of yours close, for I will make your game slippery for you to hold."

Charley looked on, probably comparing their different styles of beauty, without once snuffing (the stupid!) the smell of battle in the magnetized air around him. I, standing between, reached an ally's hand to Laura, and a traitor's to Margaret.

Three days slipped away; days of quiet gravity to Laura, of mirth, and wit, and coquetry to Margaret, of unaccountable restlessness to Charley, and of chagrin and disappointment to myself. To say, after that lapse of time, that my cake was dough, would have been mockery; to have declared it unmixed flour and water would but faintly have expressed the state of things. It had returned so nearly to the primal and unadulterated condition of nature, that the flour was field-wheat just sprouted, and the water had not yet rained down from the clouds.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, we all sat together in the parlor, Margaret, as usual, monopolizing Charley; Laura busy with pencil and

paper, trying to sketch from memory a landscape she had seen the day before; while I, pretending to sew, was only acting the spy on the whole trio.

Laura's dress was severely and almost affectingly plain and simple. She seemed determined to make herself as unattractive as possible. Her gown was a soft gray berage, high in the throat, trimmed only with quilled ribbons of the same sober tint, with a bit of costly lace (for she was fastidious in trifles) running about the neck of it, and fastened with a plain, old-fashioned gold brooch. Her brown hair was put smoothly behind her ears, and twisted into a rich, silky knot, without comb or ribbon or flower to ornament it. Dear heart! She was one of those royally proud women who would give a rival every possible advantage, and wrest her victory, if she had it at all, from the very teeth of threatened defeat.

Margaret wore white, with jet ornaments. The *crape fichu* (for she was in mourning), which covered her shoulders, made them look icily white and polished. Her bare arms had a gleam like ivory,—and her face, O, her radiant, bewildering, beautiful face! with the deep rose-tints in the cheeks, the pomegranate ripeness of the smiling mouth—the large eyes, full of violet-black shades and golden lights; the rich sweep of curls, drawn low on the forehead, and coiled round carelessly, to the confinement of the little jewelled comb, from which half the weight of her magnificent hair, seemed forever breaking, in ringlety rebellion!

"How entranced Charley is!" murmured Laura, leaning towards me with a smile. "Do you know, I can think of nothing but Owen Meredith's poem, 'A La Marquise,'" and she hummed over in a soft undertone:

"'Tis so fair! would my bite, if I bit it, draw blood?
Will it cry if I hurt it? or scold if I kiss?
Is it made with its beauty of wax or of wood?
Is it worth while to guess at all this?"

I answered back in the same subdued voice, though a little spitefully, I fear:

"With live women and men to be found in the world
(Live with sorrow and ain—live with pain and with passion)
Who would live with a doll, though its locks should be curled,
And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion!"

Laura laughed, and turned to her sketch-book. Looking up with a sigh, I saw Margaret watching her from under her long lashes. Had she heard us? Her glance was so protracted and steady, that I repaid my unconscious friend's debt with interest, and stared at Margaret. Suddenly the direction of her eyes changed, and she encountered mine.

"Well, how do I look, Josie?" she asked, in

a tone of voice so peculiar I knew she had been aware of my scrutiny all the time.

"No better than some other folks!" I answered, shortly.

"O dear! I suppose not," she said, in her most tantalizing way.

"Your face has changed the least, during the past five years, of that of any of my friends. At twenty two you looked no younger than now."

The resentful blood rushed up into her face. Trust a woman to know how to provoke a woman. She flashed her eyes and shut her red lips together. If she hadn't been two or three months my brother's senior, this allusion to her age would not have troubled her. I suppose it was meanness on my part, but when was ever a match-maker scrupulous?

"Yes, my love, I know it's so," she replied, recovering from her momentary dismay, and giving me a smile bright as sunshine on ice. "I don't show my age plainly. Hardly one in ten ever guess at it correctly. I regret that it is so, for to be taken for the giddy girl, whose folly and heartlessness I have outgrown, is much less pleasant than even the alarming *soubriquet* of old maid. Now there's our dear Laura will be more fortunate. At my age she will look ten years older than I do. Her sweet, spiritual face never will belie itself so naughtily as mine."

There! she had done nicely, hadn't she?

"Indeed! what a pale, thin, shadowy little spinster I shall make, shan't I?" laughed Laura, good-humoredly pausing in her work to sharpen a pencil.

"Let me do that for you, Miss Edmonds!" cried Charley, springing forward, and taking the pencil from her hand. Was it all a manoeuvre on Laura's part, that their fingers became entangled, and lingered together a moment as if liking the contact? Evidently, for Charley turned away from her almost immediately, and fell to sharpening the pencil, without deigning her a second glance.

"You spoke about outgrowing heartlessness, Maggie," he said, glancing back at the window-seat he had deserted. Is that possible?"

"I think so," she answered, softly, giving him a magnetic glance.

"I am glad of it," he replied, with a light laugh. "I have been heart—less for a number of weeks, and snatch at every feeble hope of a change in my condition."

"People so afflicted are very apt to change their condition," was Margaret's answer.

How suggestive!

"Does Nature ever outgrow vacuums?" asked Laura, saucily.

"Not being a student of nature, I can't pretend to say," answered Charley. "What's your opinion?"

"I should say not. To lose one's heart would be a tolerably easy matter, or to find one that somebody else had lost. But for a person born destitute of such an organ, to grow one, as they would a potato or a turnip, would, I imagine, be a difficult task."

"Why so?"

"Because you have neither seed, root nor bulb to begin with, as in the case of vegetables."

"But if some other heart furnishes seed?"

"Still you have no soil."

"Ah, you incorrigible!" And he made a feint of throwing the pencil at her head, instead of which he very absent-mindedly pocketed it together with his penknife, and walked back to his former position beside Margaret.

"Laura has proved my situation dangerous beyond hope of recovery," he said, heaving a theatrical sigh, as he flung himself down on the carpet at her feet.

"You prefer her opinion to mine, then?" she asked, bending down so closely over him, that her crimson mouth almost hovered against his forehead.

"Did I say so? Who shall decide when doctors disagree!"

"I would like my pencil, Mr. Signor," spoke up Laura, just then.

He didn't seem to hear her. She repeated her request; still no answer from Charley, who had all at once fallen to inspecting the mourning ring on Margaret's hand.

"Mr. Signor, I would like my pencil, if you are not deaf," said Laura, for the third time, a little sharply.

"Which he is, my dear!" I interrupted, pettishly. "How can he help it, when Margaret has all the afternoon been filling his ears?"

She was whispering to him then, but looked up, flushing crimson.

"It's a pity I couldn't do the same with some people's heads," she exclaimed, fierily.

"Which, if you had brains to fill them with, would be a good idea, so you only commenced like charity, at home;" I retorted.

Charley looked half amused, half pained by the turn affairs had taken.

"I would like my pencil, if you please, put in Laura perseveringly, for the fourth time, still with the utmost good humor.

"You have worked enough for once," said Charley, consequentially. "I prefer you should join in the conversation."

"Indeed!" How the little witch laughed, as

she uttered the exclamation. I couldn't comprehend her merriment, I was thoroughly and righteously indignant. What right had he to play lover to one and tyrant to the other?

"For shame, Charles Signor! I thought you were a gentleman!" I cried, angered almost to tears.

He colored to the temples, but immediately drew the pencil from his pocket, and extended it towards Laura, saying, "Come and get it."

His impoliteness fairly shocked me. Margaret, watching the whole with her beautiful, stealthy eyes, looked delighted.

"No, thank you," replied Laura, leaning back in her chair. "I wouldn't for worlds, deny you the pleasure of bringing it to me."

"Which magnanimity on your part shall be repaid," he answered, as he rose and went forward with the pencil. As he laid it on her hand, he stooped over her suddenly, and—good gracious!

Before I could catch breath, after such a piece of audacity—he was off again, but the sound of those kisses rings in my ears yet. I saw the rich glow mount my darling's face, and the sinking of the full white lids over her eyes. How could she look so pleased, I wondered, when in my opinion, the caress, under the circumstances, was scarcely less than an insult?

That morning, I resolved to take Charley to task. He might have Margaret, if he wanted to, but he shouldn't trifle with Laura. Fortune favored me. He sauntered into the parlor, while the girls were both in their rooms, and I was alone.

"Where is she?" he asked, as he came in.

She! Had it come to that, then? Was there but one woman in the world for him that he should speak in that way?

"*She* is up stairs," I replied, emphasizing the word, with considerable spite.

"Call her, wont you? It's been an age since I saw her, it seems one, at least."

"Full twenty minutes, by the clock," I answered, ironically.

"You mean, spiteful little sister! You know I haven't had a serious word with her to-day."

"And never will, if you wait for her to speak it. She hasn't got sense enough to talk anything but gossip and sentiment."

"Why, Josie, what ails you?"

"She's a heartless flirt!" I kept on angrily, determined to free my mind while I was about it.

"I deny it," he responded, a little warmly. "No woman of honor, sense, or delicacy, will stoop to professional coquetry, and she has all that in abundance."

"I should think so. You seem to admire her." "Admire! I love her!"

"O, you great idiot!" I cried, shocked completely out of my politeness. Then with a sudden rush of tears—I was so disappointed—I sobbed out:

"And I had set my heart on your marrying—"

There I broke down.

"Not that other creature!"

O, O! he called her a *creature*!

"It's no use, my dear child," he said, coming along and smoothing my hair, tenderly. "Don't take on so bitterly! I'm sorry for your disappointment, but really I know you'll like my choice better than your own, finally. And in matters of this kind, people *will* select for themselves, Josie."

Remember that, match-makers!

"Are you engaged?"

"Yes"

O, O! Another burst of sobs.

"How long have you been so?"

"These three weeks."

Just then Laura came in. Seeing Charley, she ran up to him, and put her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

O don't, don't!" I cried. "He's—he's—he's—O, he's engaged!"

"I know it. But he promised not to tell you for six weeks yet. We made such quick work of our courtship, I was ashamed to have you know it! I wont kiss you again for a week, sir!" she flouted, turning to him, and pouting her lips.

"Let us see." And he reached his mouth down to her. She kissed it, and then boxed his ears. Meantime I was stupid with amazement.

"*You! you!*" I managed to gasp out, after a while. "Is it you he is engaged to?"

"Of course. I wouldn't be kissing anybody's else intended husband, would I?"

"I thought it was Margaret!"

"Margaret!" muttered Charley, curling his lip.

"Margaret!" laughed Laura.

"Did any one call me?" asked a soft voice from the doorway, just then. I looked around, and saw Margaret. The sight of her called back my scattered wits.

"Yes, I did. I want you to come here and congratulate this couple on their engagement."

She turned pale. The next day she went home. Wasn't it mean? All my planning and fretting, and fearing and fussing, to go for nothing? I haven't tried to make a match, since.

Habit in a child is at first a spider's web; neglected, it becomes a thread or twine; next, a cord or rope; finally, a cable: then who can break it?

[ORIGINAL.]

L U G E O .

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

He will not come—he will not come,
 She sighed, in plaintive strain;
 He will not come—he will not come,
 And I have looked in vain.

He dwalleth in an orient bower,
 Beyond the dark blue sea,
 Where murmur soft and fairy winds
 Beneath the wide palm-tree.

Another's music blinds him now,
 Another's eyes have charmed:
 But see, he shudders at her touch!
 He starts—he is alarmed!

There is a frenzy in his eye,
 And madness in his brain;
 His breath more fiery than the warm,
 The dread sirocco's train.

Perchance some memory has touched
 His cold and joy heart
 Of her he fondly swore to love,
 When last they met to part.

But all again is calm and still
 Beneath the orient palm;
 Alas, he evermore shall sleep
 In death's eternal calm!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STORY OF A GENIUS.

BY M. A. AVERY.

With a noble and generous heart, a sensitive, but yet lofty and aspiring spirit, talents much above the common order, and rare honesty and integrity of purpose, Hermon Dorn was yet poor, and obliged to struggle manfully with adverse fortune in his earlier years, to procure the means for even a common school education.

Now, however, by teaching a part of the time, and the help of a darling sister, he was enabled to pursue his academic studies more at his leisure, and earnestly enough was he endeavoring to fit himself for a sphere of future honor and usefulness. Urged on by the ambitious yet honest desire to raise himself and his family above their present lowly condition, he soon far outstripped his classmates in the pursuit of that knowledge which he some day hoped he could alchemize into fame and fortune.

And during the last few months, another and still stronger inducement had been presented to his mind to lead him to strive to conquer fate,

and win for himself a place and a name, and that was the distinguishing notice of the proudest and most beautiful girl in the whole school, who was not slow in discovering his superior merits and attractions.

Her father, General Raymond, belonged to one of the oldest, proudest, and most aristocratic families in the State, and the pride of their high birth had lost nothing in its transmission through the veins of the downcoming generations, though as much could not be said with truth of their once boasted family wealth. Miss Raymond's father lived within two miles of the academy; but an aunt of hers, in more reduced circumstances, lived much nearer, and took boarders from the school to eke out a living, and here it was that Hermon Dorn became acquainted with the beautiful Martha Raymond.

Being an only daughter, and petted and idolized from her infancy, she had been used to have every wish of her heart gratified. Her will in her father's house had been law. And now that she was grown up, she of course took the liberty to do as she pleased, and when she met the fine-looking, agreeable and talented Dorn, heard him praised as the best scholar in school, saw how deferentially he was treated by the teachers, and became fascinated by his deep, melodious tones, well-chosen and sometimes eloquent words and modest manners, she thought it no derogation of her dignity if she too condescended to notice him; not as proudly and as was her wont, but in such a delicate, unobtrusive way as would have flattered the vanity of nearly every young man in school, and actually won his generous heart.

For months the acquaintance was pursued with mutual pleasure, and each, after a time, began to imagine they had found their soul's chosen mate. She knew that he was poor, that his friends, from some cause, did not occupy a distinguished position in society, that he had been obliged to economize in every way, and struggle hard for what education he had already gained; but she believed he had energy and talent enough to raise him to the highest position, and when that was assured to him, she thought his friends might shine by his borrowed light. She knew little of poverty but the name, and thought love in a cottage, till he could rear the palace, would be a very pretty affair. And thinking and dreaming thus, she learned to love the young student with all the ardor of her impulsive and impassioned nature.

The return that he made might have been of a temperate and subdued character, for he remembered his poverty, the proud character of her family, and the thousand obstacles that stood in

the way of their union ; but still he did love her better than all others, and her encouraging words, loving looks and tender tones served to cheer and strengthen him in his ambitious resolutions, long before their mutual love was acknowledged, and future plans talked of.

But that came at last, and so did the last week of the last term they were to spend together in such endearing and delightful intercourse. They were both to graduate from the seminary where they had spent so many blissful hours, and taken deep draughts from the Parnassian spring, and as Hermon had resolved to go to a distant place to study a profession, they looked forward to a separation of months or years.

One afternoon of the last eventful week, there was no school, on account of some preparations that were making for the exhibition, and some of Mrs. Eldred's boarders, including Hermon and Martha Raymond, took advantage of the opportunity to take a long walk over the hills, and down by the river, that they might enjoy in those golden hours the pleasant intercourse that with them was so soon to have an end. For all of them at the close of the term were to pursue separate walks in life ; some to enter upon its more active duties, others to bury themselves for years in classic lore, and then, as they hoped, to rise from their long college eclipse, like suns and stars, to light the mental and moral universe.

As was very natural, the party who began their ramble gaily, and altogether, soon grew dreamy and silent, and paired off to suit their several fancies, and the magnetic attraction of course drew Hermon and Martha together, till they found themselves seated alone upon a great rock that overlooked the river, and a very pleasant and beautiful landscape. After a long silence, Hermon said :

"I can hardly believe, dear Martha, that one in your position will be constant and true to a poor humble student like me, who cannot even command the means to fit himself thoroughly for the profession he has chosen. When I am gone away, as I soon must be, wealth and rank, talent and beauty will be striving to win your heart away from me, and I too often fear they will be successful."

"Never," said Martha, earnestly. "You have too little faith in yourself and me, Hermon. What care I for any wealth or rank your talents cannot win, or greater talent or beauty than you already possess ? I, at least, am unchangeable."

"But your estimate of my talents may be erroneous, and a thousand things may prevent my ever attaining that success I surely hope for. And do you think you could with me bear pov-

erty, scorn, and the contempt of your proud friends, which would be ours if I were unsuccessful ? Think of it, Martha, and dear as you are to me, if you wish it, I will now release you from your promise."

She did think of it, and there was evidently a struggle going on in that proud heart, as she rested her glowing cheek upon her hand, and thought of the future. But try as she would, she could see only its rose hues then, it looked only like a long, blissful dream with him to share its vicissitudes ; so fondly and blushing placing her hand in his, she said :

"Whatever your lot in life may be, Hermon, I love you, and will gladly share it."

"But if your proud friends should say nay, Martha ?" and he pressed the fair hand to his lips.

"They will not say nay when the time for disclosure arrives ; and they learn to read your future as I do now. Now, indeed, I know my father would frown upon you, because of your poverty, and though my good, easy aunt likes you very much, and is always praising you, she would not be pleased to know that her niece likes you better still, or that her careless and liberal views have done much towards furthering our friendship. But have patience, Hermon, till you have conquered some of the difficulties of your position, and have no fears but that they will appreciate you as I do now, and all the more for the courage you display in your warfare against adverse fortune."

These, and many other words of like import, were very cheering to the young lover's heart ; but we shall see, presently, whether Martha Raymond's love, strong and passionate as it was, could bear even one severe and trying test. The afternoon was drawing to a close, as they walked homeward, with the rest of the party following at some distance in the rear. As they emerged from the fields into the open street, near Mrs. Eldred's, both noticed a man driving up with an old jaded horse and market wagon, and also that there was something queer and peculiar in his personal appearance. The heart of Hermon Dorn beat fast as he neared them, and his companion paused to observe him more closely, for beneath the coarse, soiled garb of the teamster, he recognized the form of his own father, and saw with shame that he was very perceptibly drunk. If he could he would have avoided the meeting, but that was impossible.

"Look, Hermon, that old fellow has been drinking—see how he reels and totters—he will certainly fall out of his wagon," exclaimed the young lady by his side. "Why he and his

whole outfit look as if they had come out of Noah's ark, don't they, Hermon? They were certainly all got up long before the flood, to judge by their fashion, and they ought to be laid up for future generations to wonder over."

Hermon shivered. She felt his arm tremble, and looking to see why he did not reply, she saw that his face was very pale, his lips compressed as by some hidden agony, and his whole appearance indicative of some unusual emotion, which was all explained a moment afterwards by the man's calling out in a drunken, maudlin tone, as he neared them:

"Hullo, old fellow, that's you, is it? How do you do, my boy? What, too proud to speak to your old father, because you've got a pretty girl upon your arm? That's not like you, Hermon, my boy."

Martha looked up to Hermon in terror and astonishment; she dropped his arm as if it were plague-stricken, and her face flushed, and her eyes flashed with anger as she said:

"Is it possible *that man* is your father, Hermon Dorn?"

"It is," said Hermon, huskily, and with a slight hesitation.

"What, that dirty, blear-eyed, disgusting drunkard your own father?"

"It is even so." And this time there was courage and resolution in his tones.

"O, Hermon," she exclaimed, in agonized tones, "this trial is greater than I can bear! Could I consort with such miserable wretches as that? Never! Call such an one father if you must, Herman Dorn, but never, O, never will I call him mine! Go and forget me if you will, as I shall you, for I feel the old proud blood in my veins, and the daughter of General Raymond will never mate with a drunkard's son!" And casting upon both a glance of withering scorn, she turned and walked proudly away.

The old man had stopped his horse, and glared at her with a drunken stare; but he was not so drunk but that he understood every cutting and ill-starred word, and he clenched his whip, and his eyes flashed angrily as she left them, while Hermon grew pale, his lips quivered, and his sensitive heart swelled almost to bursting, with the unutterable agony of a love scorned and thrown back upon him—a trust broken and trampled upon—and a pride as great as her own bowed with shame and sorrow to the dust.

He had been as much surprised by her conduct as he would have been if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, though a little more experience of the world would have shown him that many a girl, not half so proud as Martha Raymond,

would have left him and broken an engagement under the circumstances. Had he had less faith in her love for him and her native nobleness of soul, and explained his unfortunate situation to her more fully, so that her mind could have been prepared for such a scene, her conduct might have been far different. As it was, he could hardly blame her, even though his own heart was wrung with shame and agony.

But, however keen and severe his disappointment, in that hour of stern trial, Hermon Dorn was not one to forget his duty to his erring father, who sat there in his old wagon, in a half stupid state, just making out to balance himself upon the rough board that answered for a seat, muttering and mingling half intelligible curses upon the proud girl who had scorned him, with words of endearment and condolence to his darling son.

It required as much true courage as many a martyr or hero of antiquity possessed, to get into that shabby old wagon, with his drunken father, gently take the reins from his palsied hands, put one arm around him, to steady him upon the seat, and then, in the face of his gay school-mates, and everybody who chose to look, drive slowly by Mrs. Eldred's house, and through the village; but Hermon Dorn did it, and it may be he felt a sort of savage joy, as he went by, in showing Martha Raymond, whose eyes he knew would be upon him, that he did not for her sake, or that of the lofty pride that swelled his own bosom, forsake the now helpless author of his being, or forget, or evade a solemn duty. Hermon was not mistaken, for from an upper window Martha did see the whole proceeding, and in her heart only admired him the more for his manly courage.

"If it were my father I would have done the same," she murmured. "But why, O, why must one so truly noble be cursed with such a living disgrace?" And then she thought regretfully of what she had done to wound that noble heart which she might so easily have consoled and strengthened; tender feelings for him returned with tears, and for a time love triumphed.

It was midnight in the little brown cottage, the home of Hermon Dorn, and yet Selina, his sister, listened anxiously to the measured tread of footsteps in her brother's chamber, and her heart yearned to give him comfort and sympathy. He had said little that night upon his return, but his pale cheek and dreary look assured her, skilled as she was in the heart's mysteries, that some unusual cause of trouble, aside from his father's inebriety, weighed heavily upon his spirits. And

now his restless footsteps smote upon her heart like a knell, till she grew nervous and fearful, and could bear it no longer. She got up and dressed, and then went and knocked at the door of his chamber. With a light in his hand, he opened it, with rather a bad grace, it must be confessed, though he loved and almost revered his sister, who was two years older than himself, and had done much for him.

"You are unhappy, Hermon," and she kindly took his hand. "Come, sit down and confide the cause to me, as you have often done before, and your heart will be the lighter for the confidence."

"You have guessed truly, Selina; my heart is crushed with shame and sorrow, and I fear it will never be light again. But I am sorry, my dear sister, if I have disturbed your rest by my restless noises."

"I care not for that, Hermon, if my sympathy can lessen your griefs; but whatever the cause, do not despair, the heart of youth is elastic; all the lesser trials of life do but sadden and crush it for a season, and when the skies brighten the clouds of anguish are dispersed," said she, earnestly.

"Mine are none of the lesser trials, Selina, but the greatest that can ever wring a deeply sensitive heart. You, with your calm, even temper, and gentle affections, can never know how shame and disappointed love can stir such passionate souls as mine."

"Do you think so?" and Selina rose agitatedly. "Know then that mine is the calm after the storm—that however deeply you may suffer, I have done the same, and can feel with and for you, though this is the first time such words have passed my lips."

After pacing up and down the room several minutes to calm her perturbed feelings, she came back to him and said:

"We both, from some fatality, seem born to a life of trial and disappointment; but let us live in such a way as to secure happiness hereafter, if we cannot have it here. Let us guide and guard the erring footsteps of those who will hereafter, undoubtedly, be dependent upon us, even as you have done to-night, seeking pleasure only in duty, and looking forward to the end of life for our reward, and it may be even, that a reward will come to us before the end. Will you not do this, dear brother?"

"Selina, what you ask is more than I have courage to perform. My hope and strength are all gone, I can do it no longer here; but in some foreign land, away from the continual sight and memory of our shame and misery, I will strive

to do my duty by those who have a just claim upon me."

"And do you suppose you can do it by going to a foreign land, and dying, perhaps, alone and friendless among strangers? No, no, Hermon, it must not be. For our dear, patient mother's sake, you must stay to cheer her in her toilsome duties, and smooth her rough and thorny passage to the tomb. But tell me the story of your disappointment, and then I can better judge what is best for you." And with a look of deep sympathy she again sat down beside him.

Hermon told her all, and then, grown man though he was, he laid his head down upon her shoulder and wept long and passionately, while his sister's tears mingled with his, for their lifelong shame and sorrow had been mutual, as well as most of their hopes and joys. For some time they sat there silent and sorrowful, and then Selina said:

"It is very unfortunate that this should happen just at this time, for you were to have the valedictory at the exhibition, were you not?"

"Yes, and for her sake, and my own, how proud I was of it only a few hours ago. But it is all nothing now. I can never go back there to deliver it; no, never!"

"Dear brother, I want to convince you that you have yet some courage and spirit left in you, and that you are not the craven coward that proud girl would think you, if you now forsook the school and the honorable post assigned to you. Go back; take this opportunity to distinguish yourself by displaying the talent that I know is in you, before her little world, and my word for it, she will love and admire you more than she ever has done before, and perhaps in the end be willing to forfeit her pride for your sake; but retreat ingloriously from the honorable post you have so hardly won, and she will scorn, despise, and very soon forget you."

"I feel the force of your reasoning, I realize its truth, but O, my sister, if you knew in what a chaos and whirl were all my thoughts, you would not ask me to go back, and disgrace myself more deeply. I had, it is true, written my oration, and partly committed it to memory, but it is at Mrs. Eldred's, and this unhappy affair has so completely unhinged my mind, that I should never succeed with it, now that the exhibition comes on so soon."

"But couldn't I assist you, Hermon, some way?"

"You? O, no. If I were writing, and in my right mind, you might give me many happy hints. But as it is, I can think of nothing, and you are not enough used to literary exertions to gather up my scattered thoughts."

"How do you know that I am not, Hermon?"

"You, why what opportunity have you ever had, toiling as you have been for us all, to perfect yourself in anything of the kind?"

"Hermon, I have a secret which I intended keeping sometime longer, which for your sake I will now divulge. Flora Stanley, whose poems, tales and essays I have so often heard you admire, and your sister, are one and the same person," said she, blushing.

"Impossible!" And Hermon started up in surprise.

"It is even so," said Selina, smiling, and Flora can and must assist you to arrange your wandering thoughts. Fling doubt and disappointment to the winds, Hermon, and for a time, at least, forget the proud girl who was the cause of it, and who, I believe, is unworthy of you if she could thus wound your sensitive heart so rudely. But go to bed, now, and to sleep, too, and in the morning get your writing materials, and see if I cannot play Flora Stanley to a charm."

"But this authorship, Selina, I cannot understand it at all. Why there you have been, the most of the time for the last four years, in that factory, toiling early and late, and depriving yourself of all the luxuries of life, to assist our family, and give me the benefits of an education I could never have obtained but for you, and for which I can never sufficiently thank you, and yet find time to write!"

"It seems strange even to myself, Hermon, and at times I feel as if I really had two characters. Would it interest you to know how I came by them?"

"It would, indeed, Selina."

"Well, then," said Selina, whose present object was to withdraw his thoughts from his recent trouble, and then guide them to his future duties, "you remember the winter I spent in the city five years ago, do you not?"

"Yes, it was just before you went to the factory, and I remember how sad and pale you looked upon your return."

"There was a cause for it, Hermon, which even our father and mother do not know. It was then and there that I met one whom I learned to love with all a true heart's devotion, and who I still believe loved me quite as ardently in return, but whose station in life was far above our present one, though he moved in the same circle as Aunt Graham and her family. I was too young then to realize how great a value most of their possessors set upon wealth, position, and showy accomplishments, and I gave away my heart's most precious treasure before I had acquired the

knowledge that might have guarded it. This was not to be wondered at, as we were thrown constantly into each other's society, were both young, innocent and light-hearted, and impulsive, and as we thought, found in each other that perfect sympathy and congeniality of soul we had sought in vain for in all others. But our dream of bliss was very short, for as soon as his friends began to suspect that his affections were becoming engaged, they set up a most determined opposition, which, however, had little effect upon him, in weaning his affections from me, till some emissary of evil, whose name even now I do not know, came to the city, and filled his ears with all those vile, lying reports that have for years been circulating about our family, and breaking our dear mother's heart, with the addition, too, that I was as vile as the source from which I sprang.

"The first knowledge which I had of these villainous fabrications, and their effects upon my destiny, was conveyed in a letter from his proud father, wherein he accused me of all this, and of forever blasting the happiness of his son by my artful wiles, which he assured me had failed of their principal object, as that son by that time was far out of the reach of my machinations. O, Hermon, you can now, perhaps, judge of the agony I then suffered in being thus shamefully cast out of a heaven of imaginary happiness, branded with crimes of which I knew nothing but the name, and forever separated from the object of my fond affection, who, I doubted not, was made to believe me the guilty thing they called me. At first I shut myself up in my chamber, and gave up to despair; but my aunt, who half believed the reports, soon roused me from my stupor, and gave me to understand that I must quit forever the scene of my disgrace. Frederic, whose father was a shipping merchant, had, I found, been sent on a mission to a foreign country, and my worldly-minded aunt, who had hitherto been kind to me, and once, you know, wished to adopt me as her own, now urged my departure, fearing to compromise her own position by my stay in the city. As my friends at home knew nothing of this state of affairs, or the city public out of the two families, I begged Aunt Graham to let them remain in ignorance, as a knowledge of the truth could only add to their unhappiness; and dejected, and almost heart-broken, I returned to the home I had left with such high hopes and anticipations a few months before.

"When I had at length acquired sufficient composure of mind to realize my true position, and that of my family, I resolved to enter the

factory, and in laboring for their good, strive to forget my heartfelt disappointment. In this I have been partially successful. It was at this time, when these trials, with a feeling of bitter loneliness, pressed heavily upon my heart, that the dream of authorship entered it. I had a good English education, and had improved myself by reading all that I could get; but I was diffident of my ability for literary labors, till I made a trial, which fairly astonished me by its success. A small one, truly, but much better than I had expected. But I soon found that success to an unknown author was the exception, and not the rule itself, and that to become known, one must labor for a long time with little profit, and this decided me to go to the factory. For I knew, Hermon, that you had talents above the common order, and an aptness for learning that was truly surprising, and I had deplored, with our poor father, his inability to cultivate them as he wished, and was very anxious to earn something towards that object when I entered the mill. When I once got used to its ceaseless din and clatter, and became accustomed to its toilsome labor, I was surprised to find that I could still think, and withdraw my mind more from outward objects than I had ever been able to do before. During the hours of labor, I wove together the flowery fancies of a teeming brain, thus occupying and relieving it from other and more troublesome thoughts, and in some of those of rest, I transmitted them to the manuscripts that now were beginning to win golden opinions. It was in this way I accomplished most of my literary labors, though during the last year a more remunerative price for them has enabled me to devote more time to their accomplishment, and as soon as my first book is published, I can afford to leave the factory forever."

"But why have you concealed all this from your best friends who would so readily have felt for and with you in all these hopes and disappointments?"

"Because there were so many more of the latter than the former, that I judged it could not add to their happiness, and to the world I did not choose to be known as an authoress till I was perfectly sure of success. But that time has nearly arrived, and very soon no concealment will be necessary."

"O, how much reason I have to be proud of my sister," exclaimed Hermon. "You were always my guardian genius, Selina; and as such I have loved and honored you; but really, I never gave you credit for the genius displayed in the writings of Flora Stanley."

Selina smiled, and relapsed into a reverie.

"Hermon," she said at last, in a tremulous tone; "have all my efforts in your behalf been in vain?"

"No," said Hermon, rising with an air of lofty dignity; "for your sake, Selina, I will triumph over this weakness, and rise superior to every obstacle that opposes my path to greatness. It shall never be said that you, my sister, conquered greater difficulties and disappointments, and suffered and toiled for me in vain. I will, if life and reason be spared, yet vindicate your judgment of my ability; which I know will—to your ambitious soul—be a sweeter recompense than the gold I yet hope to repay you. They may scorn us, and slander us, but the world shall yet know that we will vindicate our right to some of the highest places it can give."

He seemed transformed as he said it; and she, who looked with a sister's partial pride and affection upon his eagle eye and lofty bearing, believed that he uttered the truth.

The exercises of the exhibition passed off satisfactorily; especially, to those who had children among the exhibitors; and the old church in which it was held was filled to overflowing. But the audience had grown listless and weary—as they nearly always do on such occasions; and a continual buzz of whispers, and some loud talking, followed the exit of the last speaker. But when the valedictorian came forward, with his formal bow, the hushed silence grew almost oppressive; and it was felt by all, that something more than common was expected of him, by the whole assembly.

Hermon Dorn was at this time but twenty years of age, though already above the medium stature. He was of light complexion, with auburn hair, a little inclined to red; a well-formed head, with a noble brow and classical features; eyes of a clear bluish gray; with a calm, sweet, half-sad expression in repose; but kindling, and flashing up like beacon lights, and growing dark and lustrous, under excitement.

He came forward with a diffident air and modest manner; and looked very pale and careworn; but a bright flush mounted to his brow, as he looked over the audience, and caught a glance from Martha Raymond's eloquent eyes; and he began his exordium in such a hesitating, absent way, as to raise little hope of his success in the hearts of his friends. But as he warmed with his subject, the genius and power began to kindle in his eyes—those "windows of the soul"—his face flushed and glowed; his voice grew deep-toned and melodious, thrilling the hearts of his hearers by its fine intonations; and his subject, which was "the power of the human will,"

grew so deeply interesting, and was one so well calculated to draw forth a glorious specimen of his talent and eloquence, and was handled in such a clear, impressive and masterly manner, that he carried the hearts of the whole congregation with him, as by common impulse. And when he closed, by a touching allusion to the parting about to take place between the teachers and students, who had spent so many pleasant and profitable hours together, and their probable fate in future, many were affected even to tears. An expressive silence of several minutes followed his exit from the stage, and then a burst of applause rang through the old church, that was almost deafening.

"A remarkably promising young man, general," said one gentleman to another, who was standing beside Selina Dorn, after the exercises were over.

"Yes, very; he bids fair to make a man of mark, judge; though they tell me he comes from a very low family."

"Not at all; though little I expect can be said in praise of his father. But we surely both remember old Squire Dorn, his noble old grandfather, general."

"What! Was *he* his grandfather, Langdon?"

"So they tell me; and I think I can see a good many of the old man's peculiar traits in the boy. The fine young fellow would do honor to any ancestry, any way; and I must get an introduction to him, presently."

"What can you want of a poor young fellow like that, judge, talented though he be? He can certainly put no money in your purse," said the general, contemptuously.

"Do you suppose no higher motive than love of gain ever influences me, General Raymond?" said the judge, angrily.

"Possibly," laughed the general. "But I should much sooner suspect that lovely daughter of yours of republican tastes, where a handsome young fellow was concerned, than yourself, judge. How is Miss Emily?"

Selina had listened with eager interest to this short colloquy; and she now turned towards the young girl, whose presence there she had not before observed, and awaited her reply.

"This is the way of it, general," said she smiling and blushing ingenuously. "I am so thoroughly republican in all my sentiments, that if a man I liked were sufficiently worthy and talented himself, his family or connections would never stand in the way of my favor."

The young lady, like her father, was tall and elegant in figure, with large mirthful black eyes,

that lighted up magically when she smiled; raven hair, olive complexion, and a countenance expressive of much amiability and sweetness of temper. Her dress was rich, but plain and tasteful; Selina was listening to the last sweet tones of a reply, that won her heart from that hour, when Hermon laid his hand upon her arm.

He too had heard it with a thrill of pleasure; and he too looked up with feelings of deep interest into the face of the young lady who had made it, wondering if she would abide by it if put to the trial, like Martha Raymond, as their eyes met for the first time. She blushed like a rose in June, conscious of what she and others had just said regarding him; and he, seeing her embarrassment, turned hastily away; though he did not forget the cheering words.

"I shall be under the necessity of going to Mrs. Eldred's to settle my bills, Selina. Will you go with me, or had you rather return to the hotel?" said Hermon.

The tones of his voice at once recalled the attention of the old gentleman; and, seeing one of the teachers near, he instantly procured an introduction.

"I wished to be presented, that I might congratulate you, young man, upon the very successful debut you have just made before the public; and to thank you, for the great pleasure you have given me," said the judge, as he took Hermon's hand; "and I would also ask, if you are about to enter college, go into some business, or take a profession, as some do, without studying Hebrew and the classics generally."

"I cannot conveniently command the means to obtain a classical education, sir; but I would like a profession, and I must even try my skill in obtaining one without it," said Hermon, with a blush.

"That's right, my boy; but have you made your choice?"

"I have," said Hermon. "I am not good enough for the ministry; I hate physics; so I have decided to study law. But do you, who are a lawyer and a judge, think I can succeed without a classical education?"

"I who have got to be a judge, never spent over three hours in a college in my life," replied the judge; "and as a preparation for the duties of life, a college course, as at present pursued, is in my opinion of scarcely any use at all. If you are resolved to run a great career, keep out of colleges, my boy; for you have no four years to lose. If you have the requisite talent, you will do better to spend that time in gaining real, positive, practical, modern knowledge, than in poring over dead languages. For you must be

a man of the world, educated in the world, by the world, and for the world. And furthermore, young man, if you will come and stay with me, I will see if I cannot beat the requisite quantity of law into your brains," and he laughingly bade him "good by."

We pass over the call at Mrs. Eldred's, where they met the old general, the judge, and their daughters, with other distinguished guests; and the parting between Hermon and Martha Raymond, who, wrapping herself in a mantle of impenetrable pride, betrayed no signs of relenting; to say that Hermon gratefully accepted a renewed offer from the judge and went to study law with him. And that five years afterwards he was standing almost at the head of his profession, in the city where he was born, and rapidly winning his way to fame and fortune.

The old judge had succeeded so admirably in beating the law into his brains, that some said his own fame would shortly be eclipsed by that of his talented protegee. But he seemed not in the least jealous; took him finally into partnership, and was as ready as any one, to twine laurels around his youthful brow.

Hermon never forgot Martha Raymond; for how could he, when she was always in his way? They moved in the same circles now, for he had won a place and a name, and was joyfully welcomed in the most aristocratic society. But though their meetings in public and private circles were numberless, and he always treated her politely, yet never from the hour of their parting at Mrs. Eldred's, did he display the least lover-like emotion in her presence. For with a nearer and more varied view of her selfish, overbearing character, the halo of beauty that to his eyes once surrounded her, vanished like a morning mist. To others, she was enchanting still, and surrounded in society by all who dared to strive for so noble a prize; but never again did he, by word or look or tone, seek to win the regard she would now have so gladly bestowed. For she had loved him passionately, even when she scorned him; and when the halo of fame began to surround his brow, she would have given worlds to win him back; then it was too late, and the passion she had inspired had died out in his heart. He was even indirectly made to know this; but that knowledge awakened no love in a heart that now enshrined another image—as beautiful, more amiable, and a thousand times dearer and lovelier in his eyes than had ever been Martha Raymond's.

From the time he entered the office of Judge Langdon, Hermon had mingled much in society, where his talents soon procured him a flattering

reception from more than one high-born lady; but, thinking he could never love again, he had resolved to make his profession his mistress, till the image of sweet Emily Langdon almost imperceptibly found its way to his heart. From his position in the family, he had many opportunities of seeing her, not accorded to others; but before he was aware of it, she had become the central star of his system, around which all the others revolved. But Hermon's experience had made him diffident, and it was a long time after he made the discovery, before he could believe one whose hand was sought by the highest and the wealthiest in the land, could look with more favor upon one who was just mounting the lower rounds of fortune's ladder, with many weighty things to drag him down; but Selina it was who convinced him of the truth. She often spent weeks with him in the city now, and upon one occasion, after the judge and his daughter had gone out, after calling upon them, said:

"You love that girl, Hermon, better than you ever did Martha Raymond."

Hermon started, and fixed his keen glance upon his sister.

"How is it you can always read my thoughts?" he exclaimed.

"No matter; you know I always could," said she, smiling; and it's lucky for you that they are not so transparent to other people. I saw before ten minutes were over, how matters stood between you."

"How is it?" he asked with eager interest.

"Well, she has wholly won your fickle heart, but you fear you have not hers, and that like Miss Raymond she might scorn you; so you have not told her so; and you also fear that her father, notwithstanding his continued kindness, would frown upon you if he knew the truth."

"Well," said Hermon, breathlessly.

"Well," and Selina smiled at his earnestness; "you are grandly mistaken in your calculations. You have won this young lady's whole heart, (lucky fellow that you are, for it is a noble one;) and her father knows it too, though she does not know that he does; and he waits only to be sure that she has won yours, to give his unqualified sanction. There—what do you think of my gift of second sight?"

"That your partiality to me has greatly blinded you."

"No such thing; and I am going to prove it to you. We dine there to-morrow, you know; and perhaps I shall spend a day or two with Miss Emily Langdon (there don't be so frightened, Hermon,)—and then, as a matter of course, I shall ask her to spend a week in Charleroy; and if she

loves you, as I believe she does, she will accept the invitation."

"How can you think of such a thing?" said Hermon, in astonishment.

"Why, I would like to give her a treat of pure country air and glorious scenery; show her who and what we really are, and see whether she is really worthy of my noble hearted brother."

With great difficulty Selina persuaded Hermon to accede to this plan; to his astonishment the invitation was accepted, and carried out by the help of the old judge himself. Hermon tormented himself not a little about the result of this visit, and the reception he would meet from her, after a week spent in his humble home; but when, after his impatience would allow him to wait no longer, he drove out there, and found her roaming over the hills, full of life and gladness, and saw the bright blush his arrival called up, his fears all vanished.

"This is really a delightful place, Mr. Dorn," she said, after the first greetings were over, "and we have had a first rate time."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Hermon; "for I feared, in so humble a home, with so little society, and so few of the appliances of wealth around you, you would be homesick."

"Homesick! I haven't thought of the word; and the feeling, I assure you, has been very far from my heart. We have enjoyed ourselves amazingly—or at least I have—and when otherwise unoccupied, Miss Flora Stanley has allowed me to read some of her MSS., and (shall I tell it, Flora!) a few of yours, and I ask for no better entertainment."

"A very simple one, truly; but you must know by this time that poor people have to be satisfied with very cheap pleasures."

Hermon spent a day and night at home; and the frank, unreserved intercourse he enjoyed with Emily during that time, did more towards drawing their hearts together than a dozen formal city calls would have done.

"This time you have chosen wisely and well, Hermon," said Selina to him that night. "The dear girl has won all our hearts, and she knows most of our history too, I find; and you may be sure she would not have been allowed to come here, if the judge had not decided to encourage you."

Emily concluded to return to the city with Hermon; and we may be sure the drive was a delightful one. She had been expatiating upon the beauty of the scenery, and the little white cottage embowered in roses, nestled among the hills (by the way, it had been repaired and painted since the fortunes of the family brightened), when Hermon said:

"But brought up as you have been, you would never be contented to stay in such a place long."

"I should be contented and happy anywhere, with those I loved," she involuntarily replied, and blushing at her own words, as soon as they were spoken.

"Would that I were one of that number!" said Hermon, tremblingly. "I have loved you long and fervently, Miss Langdon, but a knowledge of the difference in our social positions has hitherto sealed my lips. But I can conceal my feelings no longer, let your decision be what it will. I would know, now that you know us as we are, whether you can look with favor upon one so much beneath you in point of wealth and worldly consideration?"

"Hermon Dorn, I will be frank with you;" and Emily's face assumed a deeper crimson as she said it; "from the day of our first meeting, five years ago, I have never looked upon you otherwise than with favor; nor have I felt that one with your noble spirit and upright heart was at all beneath Judge Langdon's daughter. And though I knew you had once loved, and been scorned by Martha Raymond, I could not help giving you the undivided love of my heart."

"A thousand thanks for this precious confession;" and Hermon pressed the hand he had taken to his lips with deep emotion; "but how in the name of wonder did you learn, what I thought was a secret, known to three only?"

"She herself told me, not many months ago," said Emily, smiling. "Perhaps she was jealous, and hoped the knowledge of her slight, and the sins of all your relations, would guard my heart against your fascinations. But she was too late, Hermon. I then loved you too well to wish to guard it; and her evident anxiety to disgrace you with others, and regain the prize she had so foolishly thrown away, did not perhaps help the matter."

"Well, she has saved me from one painful confession, any way," smiled Hermon; "and if it has given her any pleasure she is welcome to it. I did think I loved her, once, but that time has long since gone by; and a nearer view of the different phases of her character did not make me desirous of renewing my suit. And before she made up her mind that I was worth ensnaring—poverty, disgrace and all—your dear image had imperceptibly supplanted hers in my heart, and she was too late."

We will follow the young lovers no further; but say, that finding the judge at home at the end of their journey, they frankly told him the whole story; and he smiled very encouragingly upon their blushing confessions.

"You need not suppose that I have been ignorant of the state of affairs all this time, Hermon," said the judge; "or that I should have allowed my daughter to associate with you so much as she has done, if I had not been thoroughly convinced of your talents and sterling worth. As it is, I have long been ready to give my unqualified sanction to your union; and may God bless and make it a happy one."

In one of her visits to the city, about this time, Selina, who was called a beautiful, gifted and highly popular authoress, met, unexpectedly, at Judge Langdon's, with Frederic Howard, her former lover. No one there knew that they had been acquainted; and to others the meeting passed off as one between perfect strangers; but a few days after her return, she was surprised when alone, one day, by a call from him.

"Have you words of welcome for an old friend?" he said, as she started back and grew pale at the sight of him, when she met him at the door.

"Yes," she replied with emotion, "if he is my friend still."

"Do not doubt it, Selina," he said, as he took her proffered hand; "nor suppose that I would wound your feelings by my presence here, if I did not desire a renewal of the friendship that was so unhappily broken off between us."

"But I do not desire a renewal, if you entertain the same opinion of me now, that you must have had then," said Selina, proudly, and with rising color.

"Know then, that I have found reason for changing it—that everything has been explained—and I think of you now, as an angel of purity and loveliness, deeply wronged by unjust suspicions."

"Thank God for that!" she exclaimed, as she gave him a seat; "but tell me, Frederic, how you have come by the truth."

"In the first place then, our meeting at Judge Langdon's has brought it all about; as it awakened the love that had never died out in my heart, and led me to desire a renewal of our friendship so ardently, that I almost forgot the cause of our estrangement. For years, I had been in foreign lands, engaged in business for my father; and was recalled only a few months ago, by his illness, and arrived only in time to see him die. I was now rich enough, and did not wish to return; but I was sad and lonely, with this heavy grief at my heart, and was seeking to relieve my mind by visiting new scenes, when I again met with you. Old recollections were then forcibly revived, and I resolved at once to ascertain if possible whether the reports against you,

I had been led to believe, were true. For I had more than once suspected that my proud friends, from interested motives, had deceived me. So home I went, to begin at the right source, and found who had brought these vile reports to the city, and where their author was to be found. Then I came on here, and met some of similar import; but found that they could all be traced to a similar source; and, that with the exception of your father's failings, no one really knew anything discreditable to your family; and that you and your brother were rapidly acquiring fame and fortune, and were beloved by all who were favored by your acquaintance. Nor did I miss hearing, dear Selina, of all your noble efforts in behalf of your brother, and your father's family. There was nothing real, in fact, but what was to your credit; and the false was all traced to this Mrs. Huldah Grimes, whom I visited personally."

"But I hardly know the woman, Frederic; and what motive could she have for injuring us so deeply?"

"You will see presently. She was ill and nervous when I called; but pleading urgent business, I was admitted to her presence, and that of two ladies who were paying her a visit. I had seen her many times before, as she was one of the hangers-on of our family, in her predatory visits to New York, where she has relations; and when I mentioned my business, her manner changed at once."

"You have come upon a fool's errand," said she, maliciously, "and you can go back as wise as you came. If you want to get the character of those Dorns, go to their own neighborhood."

"That has already been done, madam," said I, firmly; "and every evil report that has ever been circulated about them, has been traced back to you. And now if you would avoid prosecution, and the consequent loss of property, you must confess the truth."

"She was thoroughly frightened; for she has some property which she has contrived to hoard, by getting her living out of the public, and in her fright and anger, she exposed more of the truth than she could afterwards disguise or conceal."

"What business is it to you," she said, "if I have revenged myself upon Louis Dorn for the slight once put upon me? I loved him, and would have died for him, after I lost my husband, but he scorned me and wedded my rival; and for that I then swore revenge. I have had it. I have neglected no opportunity of injuring him or his family. I succeeded, by false reports about his wife, in poisoning his peace of mind,

so that he took to drinking; and for years I have marred the happiness of the whole family. I have had my revenge, and you may do your worst.'

"I was fairly astonished at her malice and hardihood, and she herself, a moment after—when her anger had somewhat cooled—would have bit her tongue off, before she would have exposed her guilt to me and the two ladies, whom I afterwards found were highly respectable. I had been provoked at their remaining in the room, at first, but I was now glad of it, as it was all I wanted to have her criminate herself before witnesses, who would no doubt tell the story wherever they went, and thus defeat the malice of your subtle enemy. I blandly bade her adieu soon after, and lost no time, you may be sure, in coming to tell you the joyful tidings."

"And I am so grateful," said Selina, tearfully. "I can thank God with a full heart that this dark cloud is lifted from our family; not alone for my own sake, but that of those I love, for I feel sure that this was all that was wanting to restore the lost peace of our family."

"And will you be ready to restore my lost peace, dear Selina? I have never loved another, and through these long, weary years, my passion has lost none of its intensity. Can you from your heart say as much?"

"As much, and more," said Selina, with a blush of pleasure; "but I never expected to see you again, and I had resolved to wed no one."

"But you will me," said he, tenderly, "you promised to do so years ago, and that promise has never been withdrawn."

"The promise shall be fulfilled, if you wish it," she said, in a low sweet tone that thrilled the heart of her listener; and we may be sure he did wish it, as it was fulfilled not long afterwards, as was also another made to Hermon, by sweet Emily Langdon.

Never finding another that she could love as she did Hermon Dorn, and disappointed by his marriage, Martha Raymond refused all other offers, and still lives in single blessedness. She found that wealth, high birth and a stainless name were as nothing to her without his love; and that she made one of the greatest mistakes of her life when she scorned it.

More than ten years have passed away since the marriage of Hermon and Selina, and yet neither has found much reason for regretting the act. Selina still woos the muses occasionally, but with the care of a blooming family, she cannot make it the business of her life as formerly. Her father, now a reformed and thoroughly temperate man, and their really noble old mother, would both

die now, before they would do anything to disgrace the children of whom they have such reason to be proud.

Hermon has been steadily advancing in the path of fame and usefulness, beloved and honored by all who have known him. He has filled many offices of honor and great trust, but none so high as that to which he has lately been elected; for within a few months, his melodious voice will ring through the halls of the great national senate chamber, and startle its drowsy audiences from their dreams, by its thrilling eloquence.

THE SWEETEST REWARD.

I have no experience to inform me, and no direct testimony from the experience of those I have known, but my heart tells me that the sweetest reward of great achievements is the excitement to a tenderer love, and a more thorough devotion of the one heart and the little circle of hearts with which the author holds direct personal communion. A great man, without a loving heart at his side, or a circle of loving hearts around him, must, it seems to me, have a love for all mankind, such as only a great Christian heart can know, to keep him from committing suicide. My heart tells me, too, that we can only find reward in working for those we love. A woman, working for the world's praise, will always have to measure the satisfaction she finds in that praise by the same cup that holds her love.—*Miss Gilbert's Career.*

MIRACLES.

When the angel brought St. Peter out of the prison the iron gate opened of its own accord; but coming to the house of Mary, the mother of John, mark, he was fain to stand before the door and knock! When iron gave entrance how can wood make opposition? The answer is easy. There was no man to open the iron gate; but a portress was provided, of course, to unlock the door. God would not, therefore, show his finger when men's hands are appointed to do the work. Heaven will not substitute a miracle where ordinary means were formerly in peaceful possession. But if either depart or resign (ingenuously confessing their insufficiency), then miracles succeed in their vacancy.—*Fuller.*

ONLY THE BRAVE FORGIVE.

The brave only know how to forgive—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions; cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave—it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.—*Sterne.*

JOY.

My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love in public; and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.
DRAVEN.

SERPENTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

In the savannahs of Izacubo, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it is not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passage, whilst I preferred to skirt the great forest. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard returned at full gallop, and called to me. "Here, sir, come and see the serpents in a pile." He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the savannah or swamp, which looked like a bundle of arms. One of my company then said, "This is certainly one of the assemblages of serpents which heap themselves on each other, after a violent tempest; I have heard of these, but have never seen any; let us proceed cautiously and not too near." We were within twenty paces of it; the terror of our horses prevented our near approach, to which none of us were inclined. On a sudden, the pyramid mass became agitated; horrible hissings issued from it; thousands of serpents, rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of their circle their hideous heads, and presented their enormous darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back; but when I saw this formidable phalanx remaining at its post, and appearing to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode around in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage, and I concluded that this species of serpent dreaded some enemy, which might be the great serpent of Cayman, and that they reunite themselves after having seen this enemy, in order to resist it in a mass.—*Wilberton.*

THE DIVING-BELL.

The first diving bell that we read of was nothing but a very large kettle suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on, fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before the emperor Charles V. They descended in it to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola, Charles II. gave him a ship, with everything necessary for his undertaking; but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavored to procure another vessel; but failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of 200 tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labors proved fruitless; but at last, when driven to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure that he returned to England with the value £200,000. Of this sum, he got about £20,000, and the Duke of Albemarle £90,000. Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave. Since that time diving-bells have been very often employed.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Difficult mathematical problems and knotty moral questions have often been solved in dreams.

TORTURE IN CABUL.

Torture is occasionally resorted to in this charming country in the collection of taxes, or for the purpose of extracting money from those who are reluctant to disgorge their dishonest gains, and also to extort confession in criminal cases. One method is to place the party astride on a charpoy; his feet are then tied below with a rope as tightly as possible, thereby causing intense pain; but if this be insufficient to produce confession, water is thrown upon the ropes, which causes them to shrink to such a degree that they cut the unhappy sufferer to the bone, causing so much agony that the poor wretch at once gives up his money, or confesses to what is required from him; occasionally, it is supposed, confessing to a crime he never committed, through sheer physical inability to support the agony inflicted. Another mode of torture is placing an iron ramrod, burning hot, between a man's thighs while he is hung by his thumbs from a beam. The more common practice, however, is to place some beetles of a peculiar kind in a saucer upon the navel of the victim, binding it tightly on with a cummerbund. The beetles immediately begin to gnaw the part, seeming to the wretched sufferer to be eating into his very entrails, and thereby causing him such intense agony and terror that he in a few minutes gives in.—*Captain Langley.*

A DOCTOR USEFULLY COOKED.

Of all the stories told of surgeons, who have grown fat at the expense of the public, the best is the following one, for which Mr. Alexander Kellete, who died at his lodgings in Bath, in the year 1788, is our authority. A certain French surgeon, residing in Georgia, was taken prisoner by some Indians, who, having acquired from the French the art of larding their provisions, determined to lard this particular Frenchman, and then roast him alive. During the culinary process, when the man was half-larded, the operators were surprised by the enemy, and their victim, making his escape, lived many days in the woods on the bacon he had in his skin.—*Notes and Queries.*

INTEMPERANCE.

No man or woman is safe that has once formed the fatal habit of looking to drink for solace, or cheerfulness, or comfort. While the world goes well they will be likely to be temperate; but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is cut ready for use, the trains are laid down, and the station-houses erected; and the train is on the line waiting only for the locomotive. Well, the first great trouble or hopeless grief is the locomotive; it comes to us, it grapples us, and away we go in a moment down the line we have been years constructing like a flash of lightning to the deuce.—*"Cream," by Charles Reude.*

LOVE.

The more thou damnest it up, the more it burns;
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stone,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.—*SHAKESPEARE.*

[ORIGINAL.]

STRAYING IN A VALLEY.

BY MRS. S. P. MESSERVY HAYES.

We were straying in a valley,
Where the mountains dark and high
On either side were rising
To meet the far-off sky.
The "god of day" was sinking
Adown the crimson west,
And its parting rays were gilding
The lakelet's glassy breast.

We had wandered since the dawning,
In the forest dark and cool,
O'er hills and on through valleys,
By a calmly gliding pool,
That had guided here our footsteps,
While on its banks we strayed,
Till we found the lakelet sleeping
In the bosom of the glade.

And now we watched the shadows
That were mirrored on its face,
While the shades of night came o'er us,
In that calm, bewitching place.
And I wondered if the fairies,
That dwell within the hill,
Had cast their spell upon us,
That we were so very still.

But soon the charm was broken,
And our laugh rang loud and clear,
As we bounded up the hillside,
Like a herd of frightened deer,
Eager to reach the summit
Ere those burning rays had fled,
That had flung a golden halo
Round the mountain's rock-crowned head.

But we stayed our flying footsteps
When the glorious "queen of night"
Lit up the sombre shadows
Of the mountain's rugged height.
And our footfall fell the lighter,
And our tones rang out less gay,
As we watched the last faint gleaming
Of the daylight fade away.

The wildbirds' notes were silent then,
The flowers had gone to sleep,
And the bright-eyed stars were coming,
Their silent watch to keep;
As in the peaceful valley
We sought our homes of rest,
While the moonbeams chased the shadows
From the lakelet's glassy breast.

[ORIGINAL.]

TREASURE TROVE.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTONE.

A BRILLIANT autumnal sunset shining upon the gold and crimson trees, induced me to continue riding on to the next town. I took a hasty supper at the little inn, and my horse, refreshed

by his oats and the vigorous rubbing of Jack Minden, started fresh as ever, upon the evening exercise. The sun went down, just as we ascended the hill beyond the town; but left such piles of golden glory behind him that I scarce regretted his going, until the twilight was fairly upon me.

Napoleon fell into a steady trot, and for several miles, I heard nothing but the regular sound of his footsteps, except when a scared bird would trill out a shrill note, or a distant dog bayed the bright harvest moon whose brilliant lustre was now shed over the scene. The dews were falling, and now sparkled in her light like gems. There grew upon all things a tinge of solemnity which affected my nerves, and I wished myself back at the little inn again, for I was awed by the increasing beauty of the evening. It made me sad. I never feel gay by moonlight. It seems to wear too solemn a beauty for light words to be spoken beneath its radiance.

As I ascended another hill, I saw the lights of the town to which I was going, and the sight and a murmuring hum which I now heard, dispelled my sombre thoughts as I rode on to a scene full of glad, stirring, sounding life. Before the very entrance of the town, I stopped. For the last ten minutes I had fancied that I heard a noise close to my horse's heels, that, had I heard it in the woods through which I had passed, would have driven me nearly mad with terror. I do not deny it. I am not a brave man naturally. As a child, I was timid; and the injudicious training I received went far to confirm me as a bit of a cowardly boy. As a man, I do not think that I had improved upon the attribute.

The noise was like the pattering of small feet, yet scarcely like any animal's. I had a shuddering horror come over me, for I confess to being superstitious; and what if this was some troubled spirit? I can afford to laugh now, but it was too painful to me then. To a sensitive mind, this grappling with shadowy terrors is a trying thing.

Presently I took courage to spur Napoleon to greater speed. The noise quickened for a few minutes, then slackened, and I congratulated myself that I had, at least, escaped the annoyance for a time. I grew bolder and looked around. Far back upon my horse's track, I saw a little white figure, its shape fairly defined by the broad stream of moonlight that flowed directly across the path where it stood. I fancied that I could see its arms thrown up. I hesitated. I tried to reason against my superstitious fears, and said to myself "Gabriel Annesley, are you a man of full-grown strength and stature—and

do you fear this wee shadowy thing that pursues you no longer, but stands as if imploring you to return?"

And I turned Napoleon's head and went back. In the middle of the road, stood a child, its little arms and feet bare and glittering like snow in the moonlight. I spoke to it, and the rich, soft tones that floated to my ear dispelled all my previous ideas of a spirit voice.

"Who are you, and where are you going? How came you here in the wood at this time of night?" were the questions which I rained upon the little creature, as I threw myself from my horse and alighted down beside it.

"I am a poor, motherless little girl, and I am going anywhere, from cruel people," was her response.

Good heavens! thought I, are there wretches in the world wicked enough to harm this little innocent being? I asked no more questions, for she was shivering with the night air, and she had evidently hurried away from the scene of her distresses with nothing but night clothes upon her shrinking little frame.

I took her up and placed her upon Napoleon's back, covering her from head to foot with a large, plaid scarf, which I had not felt cold enough to put on; mounted behind her and drew her little form close, shielding her with my arms in which she nestled as if with a sense of deep security.

She could not have been more than eight or nine years old—was slight and thin. Her hair had been mercilessly cut off in different lengths, but it could not be kept from curling, and now looked fantastic enough, as the curls, some long, some short, and glittering with the evening dews, hung to her shoulders or lay upon the beautifully shaped head. She told me her story, but I had to draw it out by degrees, for she seemed unwilling to blame any one. I gathered enough to know that she had been with those whose tenderest mercies were cruelties.

Half an hour after, I was seated beside a blazing fire, at my friend John Wakefield's tea-table, and, still nestling close to my arm, was the child I had rescued, now rejoicing in a full suit of little Caroline's. John happened to know the ruffian into whose hands she had fallen, and was prepared to give even greater credence to the child's story than myself.

A systematic course of hardships and exposure, and a brutal punishment inflicted for each inability to bear it, seemed to have been her bitter lot—until, this night, goaded into unutterable madness and terror, after a cruel beating, she had risen from her straw bed upon the garret floor, and crept softly down stairs, escaping easily

through an open window and running off, she knew not whither. She was afraid to appeal to any one near, lest she might be taken back; so she had run on in the wildness of her despair. We found that she had actually come eight miles thus thinly clad. She had walked beside my horse, not expecting to be taken up, but merely because it seemed good, as she expressed it, to be near anything alive; and when I spurred him on, she said she thought that she was dying; such pain went through her heart.

The heat of the fire and the excitement of talking—for it seemed that she had seldom been allowed to speak—kindled a glow upon her cheek, and showed me what a beautiful child she really was, notwithstanding the cruel bruises which her face, neck and arms displayed. Her name was Olive Rosseter. Her father and mother died during an epidemic at the South, and she was brought to New England by a servant of the family; they two being all that survived. She wept bitterly when she spoke of this person who seemed to have been all that the kindest mother could have been to her. She brought the child home to her friends, but they were poor, and Hannah sewed for their living, until she grew sick, and remained sick a long time—probably she died of consumption.

Then a man and his wife wanted her, and they moved away from the town where the child might have found better friends among Hannah's poor relations. Somehow, she had forgotten the name of the town. So many places were in her mind that she could not distinguish events which had passed in each; so we had no means of knowing except by trusting to the innocent face. That was too truthful to distrust.

Passing over a variety of circumstances which she related with a modest propriety that charmed us all, I must tell you how gladly the little creature found refuge with my mother at our family mansion in Thornfield. We two had lived together, with no other family except servants, from my earliest remembrance. My mother was of feeble health, but of strong spirit; and to her I owed all that was good or firm in my character. God bless her! she sits opposite my writing-table now, as I record her thankful acceptance of the little daughter I had brought her, and recall the tears which she shed, as she looked on the dear child's scars and stains.

I had just left college, and was preparing to study medicine as a profession. I was glad that, in the brief years in which I must leave my mother, I could leave my little Olive to be a companion to her. I decided that she should

not go to school, and we provided teachers for her at home. I had a fancy to keep her from the contagion of schools—to try a novel way of educating her, in which restraint and punishment should never again be presented to her mind. Poor thing! she had received sufficient for a lifetime. So, she and my mother were alone except for my few and far-between visits.

When at length I became the medical adviser of all Thornfield, in consequence of the resignation of Dr. Hammond's practice, Olive was the happiest creature alive. She had so longed for my coming home—so earnestly desired my presence and the opportunity of working for me. She became to me all that the most devoted sister could be.

Her tastes were exquisite, and she made our somewhat old-fashioned home very beautiful, without altering, in the least, its antique surroundings. It was like the trailing flowers which we find garlanding ancient walls—giving lightness and bloom to what would otherwise be too solemn in its gloom. She herself was a spring flower that made our old rooms full of lavish beauty. How I had contented myself there, as a boy, was now a mystery, or how my mother could ever have lived without her little Olive.

We saw more company now. It was necessary that I should extend my acquaintance; and Olive won the love and admiration of all. She was three or four years older than I thought, when I found her, and she was now fifteen and developing into sweet and beautiful womanhood. How fair she looked, with her pure, soft, feminine face, set like a sweet picture in its framework of the loveliest light brown curls tinged with a rich, sunny glow!

My Olive! mine own! So I loved to call her in spite of my mother's pleasant chiding. Nothing suited Olive better than for me to call her thus, when she was found by me watching and waiting for my return home. No duty seemed too hard for her to accomplish then. My mother said she was making me lazy, when she brought my cloak and carried it to its place, and arranged my slippers and dressing-gown so daintily by my chair, bringing with her own hands my chocolate, though there were servants in plenty to do these things.

"Let her alone, mother!" I would say. "Olive is as well-pleased to do it as I am to receive it—and what is done for love, is so much sweeter to me than when it is bought and paid for."

"I thought I was being paid," said Olive, meekly. Somehow it did not often occur to me

that we were her benefactors. Her beneficent presence in our house seemed like an actual gift to us, and so it was; a gift from Heaven to cheer the lonely old Thornfield house, making light and music and beauty fill its rooms.

Meantime, I became fiercely jealous of young Tom Effingham, who actually made love to Olive, though the little innocent did not know it, until Tom had the insolence to ask me to sanction it. I was thunderstruck, for he was a handsome boy (I called every one a boy that had not arrived to twenty-five years), and possessed a good fortune. What right had I then to refuse my ward's affections to one whose advantages and really good qualities made him a fitting match for any one of the daughters of our most aristocratic families? Yet who can describe the pain of thus giving away to another a being who seems exclusively your own?

I could not speak of it to her yet—but my mother's quick eye saw that there was something the matter with me, and she wormed out the secret, as only a woman knows how. I thought she looked disappointed; but soon she began to talk to me about Jennie Effingham, Tom's sister.

"I wonder you never proposed for her, Eustace. She is a good girl, and physicians ought to have wives. Not," she added, "that you should ever go from this house to live, and then, if Tom should marry Olive, we can all live together."

I sat in a sort of silent rage to hear my own dear mother plotting in this way.

"Jennie Effingham be — hanged, and her brother with her!" I thundered out, at length.

There was a merry twinkle in my mother's eye, as she begged me not to consign my friends to such a dismal fate. If I did not choose to marry I need not hinder Tom Effingham. Had I told Olive?

"No," I said, shortly.

"Well, she ought to know, Eustace. Shall I tell her?"

It was a welcome offer, for truth to tell, I *could* not ask her to be the wife of another. But my mother chose a time when she knew I was in the library and could hear all she said. When she told her, Olive uttered a cry that went to my heart. She had just come down stairs, and did not know I was within hearing. My mother set forth all the advantages of the match—advantages which I could not gainsay, but of which the enumeration pierced me to the soul.

A long pause ensued. "Does Eustace know this?" she asked. My mother told her how it came about, and said, what was quite true, that I did not like to mention it to her. She added

what was not quite true, that I thought it a good match.

Olive did not speak again and soon left the room, and I went out, returning quite late. I found the room deserted. My mother now went often to bed before I came, but had always left Olive to wait for me, and she had wonderfully improved those lonely hours by reading and study. The lights were turned down, and no sound was to be heard; but as I came near the fire, I caught a glimpse of some one kneeling by a chair.

"Is that you, Olive?"

A smothered sob was the only answer. I knelt down beside her, and cruelly asked her why she was weeping.

"Has Tom Effingham been here?" I asked, with a savage voice. She softly answered that he had.

"Then these tears are his, I suppose?"

"They are, indeed." Cool—was it not?

I started up in agony of soul, that I would not have confessed to my best friend.

"Olive! I am going away to-morrow."

She tried to speak, but could not.

"I have had an offer to-day to go to Europe on business. I was to decide to-morrow. I have decided."

This was literally true.

She rose and tottered to the chair where I sat.

"Going away, Eustace! to leave us alone?"

"Certainly. My mother can bear it, and Mr. Effingham, for whom you are weeping, can console you."

"O, Eustace, this is cruel. It is not like you."

She had crept close to my arms, and laid her head on my shoulder. It melted my savage mood—this sisterly tenderness.

"Never speak that name to me again, Eustace."

"Never speak it! What, when you said yourself—"

"I said, or should have said, if you had not been so passionate, that I pitied Mr. Effingham, because he seemed so miserable."

A thrill ran through my heart. Only pitied!

"Then you do not love him, Olive?"

"O, no! I tried to love him, because your mother said you wished it; but I could not, and I told him so. I wept, because he seemed to feel it so deeply."

"And what would suit you, my child, if one like Mr. Effingham, young, handsome and rich, does not?"

She buried her face in her hands and whispered a sentence which I shall not repeat, but which I repaid by many kisses.

I did not go to Europe, and in less than a year Olive was my wife. How happy we have lived! My mother lives with us, unburdened by any care of housekeeping. My little wife saves her all anxiety. I have outlived the romance of earlier days, yet I remember that hour of suffering as vividly as ever. In my dreams, I sometimes live it over again, and wake with a deep pain at my heart, which I cannot conquer until the morning light.

Sometimes I rally her upon the sweet words which she spoke to me that night. She takes my jesting with a patience that charms, while it amuses me, and only says in reply, "Love, I should speak them, if we could live that evening over again."

And I know she would; and I know, too, that the ten years which are between us weigh not a feather in her mind. She has just looked up from her work, and said, "Are you writing a lecture, Eustace?" And I reply, "yes, darling! on the best treatment of heart disease."

PHOTOGRAPHIC CONFECTIONARY.

Mr. Sirandin, the vaudevilliste, who has recently established himself as a confectioner in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, has invented the photographic *bonbon*. These are exquisite sweet-meats enveloped in gilt paper, on which are the portraits of all the actresses of Paris, all the operatic singers, writers, generals, in a word, all the celebrities of the day. You eat the confectionary, and paste the envelopes in your albums. This is not all: people who give dinners will order confectionary of Sirandin, bearing their likenesses, and at the dessert every guest will be able to possess himself of the portraits of the master and mistress of the house, which will prolong the gratitude that good feeding produces.

THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC.

What a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, yet making all the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as if a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thank-offering from ours. It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but his praise; too near to the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. O, that the churches knew how to sing; making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of the nightingales!—*Arthur's Italy in Transition.*

PHEASANT LIFE.

Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire;
Unit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Tid, buried in debauch, the bliss expires.

GOLDSMITH.

[ORIGINAL.]
IN THE DISTANCE.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

The sky, that wraps so lovingly
Her azure mantle, soft and fair,
About the rough and sullen rocks,
Who lift their foreheads stern and bare,
Turns, when you gain the toilsome height,
To chilling draughts of common air.

A rainbow spanned the weeping sky
Right royally, one summer day;
Childlike, I sought the slender pine,
Within whose tasseled boughs it lay:
When lo! its arching gorgeousness
Sprang lightly o'er the far-off bay!

This morning, when my eager eyes
Peered through the frosted window-pane,
Lo! fairy hands had strewn with pearls
The shrubs and grasses of the plain;
I grasped the glittering gems, to find
Them only drops of frozen rain!

Ah, ever thus these mirage charms
Obscure the good to-day may bear;
And men still vainly try to grasp
What, in the distance, looks so fair:
Like children catching, at their play,
Gay baubles, bursting into air!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CAPTIVE:
— OR, —
WOMAN'S LOVE AND PERSEVERANCE.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES F. ALCORN.

AH, Hubbard, whither bound? And why are you rigged in that style? I'm blessed if ye don't look more like a parson than a blue jacket! What's up, any way?" And Captain Mayhew button-holed his late mate and held him up for an answer.

"Only going to a party. I supposed you had an invitation."

"To Milly Weston's birthday ball? Yes, and I'm going too. But aint you early?"

"Possibly, but I wish to be there in time. In fact, Mrs. Weston subjoined a request to that effect to her note of invitation."

"Mrs. or Miss, did you say?" And the quariest's features expanded in an arch smile.

"Mrs., of course," said our hero, calmly.

"Ah, Hubbard, it wont do! I've heard of you. You're a lucky dog, if ye only knew it. There aint Milly Weston's equal in this port to-day, apart from her market value as an heiress. When did you woo and win her, say?"

"Come, Mayhew, you're ahead of my time. I have not won her, nor have I ever wooed her yet?"

"Whew! Tell that to the marines."

"A fact."

"I believe it, just to accommodate."

"Mayhew!"

"Better tell Emma that tale."

"I will, and Mrs. Mayhew will believe me."

"Not she, for she knows better."

"What?"

"I've said it. You didn't know that Em was Milly's confidant."

"And if she is—"

"Why she has your secret; that's all."

"My secret? Explain."

"Fudge! You know."

"So little that I am fairly puzzled for your meaning, Mayhew."

"Do you assert that you have never 'sparked' Milly Weston?"

"Never, on my honor."

"Well that's cool. How is it that you are the happy individual that stands the highest in her favor, then?"

"Do I?"

"'Tis so said."

"By whom?"

"Herself."

George Hubbard started. "You jest," he said, eagerly.

"Not I." And passing his arm through our hero's, Captain Mayhew moved on slowly, saying, "But is it possible, George, that you are ignorant of the fact?"

"As is yon ragged newsboy. A Journal here, my lad. I may have hoped for her esteem, but never dreamed she loved me."

"And you never breathed the subject to her?"

"Never. I have not seen her for a year, you know, and then but for an hour at your house the eve before we sailed."

"Then I have told you news?"

"And good news. I frankly confess, Mayhew, I've often thought, when she was but a child, he would be a happy man who won her woman's heart."

"Yet never tried?"

"I had no chance. A poor, friendless sailor-boy, an apprentice to her father, what hope had, or indeed, have I, of winning her?"

"The best that man may have, and founded on her love."

"Since he was lost, I have been with you, you know, and thanks to you, am what I am."

"Thanks to your own merits, rather. If I ever said a good word for you, George, 'twas

only because you deserved it. I do not flatter you when I say Hinkly & Brown could not have given the Annie Laurie to a smarter sailor or a more capable man. But I must home to escort Em to the party. We'll meet you there, and if you are as good at pumping for a secret as you were for a free hold, when we sprung that leak off Java Head, I shouldn't wonder if you got the whole story." And parting from the youth, he hurried off in an opposite direction, while the latter pursued his way, apparently lost in reverie for a short time, when he drew his handsome form up proudly, murmuring:

"Yes, I'll declare my love to-night, and learn my fate from her own lips. I barely hoped that she might remember the outcast sailor-boy who had joined her in her childish romps in the old Manhattan. By Jove—loves me—lucky dog, indeed." And increasing his speed, he hurried on to the mansion which was to be the scene of festivity that night for the first time in seven years.

"You are welcome, Captain Hubbard," said the buxom Widow Weston, as she received her guest in the hall of her mansion, and leading him to the parlor, added, "Accept my sincere congratulation upon your recent promotion, and permit me to add my thanks for your early arrival."

"Captain Weston's wife may command me at any and all times without incurring obligation. Believe me, I am only too happy to respond to your request."

"Thank you. But here comes Milly, to—"

"Congratulate him, of course." And the lovely intruder advanced from the door with extended hand, adding, as she clasped it, "Ay, and scold him too for so long withholding the visit he promised me, when we last met at Captain Mayhew's."

"Did I promise?"

"There, forgotten it, I declare! Of course you did, and now afford me very convincing evidence of the esteem in which you hold your former playmate."

"Your pardon, Miss Weston. Business may have crowded the promise you mention from my brain, and that it did a faint remembrance of the fact convinces me; but nothing on earth will drive from my heart its treasured memory of your kindness to the poor and friendless sailor-boy of the old Manhattan."

Milly's eyes sank beneath the fervent glance which accompanied his words, and she hastened to respond:

"Not kindness. I was not kind—a perfect tease, rather, while 'twas you who was kind and

indulgent. I have not forgotten who fashioned ships and rigged them for my gratification, and underwent so many severe scoldings from the gruff old mate for wasted time and neglected tasks."

"O, that was nothing. He did not mean it."

"Come!" And taking his arm, she led him to the mantel, on which, enclosed in a glass vase, and richly ornamented in an emerald representation of the sea, stood a rude model of a full-rigged ship. "Do you remember that?" she asked, with a beaming smile.

"Our little Manhattan!" he exclaimed, with a start of recognition. "And you preserved this?"

"Because it was made for me, and at such cost to you. Think you I have forgotten that—"

"Flogging. Ha, ha! Nor have I. Poor Mr. Rynders, I trust I may live to become as good a seaman as was he. I know now that a kind heart beat in his breast with all his sternness."

"So my poor husband was wont to say," remarked the widow, adding, "Come, Milly, you must relinquish Captain Hubbard to me now, and when our guests arrive you may monopolize him to your heart's content."

"If the guests will only let me, mama, you should say," and with a merry laugh she disappeared.

The mansion was thronged with guests, and the lovely queen of the fete found herself the centre of a circle which held her a close prisoner until her patience was well nigh exhausted. She had seen Captain Hubbard and her bosom friend, Mrs. Mayhew, several times during the evening, and each time apparently in close conversation, and she was eager to join them. She had an intuitive perception of their engrossing theme, and felt ill at ease, half vexed that she had risked betrayal by confiding her treasured secret to a friend.

But despite her earnest desire it was late ere she could join them, when meeting a beaming glance from the gullant tar which sent the life tide faster through her veins, she turned a reproachful, questioning regard upon his companion, to which she responded by an arch but silent negative.

"I vow I'll tell Captain Mayhew when I find him," she said. "I've been watching you all the evening. Pretty conduct for a young man and married lady! What could you find to talk about so long and earnestly?"

"And lang syne, of course, Milly. You know Captain Hubbard and I are old mess-mates."

"So much the more dangerous to Captain Mayhew's interests," rejoined the maiden, with a merry laugh. "I vow I must find him and put him on his guard against this new-fledged captain."

"Nay, lest you might execute that threat I'll be beforehand with you. Keep her a close prisoner, Hubbard, until I make my peace. Ha, ha, *ma belle* Amelia, fore-warned, fore-armed." And gayly shaking her finger, Mrs. Mayhew tripped lightly away, leaving our heroine engaged in a playful struggle with her captor, from whose gentle grasp she broke suddenly, and with a whispered "come," darted from the thronged drawing-rooms.

"You can tell me now the theme that so engrossed you and my friend," she said, as she submitted to re-capture on the threshold of the conservatory door. "What was she telling you?"

"Of your earnest and enduring love for your father, Miss Weston, and the hope you cherish of his prolonged existence."

The maiden breathed freer. "Ah, was that all?"

"No; but if you please we will speak of that first. On what is this hope founded?"

"Heaven knows, Captain Hubbard. But I have ever felt that we should have him back some day."

"You amaze me. I never dreamed of such an event as possible. That the Manhattan foundered is a fact so well established that I conceived it impossible for a doubt to exist in the minds of any."

"Nor do I doubt that fact; but that my father perished with her."

"I cannot conceive how he could be saved. When last seen she was in a sinking condition, and could not outlive the gale, which prevented the Mountain Eagle from rendering the necessary assistance that night."

"And which was rendered unavailing in the morning by the Manhattan's disappearance. No, I never doubted that she went down that night."

"But seven years have elapsed, and if your father, or any of his crew had escaped, they would have returned, or we gained some tidings of them."

"We might not instance the case of Alexander Selkirk, and a dozen others, whose existence was unknown for a longer period."

"But when seen by the Mountain Eagle the Manhattan was nearly a thousand miles from the nearest land."

"I know it, and that her boats were reported stove or unserviceable; yet I hope, nay, I am

almost certain that my father is alive. You cannot convince me of the contrary."

"Far be from me all desire to do so. The great Ruler of the universe is omniscient, and I most sincerely pray, though hopeless myself, that your fondest hope may be realized."

"Thank you. But for that hope I had been most miserable. To deprive me of it would be to take my life. No, no, I could not believe that my dear, dear, kind, indulgent father sleeps beneath the waves."

"And you have imparted this hope to your mother, I find."

"Yes, and I rejoice at it, she was so sad and hopeless."

"So she has told me. If alive, I could wish the task were mine to find and restore him to your love."

"Would you seek him, George?"

Our hero started at the question, and the musical intonation of her voice, as she breathed his name.

"Yes, over the whole surface of the globe if I could conceive the slightest possibility of success, or his prolonged existence."

"But uncheered by either, hopeless as you are, I mean?"

For near a minute the youth paused, thrilling his companion's soul with a fond and questioning regard which met a response as fond and voluminous in meaning.

"For your sake, Amelia, yes."

"I knew it," she exclaimed, joyfully. "I have even felt that I could trust you with the task, which would have been my own but for my sex."

"You may, indeed, Amelia. But what do you propose?"

"Has not my mother mentioned—"

"Her desire that I should touch at certain islands in the South Pacific, if chance, or future engagements should lead me thence, from my present destination."

"Poor mama is but half hopeful, or she would have secured herself what she has left to chance. I have a more comprehensive scheme in view, as yet a secret to all."

"Will you confide it to me?"

"Yes, I must, requiring your aid in its execution. You know I am of age to-night, and to-morrow come in possession of one hundred thousand dollars (our hero started), the sum, with interest, left me by my father's will. One third of that I intend shall be devoted to instant search for him, and if unsuccessful, I will sacrifice all to the same object, and deem his fond embrace but cheaply purchased."

"Noble girl! Did ever more loving child exist, or nobler woman? Amelia, why has Heaven made you so far above the standard of mortality?"

"Hush, I detest a flatterer, and would be grieved to find you one."

"I do not flatter. By heaven I adore you!" And carried away by mingled love and admiration, the impassioned youth poured into her willing ear the tale she longed to hear, and to which she listened with a throbbing heart, overflowing with the fullness of its first great happiness.

Nor did she withhold the response he craved. It fell on his ear in a gentle murmur, assuring him of the truth of his friend's assertion. He had been her ideal in childhood, the husband of her girlhood's dream, and was now, in the morning of her glorious womanhood, the chosen of her heart.

"You will be my almoner, or agent, in the outlay of these funds, George," she said, returning to the subject at length. "You must obtain a recindment of your vessel's charter to South America, and freight her in your own name for the South Pacific, on a trading voyage. In that manner only can we hope to succeed. I wish I could go with you."

"And you can, as my wife, my angel," exclaimed the enraptured lover.

"Stay, George, I fear I am about to damp your enthusiasm, but justice to ourselves demands it. I have confessed that—that I love you—there! But I must also add, that I have sworn never to wed unless my father is present to bless my vows."

"Amelia!"

"I have said it. You doubt, George. But I am assured he will be present at our union. Restore him, and he will not withhold your bride."

"By Heaven you render me hopeful, darling! Your will shall be obeyed. I will scour every ocean on the globe, and every known island in them, or restore him to your arms."

She thanked him with a kiss which amply repaid him for his solemn vow, and then, leaning on his arm, returned to the crowded rooms to lead the merry dance.

"To remain a year, Milly? What a strange whim, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Emma Mayhew one morning, a month after the party, in response to an intimation which had just fallen from the lips of her friend. "What shall I do without you?"

"Recall the past, and weave bright pictures of the future."

"But you will die of ennui at those horrid Green Mountains."

"No, m'am, I sha'l find ample employment and amusement in the study and acquirement of the noble art of housewifery."

"And your mother goes to Europe alone?"

"Tis so decided. I begged so hard to be left behind that she consented."

"You're a strange girl, Mill."

"So say all; yet all act strangely sometimes."

"But George—"

"Approves. O, I'm bound to be a model wife, although I am an heiress."

"You would be if you never saw the Green Mountains. But when do you set out?"

"Three days hence."

"Why not wait till the Annie sails, and you have bidden George godspeed on his mission?"

"You know its success will be the object of my unceasing prayer, and that will answer quite as well, *mon ami*!"

"I wish I could accompany you, Milly. I would, but Mayhew says I must be his *compagnon d'voyage* to New Orleans this trip."

"And I don't want you, Em."

"Why, Mill?"

"I mean it. I want no city friends to witness my first efforts at the milk-maid's task."

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! You learn to milk, churn, and make butter? O, that's too rich! Ha, ha, ha!" And the amused matron laughed until her sides ached, at the idea of her friend's transition from the drawing-room to the barnyard.

"Well, Em, since you're inclined to be so merry at my expense, I shall leave you to become sober, so *au revoir* till that change takes place, or we meet to say adieu."

"Stay, Milly!" But our heroine had crossed the threshold, and smilingly refused to return, urging the ladies' usual plea, "She had to do some shopping."

"Captain Hubbard aboard?" demanded Captain Mayhew, as he gained the rail of the Annie Laurie, which, fully freighted, equipped and manned, was hanging by single fasts to the end of India wharf, ready to drop into the stream, or proceed on her voyage, as might be deemed expedient by her commander, who, on hearing his friend's voice, passed out of the cabin and advanced with both hands extended.

"Welcome back, Mayhew! You're just in time to see me off. I was afraid you would be too late."

"And so was I. Confound those country owners, I thought I never should bring them to

terms. Missed the Bath boat as it was, and almost missed the train to Portland, which I reached just in time to save my bacon, and gain the hurricane deck of the *Forest City* as her last fast was let go. When do you sail?"

"Within an hour, I hope."

"Then I would have missed you if obliged to lay over in Portland last night."

"Yes, sir, and if I had obtained a letter I expected by last night's mail, you might have strained your eyes searching for me now."

"When did you clear?"

"Eve before last."

"You've had quick despatch, Hubbard, and you've an excellent craft under you. I hope you may make a good thing of it; but I'm sorry you're going on such a tom-fool's errand."

"I can't endorse that, Mayhew."

"Didn't expect you would. One can't look for a diversity of opinion in a brace of lovers, you know. But I say, George, what woman's whim sent Milly to the Green Mountains?"

"Can't say; you are as well informed as I on that subject."

"And Em is as ignorant. Tell ye what, I believe happiness has deprived the girl of her senses."

"Happiness seldom dethrones reason, or I might have been a candidate for a straight jacket, mine came to me so unexpected," rejoined our hero, smiling, and leading the way to the cabin. He paused at the pantry door to say, "A bottle of port and grapes, Polly."

"What, you carry a stewardess, Hubbard?" demanded his friend, as they entered the cabin.

"Yes, sir, another of Milly's whims. Would you believe it?"

"She's resolved you shan't accuse her of lack of confidence in you, eh?"

"It would seem so, if Polly was young and handsome; but the fact is, she's an old and indigent friend of the family's; deeply attached to poor Captain Weston, and as enthusiastic on the subject of his restoration to us as is Milly herself. She begged to go, and as Milly seconded her prayers, I could not refuse, so gave her the berth, with a male assistant. But here she is with our wine. Fill for yourself, Polly; you will not refuse my toast, I know. Come, just a little!" And placing Mayhew's glass before him, as she complied, he raised his own, and murmuring, said, "Fair winds and flowing seas to the Annie Laurie, and may success crown her mission!"

"Amen!" ejaculated the ancient stewardess. "It will, it must!" And replacing her empty glass, she ventured to ask, "Have you heard from Miss Milly, yet, captain?"

"A youngster on deck to see you, Captain Hubbard," said the mate, appearing at the threshold at the instant.

"Ah, send him this way." And replacing his glass, he prepared to receive the stranger.

"You are Captain Hubbard, sir?" said the slight, handsome, and apparently wide-awake specimen of the rural New Englander, whom the mate ushered in, heedless of the start and smothered exclamation with which both gentlemen greeted his entrance.

"That's my name; but who are you?" demanded our hero, brusquely.

"This will explain it, if you please, sir," said the youth, with a quiet smile, as he tendered a sealed letter.

"From Miss Weston? Ah, her cousin! Excuse me, sir." And our hero transferred his gaze from the open letter to the youth, who was exchanging a friendly clasp with the old stewardess, adding, "But you resemble her so nearly that I was half assured she stood before me."

"Thank you, sir—you flatter me—if I was only half as handsome as Cousin Milly, I might hope to win a wife, one day; but the gals up our way wont look at me in the light of a beau. They say I'm too little." And the speaker, heedless of the laugh which greeted his response, assumed a seat, and entered into a whispered conversation with the old stewardess, while our hero read in a low, yet audible tone:

"Rutland, Vt., August 15, 185-.

"DEAR GEORGE:—You will receive this by Cousin Edward, on whose account it has been delayed one day. He earnestly desires to join you in the search for my father, for whom he was named, and to whom he was deeply attached. Make him supercargo, or clerk, or anything; but take him, to gratify his earnest wish, and oblige me. His presence with you will obviate a necessity for that miniature you teased me for, and I denied, as he is said to resemble me very much! You will find him an agreeable companion, I think, his peculiar forte being an ability to render himself such to those he esteems. But you must judge for yourself, while I will only add my belief that his earnest love for my dear, dear father cannot fail to render him an invaluable assistant in the performance of your onerous task, the speedy and safe fulfilment of which is only necessary to render truly happy, and your own,
AMELIA WESTON."

"For whose sake you are thrice welcome on board the Annie." And grasping the stranger's hand Captain Hubbard added, "We shall be excellent friends, I know. But excuse my neglect, and permit me to make you acquainted with Captain Mayhew, my sincere friend."

"And Cousin Milly's. Believe me, sir, your

name at least is no stranger." And the youth exchanged a cordial clasp with Mayhew, while our hero continued :

"My preparations are now complete. How soon can you be ready?"

"As soon as my luggage can be shipped."

"Where is it?"

"On the wharf, sir."

"Good! Just point it out to the mate and he will have it aboard in a jiffy." And as the youth disappeared in obedience to the suggestion, our hero added, "There, Mayhew, who wouldn't strive for such a girl? Ere she left, I deemed my personal comfort well secured, while to amuse she gave me these." And he opened an extensive locker crammed with books. "More, I deemed impossible, unless she added herself to the list of stores. And now she has sent me just the next best thing, a companion and friend in whom I can confide."

"That you can, captain," interposed the stewardess, bluntly. "I've known little Eddy ever since his mother nursed him. Excuse me, sir; but I'm so glad he's going I hardly know what I'm doing." And she hurried from the cabin, followed by her auditor, Mayhew, saying in an undertone, "She sent him to watch you, Hubbard, that's the dodge, depend on't. I'll wager my head against a new cover for't, that you can't look at, much less speak to a female till you return, and the act remain a secret to Milly Weston."

"Done—you can have your head ready a year hence."

"Perhaps; better write me an order for the hat before you go, though, you'll be convinced I've won it when we meet."

"Will I? Let fall your canvass fore and aft, Mr. Thorn! Stand by fore and main-topsail sheets! On the wharf, there, let go our bow-fast, please." And twenty minutes later he was waving his late commander a last adieu from the Annie's taffrail, her head being seaward, and her dreary voyage begun.

Far away in the South Pacific, twenty degrees south of the equator, lies the Herry group of islands, to one of which, Aitutake, we beg leave to transport our readers. A perfect Eden in all that renders life a blessing, it is peopled by a race, who from time immemorial, have cursed it by their savage cruelty to those whom chance or shipwreck have left upon its shores.

And now, twelve months after the Annie Laurie's departure from Boston, we find upon it the remnant of a whaler's crew, who had been cast away on its northern extremity over seven

years previous. That remnant was but two. Of twenty saved from the wreck of the Fairhaven, they alone survived, dragging out a miserable existence in the faint hope of escape. Faint, we wrote! It had been strong, but its ashes alone remained, when they were ordered to the interior, and to avoid the beach on pain of death, a few days previous, where, confined and guarded in a rude hut, one of them sank, sick, and weary of life, on a rude mat, praying for death, while his companion sought an explanation of this sudden removal from the coast.

They had been close prisoners two days, when the youngest managed to elude his guards, and remaining absent a few hours, returned to find his companion stretched on his mat at the door of the prison hut, and gazing sadly at the lengthening shadows. But they must speak for themselves.

"Ah, Joshua, why did you desert me? I have missed you sadly all day long," said the poor invalid, as the wanderer bent over him.

"Hist, I've been to the coast to learn the cause of our removal to this oven."

"Well."

"I succeeded. What if I told you a vessel, bearing at her peak the stars and stripes of our own loved land was at anchor in the offing?"

The invalid started, half rose, and then sinking back heavily, sighed :

"Ah, you should not have told me, Joshua."

"Why not?"

"I shall only die the harder."

"Die! Tut, tut, don't talk of dying now, at the dawn of brighter prospects. We have not been spared so long, and so miraculously preserved, to leave our unburied bones among these savage scoundrels. Remember the terrific gale in which our gallant ship went down, our dreary voyage in a leaky boat, and unexpected rescue from starvation to find a prison here. Mark me, 'tis all His work, who ordereth all things well, and I am certain now that we are on the eve of rescue."

"But I am dying, what boots rescue to me now? I would not live to reach home. Home! have I a home? To reach my native land, and find no loved ones there to greet me, would be worse than death."

"You are desponding, captain, nor do I wonder, in view of all our suffering and many failures. But we have a chance now. This vessel is a trader, and will remain some time, while those which incited former hopes were only passing whalers. Hope for this night and to-morrow only, 'tis all I ask, and if I do not outwit these wily devils and make our presence

known to these strangers 'twill be because they have slain me in the attempt."

"No, no, ris' nothing for me, Joshua. Yet you should for yourself, for you are young and strong, and may live many years to enjoy liberty, while I am but a shattered wreck. This vessel comes too late. Last year, last month, or last week, even, I would have hailed her presence as you do now; but I have thought much, imagined much regarding those I left at home—my wife and child. They must be dead, and, and Joshua, my heart is broken." And tears, which had been strangers to the captive's eyes for years, filled them brimful, and flowed over his wasted cheek.

His companion forbore response; but seating himself, raised the weeper's head gently to his knee, and seizing a huge palmleaf lying near, proceeded to create a cooling current of air, which seemed to soothe and gratify the invalid.

"Well, Ned, what's the news? Have you discovered any trace of captives to-day, among those copper-colored heathens?" demanded our old friend, Captain Hubbard, as he entered the trading tent, pitched by his orders on the coral beach of Atitutake, at sundown of the day succeeding the dialogue above recorded.

"Not the slightest," said the supercargo, sadly.

"Well, we must be moving, then. Ah, me, I wonder where our search will end? Just a year to-night since we set out, two hundred islands visited, and as many more heard from, without a shadow of success, or a single gleam to keep alive the hope we had at sailing.

"I know it, George, but don't despair. Remember your pledge to Milly. She depends on you for more than its fulfilment."

"Poor girl, she depends on a broken reed, I fear!"

A shade of sadness settled on the supercargo's brow, as he ejaculated:

"No, no, she could not repose on a stronger staff. 'Hope on, hope ever,' is my motto, as I have told you scores of times. Why not adopt it, George?"

"I wish I could; but 'tis so hard to hope against conviction."

"I know it; but you divest your mind of this conviction, resting your opinion on the issue of our search. When we have touched at a thousand islands unsuccessfully, 'twill be time enough to despond."

"Ah, Ned, your gentle cousin has imbued you thoroughly with her faith. But come, supper waits on board, and we have all this trumpery to

embark. Here, lads, bear a hand and ship this stuff! D'ye hear? What do you find among those rocks to gaze at?"

"Nothing, sir," said one of the listening seamen, "only Tom Hazewell will have it he seed a white man's head a bobbing up 'an' down among them, and we was trying to get a sight."

"Where is Tom?" demanded the supercargo, bounding from the tent.

"Here, sir," was the prompt response of the party named.

"Are you certain of what you say?"

"I be, sir."

"Did any one else see it?"

A general "no" was the prompt response, when our young friend, whose keen gaze was riveted on the spot indicated, started, exclaiming:

"There, you did not use your eyes to advantage, then! I saw it. Look well to your weapons and follow!" And he was bounding away with the speed of a deer, when Captain Hubbard sprang after, and seizing him, exclaimed:

"My soul, Weston, are you mad? See those devils!" And he indicated the crowd of savages who had been lingering about the tent, and were now hastily assuming a belligerent attitude.

"Let me go."

"To fall, pierced by a hundred arrows? Never!"

"But I saw a white man."

"As I do now. See, he waves his hand! Have patience, Ned. Ha, look to your arms, men; if they send an arrow among those rocks, shoot them down like dogs." And the order was necessary. The eyes of the demons had proved as apt as his, and threescore arrows were drawn to the head, awaiting the re-appearance of the captive, for it was he.

"O, God, what shall we do?" demanded the excited supercargo. "It may be my—uncle."

"Doubtful; but we must parley with them." And casting aside his weapons, Captain Hubbard advanced towards the group, making signs of peace.

His advance attracted their attention from the rocks, distant nearly a hundred yards, when a figure emerged from the pile, and gliding over the ground with the speed of a deer, made for the tent, which he gained at the moment that his flight was perceived by the heathens, who did not hesitate, but sent a shower of arrows after him.

"Fire!" roared Captain Hubbard. "Give the demons a volley for that!" And he was obeyed, while the captive, pierced by three arrows, bounded into the midst of the little band of seamen, exclaiming:

"Hold, for Heaven's sake! To the village, and rescue Captain Weston be—"

"Who?" shouted both captain and supercargo simultaneously.

"Captain Weston. If from Boston you may know him. We foundered at sea, were picked up by a whaler, and cast away here, over seven years ago. But I have no time for more. He is sick, helpless, dying, and they may finish him before we get there."

"Quick, men, cut those rascals off from retreat!" shouted Captain Hubbard, while the supercargo, who had clung wildly to the captive's arm during his brief recital, exclaimed, dragging him from the spot:

"Lead on, lead on! I'm with you, and the rest can follow!"

At that instant the savages poured in another flight of arrows, which wounded every individual of the little band, who returned it with a dozen bullets, when a cheer rose seaward, announcing the passage of a re-inforcement.

Answering the cheer, they rushed upon the savage foe, when a fearful encounter ensued, and at fearful odds, but was speedily terminated by the arrival of the mate of the Annie with the remainder of her crew, when the islanders sought safety in flight, our hero and his little band bounding after them in close pursuit.

In the meantime the supercargo and his guide had gained some distance in advance of the flying foe. The former's feet seemed winged, so fast he sped, prevented from outstripping his companion by his ignorance of the route, while the latter avoided the direct path, and thus led him by without meeting the numerous squads of warriors, who were hurrying towards the beach. The hut was gained at length, and found deserted by its guard, when bounding in the captive shouted, "Captain!"

"Ah, Joshua, I'm glad—" But the fervent pressure of a pair of lips sealed his mouth, while a pair of arms wound tightly round his frail form, and the words, "Great God, I thank thee!" startled him into renewed animation. "What, Joshua, who is this?"

"Can't tell ye; no time to answer questions. We are saved—we are rescued! Come!"

"Ah, you have succeeded? Hurrah! But no, don't wait for me, Rynders—fly!"

"Not without you."

"What folly! Have I not told you my days were numbered?"

"My God, captain, will you refuse release?"

"No, no, he will not, cannot, must not! Come!" And the supercargo essayed to raise him from his mat, but in vain.

"No, no, messmate, let me die here. If I lived to reach America, 'twould be only to suffer ten thousand deaths. You must go alone, Rynders. You left no wife and child, and in meeting none will not be disappointed. If my Milly was—"

"Here, dearest father, 'tis your Milly who implores you, whose arms encircle you!"

"My Milly! What do you mean?" And the being so helpless but a moment previous, stood erect and strong, as when he had bidden home adieu; but as that strength came it passed, and sinking on his palm-leaf mat, he murmured, "How very cruel!"

At that instant Captain Hubbard was heard shouting the supercargo's name outside, when Rynders responded, and a minute later the gallant fellow paused in the entrance, demanding:

"Where, O, where is my prize, my old captain?"

"Here, Hubbard, I have him in my arms," said our heroine.

"Well done, Weston, you have forestalled me." And our hero clasped the old man to his heart, raising him lightly from the mat.

"Joshua, what does this mean? Am I dreaming?" And the speaker sought in vain to penetrate the gloom.

"Not a bit of it, captain. We have sailed over eighteen thousand miles in search of you, sent by your angelic Milly, to find and take you home."

"Sent by Milly? She was beside me but now, she said. Ah, Rynders, her spirit has called me, and I must go. Good-by, messmate, this must be death."

"Death! O, can you not believe me, father?"

"Father!" echoed our hero, amazed in turn.

"In Heaven's name, have you been with me all this time?"

But we have reached the climax, reader. Suffice it, that the fact required but little explanation, and that little was vouchsafed, when the cabin of the Annie Laurie had been gained. We wot it contained a grateful party that night, and when the morning dawned upon the gallant barque, many leagues from her late anchorage, Captain Weston sought and gained her deck without assistance, to obtain a last glimpse of the scene of his captivity, and breathe a petition to Heaven for blessings on the child who had brought him renewed life and liberty.

Three months later the Annie Laurie anchored in Boston harbor, when Mrs. Weston, just arrived from Europe, and expecting her daughter from Vermont hourly, was electrified on receiving her from a foreign clime, with the husband

so long lost. Nor was her incredulity strange in view of the fact that her travelling desk contained some twenty letters from Vermont, purporting to be from her child, who in disclaiming them, promised to produce the author, which she did a few days later, in the person of old Polly's—the stewardess—daughter.

"She couldn't cheat me, though, so you may order that hat, Hubbard!" was Mayhew's response to his friend's recital of the scene in the hut.

Need we add he received it to "sport" for the first time at the latter's wedding, which was not long delayed, and proved the issue of our hero's sea-faring career?

His bride would not consent that his home should be on the ocean longer. It had robbed her of a father's care for years, she said, and she would not risk her husband on its treacherous bosom.

Captain Weston, now fully restored to health, endorsed her views. He would become a landman himself, he said, and he readily effected the conversion of his ex-mate and fellow-captive, asserting that his old home had room for all, and all inhabit it to this day, rendering meet homage to its presiding genius, who is at once the most affectionate and dutiful of children, most exemplary of wives, and best of mothers, as well as the author of their united happiness, and we pray that she may live in full enjoyment of the meet reward of her unexampled faith and perseverance.

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD LEARN.

After the death of his wife, Sir Charles Napier removed to Caen, in Normandy, and did his best to perform the part of a mother to his girls. His aim was to make them religious, as the foundation of all excellence; to teach them accounts, that they might learn the value of money; work, that they might not waste their time if they were rich, nor be helpless if they were poor; cooking, that they might guard against the waste of servants, and be able to do for themselves in the event of a revolution.—*Sir William Napier.*

HOSPITALITY.

It is an excellent circumstance that hospitality grows best where it is most needed. In the thick of men it dwindles and disappears, like fruits in the thick of a wood; but where men are planted sparsely, it blossoms and matures, like apples on a standard or an espalier. It flourishes where the inn and lodging-house cannot exist.—*H. Miller.*

WHERE IS GOD?

In the sun, the moon, the sky;
On the mountain, wild and high;
In the thunder; in the rain;
In the grove, the wood, the plain;
In the little birds that sing—
God is seen in everything.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

A distinguished physician, who died some years since, in Paris, declared: "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked." I have often thought if a mother were anxious to show the soft white skin of her baby, and would cut out a round hole in the little thing's dress, just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms, members, so far removed from the heart and with such feeble circulation at best, is a most pernicious practice.

Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth; the mercury rises to 99 degrees. Now carry the same bulb to its little hand; if the arms be bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink forty degrees. Of course all the blood which flows through these arms and hands must fall from 20 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say that when these cold currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequently recurring affections of the lungs, throat and stomach? I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, or choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping its arms and hands warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities to witness the same simple cure.—*Dr. Lewis.*

ONLY A COBBLER.

William Carey had been brought up in the Church of England; but various causes induced him to become a Baptist, and he was baptized in 1783, at the age of twenty-two, in the river Nan, by Dr. Ryland, who afterwards assisted him in the formation of missions. He devoted himself entirely to Scripture; and to understand it better, studied, as best he could, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Yet he was still a journeyman shoemaker, who would have mended your boots, had you lived in those days, for a shilling or so, and would have been glad of the job. When his master died he married his sister, and took up the business. This step was unfortunate; for the said sister cared as little for the things which interested Carey as any of the Hindoos he afterwards sought to convert; and proved, in time, no slight obstacle in his way. His trade, too, diminished; and while in the capacity of a Baptist minister, he was preaching on Sundays to his congregation, he had to travel many a long mile in spite of ill health, on the week-days, to sell his boots and shoes, that he might buy bread. Yet he was patient and true, and not ashamed of his poverty. Thirty years later he was dining amid generals and officials at the table of the governor-general of India, where he overheard some one ask whether Mr. Carey had once been a shoemaker. "No, sir," cried Carey, "only a cobbler." There is many a man who rises from a humble to a grand position in life, and is glad to forget what he once was; Carey had too much sense for that.—*The Art of Doing our Best.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE RUSSIAN STREET SWEEPER.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

NINE years ago I was teacher in Pynville Seminary. The name, it is almost needless to say, is fictitious, and I shall not describe the locality, for if I did, there are those living, pupils and teachers of the seminary, who, in spite of the name, might recognize the place. The seminary was large and commodious, and I spent three very happy though busy years there. There was the usual mixture of good and bad, stupid and bright girls among the pupils. I made few friends; the teachers with whom I associated, though pleasant, were not to my taste, save one, a Russian lady, a few years my senior—the teacher of music, French and drawing. With her I formed a fast, enduring friendship, which lasted till her death, which was over a year ago. Catharine Poltava was the most beautiful woman I have ever met. Not only was every feature faultless, but the expression of her beautiful face was perfectly saint-like. She was so very beautiful that people turned to look at her as she passed them in the streets. Far from being vain of her beauty, she seemed to fairly shrink with horror at every mark of admiration she received. Often she has said to me—

“O, Anna, I would fairly bless the disease which would rob me of every particle of my beauty, which has been my bane from early childhood.”

One day I asked her, what I had often longed to do, but had been withheld by a certain something in her manner. This day I said:

“You have often said that to me, Catharine, but I have never quite liked to ask the reason of such a strange remark—but now I do.”

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears as she replied:

“Anna Carter, you are the first and only person I have loved since I came to this country, four years ago. If I should tell you why I almost curse my beauty, you would, I fear, cease to be my friend.”

“All nonsense, Catharine. You ought to know me well enough by this time to have no such fears. Nearly three years we have been together, and you have, I think, seen nothing in me to make you think so meanly of me.”

Catharine smiled sadly as she said:

“Don’t get into a passion of indignation, Anna, my child. I love you dearly, and cannot bear to run the risk of losing your respect and affection. Now I’ll make a proposition to you.

In three weeks, vacation begins. When the term is finished I will tell you my reasons for my strange exclamations, as you call them. Should you feel less kindly towards me, you are fully released from the promise of taking me home with you. I can spend my vacation here, as I have been in the habit of doing.”

I consented to this arrangement, and waited with intense eagerness for the day of disclosure to come. As the time approached, I noticed the habitual sadness deepened in Catharine’s sweet face, and I detected her in making many little arrangements which betokened a firm conviction that her story would end all intimacy between us. Now, in the three years we had been so closely associated together, I had never seen the least trait of vulgarity, coarseness, or want of principle—Catharine Poltava was, without exception, the most lady-like, refined, high-toned, firm-principled person I ever met.

The long looked for hour came at last. The term closed with a glorious exhibition and soiree. Music, dancing and joyful life were everywhere. It was the most brilliant closing ever witnessed in the old building. At last the day ended; all the scholars who were to leave, as well as teachers, had done so. Catharine and I were not to leave till late in the afternoon of the next day, so we retired to our rooms for the last time. I was sitting in my room half undressed, when a gentle tap at my door aroused me, and Catharine Poltava walked in, looking positively glorious in her beauty. She threw herself into an unoccupied chair nearly opposite to me, and said:

“I hope you are not completely tired out, Anna, for I am so restless and weary that I cannot sleep, and so thought I would tell you the story I promised.”

“I am not at all tired.”

“Then I will begin—and I do not wish you to interrupt me, for I shall find it hard enough to relate even if I am left to myself.”

“Then, Catharine, do not vex yourself about it. I can wait, even if I am curious.”

“I don’t wish you to wait. I must speak to-night. I only wish you would turn so that you cannot see my face or I see yours, because I cannot go on with my recital if I see what your feelings are.”

I whirled my chair round, half tempted to sit so as to see her face reflected in my toilet-glass, but honor forbade me to do that, and so I turned my back completely to her, and after a moment’s silence, she began:

“I was born in St. Petersburg, and was the only child of good parents, moderately wealthy. My mother was a frail, delicate woman, who

seemed to be fading daily before my eyes. My father was a good, high-souled, honorable man, wholly devoted to my mother and myself. When I was fourteen years old I was sent to a boarding school, and only returned for very short vacations, and then we usually went away from St. Petersburg. I had a remarkable fine talent for music and drawing, and these were cultivated. Four years I devoted myself to my studies. At the end of that time I came home and delighted my fond parents by my progress. Though I had not been unhappy at school, I was rejoiced to be at home again. I had few acquaintances, and no intimate friend but Elizabeth Riazan, a very beautiful, and, as I thought, a very good girl, though a little wild. Our fathers were very intimate, and seemed pleased at the intimacy existing between their children. One day Elizabeth and I were out walking, and there passed us two gentlemen on horseback, nobles I knew them to be. They passed us, then repassed, and the second time, one exclaimed:

"By Heaven, Felix! That is a beauty!"

The exclamation frightened me, and not dreaming that I had any claim to it, I said:

"Lizzie, do put your veil over your face, these men are so rude."

"So as to let them see only your face to admire," she answered, sneeringly.

"Lizzie!"

"You need not exclaim in such indignation, for I mean what I say. Don't be so vain. I shall not put my veil down, and these men may stare as much as they like." And so saying, she tossed her beautiful head proudly, and boldly looked at the two men who hovered near us.

"I was bewildered and frightened, and thankful when I came in sight of my house, to which I hurried, taking a very unceremonious leave of Elizabeth. Just as I reached the door, I glanced back, and noticed, though the fact instantly passed from my mind in my own thoughts, that Lizzie, instead of walking on, had stopped on the walk, as if to allow the men, who had fallen a little behind, to catch up with her. If I had been more *au fait* with the ways of the world, I might have divined the girl's motive, but I did not—simply wondered what she stopped for. My mother was so delicate and frail that I didn't like to tell her what had occurred, and I didn't like to tell my father, for fear he might blame Lizzie, or think, perhaps, I was acting too free. For that one act of retention, how I have suffered! That night I gave the first thought to my own looks. My glass, consulted earnestly for the first time, told me that I was beautiful. The knowledge roused a vague fear in my heart

"From that day forth my whole life changed. I led a miserable existence. I rarely went into the street but I met the rider who had spoken that day to Lizzie and I. Sometimes he was on foot, sometimes on horseback, and at other times in a carriage. He never offended me again by any remarks, but he became the bane of my life. Elizabeth altered, too. I began to fear the world was changing. Sometimes she would be insulting and irritable, proud and wayward—at other times infinitely tender, discreet and gentle. I never knew how I should find her. I gave her music lessons, and twice every week I went to her house. Those days were my joy and fear. Sometimes Lizzie would be gentle, bright and attentive; at other times insulting and perverse beyond endurance. One afternoon I went to give her a lesson, and found my persecutor chatting familiarly with her. I was about withdrawing, murmuring something about not knowing she was engaged, when she sprang from her seat and seizing me by the arm, fiercely dragged me into the room, saying, in a gentle voice, wholly in contrast with the passionate, stern grasp of her hand:

"You don't fly away like a silly bird this time, dear Catharine. Let me introduce my friends. Count Arthur Vladimir—let me present to you my dear friend, Catharine Poltava."

"Count Vladimir was a handsome man and very graceful, and I could not help remarking the exquisite grace of his bow. He said a few words, then bowed himself out. As soon as the street door closed upon him, Elizabeth's whole manner changed, and she said, bitterly:

"Kathy, you are very beautiful, but woe be unto you if you dare, with that innocent face of yours, to steal from me my lover!"

"Your lover?"

"Yes."

"Are you crazy, Lizzie! A count your lover! O, Lizzie, his attentions are not honorable. Cast him off!"

"So you can pick him up, Miss Innocence?"

"I cannot stay here and be insulted. You presume too much upon our past friendship."

"Don't go, Kathy dear," pleaded Lizzie, all the winning sweetness of her manner coming back, "I did not mean all I said, as you ought to know. I will not be so hateful again. Come, let's have some music, that soothes all pain! I know my lesson perfectly, and you will have reason to be proud of your pupil."

"Softened by her manner, I stayed the rest of the afternoon, and went away loving Lizzie Riazan for her gentleness and wit more than I ever did before. From that time forth she never

exhibited before me any of those freaks of temper which made me always so fearful and sad, but I had another source of annoyance. That was in the obtrusive attentions of Count Vladimir. He followed me like my shadow, and endeavored by every means in his power to make himself agreeable to me.

"One day he met me at Lizzie's. I had gone there for the purpose of giving her a music lesson, but found her out. She left word that I was to wait for her till she came back, which would be shortly. Throwing off my bonnet, I seated myself at the harp and began to sing. My back was to the door, and I was so absorbed by my music that I did not hear any one enter, and so was startled when I felt my lips suddenly pressed to bearded ones, and saw the handsome eyes of Count Vladimir looking into mine. Quick as thought, I sprang to my feet.

"How dare you insult me so?"

"Softly, my beautiful Catharine; it was no insult, for I love you."

"The words stirred a strange feeling in my heart, but I mastered the emotion and said, proudly:

"Such words coming from you to me are an insult."

"Indeed they are not. Did not our czar, Peter I., marry Catharine a peasant girl? Will you not be to me what she was to him from first to last?"

"Again that strange thrill passed through my heart, and I remained silent, feeling that the dark eyes were looking me through and through.

"Say, darling, will you make me happy? Will you so bless one who loves you dearly?"

"I put out my hands, and said:

"Count Vladimir, I will—though much I fear that your friends will sneer at you for your low-born wife."

"Wife?" he said carelessly, but the words nearly killed me. "I said nothing about a wife."

"Good heavens, did you not?"

"No, my beautiful darling, not yet. You see my friends would make a terrible row, but that need make no difference to us. The emperor himself, Peter the Great, set us his example with his beautiful consort. First she was his loved and cherished mistress, then his empress. So will you be. Surrounded by love and wealth, you shall follow in the steps of your royal name-giver." And he reached out his arms to seize me.

"The scales had fallen from my eyes, as I listened to his dishonorable words. In my heart I thanked God that it was not love which had thrilled my soul—had it been, this blow would have killed me.

"Wretch!" I cried, trembling with anger, 'leave me this instant! Were the wealth of the world, the emperor's crown, laid at my feet, I should still be far above Catharine I. in my stainless virtue.'

"You are beautiful in your anger, but dare still to resist me, and you are lost. I am not a man to be foiled in any attempt. Come!"

"I will kill you, if you dare touch me. Your very touch is pollution; your every word a burning, shameless insult. Leave this house!"

"Gently, little tigress!" he said, mockingly. 'This is not your house; you cannot bid me leave it.'

"He spoke the truth, and quick as thought I fled from the room—not even giving myself time to take my bonnet, which laid on a table near the door. My cheeks crimsoned with shame, my heart chilled with fear, I rushed home. Fortunately my father was out, and my mother lying down; so I gained my room without detection. Flinging myself on the bed, I gave myself up to bitter weeping. Then I rose, and sitting by the window, began to ponder upon what was to be done. I couldn't tell my mother, for her hold on life was so slight, that any undue excitement might cost her her life. My father I could not tell, for he would probably kill the wretch on the spot where next he met him. At last I thought I would go to Elizabeth Riazan. She had proved herself, of late, gentle and considerate. That seemed the only plan; so washing away the marks of tears as best I could, I went to her house—only a few doors from my home. Lizzie received me gently and kindly, and then into her ear I poured the story of my wrongs. When I had finished, her face fairly blazed with indignation, while I rested in a chair almost fainting.

"You are worn out, dear Kathy. I will go and get you a little cordial, and then we will take a little walk in this fresh air, and I will decide what is to be done."

"So saying, she left the room; and after a short delay, she returned with a tiny glass of some powerful cordial, for I had hardly swallowed it, when I felt my spirits revive.

"Leaning on the arm of Elizabeth, I walked out. The air helped my cure, and by the time we had reached one of the principal crowded streets, I felt quite like myself again. Then a strange numbness and dizziness began to creep over me; my feet seemed shod with lead, and houses, pavements and people whirled in confusion. I knew I must have staggered, for I heard a voice say:

"What is the matter with your friend?"

"I remembered the answer afterwards, though then my senses were too confused to take in the fearful import. Lizzie answered :

" 'Heavens, she is drunk ! and I fear I shall never get her home without being detected by the police. She is a good girl, though she has this fatal weakness.' "

"That is the last I remember. When next I came to my senses, I was lying on the floor in the watch-house.

"In Russia, those guilty of drunkenness, night-walking and some other offences, are punished by the culprits being made to sweep the principal streets by daylight—subjected to every species of sneer and jibe. This, then, was my doom. With about a dozen others, I sat waiting for the dreadful day. I could not weep, for I was stunned with fear. Now my mind reverted to the words of Lizzie Riazan, and I knew that she had accomplished my ruin. What was life worth now ? With the rising of the sun I should be a street sweeper, forced in broad daylight to thus publicly cast away my character and cover myself with disgrace. Day broke, and an hour after sunrise we were all conducted to the most fashionable street in St. Petersburg, the *Neuskoi Prospekt*, under the superintendence of the police. The first person I saw on the sidewalk was my dear father, grown in one night ten years older. I tried to escape his eyes, but he was watching his wretched daughter. We were appointed our place, and the work began. Some seemed ashamed, others indifferent, and others, like myself, perfectly desperate. As soon as the work began, my father stepped up to me and murmured my name. I answered.

" 'Catharine, why are you here ?' "

" 'God help me, father, I do not know' "

" 'Lizzie Riazan came to the house last night, and said she felt anxious to hear how you were, for you had acted very strangely—acted as if you had been drinking—and declared your intention of going to see Count Vladimir, whose wife you had promised to be. She remonstrated with you, but you persisted in your intention and rushed from the house. Child ! child ! I did not believe the story, but when you came not, I grew anxious and flew to the watch-houses. In one I found you, but they would not release you ; other witnesses must be brought to testify to your habitual good character, and that not till morning. Speak, Catharine, and tell me the truth.' "

" 'Father, I am innocent. But wait ! a few moments more of this misery can do no harm. I see Count Vladimir—stand where you can listen to what he says, if he should speak to me ; that may give you some clue, and then, dear

father, for heaven's sake, O do take me home.' "

"My father muffled his face in his cloak and remained near me. Count Vladimir came on horseback, daintily picking his way among the crowd, and looking insolently at all the sweepers. At last he stopped his horse beside me, who was a little apart from the others. Bending over his saddle, he said :

" 'Where is the character you were so proud of yesterday ?' "

"I took no notice, and he repeated the question.

" 'Where is the character you so vaunted yesterday ? Perhaps now my lady would not scorn the offer made her then.' "

" 'She would, now and ever. In the eyes of man I am disgraced ; but God can separate the innocent from the guilty. Ride on, before my anger masters me and I forget everything but the insults you have heaped upon me, and strike you with this broom.' "

" 'Tigress !' he muttered ; then added, louder than he intended : 'Liz said this would bring you to terms.' She must help me yet further.' And so muttering, the vile count rode on, and I fell fainting upon the dusty pavements.

"I was carried to the watch-house, and from thence to my father's house. With what I heard, and what I was able to tell my father, he gathered the truth—a fearful, bitter truth.

"The sufferings of that day and night nearly carried me to my grave, and the disgrace nearly killed my mother and father. While I was sick, the affair was investigated ; and arrayed in a significant white costume, Count Arthur Vladimir, one of the handsomest men in St. Petersburg, was displayed in the very street, broom in hand, obliged to sweep the dust which, one week before, his horse had spurned with flying feet, and where he had insulted me. My name was publicly cleared, and his and Elizabeth's heaped with disgrace ; but for all that, my father could not stay in the city where he had suffered so much. He gave up his store, sold his property, and embarked for this country. My dear mother died on the passage, but my father lived to bless me ten years longer, then died, and I became a teacher in this seminary.

"Now, Anna, you know why I have cursed, almost, my beauty, and why I dreaded to tell you this." "

"All nonsense, my dear Catharine. You were sinned against, not yourself sinning, and here let me say that I love you more than ever, respect you more than ever, and shall only be too proud to have for my firm friend, and constant companion, THE STREET SWEEPER."

[ORIGINAL.]

TO JENNIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY W. J. ANDERSON.

One more of our years has passed, Jennie,
 Another "New Year" has begun;
 And it makes our hearts beat fast, Jennie,
 For the race of the old year's run;
 And we think of the days that are past, Jennie,
 And they speak to us one by one,
 Of how much of sorrow we've caused, Jennie—
 How little of duty we've done.

They tell of bright hopes we have nursed, Jennie,
 Of "castles" we've built "in the air;"
 Of many an hour that we've sat, Jennie,
 And wondered that earth was so fair.
 The hopes we have cherished have fled, Jennie,
 Disappointment has left us to mourn
 Over pleasures, long hoped-for, we never have felt—
 Wished-for joys that we never have known.

But this is not all that they say, Jennie—
 They tell us of happier hours,
 When roaming the "garden of life," Jennie,
 We've gathered its loveliest flowers:
 They speak of fond hearts that we love, Jennie;
 Of brother, and sister, and friends;—
 Kind parents to watch us and guide us aright,
 Until life's weary pilgrimage ends.

Let us learn from these days of the past, Jennie,
 A lesson they only can teach,
 That, although every day brings its thorns, Jennie,
 There are many bright flowers within reach.
 Then till death calls us both to that home, Jennie,
 Where the spirit forever reposes,
 Together we'll banish life's thorns, Jennie,
 And together pluck life's sweetest roses.

[ORIGINAL.]

A NIGHT IN THE TOMBS.

BY F. F. HORTON.

SOME years ago, a young American gentleman entered Paris just at nightfall, and sought lodgings at one of the principal hotels. He was a young man of marked genius, who bade fair to rise to distinction at home, but whose name as yet had never crossed the water. He had moreover not a single friend in Paris, and not even a letter of introduction to any one in the great city.

He could not but marvel at his negligence, his singular carelessness in this respect, as he sat the first evening of his arrival, reviewing the past events of his journey and planning his future movements. But his greatest regret arose from the thought, that by this omission, he should be able to see less that was noteworthy in the brief space of time which he proposed to spend in Paris. This European tour had not been dream-

ed of a week before his departure from America, and for weighty reasons it was to be a hurried one.

Having lodged in mid-air, he descended the numerous flights of steps in the morning, and went forth for a walk about the gay city. The stream of life, which poured through the streets, the greatest part of which flowed towards the pleasure gardens, the gay attire of the ladies, the brilliancy of the shop windows, and above all, the vivacious chattering which was kept up on all sides—all this formed a scene so utterly different from anything to be witnessed in the decorous, Puritan city from whence he came, that the young American was greatly amused and interested, and unconsciously to himself allowed several hours to slip away in the agreeable occupation of gazing.

At length he was partially recalled to himself by a sense of hunger, for his breakfast had been a scanty one. He accordingly entered a cafe and seated himself at one of the numerous tables, which had just at that moment been vacated.

It is the easiest thing in the world to obtain something to eat in Paris. If you are ignorant of the ordinary French phrases the waiter will understand your merest sign, that convenient, universal language, which never fails one.

Yonton, the young American, had no need to resort to this language as he spoke French somewhat fluently, and so well did he use his talent on this occasion, that his table was presently spread with the delicacies for which he had inquired. The appetizing food at first demanded all his attention, but after awhile he began to give some heed to the conversation of his immediate neighbors.

A brawny workman had just finished his homely repast, and was now holding a little after dinner confab with his next neighbor, also a workman.

"Whither away with your tools to-day?" inquired the latter, as he noticed that his companion was slowly gathering up his instruments of labor.

"To the tombs, neighbor. I fancy you wouldn't like my afternoon's job, to be hammering away under the street, making such an infernal din, that you have to stop every few minutes and think where you are."

"Not I," returned his companion, shrugging his shoulders. "But, Jean, my friend, some day you will be missing, dying a curious death down in those musty, damp holes. I, for one, shall not hunt for you, neighbor, lest I share your fate. Strange stories have been told, you know, of the place."

"Comrade, I am no child to be frightened by your stories. For twenty years have I been a blacksmith, and not a better one in Paris. And many a time have I been down yonder and up safely again, and so it will be this time. But I must look for my apprentice, so good-day, neighbor."

All this time Yonton had been listening attentively. That insatiable desire to engage in every doubtful and dangerous enterprise, to examine curiously everything that is at all shrouded in mystery or invested with horror, which trait may be called a truly American one, was possessed by Yonton in a great degree.

As a schoolboy, this trait had brought disgrace upon him dozens of times. He had been flogged for horrifying his companions by the most outrageously frightful stories, he had been known to have sent timid boys into convulsions, and had been caught more than once upon excursions, which though original in conception, and perhaps highly romantic, were against all rule of law and order. As a man, this trait added somewhat of piquancy and energy to his character, which it might otherwise have lacked.

As Yonton listened then to this conversation, his resolve was instantly taken. He liked nothing better than the proposal of roaming through those mouldy old tombs beneath the gay world of Paris.

"Friend," said he, addressing the blacksmith, "I am a stranger here, viewing the wonders of Paris. I wish to see the tombs you just now spoke of, and will pay you well if you will allow me to accompany you this afternoon."

The workman stared at him a moment in astonishment, and then replied, gravely:

"Take my advice, friend, and remain above ground. It may be the easiest thing in the world to see daylight again, and it may be the hardest. As for me, I must earn my pittance and meet some danger for it."

"It is useless to advise me," returned Yonton, "my mind is made up. Let me go with you instead of your apprentice, and I will besides pay you well for your complaisance."

There was something in the frank, open face of the young American, which the blacksmith could not resist.

"Go then, since you wish it, but blame not me if anything should happen."

"I will not, I will not," was Yonton's joyful answer, as he prepared to follow his conductor.

Through a small, unpretending building, they found an entrance to the catacombs. Here Jean the blacksmith lit his candle and shouldered his tools, and closely followed by Yonton descended

into those gloomy regions, which lie directly beneath the busy streets of the city.

Here deep below, countless passages cross each other, and even the most experienced person is apt to become bewildered at times. Oftentimes the passages were so low that Yonton and his conductor were obliged to stoop to pursue their journey, and again they expanded into lofty cells, where one could not only stand upright, but obtain a view also of the gloomy vault and the passages beyond.

Yonton was enchanted. Never before had he had such an opportunity to explore beneath the earth, and he doubted whether this gratification would have been allowed him if he had brought letters of introduction. Arriving at his place of labor through a network of passages, which he trod as if perfectly familiar with, the blacksmith carefully deposited the candle among the stones, and began to select some tools, from those which he had brought with him.

He was to repair some locks on the massive doors of the old tombs. Here and there a stone had fallen out, or the wood had cracked, and Yonton looking through saw, or thought he saw, whitened bones within. But Jean steadfastly persisted in asserting that such relics of mortality existed, in the present case, only in Yonton's imagination.

For awhile the young American amused himself by listening to the sounds which came from all quarters as often as there occurred a stroke of the hammer. When that was silent, he shouted his own name and the name of his friends at home, and was delighted to hear them returned to him by a hundred echoes.

Presently he began to explore the surrounding passages, always keeping within sight of Jean's candle, and now and then exchanging a word or two in French with his companion. He gathered a few little stones from an old mouldering tomb, and placed them in his pockets as mementoes of this curious visit. He likewise, upon the back of a card, which was the only suitable thing he could find, sketched old Jean at work upon the door of the tomb, the dimly lighted passage, and the dreary looking stones lying here and there.

He imagined his mother holding this sketch in her hands, and his sisters leaning over her shoulder to look and shudder at the desolations of the place, and a far dearer one than they even, turning pale at the thought of his journeyings through those gloomy passages. But for Yonton, the place had inexhaustible charms, and he was preparing to renew his researches and discover, if it were possible, some inscription upon

the ancient tombs, when suddenly he found himself in complete darkness, and at the same time the noise of Jean's hammer ceased to be heard.

Thinking that he had unconsciously wandered into some passage, which obscured the light of the candle, he endeavored to retrace his steps, remaining silent the while for fear of frightening Jean. Soon he heard him muttering to himself, and moving briskly about.

"What is the matter, Jean?" he inquired, in a loud voice.

"How you startled me! I didn't know you were so near," was the answer. "The candle has burned down without my noticing it, that is all; but I have another with me, and will light it in a moment."

Yonton waited patiently for some minutes, endeavoring to shake off a nervous feeling, which in spite of himself began to creep over him.

"How soon will the promised light appear?" he asked, in a tone intended to be jocular. "To tell the truth, friend, I rather dislike this place in the dark. With the light of a candle it is well enough."

"Young man," replied Jean, in low, strained, unnatural tones, "we shall have no light unless you have some matches in your pocket. I have left my tinder-box in the building above."

Without a word, Yonton searched his pockets, first one and then the other, over and over again. But nothing that resembled a match could he find. In fact, he knew that he had never, except upon rare occasions, carried them about him.

"I can find no matches," he replied. "But is it not possible for you to find the way out even in the dark? You seemed to know it perfectly when we came."

"With a light I could trace our route hither without trouble. But in the dark I know nothing of it."

"But would it not be better to make the attempt? We might possibly reach the entrance. It is at least worth trying."

"Young man, you know nothing of this place, if you think that. There are a hundred chances of getting deeper and deeper into this labyrinth of passages, where there is one of reaching the entrance."

"And if we remain here, what then? Is there the least chance of rescue?"

"The faintest, perhaps. But I would advise you not to depend upon it. There are many stories told of people who were lost here in former times, but I never yet heard of one who was restored to his friends."

"It is not my way to give up life while there

is the least hope," said the young American, bravely. "In my country, Jean, we despair not till the last moment. Let us shout for assistance. It is not improbable that some one may hear us."

"Hark!" said Jean. "Do you hear that faint roar far above us? That is the noise in the street. Are you so wild as to dream for a moment of making your voice heard above that turmoil?"

"But there may be some one nearer at hand, some one besides ourselves in these passages."

"That is wilder yet. I am certain that no one besides ourselves has entered this place this three months."

"But surely, we shall be missed. I am a stranger here, it is true, without a single friend in the city, but at least they will search for you."

"And how many in Paris, do you suppose, care what becomes of a workman?" returned old Jean, composedly. "Never trust to that slender hope, friend."

"Jean," said Yonton, "I am a young man, full of life and health, and my future lies brightly before me. Loving friends await me in my own land, and a happy, useful and honorable career is open to me. Do you think then, that I will weakly relinquish the hope of life, and endure the prospect of death whilst the faintest hope remains? I am going now to shout till I am hoarse, and it may be that we shall be heard."

The gloomy passages were now filled with sound. A dozen times was Yonton persuaded that some one replied to him, but the mocking echo of his own call always came back to him at last. At length, wearied with the effort, he became silent, listening with an intense eagerness to catch the slightest sound in return. Far, far above him, he heard that faint roar as the happy crowd swayed to and fro above his tomb, the tomb that was about to shut out the sweet world forever, from the eyes of the living dead.

Never had life seemed so beautiful to him now that it was slipping from his eager grasp. What would he have given to have been once more joyfully swinging along over the sidewalk above, as he had done that morning, which now seemed such an immeasurably far-off period!

"Have you given up all hope?" asked Jean.

"Not I indeed. I shall shout again presently, when I have rested a little. Where is your hand, Jean? Let us keep together, come what may."

"It matters not much," said Jean, "how I end this life. Though I did hope I should be

buried under some tree out from the city. It is very pleasant there ; the branches wave and the sun shines all the day long. I am an old man with no friends, but you are young and strong, and will have many to mourn your long absence. I am sorry more for you than for myself, friend."

The perspiration stood in large drops on Yonton's brow, a bitter pang entered his soul, as he thought how often those dear friends in that quiet home far away, would look and long for his coming, the coming which might never be. How often with quivering lips and tearful eyes, would they conjecture his fate, and as the weary years passed by and no tidings came from him, in secret would they bear their heavy burden of sorrow, waiting for the time when they should cross the dark river, and on that heavenly shore the mystery should be revealed to them.

Years hence, perhaps, the traveller would find his scattered bones, and with a traveller's curiosity would wonder how they came there, and perchance, would gather them reverently together. He was aroused from his bitter thoughts by Jean.

"It is night up above, friend. Do you not perceive that there is less noise? The people have gone to their homes."

"I wish we had but one ray of light here. This damp gloom is horrible, and besides I feel a dampness creeping over everything. Come, Jean, let us shout once more, it will keep us from being chilled through."

Once more the cavern resounded with echoes. Yonton's clear, powerful voice seemed to penetrate each nook, but with no encouraging result. Another long pause followed, disturbed only by Jean's deep breathing! Several hours must have passed away, and Yonton felt his limbs becoming numb, the dampness pressing like lead upon them.

But the faintest hopes of rescue now lingered. He was beginning to turn his thoughts from earth, and in this solemn time to concentrate them entirely upon heaven. He pictured to himself that blest abode, he saw the glorious temples, and the street of gold as described by Bunyan. One of Watts's sweetest hymns constantly recurred to him, and now and then he murmured a word or two of it, those parts which especially described the beautiful world beyond :

"Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours."

"Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green."

"Poor fellow," murmured Jean, pityingly.

"He wanders."

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Then perceiving that his companion's clothes were saturated with moisture, this obscure, uneducated Parisian workman stripped off his own homely outer garment, and with the tenderness of a woman prepared to wrap it about Yonton.

The action aroused the youth from his lethargy.

"Is it you, Jean? Come, let us give one more shout. Who knows what may happen?"

"Hark! did you hear that?" asked Yonton, as something like a murmur seemed to come from above in answer to their shout.

"They hear us," exclaimed Jean, as again the experiment was attempted with the same result.

"Help, help!" shouted Yonton, springing to his feet, and standing directly beneath that portion of the roof from whence the sound came.

"Where are you?" were the words, which they seemed to hear in a faint, smothered tone.

"In the catacombs, buried alive. Help us, else we shall perish."

"I understand. I will come as soon as possible with help."

Long and anxiously they waited, scarcely daring to believe that deliverance was in store for them. The minutes passed like hours, but at length they heard the noise of voices in the passages beyond them. Their shouts were quickly answered, and the light of a candle appearing suddenly, nearly blinded them.

Two men made their appearance, one of whom was the watchman, who going home at a late hour had heard by mere accident, strange sounds from below the street. The great sewer lay directly beneath his feet, and from beyond that came the voices. He had immediately procured the assistance of a guide, and by his prompt exertions had thus saved the lives of two of his fellow-men.

Yonton, confused and bewildered by the sight of a human face, leaned upon the arm of his conductor, and ere he reached the open air fainted away.

Jean, whose imagination was far less vivid than that of his companion, and who had been used all his life to rough scenes, maintained a composed demeanor, even when told how wonderfully he had been preserved. For to the existence of the sewer alone did he owe his preservation, since in no other spot, perhaps, could it have been possible to have made a shout heard.

Yonton struggled long with a brain fever, and arose from his sick bed a better man, perhaps, than he had been before.

THE AMBER-BEAD.

I saw a fly within a bead
Of amber cleanly buried:
The urn was little, but the room
More rich than Cleopatra's tomb—HARRIET.

(ORIGINAL.)

AFFECTION.

BY WILLIE WARE.

Wealth may leave us,
And glory depart;
Sorrow may fall
Like a weight on the heart;
Fame may be blasted,
Like a flower in fall,
When the frost's icy breath
Has fallen on all.

But the wealth of affection
Can never depart:
Forever it lives,
To cheer the lone heart;
To whisper sweet comfort
When sorrow is near:
Of all things the brightest,
Affection's most dear.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SHADOW ON THE HEART OF WILSON WEBBER.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I stood with my companion on the shore of the Niagara, down the steep bank of which I had carefully guided him, at his earnest request. His eyes were fixed earnestly upon the stream, and so intently did he continue to gaze upon the waters which whirled dizzily almost at our feet, that I forbore to disturb him with the question which I had often before hesitated to ask. But my eyes were directed as steadfastly towards his face, as were his towards the wild scene before him; and, in truth, he formed a striking picture, as he stood there by my side, leaning thoughtfully upon his staff, his long white hair streaming back over his shoulders, and a painful, gloomy shadow flickering wearily about his wan face. Ah—threescore years and ten had not passed him lightly by; the feet that thus tottered on the brink of the grave, must have wandered through paths of sorrow and distress, and the finger of Time alone would never have graven that brow so deeply with wrinkles!

The casual inspection of the old man's face, naturally suggested these reflections; but beyond this, I recalled the faint remembrance of having at some time heard a story relating to the long life-sorrow of Wilson Webber—the name of my venerable companion—which, faint though it was, occurred to me almost without effort, as I observed his emotion, in looking upon the river. And I was thinking of some plan by which I

might draw the narrative from the lips of the old man himself, when he commenced to speak, in a voice hardly audible; not to me, certainly, for he never changed the direction of his gaze, and he seemed not unaware of my presence. He was evidently soliloquizing.

"The river is wide, here—very wide," he said; "so wide, that the opposite bank is indistinct, and I cannot separate the objects upon it from each other—and deep—how deep! Ah, and how deceitful are these rolling waters; how they run, just above, in a still unbroken current, to break and change into a treacherous vortex! Over what wealth of human victims do they sweep; what generous hearts have been stilled in their fatal embrace!"

He paused, as he observed how intently I listened to every word which he thus unconsciously uttered; and after a moment's hesitation, he continued.

"Sit yonder, if you will," said he, addressing me, "and I will tell you the simple story of an old man's heart. You noticed the cottage by the road, as we came down the bank? It is tenantless now, and gone to ruin and decay; yet time was, when it sheltered warm and noble hearts. It was, fifty years ago—fifty long, weary years—the home of a boatman, whose name I need not repeat, and his only child, Minnie, as she was called; and this cabin was also my home. I was younger than you, and a mere boy in years and experience, when I was first cast abroad upon the wide world, and left to its mercies. Contact with it, and its miseries, soon embittered my youthful spirit; it was an experience too severe for my boyish heart, and I grew sick and weary of life itself. It was merely a careless longing for change, at this period of my life, which led me to this wild spot, and the house of the boatman. For the first time in all my wayfarings, I was kindly and hospitably received; and my heart instantly warmed towards the humane boatman and his little daughter. I had related to them my story, which needed no other confirmation than my careworn, emaciated face and lustreless eyes, and their sympathies were readily enlisted for me; and days and weeks passed insensibly by, and found me still beneath the roof of the cottage. It was a home, although a humble one; and for the time, I desired nothing more.

"But my strange pride of spirit would not permit me to remain where there was a possibility that I might be an intruder; and it was to test the feelings of my new friends towards me, that I one morning announced my intention of bidding them farewell. If I had harbored a

doubt on the subject, it was quickly removed; the impulsive little daughter threw her arms around my neck, and with tears in her eyes, declared that I should not leave them; while the father said, with a smile:

"There's little danger of your going, Will, while Minnie holds you as tight as she does now! But don't think of leaving us, my boy—at least, not for the present—we have come to like you so well, we should be sorry to lose you."

"So I remained, and made myself useful to the boatman in his labors on the river, passing my leisure hours with Minnie, and instructing her in the meagre knowledge which I had gleaned by chance. I had at first regarded her as a warm-hearted, and somewhat handsome child, and nothing more; but as I studied her more closely, I was not slow in discovering in her the undeveloped germ of beauty, both of mind and body, which would one day cause her to be eagerly sought after. Simultaneous with the discovery, a great ambition possessed me; and as I dreamed over it, my purpose was strengthened and confirmed. It was, simply, the determination to go out into the world once more, and to devote a few brief years of toil to the acquisition of wealth—not for myself, but for Minnie and her father. My heart exulted over the idea that I might thus repay my humble benefactor the debt, which my gratitude magnified a thousand fold; and, best of all, make darling little Minnie my wife. She would be a peerless woman, at the expiration of the period I had limited; and I actually surmised whether it would not be selfish for me to take her all to myself. Ah—you smile, my young friend; but these were not the idle dreamings of a boy! I was a man, then, in spirit and determination, if not in years; and I know that my ambition was a good and noble one.

"I unfolded my plans fully to the boatman, revealing everything as I had planned it. He smiled, just as you did a moment since, when I spoke, with boyish zeal, of my attachment to his child; but he heard me through, shook my hand earnestly, and gave me a hearty godspeed.

"Good-by, then, Will," said he. "Perhaps you are a little wild with these notions of yours; but I see you are sincere, and I won't try to dissuade you. Keep your heart unspotted from the wickedness of the world, my boy; and whether you come back or not, don't forget us."

"It was a comparatively easy matter to part with the boatman; but as I met Minnie upon the threshold, my courage almost died. She placed her hands upon my shoulders, and threw an eloquent look of grief and entreaty into my face, from her great brown eyes.

"Will, you can't go!" she faltered. "You must stay—I know you will, for my sake!"

"It is for your sake that I must go, Minnie," I replied; and in answer to her mute inquiry, I unfolded to her all my hopes and longings. Child though she was, she perfectly comprehended all I meant to convey; and her lashes drooped with a feeling almost maidenly, as I spoke of the relations which I hoped, in future, to bear to her.

"You will return, then?" was her murmured question.

"I will—if you, Minnie, will promise to be to me all I have wished."

"There was the innocent warmth of the child, in the embrace with which she clasped my neck, but the devotion of the maiden, in the whispered words: 'Yes, dear Will, yes!' My heart was too full for utterance; hastily returning her kiss, I strapped my little bundle to my back, and grasping my stick more firmly, I strode manfully forth. Pausing, at a little distance from the cottage, I looked back; Minnie was standing in the doorway, looking sorrowfully after me. Tears filled my eyes, as I walked rapidly away; and in the sad enthusiasm of the moment, I resolved to move heaven and earth, if necessary, to win her!

"Five years, almost to a day, had elapsed since my departure from the cottage, when I again stood by it, and nervously, almost fearfully, rapped at the door. I could detect no changes in the appearance of the old, familiar scene; the cottage was the same, unchanged in a solitary feature—the landscape around it was the same—and there ran the noble river, even as when I last viewed it; but—my heart sank at the thought—what changes might not have visited the inmates of the cottage? My queries, however, were cut short by the opening of the door; the boatman himself stood before me, peering, with the aid of a lamp, into the face of the bearded man before him, evidently not recognizing me. He had changed, too, as well as I; his hair was almost gray, and his step had lost its firmness; but when he at last came to know me, he seized my hand with all of his old heartiness, and almost dragged me inside the door.

"You have not forgotten us, Will—I knew you would not," were his eager words. "No wonder I did not know you; but you're welcome, my boy. And how about your old dreams, Will?" he added, with an incredulous look. "Have you come back to fulfil them?"

"Most certainly I have; I am rich now—and you may rely upon it, all that I planned when a boy, shall be now accomplished!"

"I wished to say more; but the question which

I wished to ask, died upon my lips. Foolish fears, perhaps they were; but I could not help entertaining a suggestion that this fair fabric of happiness which I had shaped for myself, might be dashed down, even when near its completion. These fears, however, were but momentary; the garrulous boatman mentioned the name I most wished him to speak.

"Minnie will be overjoyed to see you," he said. "She is a tall, handsome girl now—almost a lady—and she speaks of you often. She has never forgotten you, Will."

"Where is she?" I impatiently asked. "Tell her that I have come; you know how anxious I must be to see her again."

"You shall see her soon, my boy," the boatman replied, with his old smile. "She crossed the river, this afternoon, to visit a sick person; but she promised to return before dark. Something has detained her; she will be here presently."

"The load fell from my heart, and my spirits ascended to their wonted level. For a while longer I listened to the talk of the boatman; but when he left the room for a moment, I stepped without the door, and turned my eyes to the river. The moon was at her full, and I had no difficulty in distinguishing a boat, just putting out from the opposite shore. There was but one person in it, besides the rower, and that, a female figure; and with my heart beating high with hope and expectancy, I walked quickly down to the edge of the water, and stood where I am now standing. My eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the boat; I feared that some misfortune might yet intervene between myself and the dear one who sat in the stern, her hand carelessly playing in the water, unconscious of my presence. Nearer and nearer came the boat, until I could distinguish the features of her beautiful face—and my excitement moved me to rashness: I called my name to her, over the water, calling her, also, by name. Fatal words! I forgot that the boat was nothing more than one of those frail birch canoes, which were then used upon the waters, and which required but a movement to be thrown from their uncertain balance; and, apparently, she also forgot it. Recognizing my voice, she sprang up, heedless of the warning cry of the man at the oars—her hand was once waved joyously towards me—and the next instant, while a shriek of horror ran across the water, both were struggling in the wild flood!

"You see that white circle of foam, opposite us? It was there that the helpless girl, wildly stretching her arms to me, for the assistance which I was powerless to extend, was drawn downward into the treacherous depths! In an

instant, all was over; death, dark and fearful, had mocked my fancied happiness; and the corpse of the loved and lost Minnie was hurried forever from my eyes."

The old man sighed, and gloomily bowed his head. The river sent up its hollow murmur, the wind moaned among the trees upon the bank, and as darkness settled down, every sight and sound seemed to afford a desolate aspect, congenial to the old man's broken heart.

"Let us go," he said; and I offered my arm for him to lean upon. "It is fifty years ago, to-night, and this is the fiftieth time I have visited the spot. A few more visits—a very few—and my cares will be over!"

"But what of the boatman, Minnie's father?" I asked.

"Nothing—except that he became insane, upon that terrible night. Where he is now, I know not; he must have died long since." * * *

The old man's story passed from my mind; but being lately in the vicinity of its scene, curiosity and re-awakened interest led me to revisit it. I found a newly-made grave near the door of the deserted cottage; and my surmises would assuredly have indicated its occupant, even without the assistance of the wooden slab which some pious hand had raised at the head of the grave and inscribed with the words: "Wilson Webber, *ætat.* 73." Inquiry confirmed my suspicions, that the old man had made but one visit to the river subsequent to that upon which I accompanied him; and that he yielded up his life upon the very spot which had been the scene alike of his hopes and sorrows.

A GORMANDISING KING.

In my early days at Paris, between 1823 and 1824, I went more than once on Sundays to see the *grand concert* at the Tuileries, that is to say, to see Louis XVIII., dining alone in royal fashion. No one consumed his food with greater gusto, not to say voracity, or more frequently used his fingers. A favorite *plat* with him was mutton cutlets *au naturel*, which were nicely rounded, containing merely the *noyau*. I have witnessed him demolish eight or ten of these in succession, making but a mouthful of each cutlet. A large napkin was tucked closely under the old man's chin, to save his *jabot* from the pollution of grease and gravy.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

JENNY KISSED ME.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your life, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

LUGH HUNT.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

BY WILLIAM MC FARLANE.

In a little grove of shade trees
 Stands a farm-house brown and old,
 With a wealth of vines around it,
 Gemmed with flowers of red and gold;
 By the path that makes a circle
 Of white sand round the lawn,
 Grow sweet Timothy and clover,
 Rosy as a June-day dawn.

Around its door pale morning-glories,
 Jump-up-johnnies, dahlias, pinks,
 Cluster—concentrated beauties,
 Married by a thousand links:
 Links of love, the works of nature's
 Mystery of handicraft;
 Links of glory, through which fairy
 Argosies of perfume waft.

And the gate that swings before it,
 And the fence as white as snow,
 Stand on variegated cushions,
 Which the sun-fire sets aglow;
 Crowning them with many colors—
 Yellow, purple, green and blue—
 As if rainbows there had fallen,
 Melted into rarest dew.

On its roof the greenest mosses
 Catch the shadows from the trees;
 On its sides red honeysuckles
 Make their courtesies to the breeze;
 And the ever-nervous willows,
 Standing near the garden's bound,
 Throw a web of shade fantastic
 On the clover-mantled ground.

O'er the well an arch of grape-vines,
 Formed with Heaven's directed care,
 Chains the shadows to the water,
 Making cool the summer air;
 And a tiny church, its steeple
 Piercing through a bower of leaves,
 Is a sure and sacred refuge
 Where the wren her carol weaves.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE OLD LOVE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"It seems so strange to know that I shall not see this old place by moonlight again for long, long years."

The sweet voice of the speaker was sad, and her brown eyes had a tender, tearful look in them as she raised them to the face of her companion. He did not reply. His clear, bright glance was fixed on the most distant of the far hills, and his handsome, boyish face had a wistfully thoughtful look upon it.

"What are you thinking of, Justin?" said the young girl, when his silence had attracted her attention.

"I was wondering about the future," he replied, with a sigh, his gaze wandering nearer home and finally resting on her face.

"I am tired of doing that," she answered, carelessly, swinging the little brown gate by which they stood, back and forth with her hand. "I shan't trouble myself about what is coming, any more."

"Why?—that sounds oddly coming from your lips, Genie."

It was a pretty countenance the young man looked into, while the owner of it hesitated. Not perfect in outline or feature, but charming in its expression of intelligence and sweet gravity. Pale brown hair put carelessly back from it, lay in golden waves about the forehead and softly tinted cheeks, and was gathered into a coil of shining braids at the back of the head.

"It makes me so sad," she said, at last, her eyes fixed and dreamy. "Do you know, Justin, that I think there is some great trial in store for me by-and-by. A dread of coming ill always haunts me when I try to look forward. It is foolish, perhaps, but I cannot help it."

"I might call it foolish if I were not a bit superstitious and mystical myself, to-night," replied the young man, taking one of her hands and caressing it absently. "Your prospects certainly look bright now, Genie, dear."

"I know it," she replied, leaning her forehead against his shoulder in a familiar, careless way. "My relatives will give me a good home and all the advantages their wealth can bring. I know that I shall be the pet of their old age; and I shall value all this kindness the more because I have always been deprived of it until now. But for you, dear, how desolate my past life would have been."

His arms closed impulsively around her, and he bent forward and kissed her forehead.

"Do you think that you will miss me, Genie?"

"You know that I shall," she replied.

"I am not so sure of that," he answered. "I know that I have been everything to you, as you have been and always will be to me, but I cannot think that you will always feel as you now do towards me. Hush, and listen a moment. It will not be there as it has been here. You will see new people—people who will appreciate and admire you. New interests will spring up, and as time passes away, the old love stands a fair chance of being undervalued and forgotten. Wait,—no;—I do not think you fickle or naturally forgetful of those whom you have loved, but you will grow older, and—Virginia, do you remember the doll you had six years ago, when I first knew you, and how you prized it?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember the pet dog you owned a year later, and which you declared to me you loved better than anything else in the world?"

"My poor, dead Carlo—yes."

"Do you remember Nellie Brandon to whom you were so fondly attached at fifteen? Your intimate friend, to whom you confided every thought?"

"A school-girl friendship—yes. But what do you mean by asking me these questions, Justin?"

"I want to show you how we outgrow our loves. Would you love your doll and dog now?"

"The doll—no. The dog—a little. But surely, you do not rank yourself with a toy and a pet animal?"

"No, that is not what I mean. I use these things in illustration, not comparison. How do you regard Nellie Brandon, now?"

"She is shallow, and—well, I do not care for her friendship."

"You did care for it, once. And that is what I am trying to make you understand. You are not what you were then. As you grow older you will still continue to change as you have changed. You—"

"You will talk uselessly, all night, if you attempt to prove that, Justin," interrupted the girl. "I shall never cease to love you. You were my first love, and you will be my last."

"Perhaps so. Heaven knows I hope that you are right. See the moon gleaming through that misty cloud."

His arms were about her; her cheek was against his breast. They stood in silence for a few moments. At last, Virginia said:

"What have you planned to do for yourself Justin?"

"I have not concluded yet what I shall do. One thing is sure: I shall stay in this unenterprising little place no longer."

"Do you suppose the mystery about your parentage will ever be cleared up?"

"I am afraid not. Yet I think that if I were to seek my parents instead of my fortune, as young heroes do in story-books, I should find both. I have reason to believe that they are wealthy and influential. But you are cold, dear,—and your hair is damp with dew. I will not be so selfish as to keep you here longer."

"But, Justin, you will write to me often?"

"I will not promise. Perhaps it will be better otherwise. But you shall hear from me once a year until I see you again. Now good-by, and God bless you!"

He kissed her twice, in a passionate, earnest way, and then releasing her, turned and walked quick-

ly down the road. She watched his fine figure, with its well-poised head and springing step, until it was out of sight. Then she walked slowly up the winding, grassy path, to the door. On the threshold she paused, and looked back to the place where they had been standing.

"I told him that he was my first love and that he would be my last," she murmured, to herself. "I hope he will remember it. How very strange it all seems. I wonder if the time will come when I shall regret what has passed this evening. I hope not—I am sure not."

So saying, she went in softly, and silently closed the door.

"What a beautiful girl!"

"And what an elegant rider!"

Virginia Thornton heard the words distinctly, and glancing carelessly around from her seat in the saddle, met the ardent looks of admiration with which they were accompanied. But not a tinge of color stained the fairness of her cheeks. The cool, self-possessed expression of her eyes did not alter. The red, mobile lips exhibiting at that moment only pride and beauty, betrayed nothing more.

"Proud as Lucifer!"

She heard that too. Still her face did not change. Her dark eyes merely glanced up and then down again. She rode out of the city with her companions, and when among the green, country roads, galloped off by herself. She knew the act would be noticed, perhaps criticized, but she did not care. She was weary of the sound of gay laughter, and the rattle of tongues. So she followed her own inclination and escaped from them. Guiding her horse upon the fresh, springy turf, she made him strike into an easy, even canter, and soon the rich bloom broke through the gleaming fairness of her cheeks. The weary, indifferent look faded out of her face—her royally beautiful face—and she looked glad and happy as a delighted child.

"This is capital," she said aloud, after awhile.

"Are you tired, Vic? Well, take me to the other side of that old fence, and then you may rest. One, two, three!"

"Well done, Miss Thornton! The creature might as well have attempted to shake off one of his ears."

She drew her panting, excited steed in sharply, and turned in the direction of the voice. At sight of a gentleman sitting on a low stone wall with a riding stick in his hand, she uttered a quick exclamation of surprise.

"Mr. Annesley!—I thought you refused to join us to-day."

"And so I did, and so I persist in doing. I wish to ride only with Miss Virginia Thornton, and await her permission to do so."

At a motion of his hand, his horse, which was grazing at a little distance, came and stood passively beside him. With his hand grasping the reins, he waited. The face he looked into was not like the one he might have seen framed in the waves of that rich, fair hair, an hour before. The mouth was tremulous and tender; the beautiful eyes barren of their coldness;—perhaps the warmth of his smiles had banished it, as sunshine dissolves ice.

"Your presumption is remarkable," she said. "And the most fitting punishment will be my consent to your request."

She motioned him to mount.

"What do you mean?" he asked, obeying her.

"That you will find me insufferably dull company," she replied, as they turned into a cross road together.

He gave her a searching look.

"Are you low-spirited?" he said.

"No;—only tired."

"Tired of what?"

"Everything."

"My dear Genie!"

The words seemed spoken impulsively. Her sudden dash of color revealed that they were unusual to her ears.

"I beg pardon," he said quickly, observing it.

"You need not," she replied. "The name is a favorite one. Call me so, if you choose."

"What?"

"Genie."

"But I said '*my dear Genie*.' May I call you that?"

She blushed, but the next impulse was to retort saucily. Looking up at him, however, the glance of her bright eyes quailed beneath the grave expression of his. The crimson of her cheek deepened, her ripe mouth quivered. In that moment of exquisite pain and pleasure she wished that she were dead.

"Have I distressed you?" he asked, gently.

His forbearance was a very great relief to her.

"Yes," she answered simply, looking frankly into his handsome face.

"Then I will say no more on the subject," he replied. "I have something to tell you," he said, after a moment's pause, for she did not speak. "A gentleman with whom I am well acquainted, commissioned me to deliver you a small packet, to-day. I have carried it in my vest-pocket since morning. Here it is."

He handed her a little white package bearing her name. At sight of the handwriting, her face

blanched suddenly, and she reeled in her saddle as if she had been struck by a heavy hand.

"O, this is cruel!" she murmured.

"Miss Thornton—dear Virginia, what is it?" said Hugh Annesley, checking the horses. Then observing the remaining pallor of her features, he sprang to the ground, and lifted her from her seat.

"What is it?" he repeated, with his arm around her.

"Nothing;—I am ill," she answered, incoherently, and evidently struggling to regain her self-possession.

"Sit down here," and he placed her gently upon a mossy, fallen log beneath a tree. "Now do not talk until you feel better. My poor child."

The tender, pitying words made her lips tremble. Standing beside her, he put back the rich fall of her hair, with the gentle touch of a loving woman. She remained silent for a few moments, her head resting against the dark trunk of the tree, her lips parted slightly, and her eyes with their long, dark lashes, wearily closed. At last she looked up.

"I was ill, yesterday—I am not well, to-day," she said, the color coming slowly back to her face. "Otherwise I should not be so weak and foolish. I am sorry that I met you, Mr. Annesley, for what must you think of me?"

"I think that you are wronging both yourself and me, by refusing to trust me, Virginia," he replied, quietly. "You cannot conceal from me that you are troubled and unhappy. I have only the right of a friend to your confidence, but you undervalue that by your evident desire to conceal from me the cause of your distress."

"Hugh!—Mr. Annesley!" she commenced, hastily, but checked herself. "Perhaps it would be best to tell you, after all," she said. "You are kind-hearted and clear-headed. Perhaps you may know how to aid me. See here."

She tore from the packet its small white wrapper, and then drawing a penknife from her pocket, hastily cut the fastenings of a small white paper box, and drew from it a fine gold chain to which was attached a tiny jewelled locket.

"That is a rare gift," said he, examining it.

"It is a gift which I would give almost my life to be able to return to the giver with the assurance that the circumstances of which it is a token are much regretted by me; and for which, if I am not permitted to do so, I must barter my earthly peace and happiness."

"You talk in riddles."

"Well, I will explain. Six years ago, before I had entered my eighteenth year, I parted from my first lover—a boy, not two years my senior.

I believed then that the first love was the true one. I know better now, but only to my despair—I plighted my troth to him; he believes to this day, that I love him as I used, for I have never seen him since I left my country home. He sends me presents and tender messages which render me wretched. But he never writes to me. He gives me no opportunity to tell him of this change, for I do not know where he is. I do not think I could do it if I did. I assured him again and again on that last night, that I should not outgrow my love for him, for he warned me of this. I thought I understood my heart. Poor child that I was!—I did not know then that I had one."

"Then you do not love him now?"

"Only with the tender, pitying love of a sister."

"And you love some one else?—pardon me, but if I am to advise, I must know the whole facts of the case."

Her face was quiet enough, and she did not raise her eyes, though a crimson blush burned up to the waves of her golden-brown hair as she replied, "Yes, I love some one else."

He watched her proud countenance with searching eyes, for a moment. Then he sprang forward and grasped her hands.

"Virginia, you are a true woman. If I did not believe this, I should not ask you, as I stand before you face to face, if you love me."

"Your assertion is contradictory, coupled with that question, if you expect me to answer it," she answered, proudly.

"But where is the necessity of my saying that I love you? I have made it known to you by acts a hundred times, during the past two months."

She was about to reply immediately, but she stopped, and waited a moment.

"Hugh Annesley," she said suddenly, at last, "this is selfish in you."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You strive to betray me into a confession of love for you before you advise me how to deal with the man I formerly loved and who you know now loves me. Suppose I were to tell you that I had only a friendly regard for you, and that I loved another?"

"In that case, I should advise you precisely as I do now."

"And how is that?"

He did not reply for a moment, and she waited impatiently, while he stood toying with the locket.

"Has it occurred to you that the giver has probably sent a copy of his face within this?" he asked.

A slight, nervous contraction passed over her face.

"No, but it is likely," she replied.

"Do you wish to see?"

"No, but you may."

He unclasped the locket.

"Yes," he said, looking gravely within, while she stood silently by, with averted eyes. "He was a homely fellow, wasn't he, Genie?"

She turned and looked at him in astonishment. He laughed at her surprised face.

"You wanted my advice, didn't you?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, I think you can do no better than to marry him."

"Who?" she asked, starting.

"The original of this portrait."

She stood gazing blankly at him.

"You are mocking me;—you are cruel," she said, the tears starting to her eyes, and her color rising.

"I am doing nothing of the kind," he replied.

"But I do not love him."

"I assure you that you do."

He laughed again. Her eyes flashed.

"Convince me of it," she said, curling her lips.

"I will do so. Look at the portrait."

She took it from his hand, and he watched her while she gazed. First came a look of blank astonishment, then one of doubt, afterwards an expression of bewilderment, and finally one of inquiry, as she raised her eyes to his face.

"Are you puzzled?" he asked, smiling. "Well, I will explain. That is a copy of my face, and I am your old lover, Justin Perry. Five years ago I discovered my parents, and was re-christened by them. But my new name and station has not changed my heart. I still love Genie Thornton."

"And I still love Justin Perry, then," she said, after a moment of conflicting emotions.

"You are, very evidently, convinced," he replied, laughing and kissing her.

"It is all so strange, Justin—Hugh."

"But that doesn't prevent our marrying and being happy."

And it didn't.

GOOD HUMOR.

Good humor is the clear sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty of fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark; or like a flute in full concert of instruments, a sound, not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

MY CHARMING COUSIN KATE.

BY CLARA LOUD.

O, have you seen my cousin fair?
 She is a glorious prize,
 With her long flowing chestnut hair,
 And mischief-loving eyes;
 She boasts a noble, lofty mien,
 With certain air of state;
 And she is proud as any queen,
 My charming cousin Kate—
 My charming cousin Kate!
 And she is proud as any queen,
 My charming cousin Kate!

I dread a glance from her dark eye:
 Though it be seeming fair,
 O, there is always lurking by
 Some mischief—be beware!
 For if you e'er indulge a smile,
 You 'll learn, when 'tis too late,
 That you are slave to some mad wile
 Of charming cousin Kate—
 My charming cousin Kate!
 That you are slave to some mad wile
 Of charming cousin Kate!

But O, should sorrow pierce your heart,
 She'll lay her mirth aside,
 To act a woman's noble part;
 And lingering by your side,
 She'll whispering bid your heart rejoice,
 Though care and grief be great.
 There's soothing music in the voice
 Of charming cousin Kate.
 O, charming cousin Kate!
 There's soothing music in the voice
 Of charming cousin Kate!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BEDOUIN ROBBER:

—OR,—

THE PEARL OF PEARLS.

BY MARTIN L. HOWARD.

EB SAYS ES SUFTER, a sheik of the desert, lay dying. It was a fearful scene which the moon shone down upon; the cluster of white tents, and far, far away, as far as the eye could penetrate, one vast plain, upon which the tents were as a speck. Eb Says Es Sufter had been a good man, according to the Bedouin ideas of that word. He had been a successful robber, a just ruler, and had never violated the laws of hospitality. Accordingly, now that he lay dying, a wail arose from every tent, the wail of women's voices, low, sweet and musical. Mingled with it, now and then, came a harsher sound, when some son of the desert, unable to suppress his grief, poured it out upon the midnight air.

The side of the tent where lay the dying man was looped far up, that its inmate might take a last look of his ancestral home, bathed in the sweet moonlight, and breathe once more the free air of the desert. As the musical wail, rising and falling upon the air, reached the ears of the old sheik, a look of pride lit up his face. Hé raised himself and listened attentively, and then, having drank in the full meaning of the sounds, he sank back satisfied. It was seldom that a sheik died with such honors, bewailed by all his people, who as children of the desert could not be otherwise than sincere in their grief.

And now the dying man called for his two sons, Hadad and Yookoop, that they might hear his last words and receive his blessing before he went out upon that journey over the heavenly plain. Hadad, a tall, slender, dark-looking person, approached his father with a reverential obeisance. Behind him came Yookoop, a youth of twenty, brave and handsome, the light of his father's eyes.

"Hadad," he said, "I am going to leave you, never again to come back. When I am gone, you shall rule my people in my place. Be just to all, and never allow discord to creep into their hearts. Thus, my son, you see your inheritance.

"Yookoop, my son, come nearer." And all unconsciously the old man's voice became softer, as his eye dwelt fondly upon the pride of his heart, his younger son. "And what will Yookoop do when I am gone?" he asked.

"I will be a robber, O, my father," answered Yookoop, drawing himself up proudly.

The old sheik's eyes sparkled even in death.

"Well have I trained you, my son," he said, "since you love to course over the desert, to gather the rich spoils from the unwary. And since you follow in the footsteps of your father, take my fleet Arabian, my snowy Yula, whose feet never falter, and who will bear you over the desert swifter than the wind. And remember, my son, never to rob him with whom you have tasted salt, for in doing this, you break the law of your fathers, the sacred law of hospitality."

This, and much more the old sheik said, and then he dropped away quietly, the moon shining in curiously upon the pale face, and the musical dirge rising higher and higher upon the air.

Yookoop, being emancipated from control, took his inheritance, the fleet Yula, and set out upon his travels in quest of adventures. But Yookoop was a youth of genius, besides being very bold. The ordinary predatory life, its small gains, and its tameness of adventure, did not at all suit the character of Yookoop, who aspired to something higher.

Dirkham, the governor of Seestars, was said

to have concealed in his palace an almost fabulous quantity of gold, and jewels, and costly stuffs, part of which had descended to him, and part had been acquired by himself. Whenever Yookoop thought of this report of the governor's riches, a longing entered his soul to make them his own. He recollected how the old sheik, his father, had told him the story when he was but a child, and how even then he had dreamed of accomplishing this very thing. He imagined the honors which would greet him, the homage which would be paid him by his tribe, when he returned to them laden with spoils—and thinking thus, he made a resolve that the thing should be done, and that the governor's riches should become his.

One day Lalla, the daughter of Dirksam, wearied with her music, her flowers, and all the other occupations and amusements which became the heiress of the governor of Seestars, leaned negligently from her casement, that she might observe the passers-by. Over her head was thrown a long, rich veil, which should have hidden her fair face from the public gaze, but with that innocent coquetry, not by any means peculiar to the daughters of the East, she had tossed it aside, so that the laughing eyes and the rich bloom of the cheek were clearly revealed. Enjoying for a moment the brief glances of admiration cast towards her by many a passer in the street, the eyes of the maiden at length wandered across the way, and rested upon a sturdy, handsome beggar, who stood soliciting alms from the hurrying crowd. The longer Lalla watched him, the more she admired the patience and meekness with which he received the numerous rebuffs bestowed upon him, pocketing as he did so the alms which now and then reached him, with few or no words of acknowledgment. At length Lalla called to her hand-maiden:

"Gita, run across the street, and bring yonder beggar beneath this window. Tell him I wish to bestow alms upon him."

Gita quickly performed her errand, and the beggar, seeming to comprehend the message after much difficulty, changed his station, and planted himself directly under Lalla's window. The beggar's gaze was so full of admiration, that Lalla threw down her veil, ere she proceeded to interrogate him.

"By what name are you called?" she at length inquired.

But to her great astonishment the man made no reply, other than by pointing to his ears and mouth, and uttering an inarticulate but musical sound.

"Poor creature!" said Lalla, compassionately,

"he is deaf and dumb. What a pity! and he so handsome, too! Do you observe, Gita, what lovely eyes he has? See, how they flash like the jewels which my father keeps hidden away, and suffers me only now and then to gaze upon. And then his teeth—they are like very pearls, Gita."

The beggar appeared to hear nothing of this, but stood with folded arms, meekly waiting to be again questioned.

"But take him away, Gita," continued her mistress, "and offer him something to eat. Perchance he is hungry. And stay—give him this also." And she dropped a tiny purse into the hand of her attendant.

The next day, at the same hour, feeling herself slightly ennuied, Lalla again looked forth, and beheld on the opposite side of the street the handsome beggar and the hurrying crowd. Her gaze was immediately returned by the beggar, who poured forth in signs the words he was powerless to utter.

"Gita," said her mistress, "did you offer that man something to eat yesterday, as I bade you?"

"Yes, generous mistress," was the reply, "I offered him food, and he pushed it away from him. That looked not well for a beggar."

Lalla was silent. She had already dreamed that a great foreign prince would come in disguise to win her love, and carry her back to his own beautiful land. Here, then, was the prince in the garb of a beggar—for now she recollected that in her dream, the prince had just such handsome eyes and teeth as those she now looked upon.

A third day Lalla looked out for the disguised prince, but he was not to be seen. There was the gay street and the hurrying crowd, but the well-remembered face of the beggar was gone. Day after day the maiden looked and waited and hoped, but no foreign prince in gorgeous array, with the features of the beggar, rode up to her father's palace and demanded her hand. Little did she dream that Yookoop, the prince of her dreams and the disguised beggar, was now bounding over the desert on his steed Yula, and was working surely and stealthily to gain a subterranean passage into her father's palace. For, as has been shown, Yookoop had obtained by stratagem, an opportunity to examine the dwelling of the governor, and had quickly decided that a passage must be excavated into it in order to obtain the vast treasure concealed there.

It was not an easy thing to do, but a work that required time and perseverance for its completion. Yookoop, the son of the desert, labored in secret, and as he did so, he thought of Lalla, whom

next to the governor's gold and jewels, of all his possessions he prized the most.

In the meantime, great consternation had seized the governor's household. Lalla, the pearl of great price, dearer to her father than all his jewels, began to droop and fade. The light died out from her eyes, the color from her cheeks. Many celebrated physicians were consulted, but none avowed himself able to help her, since none could discover the disease. But all agreed that unless help came speedily, she would surely die, since day by day she became more wan and feeble. Dirksam was in despair, since Lalla was his only child, the last of a numerous family, who one after another had drooped and faded and died.

At length, one physician, wiser than the others, discovered that the disease was of the mind rather than the body, and suggested it to Dirksam.

Whereupon, Dirksam one day summoned Lalla, and held the following conversation with her :

"My daughter, what can I give you to make you happier?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Shall I take you to see my jewels?" inquired the father.

Lalla shook her head.

"Shall I give you my largest diamond, my pearl of pearls, or will my daughter have a bale of costly stuff, with which to fashion richer clothing than that which she already has?"

"Nothing of all these, my father," was the mournful answer.

"What will my daughter have, then?" asked Dirksam in despair.

"I wish once more to see the prince, who came here, disguised as a beggar. Then, my father, should I die happy."

Dirksam laughed aloud. A prince, especially in disguise, was the last thing he would have thought of. But, if such a person were in his dominions, he should be found at once.

Lalla heard her father's answer, and her face brightened with hope, for well she knew that Dirksam never broke his word, and that he would use every means in his power to discover the disguised prince. Accordingly it was soon proclaimed through the city, that if the person—who bore the description given by Lalla—would repair to the palace, he would be received with favor. But for a while, Lalla and her father hoped and waited in vain, for no tidings of the missing person reached them.

In the meantime, Yookoop had completed the passage, and the time was rapidly approaching when his ambition and avarice seemed about to

be gratified, by the possession of the coveted jewels.

The passage, which Yookoop had excavated with so much labor, led directly beneath the floor of the treasure-room, and by removing a portion of the flooring, the robber could easily obtain admittance to the apartment. So upon one moonlight night—when all the governor's household were buried in deep sleep—Yookoop cautiously felt his way through the passage, and arriving at the floor, succeeded in obtaining an entrance into the room. There lay, in their respective places, the carefully-preserved jewels of Dirksam. Diamonds and rubies, pearls, amethysts, and emeralds, flashing and sparkling in the moonlight, by their surpassing beauty held the Bedouin robber transfixed.

There is something in a rare jewel, apart from its mere money value, which attracts and fascinates some people. The flash, the sparkle, the wondrous light, emanating from the cold bit of stone, the cold, clear brilliancy, or the gorgeous tints, which it is utterly impossible to imitate, so as to deceive for one moment the true lover of beauty—have a strange effect on some persons.

Yookoop then stood transfixed with wonder and admiration—but only for a little while, for much remained to be done. Very soon, he was heaping together gold, jewels and costly stuffs, and preparing to make them into one convenient bale, that he might the more easily carry them off. At length, this duty was accomplished, and he was preparing to lower the bale through the floor into the passage, when he happened, in the dark, to strike his foot against something.

Yookoop stooped and picked up what he supposed was a jewel of some sort, dropped in his haste. But in order to ascertain this for a certainty, he placed it in his mouth, and to his great astonishment found it to be a piece of rock salt.

The Bedouin threw the salt from him in horror, for well he recollected that law of his tribe, which forbade him to rob him whose salt he had tasted. For one brief moment he stood undecided. There was a rich booty just within his grasp, the riches which would make him an honored man, that which would at once stamp him a successful robber, whose praises would be sounded continually, whose deeds would be commemorated in song, and whose name would be handed down to posterity.

On the other hand, he shrank from violating that sacred law of hospitality which no Bedouin of his tribe had ever broken. His indecision was over. Throwing down the precious booty, he left it upon the floor of the treasure-room, and retraced his steps through the passage. In

ten minutes, he was upon the back of Yula, crossing the desert in the direction of Hadad's white tents, without one thought for that which he had left behind him.

Upon the following morning, the treasurer of Dirksam repaired—as was his custom—to inspect his charge, and was seized with great consternation, when he observed that a large part of the treasure and other valuables had been removed. But on examining the packages upon the floor, he was equally surprised and delighted to discover that not a single article had been taken away.

So singular did this circumstance appear to the treasurer, that he lost no time in imparting it to his master. Dirksam rushed with great apprehension to inspect his jewels, but finding them all secure, as the treasurer had said, he too wondered at the circumstance, and wasted a thousand conjectures upon the subject.

Very soon, a second proclamation spread throughout the city, announcing the purpose of the governor to grant a free pardon to the author of this singular proceeding; likewise announcing, that if he would repair to the palace, he would be distinguished by encouraging marks of favor.

The people read and wondered. This second proclamation, following so closely after the other, and in some respects, strangely like the other, attracted much attention. But the matter was kept a secret by the inmates of the palace, and therefore the people wondered in vain.

Yookoop alone knew who was the author of this singular proceeding. And though at first, more disposed to trust to Yula and the desert, than to the pardon of the governor, he at length resolved to rely upon Dirksam's promise, and present himself at the palace.

So it happened, that Lalla, who was leaning from the casement, her veil partially lifted from her sad face, beheld her disguised prince, as brave and handsome as the hero of her dreams, 'handsomely clothed and mounted upon a milk-white steed, slowly riding up to her father's palace.

Joy at first prevented her from uttering a sound, but in a moment Gita heard the rare sound of laughter from her mistress's lips, and looked up in astonishment, to note her sparkling eye, and the rich bloom, slowly returning to her hitherto pale face.

"The prince, Gita! he has come, and is even now closeted with my father. Come, help me to put on my costliest robes, and braid my richest jewels in my hair, and let me go to meet him."

"Nay, dear mistress," said Gita, soothingly,

"you do but rave. Let me play and sing you that old ballad that you love so well."

But Lalla stamped her little feet impatiently, and bade Gita prepare her dress and jewels. And the little handmaiden was obliged to obey, as the governor had given strict orders that Lalla was not to be crossed, no matter how absurd the whims that seized her.

Even Gita's mournful face lit up with pleasure, when her mistress was dressed. She never looked lovelier than now, with jewels flashing from her braids of dark hair, and her graceful form wrapped in robes, which the skillful looms of the East had wrought.

"Come with me, Gita," was Lalla's imperious command; and then she glided away through the long corridors, towards the little cabinet where Dirksam transacted his state business.

Pushing aside the hangings, Lalla burst like a vision upon the astonished eyes of her father and his guest. Yookoop was lost in wonder and admiration; and was chagrined, to think that he should have dreamed of stealing the governor's jewels, when the governor's daughter was a thousand times more attractive and valuable.

"Father," said Lalla, "behold the prince of my dreams, him, whom I have described to you."

"Nay, my child," was Dirksam's answer, "he is the son of that most renowned sheik, Eb Says Es Sufter. This day have I pardoned him for attempting to steal my treasure. Can I forgive him for stealing the rarest jewel of all, my pearl of pearls?"

Yookoop arose, his handsome face glowing with pride.

"I am a prince, as the maiden says, and I demand her hand in marriage, since of all the jewels, this one alone I now care to possess."

Dirksam gave his consent, and the marriage of Yookoop and Lalla was celebrated with great rejoicings. Yookoop rose to great power under the patronage of Dirksam, and we hear him mentioned in history, not as a successful robber, but as the founder of a famous dynasty.

STAGE BLUNDERS.

Blunders upon the stage have often relieved a dull play; and it is remarkable that if one actor stumbles, another is almost sure to follow his example. Charles Matthews, if he once blundered in his popular "At Home," was sure to make many blunders; perchance from his habit of imitation. Two of the most celebrated stage blunders once occurred in the comedy of the "Clandestine Marriage," when one of the characters saw "a candle going along the gallery with a man in his hand," and another "locked the key, and put the door in his pocket."—*Recollections of the Stage.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CITY VISITOR.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"It's no use, Katie, the young lady must certainly come," my father said, smiling, and resting his eyes pleasantly upon my face. "It won't be so very bad for you, I'm sure. Here's Harry waiting to relieve you of half your burden, the minute that it is placed upon your shoulders."

"O dear!" I said, and looked beseechingly towards my bachelor uncle. "Will you, Uncle Harry—will you?"

"Will I—will I what?" What is it, Kate?" he asked, raising his head lazily from the sofa-pillow, where it had been resting for the last hour.

"What! haven't you heard anything of it? Have I got it all to repeat?" I said, a little impatiently.

"All to repeat!" echoed Uncle Harry, propping up his head with his right hand.

"Well, then, Miss Marian Singleton, a proud, haughty, arrogant city belle is coming here to our plain, old-fashioned, brown house to spend the summer."

I paused to take breath, and Uncle Harry sat upright upon the sofa. "Indeed!" said he, smiling.

"You see her father has failed or something, and he's written to my father, asking permission for Miss Marian to spend the summer months with us, because he and my father are now and always have been fast friends, and he dares ask the favor."

"Exactly, my dear Kate," my father said.

"And you see, Uncle Harry, that this Marian is monstrously proud, and very beautiful, and that she has been used to living in the very highest style; now look here—what a place this is to receive such company! I'm sure we shall never get along at all together. I'm ready to cry about it this very minute."

"Which would be the height of foolishness in you, Miss Kate!" said Uncle Harry, taking a long breath. "This house is plenty good enough for Miss Singleton; it is sweet, fresh and pleasant, and has one of the dearest little mistresses in the world at its head—what more is needed?"

"O, you'll say that of course, Uncle Harry," I said, "just to get rid of me. But I think I know and can see for myself how it is. O, I'm sure I shall never get along with Miss Singleton."

"Not if I'll promise to help you?"

I shook my head. "What can you do?"

"Try me and see."

"Will you entertain the city belle?"

"Yes."

"But Bell Hanson, who knows her very well, says she thinks country gentlemen bores, and that—never mind the rest—you will help me, Uncle Harry?"

"Yes."

"Then tell her to come, father, I'm not afraid," I said. "I'll make pies and cakes, and Uncle Harry may gather her flowers, and read Tennyson to her."

"Precisely," Uncle Harry said, rising, and walking across the room to the door.

"Wait a bit," I cried, smiling, "let me look at your mouth."

He turned around, looking me fully in the face. It was a very handsome mouth, ornamented by a dark moustache that I saw. A mouth which, by the way, had a habit of closing itself very firmly and significantly when anything slightly displeased its owner. How Miss Singleton's remark about country gentlemen would please him, I did not know.

"You can go now," I said, nodding, "your mouth is pleasant, even kissable."

"I trust Miss Singleton will find it so," he answered, disappearing through the door.

After this disagreeable matter was decided upon, and I knew what must be done, I felt a great deal better contented, and set about making ready for our expected guest with a tolerable degree of cheerfulness. I re-arranged our one simple parlor, and sent to the village for plain muslin curtains for the windows. I brought out my music and piled it up formidably upon my little English piano, and Uncle Harry helped me re-cover the home-made ottomans, and brought me fresh evergreens and mosses from the woods for wreaths and baskets. But the crowning glory of my preparations was Miss Singleton's chamber. It was the cosiest, prettiest place in the whole house, its one window looking out towards the east, where the hills were soft and golden in the morning, and solemn and stern in the early evening. From this window the distant village could be seen, the white belfries of the two churches rising high above the trees and foliage. The morning before our guest came, I made this little nest of a place—it was all in white—sweet with flowers. She must be hard to suit, indeed, if she was not pleased with it, I thought. Simple heart, and simple pleasures!—I was little better than a child in my knowledge of the world.

Well, Miss Singleton came. I, for one, shall never forget her coming. It was one of the greatest events of my life, when the old yellow

stagecoach stopped before our door with our city guest, and I saw with my own eyes the coachman throw down the steps and assist her to alight. Blushing like a school girl, I went out to meet her, and reached out my hand as she threw up her veil. She gave one quick glance towards the house, then another into my face.

"Take my reticule and parasol, if you please," she said, taking a step forward, and handing me the articles mentioned. "Is your mistress at home?"

She took me for a servant then. The knowledge so embarrassed me that I could not answer her intelligibly.

"I—she—" I began.

"Never mind, my good girl," she said, good-naturedly. "Show me directly to my room. I am very tired."

With these words I was disposed of. I had nothing to do but to lead the way to the house. Looking back to catch a glimpse of her dark, pale face, was an act committed upon my own responsibility. She did not notice it at all, however. In the meantime, Uncle Harry, in a blue frock and striped shirt, was carrying her baggage into the house, and consequently getting very red in the face and very much heated.

"Take that largest trunk to my room," Miss Singleton said, pausing for a moment in the hall, previous to following me up stairs. Servant second was disposed of. At that moment I caught Uncle Harry's eye. It was twinkling with mischief.

"Is Mr. Bostwick at home?" she asked, referring to my father.

"He is not. He left me to receive you," was the prompt, brief answer.

She glanced at Uncle Harry's frock.

"O, ah—yes—thank you," she said, in a perplexed way, her lip curling. "You will please take my trunk to my room."

"Certainly, madam," answered Uncle Harry, looking more amused than ever.

When this order was executed, and I stood with Miss Singleton in her chamber, I made a faltering attempt to tell her who I was. I don't think she heard the first faint word that I uttered, for she asked, before I could get any further:

"Will Mr. Bostwick and his daughter return soon? Unfasten my collar, if you please."

As I complied with her request, without answering her, by the way, I caught a glimpse of my face in the opposite mirror. No wonder she took me for a servant, I thought. My face was as ruddy and plump as a big winter apple; beside it, Miss Singleton's looked like a lily. My hands, though well enough in their shape, looked

like hands that worked; hers were white, slender and delicate.

"Will Mr. Bostwick and his daughter return soon?" she repeated.

"I—I am Miss Bostwick, if you please," I said, desperately, making one bold stroke to undeceive her.

She took a step backward, looking me over from head to foot in a surprised, incredulous manner.

"Indeed! I am happy to meet you," she remarked, politely. "Don't let me detain you here a moment."

I did not reply. In fact I did not know a single word to say, so I bowed myself out of the room, and went down stairs to Uncle Harry, who was regaling himself in the kitchen with a huge slice of bread and cheese.

"Capital! She did that royally, Kate," he said, as he caught sight of me. "Did you see her look at my frock? By Jove, I was jealous of it for a minute. Not a single glance at my pet," he went on, smoothing his glossy moustache. "But—presto, change—that trunk up stairs."

When Miss Singleton came down to dinner, there was a suspicious look about her eyes, as though she had been weeping. She bore herself like a queen when I presented her to Uncle Harry.

"Mr. Wharton!" she said, haughtily, just repeating his name after me.

I looked at Uncle Harry's mouth. It had grown tremendously proud in a second's time. Alas for Miss Singleton, I thought, as I saw him scan her handsome face again and again. The dinner was a silent one. After it was over I led the way to the parlor.

"Get your Tennyson's poems," I found chance to whisper in Uncle Harry's ear.

"Tennyson be hanged!" was the spiteful retort. "Bring me your prayer-book!"

"Do you play, Miss Bostwick?" asked Miss Singleton, glancing towards the poor little piano in the corner.

"A little," I answered. "Uncle Harry taught me."

"Indeed!" She turned towards him, that same amused look which I had noticed before, going over her face.

"You play then?"

The question had a touch of well-bred sarcasm running through it.

"Indifferently well,—yes, madam," he answered, fixing his eyes, which grew suddenly bold and criticising, fully upon her face.

Miss Singleton dropped her eyes,—changed color—and turned her head.

"You sing, Miss Bostwick, I suppose?"

"Yes, with Uncle Harry," I answered.

Again she turned to him, and again he met her glance with his bold, proud, half-scornful eyes.

During the week, or I may say weeks that followed, I cannot tell how many times Uncle Harry baffled Miss Singleton with that same proud look. I know that slowly, by degrees, he gained an equal footing with her, till, at last, he met her upon her own ground, and then the game grew to be a desperate one. And all this while—Sundays excepted—he wore his coarse blue frock, striped shirt, and thick, heavy boots, while the young lady appeared her loveliest in dainty cambric morning-gowns, and floating, gossamer-like muslins and berages. As for me I was so anxious about the management of household affairs, and had to work so hard to keep everything in order about the house,—to say nothing of the secret trouble which Uncle Harry gave me, that I really began to look pale and thin.

"What a pinched face, Katie!" said my uncle, one evening, glancing from Miss Singleton, to me, as we sat side by side on the sofa. "What in the world has come over you, child?"

He had been unusually pleasant, during the evening, and when he spoke to me, his voice was like a pretty touch of music, it was so tender and solicitous. Miss Singleton glanced up, quickly.

"You are not ill?" she asked, resting her soft, white hand gently upon mine.

"O no, not ill," I answered, laughing, "rest assured, I am not."

But my answer did not seem to satisfy her; and when she took her questioning eyes from my face, she dropped them thoughtfully to her lap, still resting her hand upon mine. Uncle Harry watched her. I looked from one to the other, and smiled. His face was deep and strange; hers had a pleasant, womanly sweetness about it that I had never seen there before. When had the change been wrought? Was I the only one who wondered?"

"Will you tell Hannah to call me early, Kate?" asked Uncle Harry, rising, suddenly. "I have an engagement in the morning."

"I will call you, myself," I answered. "Such a request is too rare to be neglected."

"Thank you. Good night!"

As he left the room and ran lightly up stairs, Miss Singleton turned to me, and said, holding my hands fast, the while:

"I have been very selfish, Katie,—but, as I live, I did not know it, until now. I have seen for a long time, what a poor helpless thing I was, but I did not realize how much I burdened you; but

it isn't too late to mend, is it? I'm sure I can do something, yet,—and Heaven knows there is need enough of it!"

This was Marian Singleton who spoke!—I could hardly believe my own senses, for the moment. But her large handsome eyes, bright with tears, were raised to my face, questioningly and eagerly. They could not be mistaken.

"Dear Marian!" I said, forgetting all ceremony, I was so touched by her manner, "don't look so distressed; you are not a burden to me—I'm sure, I like to have you here so much!—I wish you could stay always!"

She laughed through her tears.

"Thank you, dear, but it is quite time for me to do something. I will commence to-morrow morning, and be your chore-girl,—your apprentice. I will get up when you do, in the morning. No, don't try to dissuade me from it,—perhaps it is the only good resolution that I ever made; and your Uncle Harry says—"

She stopped short, and blushed very red. I tried not to notice her embarrassment, but found myself, at the same time, pressing her hands closely in mine.

"You shall get up then," I said. "I will surely awaken you."

She made me repeat the promise three or four times more, before she left me that night, each time looking so earnest and resolute that I wondered more than ever at the change.

"In the morning, she was up before I was, and down stairs; dressed in the plainest of morning wrappers, with her dark hair combed straight behind her ears, and coiled in a heavy knot at the back of her head. I found her before the kitchen stove, trying to kindle a fire. The first attempt was a failure; the second the same; the third,—well, I went up stairs on a slight errand, and when I came back, Uncle Harry was gravely assisting her. I think the little white, trembling hands conquered, but they presented a spotted, creaky appearance when the battle was won.

From the stove she went to the parlor and commenced putting that to rights. In the course of an hour I looked in upon her, to see what progress she had made.

"Capital!" I cried, "capital!"

At that moment the sound of horses' feet were heard down the road. We both looked out of the window.

"Uncle Harry!" I cried. "There's the mystery of his early rising."

But he was not alone. Fannie Winslow, the merriest belle of the village, rode with him.

"He rides well," I remarked, indifferently turning to Marian.

"Finely," she answered. "What can I do now?" she added, quickly. "O, my chamber!"

She was half way up stairs, before I could answer. I called her, but she did not look back, once, or pay the least heed to me. After this, Marian and I were very happy together. She was an apt scholar, as well as a faithful one. Her improvement was marked and rapid. In this way, the bright, golden summer passed,—and the autumn came softly along, leaving the footprints of red at every step. We were sitting one night before the fire, Uncle Harry, Marian and I, when father came in from the village, and tossed a letter in Marian's lap.

"O, I'm afraid they want you!" I exclaimed, waiting, breathlessly, as she tore open the mis- sive. "Read it, quick."

"Yes, dear," she said, her eye lighting on a word at the bottom of the page, "but it is long."

She grew very white as she read. I glanced up at Uncle Harry. He had arisen from his chair, and was moving restlessly about the room. As she finished reading, she crushed it in her hand.

"Pleasant news?" questioned Uncle Harry.

"Yes—I must go home. Father wants me. He has recovered his business, again. Everything is well settled. I—yes, I shall have to go."

"We can never live without you, in the world, Marian!" I said, the tears beginning to start. "Can we, Uncle Harry?"

"I'm afraid not," he answered, gravely.

"But there is some one coming after me, next week," she faltered, the color going from her face.

"What!—not that rich old curmudgeon. I don't care—he may come a thousand times, he shan't have you, shall he, Uncle Harry."

Uncle Harry did not answer, this time, but he looked very stolid, and kept his eyes on the fire.

"Why don't you answer?" I asked, impatiently. "Marian will think you don't want her to stay."

"Will she?"

"Will she?"—that was all. I felt just like shaking the perverse man.

"Come here," I said, taking Marian by the arm, and leading her out into the hall. "Now tell me all about it."

"Yes, but don't talk so to your Uncle Harry about it, Kate, if you love me, don't. It isn't much, after all; father wants me to marry that man—you know—that Mr. Stevens, and he is coming down after me. I can by-and-by, you know—after awhile—but it came so sudden, to-night, that somehow I thought I should faint, for a minute. Don't mind it, dear—let me go up to my room."

"No you won't," I said, still holding her fast

by the arm, as I threw open the door leading in- to the parlor. "Come here, Uncle Harry. No (to Marian), I shan't release you. There, now talk to her if you are ever going to," I said, giv- ing up my place, and gliding softly up stairs.

(Heaven forgive me, but when I got to the top of the stairs I stopped; and when I stopped, I listened.)

"Do you want to marry this man, Marian?" began Uncle Harry, precisely as if he had been hearing every word that we had said.

"I don't love him very much," she answered, evasively, and with a little show of spirit.

"Do you love any one else better?" No answer.

"When you came here, in the early summer," Uncle Harry went on, not at all discouraged, and precisely as though he were going to preach a sermon, "I thought I would teach you a lesson—not so much for your good as to satisfy my pride."

"You did! you did!" broke in Marian.

I leaned my head forward. It was beginning to grow interesting.

"No, no, dear—you have been the teacher and I the pupil. You have taught me by your brave, womanly course, how mean and contemptible I was in the part I tried to play. You have made me love you, Marian. You are rich, that is all I can say now."

"Rich if you love me, O, so very rich!" she answered, fervently.

A moment's silence ensued.

"Will you stay—with me?" he added, hes- itatingly.

Marian kissed him. I suppose that was her answer.

"My home is a humble one—"

I could not stand that. Uncle Harry Wheat- on owned the finest house in town. He meant, by his humble home, a little, old red cottage, that Marian knew was his. She had visited it a hun- dred times with me. So I broke out, at this juncture, forgetting all caution:

"It is a story, Marian; he owns the great white house on the hill, and he's keeping it a secret from you. Don't believe a word he says!"

There were two hurried exclamations of sur- prise, at this onset, and then Uncle Harry Wheat- on came bounding up the stairs.

"You little minx—you've been listening all this time, have you!"

But I evaded him. Let the story end here. Marian staid. But the "old curmudgeon" came after her. Strange, but after she became Uncle Harry's wife, he came again, and again, and—he says now, that the arrangement was an excellent one, because by it, I came to marry him,—the old curmudgeon."

The Florist.

Dear is the morning gale of spring,
And dear the autumnal eve;
But few delights can summer bring
A poet's crown to weave.
The bowers are mute, her fountains dry,
And ever Fancy's wing
Speeds from beneath her cloudless sky,
To autumn or to spring.—KABLE.

The Fuschia.

To Chili are we indebted for the original of this class of plants, which now holds so prominent a place in every collection of summer-blooming, or rather spring-blooming plants. From the wild flower of scarlet color, by well conducted hybridization, have been produced varieties no less striking in their beauty, than in the contrast with the original plant found in its native soil. For a few years past great attention has been given to the cultivation of this flower, in order to reach the maximum beauty, i. e., sepals reflexed back to the stem or tube of the flower, with a corolla well opened—to the *sum-mum bonum* of a fuschia. No plant is more easily cultivated, and at the same time none will better repay the little labor necessary to bring it to a state as near perfection as possible. How much do we admire a collection of this plant, strong and well grown. When in full bloom, the white sepals and rose corolla of some, the purple corolla and crimson sepals of others, forming a lively contrast with the bright green and luxuriant growth of the graceful foliage. Till lately we were confined to two distinct classes of color in this flower, viz., the crimson sepals and purple corolla, and the white sepals and purple corolla; but recently, skilful propagators, bent on improving, with *excelsior* for their motto, have produced varieties with white corollas and crimson sepals. The variety is almost endless, and every florist should have the fuschia in their collection.

Geropogon.

Old Man's Beard. There is only one species of this genus, *geropogon glaber*, a native of Italy, and a very curious plant. It is an annual, having a smooth stem and leaves, and growing about a foot high. The flowers are flesh-colored, and expand in the form of a star only when the sun shines upon them. The seeds are very curious, and it is from them that the plant takes its English name. They should be sown in the open border in March or April, and will flower in July and August. They thrive well in any common garden soil.

Sanvitalia.

A beautiful little Mexican annual, well adapted from its dwarf stature and compact habit of growth for covering a bed in a geometric flower-garden. The blossoms are large in proportion to the plant, and of a rich brown and yellow color. It is quite hardy, and requires sowing in March or April in the open border.

Platystemon.

One of the California annuals, with cream colored flowers and woolly, glaucous leaves. They are quite hardy, requiring a rich sandy loam. They produce blossoms in great profusion, and are well worthy the little trouble required to cultivate.

Lagenaria.

The bottle-gourd. An East Indian species of gourd, which is sometimes cultivated on account of its curious shape, but the pulp of which is poisonous.

Historical Origin of the Forget-me-not.

The forget-me-not is cherished and loved by all, and we think its interest may be enhanced by the following quaint little history concerning it, for which we thank Miss Agnes Strickland:—"The royal adventurer—Henry, of Lancaster—the banished, aspiring Lancaster—appears to have been the person who gave to the *myosotis palustris*, or forget-me-not, its emblematical and poetical meaning, by writing it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of S. S., with the initial of his *mot*, or watchword, *Sou-veigne vous de moy*; thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York and Lancaster, and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, a historical flower. Few of those who at parting exchange this simple touching appeal to the memory, are aware of the fact that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was perhaps indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England. It was with his hostess, at that time wife of the Duke of Bretagne, that Henry exchanged this token of good will and remembrance."

Bonapartia Juncea.

One of the most elegant plants in the stove; the foliage constitutes its beauty. It is round, like so many reeds, pointing every possible way—from the top ones, which are upright, to the lower ones, which hang over the top and all round alike. The plant never grows out of form; there is no stopping nor coaxing of any kind required. It may be grown in pot only, if it be good; but one-fourth or a third loam hurts anything of this kind. It is not prolific; the plant will throw out a side growth sometimes, but we have had one some years without its seeming to grow larger or smaller—as new leaves come the lower ones decay, and the plant seems always the same. When it blooms it is a purple spike, but there is nothing very grand in it. We like it as well without a flower as with, and it really forms a pretty object. One plant is enough in a stove; and this will be so unlike everything else, that it forms a beautiful contrast.

Dwarf Fan-Palm.

This plant is the hardest of the palm-tribes, and it will succeed if planted out on a lawn, and very slightly protected during severe frosts. It should be grown in rich mould, well drained, and occasionally watered. When planted out on a lawn, a pit should be dug for it about two feet deep, at the bottom of which should be two or three layers of pebbles, to ensure drainage, and then the pit be filled up with sandy loam. Thus treated, and protected during severe winters by a movable frame of canvass stretched on hoops, or of basket-work, it will grow vigorously, and live many years an ornament to the garden or lawn.

Camphor for Flowers.

Two or three drops of a saturated solution of camphor in alcohol, put into half an ounce of soft water, forms a mixture which will revive flowers that have begun to droop and wilt, and give them a freshness for a long time.

Syringa, Carolina.

This is a species of the mock orange, and a native of the Southern States. Flowers scentless, large, four white oval petals, spreading open. The species *grandiflorus* is also found at the South.

The Housewife.

Stewed Duck.

A couple of young ducks will be required for this dish. Cut either down into joints and arrange them in a stew-pan; pour in about three-quarters of a pint of strong cold beef-stock or gravy; let it be well cleared from scum when it begins to boil, then throw in a little salt, a rather full seasoning of cayenne, and a few strips of lemon rind. Simmer the ducks very softly for an hour, or somewhat longer, should the joints be large; then stir into the gravy a tablespoonful of flour, mixed with a wineglassful of port wine, and a dessert spoonful of lemon juice; in ten minutes after dish the stew, and send it to table instantly.

Ginger Beer.

Of white sugar take five pounds, of lemon juice a gill, of honey a quarter of a pound, of bruised ginger five ounces, of water four gallons and a half. Boil the ginger in three quarts of water for half an hour, and then add the sugar, lemon juice, honey, and the rest of the water. Strain the whole through a cloth. When the mixture is cold, add a quarter of the white of an egg, and a small teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Let it stand four days, and then bottle it. Ginger beer made in this manner, and tightly corked, will keep six months.

Wash Colors for Maps.

Yellow—gamboge dissolved in water; red—Brazil dust steeped in vinegar, and alum added, or litmus dissolved in water, and spirits of wine added; or cochineal steeped in water, strained, and gum arabic added. Blue—Saxon blue diluted with water, or litmus rendered blue by adding distilled vinegar. Green—distilled verdigris dissolved in water, and gum added; or sap-green dissolved in water, and alum added; or litmus rendered green, by adding prepared kali to its solution.

Adulteration of Sugar.

If brown sugar be adulterated with sand, by no means an uncommon practice with unprincipled dealers, the fraud may be detected by taking a glass full of clear water, and dissolving a quantity of the suspected sugar therein. If sand, or any similar substance, be present, it will fall to the bottom when the solution has stood some time.

How to cook Sweet Potatoes.

Boil two large sweet potatoes, rub them through a sieve, then add a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, one pint of buttermilk, a teaspoon of sugar, a tablespoonful of cloves, and a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in warm water. Bake in an earthen dish; serve up cold, with cream.

Pearl Water.

Scrape a quarter of a pound of the finest Spanish oil soap, and put it into two quarts of boiling rain-water; when it is cold add one pint of rectified spirit of wine, and a quarter of an ounce of spirit of rosemary. Mix the whole thoroughly, and bottle the liquid for use.

Oiled Silk.

Oiled silk is manufactured by coating it with some quick-drying boiled oil, and drying it in a warm room. Two or three successive coats are sometimes put on, each being perfectly dried in succession.

The Hair.

When the hair, after being naturally luxuriant, begins to grow thin, without actually coming out in patches, use the following receipt:—Take of extract of yellow Peruvian bark, fifteen grains; extract of rhatany root, eight grains; extract of bardock root, and oil of nutmegs (fixed), of each, two drachms; camphor dissolved with spirits of wine, fifteen grains; beef-marrow, two ounces; best olive oil, one ounce; citron juice, half a drachm; aromatic essential oil, as much as is sufficient to render it fragrant; mix, and make into an ointment. Two drachms of bergamot, and a few drops of otto of roses, would suffice. This is to be used every morning.

Flour Paste.

To procure a good paste, wheat-flour must be made into a thin batter with cold water, and then boiled. It should be stirred all the time it is on the fire, to prevent its becoming lumpy. There is usually added to the flour about a quarter of its weight of finely powdered resin. The addition of a few drops of oil of cloves, or of creosote, will prevent insects or mildew from attacking it. Should it become by the lapse of time too hard, it may be softened with water.

Cure for Croup.

As soon as the first symptoms are discovered, apply cold water suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge; then lay a cloth wet with cold water on the chest, and closely cover with cotton batting (nothing else will do as well), and the breath will be instantly relieved. Give the patient plenty of cold water to drink, and cover it warm in bed, and it will sleep sweetly. There is no danger of taking cold by the operation.

Boiling Fish.

Fish is exceedingly insipid, if sufficient salt is not mixed with the water in which it is boiled—about four ounces to one gallon of water is enough for small fish in general; an additional ounce, or even more, will not be too much for codfish, lobsters, etc., and salmon requires eight ounces. To render the boiled fish firm, add a little salt-petre to the salt; a quarter of an ounce is sufficient for one gallon.

How to make a good Cup of Tea.

M. Soyer recommends that, before pouring in any water, the teapot, with the tea in it, shall be placed in the oven till hot, or heated by means of a spirit lamp, or in the front of the fire (not too close, of course), and the pot then filled with boiling water. The result, he says, will be, in about a minute, a delicious cup of tea, much superior to that drawn in the ordinary way.

Adulteration of Oil of Turpentine.

If oil of turpentine be adulterated with inferior matters, it may be detected by dropping a little upon white paper, linen, or silk, and exposing these drops to a gentle heat. If pure, the whole will evaporate, without leaving any stain; if impure, a spot or mark will remain upon the paper or cloth.

Parisian Mode of roasting Apples.

Select the largest apples, scoop out the core without cutting quite through, fill the hollow with butter and fine soft sugar, let them roast in a slow oven, and serve up with the syrup.

Leg of Mutton Hams.

Select a short, thick, round leg of wether mutton about fourteen pounds' weight. Rub it thoroughly for twenty minutes with coarse sugar, and let it be twelve hours, turning it three times. Then plunge it into the following pickle, with what sugar you have on the dish:—Bay salt, half a pound; common salt, one pound; saltpetre, one pound; juniper berries, two ounces; thyme, one handful; bay-leaves, ditto; soft water, two quarts. These are to be simmered together one hour. Let the meat remain in this pickle three weeks; then take it out, but do not wipe it. It is then to be smoked; turning it frequently, sometimes shank upwards, and *vice versa*, for a fortnight, in a strong regular fume. When cold, put it into a calico bag, and hang it up in the kitchen until it is required to be dressed. Then bury it in the bag in a dry garden soil for eighteen or twenty hours. Take care when it is boiled to put plenty of bay-leaves, thyme and marjoram into the pot along with it.

The Hair.

When the hair grows scantily, naturally, the following lotion may be used three or four times a week, in the morning:—Eau de cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two drachms; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, of each, ten drops.—When the hair has become thin from illness, use the following receipt:—Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and anoint the head very sparingly before going to bed.—When actual baldness is commencing, use the following pomade:—Macerate a drachm of powdered cantharides in an ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it well during a fortnight, and then filter. Take ten parts of this tincture and rub it with ninety parts of cold lard. Add a little essence of bergamot, or any other scent. Rub this pomade well into the head night and morning. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this application, if continued, will restore the hair.

Nice Mutton Broth.

Cut two pounds of the scrag, or the lean part of mutton, in ten or twelve pieces, and put in a pan with two ounces of fat, two teaspoonsful of salt, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, a gill of water, two onions, and a teacup of pearl barley. Set it on the stove and stir well until reduced. Then add five pints of water, boil two hours and serve.

Suet Crust for Pies.

Chop the suet extremely small, and add five or six ounces of it to one pound of flour, with a little salt; mix these with cold water into a paste, and work it very smooth.

Washing.

A little pipe-clay dissolved in the water employed in washing linen cleans the dirtiest linen thoroughly, with about one half the labor, and saving full one half of soap.

Cure for Inflammatory Rheumatism.

Half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre put in half a pint of sweet oil; bathe the parts affected, and a sound cure will speedily be effected.

To prevent Rust.

If rusty iron is rubbed with boiled oil, in which some red lead has been mixed, on a warm day, the rusty process will be arrested.

Economical Bread.

Only the coarse bran to be removed from the flour; of this take five pounds, and boil it in rather more than four gallons of water, so that when perfectly smooth you have three gallons and three quarts of bran water clear; with this knead fifty-six pounds of flour, adding salt and yeast in the same way and proportions as for other bread. Thus made, flour will imbibe three quarts more of bran-water than of plain—so that it not only produces a more nutritious substantial food, but makes an increase of one-fifth of the usual quantity of bread, which is a saving of one day's consumption out of six. The same quantity of flour which, kneaded with water, produces sixty-nine pounds eight ounces of bread, will in the above way make eighty-three pound eight ounces. When ten days old, this bread put into the oven for twenty minutes will appear quite new again.

Cocoanut Oil.

A valuable oil for ointments, for burns, etc., or to use for the toilet, entirely inodorous and clear as water, can be made in the following manner:—Grate finely the white meat of cocoanuts, and boil it half an hour in water enough to cover it four or five times, and set it by to cool. Then skim off the oil into a small vessel, whence you can pour it or skim it again to separate the water. The water still retained can be evaporated by boiling. Coconut oil is made on a large scale by rasping the substance fine by machinery, and then pressing out the oil, as sperm oil is pressed out, by placing the pulp in stout bags, and subjecting them to great pressure.

Making Vinegar.

Vinegar is cheaply made. To eight gallons of clear rain-water add three quarts of molasses; put into a good cask; shake well a few times, then add two or three spoonful of good yeast-cakes. If in summer, place the casks in the sun; if in winter, near the chimney, where it may warm. In ten or fifteen days add to this liquid a sheet of brown paper, torn in strips, dipped in molasses, and good vinegar will be produced. The paper will, in this way, form what is called the "mother," or life of vinegar.

Plum Pudding.

Take half a pound of flour, half a pound of raisins stoned and chopped, and some currants washed, picked and dried; use milk enough to stir easily with a spoon; add half a pound of suet chopped fine, a teaspoonful of salt, and four well-beaten eggs; tie it in a floured cloth and boil four hours. The water must be boiling when it is put in, and continue boiling until it is done.

Adulteration of Oil of Lavender, etc.

This and other essential oils are frequently adulterated by a mixture of oil of turpentine, which may be known by dipping a little paper or rag in the oil to be tried, and holding it to the fire. The pure scented oil will first evaporate, and leave the smell of the turpentine distinguishable, if any has been mixed therewith.

To choose Fish.

The eyes should be bright, the gills of a fine clear red, the body stiff, the flesh firm, yet elastic to the touch, and the smell not disagreeable.

Toothache.

Alum reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirit of ether, seven drachms. Mix, and apply them to the tooth.

Curious Matters.

Ancient Schools.

Luther used to say that he was once whipped fourteen times in one forenoon at school. The old German schools were frightful days of barbarism. An obituary in one of their school journals, as late as 1782, contains the following singular statement of educational exertions;—"Died, Hauberle, assistant teacher in a village in Suabia. During the fifty-one years and seven months of his official life he had, by a moderate computation, inflicted 911,527 blows with a cane, 124,010 blows with a rod, 20,989 blows and raps with a ruler, 138,715 blows with the hand, 10,285 blows over the mouth, 7905 boxes on the ear, 1,115,800 raps on the head, and 22,763 *notabenes* (i. e., knocks,) with the Bible, catechism, singing-book and grammar. He had 777 times made boys kneel on peas, and 613 times on a three-cornered piece of wood; had made 5001 'wear the jackass,' and 1707 hold the rod up; not to enumerate various more unusual punishments which he contrived on the spur of the moment. He had about three thousand expressions to scold with, of which he had found about two-thirds ready made in his native language, and the rest he had invented himself."

Queer Boots.

A pair of boots made in Norway of tanned salmon-skin were exhibited at one of the public museums of Paris. Dr. Cloquet has just startled the French Academy of Sciences by presenting to that learned body a pair of boots made of the skin of a boa constrictor, tanned by the usual methods. This novel species of leather is said to be remarkably strong and supple; and the doctor strongly advises the employment of the skins of this creature and other reptiles and fish, in place of skins usually employed in the manufacture of boots and shoes. The leather of the boots in question is of a dark brown color; the scales are on the inside, but show through its substance, forming a black pattern, which seems to have been thought handsome by the members of the Academy.

Indian Tradition.

The Mackah Indians are residents of Washington Territory. They live on whale-oil and dog-fish. They believe that, originally, mankind were animals, and that the present race were formed by a series of transformations. The Mackah tribe were a hybrid race, half dog and half Indian—the descendants of a chief. This chief being angry with his daughter, sent her and her seven children to Cape Flattery, where a magician turned them into human beings, and the present race of Mackahs are their descendants. They are covered with white hair. They also believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death they re-appear as birds, animals or fishes.

Curious geological Fact.

In a field, situated a short distance from the point where the Leeds and Liverpool Canal is crossed by the Midland Company's railway, at Idle, near Bradford, is a considerable hill, or rising piece of ground, which has been noticed to be gradually attaining greater elevation during a period extending over the last thirty years. There are even young men who remember the field being quite level, whereas now there is a high mound near the middle of it. The cause of this singular elevation has given rise to much speculation. Some persons suppose that it is owing to the upward pressure of water in the bowels of the earth.

A Frog Story.

The Hartford Press prints the story about six ladies of Toledo swallowing live frogs daily, to cure them of consumption, and follows it up with another, e. g.:—"A couple of gentlemen from a neighboring town, who were called to watch with a sick person who had been given over by his physicians, and apparently had but a short time to live, after some conversation relative to the improbability of stories of recovery by frogs inhaling a sick person's breath, resolved to test it. The first frog placed at the dying man's mouth was as dead as Julius Caesar after only three or four breaths had been drawn; the second lived some time longer and died; the third lived about half an hour, and though others were applied, none of them died. The sick person immediately began to mend, and finally recovered. The parties to the transaction, who tell the story themselves, are highly respectable."

A singular African Custom.

On the west coast of Africa it is a custom with natives of position and wealth to purchase a young slave of their own sex, or sometimes to select one from among the young slaves previously in the house, and to bestow on him or her the title of "Orabiah," or "Oerah," the meaning of which is, the slave thus called is in future to be looked on as the soul, or spirit, or *alter ego*, of the master or mistress. These favored persons wear a chain of gold or white beads around the neck, to which is attached a large medallion of gold, to denote their rank. They are treated with great indulgence so long as they behave well. In Ashantee, the favorite "orahs" of the king and great men are slaughtered on the death of their masters, it being considered necessary that they should accompany them to the other world.

A golden Relic.

A gold watch, of the olden time, was recently on exhibition at Louisville, Ky. The watch was a present from General Washington to General Lafayette, and bears the following inscription on the inner case:—"G. Washington to Gilbert Mottier de Lafayette. Lord Cornwallis's capitulation, Yorktown, December 17, 1781." The watch was made in London, in 1789. It was taken to San Francisco from Paris by a Frenchman, who became embarrassed there, and sold it to the present owner for the sum of fifty dollars.

A novel Predicament.

At a wedding near Springfield, when the clergyman stretched forth his hand to implore the blessings of Heaven on the union, the groomsmen supposing it was the signal for him to surrender the wedding fee, which was burning in his pocket, clapped two half dollars in the minister's hand just as he was closing his eyes in prayer. The good man hesitated a moment, appalled at the ludicrousness of his situation, but coolly deposited the money in his pocket, and proceeded with his devotion.

An Opiate-drinking Woman.

There is a woman in Barnardston, Mass., over fifty years old, who drinks one quart of laudanum and two quarts of ether per week, and has been in the habit of using these stimulants to this extent for twenty years. Sometimes she takes them separately, and sometimes mixed. She is dependent on the town for support, and the druggist's bill for the above articles is generally paid by the town. She complains of nervousness.

Curious Pebbles.

The San Francisco Alta California states that on the ocean beach of Oregon, between Port Orford and Coosue Bay, the surf is continually casting up little rows of variegated stones, prettily rounded by the action of the sand and water, and exhibiting all the hues of gems. They average the size of common beans, and are generally transparent, scintillating in the sunlight with the colors of the ruby, the sapphire, the amethyst and the emerald. Sometimes a perfectly round one is found, of an amber color, and clear as glass. After a heavy gale they may be gathered by the bushel. They are only to be found along a stretch of coast about twenty miles in length. In a glass dish, partly filled with water, and placed where the sun can strike obliquely upon them, they reflect a variety of beautiful rays, and create a miniature rainbow, or a combination of light resembling one, in their effects.

Scented Diamonds.

The London Court Journal states that a great sensation has been caused amongst the principal jewellers by the introduction of a "scented diamond." The stone has recently been discovered in Ava, and has the same value as others, the same transparency and brilliancy, and the same weight; but it possesses the most extraordinary quality of emitting a very agreeable odor, under the influence of a high temperature—such, for instance, as is more frequently than agreeably felt in a ball-room.

Revolutionary Relic.

A lady has in her possession a unique and beautiful copper medal, struck by the French in honor of the American alliance during the Revolution. It is about two inches in diameter; bears on one side a fine bold head of Liberty, with the staff and cap, and on the other Minerva interposing her shield to protect an infant, representing America, against the British lion. There are appropriate mottoes in Latin, and the dates of Burgoyne's and Cornwallis's surrenders.

Very Important.

The following prophetic remarks are copied from a book of early antiquity:—"The December born are often in time for Christmas—always for New Year's. They are remarkable for being pretty darlings from the start, and grow extremely like pa as their weeks of existence become months. Their birthday will always come late in the year, unless they die before the natal day arrives."

Fulfilment of a Dream.

Mr. Paschal dreamed on the 30th of October that his dead sister came to him in Pontotoc county, Mississippi, and told him that she would come for him in a month. On November 30th he died; and the neighbors who were present assert that at the moment a whirlwind nearly carried off the roof of the house.

A Curiosity.

A petrified fish, over sixteen feet in length, and very perfectly preserved, its scales and fins being distinctly marked, has been taken from the coal mine at Blue Mound, Kansas. Its species has not been determined but is much larger than any fish now found in the Kansas rivers.

A new Stimulant.

The decoction of the leaves of the coca, a Peruvian erythroxylon, is exciting attention as possessing a peculiar stimulating power. These leaves chewed in moderate doses of from four to six grains excite the nervous system, and enable those who use them to make great muscular exertion, and to resist the effects of an unhealthy climate, imparting a sense of cheerfulness and happiness. In larger doses coca would occasion fever, hallucination, delirium. Its exciting power over the heart is twice that of coffee, four times that of tea. The Indians of Bolivia and Peru travel four days at a time without taking food, their only provision consisting in a little bag of coca. It is regularly given to the men who work in the silver mines.

Extraordinary Fortitude resulting in Death.

Mr. Mease, of Hutton Kudby, England, had his arm dreadfully mangled by the machinery in his own mill, recently. Allowing no one to go home to tell his wife of the accident, he calmly concealed his arm, and walked home himself, afraid the shock to his partner would be as serious as the accident to himself. He walked into the house in his usual calm manner, took down a book, and commenced reading it for a minute or two, and then gradually broke the matter to his wife. By-and-by surgical assistance was procured, and Mr. Mease bore up with his pain until the operation was performed, when he fell into a deep swoon and soon after expired.

A valuable Relic.

The compass which was used by Roger Williams in his journey when banished from Massachusetts is, or was recently, in the possession of Mrs. Harriet Brown, of Providence. It is made of brass, nearly three inches in diameter, containing the needle, and a point exhibiting the points of the compass. On the top is fastened a small sun-dial. With this Williams directed his steps through the wilderness and snows of winter in 1637, suffering from the intense cold and constant hunger. The little relic has been remarkably well preserved, and was used in a recent survey of the burial-ground of the Williams family.

A man almost killed by a Corpse.

A gentleman recently visited the hospital in Downville, California, to witness a post-mortem examination. He consented to assist the steward to bring the subject down stairs. He took the feet, and holding them one in each hand, started down the stairs, the steward following with the head end. The man stumbled and his hands came down. The legs of the dead man spread and shut again, clamping his neck, and he fell to the bottom of the stairs, fainting, bestridden by the corpse. It required all the restoratives in the institution to bring him to.

A curious Epitaph.

On one face of the pedestal of the Guards' Memorial Monument, just erected at the foot of Waterloo Place, London, is the following inscription:

"To those who fell
by
Their Comrades."

"Does this mean," writes a correspondent of a London paper, "that the deceased fell by the hands of their comrades, or by the weapons of their comrades, or by the side of their comrades?"

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WILL MAKING.

The practice of cutting off with a shilling was introduced to refute the presumption of forgetfulness and unconsciousness—to show that the testator fully remembered and meant to disinherit the sufferer. Lady Mary Wortley Montague cut off her scapegrace of a son with a guinea. When Sheridan threatened to cut off his eldest born with a shilling, the quiet retort was, "Couldn't you give it to me at once, if you happen to have such a thing about you?"

Hazlitt mentions an habitual liar, who, consistent to the last, employed the few remaining days he had to live, after being condemned by the doctors, in making a will, by which he bequeathed large estates in different parts of England, money in the funds, rich jewels, rings, and all kinds of valuables, to his old friends and acquaintances, who not knowing how far the force of nature could go, were not for some time convinced that all this fairy wealth had never an existence anywhere but in the idle coinage of his brain, whose whims and projects were no more.

A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between £50,000 and £60,000. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

Shortly after the death of Mr. Ashton Smith, George Carter, one of his huntsmen, sought an interview with an old friend of the family, and with much earnestness made the following proposition: "I hope, sir, when I and Jack Fricker and Will Bryce (the whips) die, we may be laid alongside master in the mausoleum, with Ham Ashley and Paul Potter (two hunters), and three or four couple of his favorite hounds, in order that we may be already to start again together in the next world."

"And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Kellerman left his heart to be buried in the battle-field of Almy, where the first repulse was sustained by the Allies. He had better have selected Marengo, where a charge of heavy cavalry, led by him without orders, retrieved the fortunes of the day.

Mademoiselle Joly, a French actress of the

latter part of the eighteenth century, having passed some agreeable hours on a hill near Falaise, called *La Roche-Saint-Quentin*, left directions in her will that her remains should be carried to this solitary hill, which was so dear to her heart. Her wishes were obeyed, and the hill has ever since been called *Mount Joly*.

ARE WOMEN WARLIKE?

We should have said "No" to this interrogation at once, were it not for a formidable statement of facts which somebody has gleaned together, and which goes to prove the "soft impeachment." The few duels fought between women have for the most part been characterized by American ferocity. Madame Denoyer mentions a case of a duel with swords, between two ladies of rank, who would have killed each other, had they not been separated. Sometimes ladies have distinguished themselves by fighting duels with men. The actress Maupui challenged Dunais, but he declined to give her satisfaction, so the lady stripped him of his watch and snuff-box, and bore them away as trophies of victory. The same lady, on another occasion, having insulted in a ballroom a distinguished personage of her own sex, was requested by several gentlemen to withdraw. She obeyed, but forthwith challenged and fought each of the meddlesome cavaliers and killed them all. She then returned to the ballroom and danced in the presence of her rival. About the year 1827, a lady of Chateauvray, whose husband had received a slap in the face, called out the offender, and severely wounded him with swords, thus wiping off the stains from her husband's honor! Such women must have been very inconvenient to have around the house. Like camphene lamps or loaded guns, there was no knowing when they might explode. On the whole we should think their husbands would be better suited with the harmless nineteenth century article.

SUNSET.—The glow of sunset is the reflection of the hedge of roses that grow round Eden.

HYPOCRITES.—Hypocrites are beings of darkness disguised in garments of light.

TAKING THE VEIL.

The solemn and painful ceremony of taking the veil, which used to be such a favorite scene with the novelists of the last generation when they wished to create a "sensation," is thus described by a correspondent who dates from Orleans, France. The *Journal du Loiret* relates the following:—*Mademoiselle Blanche de Beauval*, a wealthy heiress of Orleans, was about eight months ago to have been married to the Viscount de Chamoy, but as the bridegroom elect was in delicate health he was recommended to go for a short time to Italy, and the ceremony was postponed to October last. The viscount, however, never reached his destination, having died on his way thither, and the lady, overwhelmed with grief, determined to take the veil. Her resolution was carried into effect three days ago, at the Carmelite convent in the Faubourg du Roule, at Orleans. At the hour fixed for the ceremony the chapel was filled with persons who had been invited to be present, and soon after a door leading from the interior of the convent opened, and *Mademoiselle de Beauval*, in the prime of youth and beauty, entered, leaning on the arm of her uncle. She was dressed in a bridal costume of white satin trimmed with rich lace; a wreath of orange blossoms encircled her hair, and a large white veil was over her head. She took the seat prepared for her, and the officiating priest delivered a short address. She then quitted the chapel, which is divided into two parts by an iron railing, closed by a curtain. In a moment after the curtain was drawn, and she was seen on the other side of the grating on her knees. The priest approached and asked whether she still persisted in her resolution to quit the world, to which she replied in a firm voice, "Yes." On this, one of the nuns who were standing by removed the bridal wreath and veil from her head, let her beautiful hair fall on her shoulders, and then with the scissors severed the tresses close to the head. A murmur of regret was heard among all the persons present when this sacrifice was commenced. *Mademoiselle de Beauval* then left the chapel, but reappeared in a few minutes after, dressed in the garb of a Carmelite nun. She lay down on the steps of the chapel, a funeral cloth was thrown over her, the priest recited the prayers for the dead, and the "De Profundis" was sung while the persons in the chapel were retiring.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Great Britain spends, on an average, \$260,000,000 annually for war, and for education less than \$500,000.

POETRY—is said to be a gift, but it very often turns out to be a theft.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

When Warren Hastings was governor general of India, he observed that in the district of Benares, a little below the surface of the earth, is to be found a stratum, of a kind of fibrous woody substance, of various thicknesses, in horizontal layers. Major Roebuck, informed of this, went out to a spot where an excavation had been made, displaying this singular phenomenon. In digging somewhat deeper, for the purpose of further research, they laid open a vault which on examination, proved to be of same size, and to their astonishment, they found a kind of printing-press, set up in the vault, and on it movable types, placed as if ready for printing. Every inquiry was set on foot to ascertain the probable period at which such an instrument could have been placed there; for it was evidently not of modern origin, and from all the major could collect, it appeared probable that the place had remained in the state in which it was found for at least one thousand years. We believe the worthy major, on his return to England, presented one of the learned associations with a memoir, containing many curious speculations on the subject. Paper we know to have been manufactured in the East many centuries before we had any knowledge of it, and we have many reasons to think that the Chinese had been acquainted with the mode of printing they now employ many centuries before Faust invented it in Europe. It certainly does no credit to the inventive genius of the Romans to know that, while they approach so near as to engrave in a style not to be equalled in the present age on gems and stones, and of course, the taking of impressions from them, they should have remained ignorant of the art which has bestowed so many blessings upon mankind.

THE STORY OF THE ROCKS.—The New York Commercial Advertiser says: "The most beautiful pocket edition of this highly interesting work that we have ever seen is—a *twenty dollar gold piece*."

TOBACCO.—Tobacco is very profitably cultivated along the river Delaware. When in full blossom, during the warm season, the air is filled for miles with its perfume.

RIGHTLY NAMED.—A medical man says that those ladies who make it a business to trouble dry-goods clerks and never buy anything, ought to be called counter-irritants.

TRUE GLORY.—Great actions carry their glory with them as the ruby wears its color.

SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT.

How few portraits are like the originals, even when painted by artists of no mean ability. When the daguerreotype and photography were invented, people said, "now here can be no mistake about likenesses, it is a sure thing, for by this art Nature herself fixes the reflection of our faces just as they are." Yet everybody knows there are scores of daguerreotypes and photographs which don't look a bit like the originals. The reason is that the originals didn't look a bit like themselves when they were sitting. Some people have such a horror of having a picture taken, as if it were some dreadful surgical operation, that dread completely distorts their features. Others again purposely alter their expression. Mr. Southdown, who is meek as a sheep, insists upon being taken in the uniform of the volunteer company he belongs to, and frowns at the achromatic lens as if he were looking defiance at a battery of Paixhans. The result is that Mr. Southdown's portrait looks wonderfully like Marshal Blucher, but totally unlike Moses Southdown. Ladies noted for large lips "prepare to pucker" the moment they face the instrument, so that, instead of the genial smile that really characterizes them, they are taken with a parsimonious smirk that of course ruins the likeness. Jolly fellows, who are known a mile off by the sunshine of their faces, insist on being taken with a dismal, sentimental air compounded from a recollection of Mawworm and Billy Lackaday.

A great painter, like Stuart, forces his sitters to exhibit their character, just as he drew out Commodore Perry, when he found him sitting listlessly, by offering him a deadly insult, whereupon the hero sprang to his feet and whirled a chair over his head, his eye blazing fire, as it did when he stood on the deck of his flagship in the heat of battle. But an instrument does not think, so the success of a photograph or daguerreotype depends upon the thoughtfulness of the sitters. We had written thus far, when we happened to see in the *Peterborough* (N. H.) Transcript, a capital article on the same subject, which is too good to be lost. Here it is. It expresses our views exactly:

"John Todd, *ætat* seven years, 'had his picture took,' as his mother expressed it, in a roundabout jacket with gilt buttons, a very Byronic collar, and his flaxen hair parted in the middle. His mother and sister declared it to be 'a perfect beauty, and so natural,' and it was deposited upon the parlor table for visitors to examine and praise. John Todd, *ætat* eighteen years, rummaging in the closet after his cigar

case, stumbles over this old picture of J. T. aged seven years. He looks at it with an ironical snort and prolonged whistle. 'Do you suppose I ever looked like *that*?' he exclaims. 'Not a bit of it. Who ever saw such a little milksop?' John Todd, aged eighteen years, isn't so far out of the way; he never did look like *that* picture 'to any great extent,' as Artemas Ward has it. The fact is, J. T. was 'got up' for the occasion. His jacket was a new one, his collar was uncommonly stiff, and hurt his neck, his hair was pasted down in a very unnatural manner, and he put on a grave, demure look very unlike the original J. T. He *did* look like 'a little milksop,' and his mother and sister would have discovered it at the time, if he had been one of their neighbor's sons. When people go upon any such errand as this, they are never content to go with their everyday faces. They array themselves in their most gorgeous apparel, put on everything they are not in the habit of wearing, twist their faces into all sorts of unearthly expressions with the intent to look pleasant and amiable, and then wonder that the artist don't succeed in getting a more natural picture. We are heartily sick and tired of the whole family of daguerreotypes, wherein the father of a family is portrayed in a black coat, the inevitable black satin vest and a dickey of prodigious dimensions, where the maternal is dressed in her best silk, resplendent with gold beads, and a new cap, and John, Thomas, Melvina and Cynthia, occupy a separate plate, all in their go-to-meeting clothes, their gravest faces and most awkward attitudes. Such dreary family groups are a solemn mockery. We never had a special weakness either for those elegant bridal pictures, where bride and bridegroom are made immortal in wedding vestments on one plate, sitting bolt upright in affectionate proximity to each other, the blushing bride displaying both her hands, none of the smallest (for O, gentle Melvina who reads these words, the camera makes sad work of delicate hands and amplifies them enormously, a hint to you to keep your lily fingers out of sight the next time you sit for your picture), grasping in one of them a gilt copy of Moore's poems, while the bridegroom's arm rests in verdant awkwardness over the back of the chair which contains the object of his affections. Such dreary pictures may be worth something as family relics, but they possess little charm for the beholder. Those pictures, whether they be daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, photographs or what not, will most resemble the original, when the person who desires to secure the shadow, sits down in every day habiliments, and makes no effort to look amiable

or virtuous, smiling, wise, or dignified. That people scarcely ever remember this, is the reason that there are so few, so very few, really good pictures. Once in a while we see a daguerreotype of a little child not old enough to know the importance of borrowed plumage and artificial expression, which is really beautiful, because true to life; but too often parents are careful to frustrate all this, by arraying the youthful martyr in a bran new frock, extemporising enormous spic-curls and generally disfiguring their darling to the intent that it 'may look pretty in the picture.'"

INDIAN COURTSHIP.

Miss Bishop, the writer of "Floral Home," while in Minnesota, in discharge of her duties as teacher, received a proposal of marriage from an Indian. He approached her decked in all his finery—scarlet flannel, rings, feathers, newly-scoured brass ornaments, and bear's claws—and through an interpreter, announced to her that she must be his wife. It was urged that he had one wife. He replied, "All the band have as many as they can keep—I have but one." As an extra inducement, he promised that she should have the best corner of his lodge, hunt by his side, and eat with him; while the dark squaw was to hush the papoose, cook the food, carry the game, plant and hoe the corn, and provide the wood and water. Miss Bishop, a little afraid of the "green-eyed monster," even if the other claimant did hold an inferior position, declined the distinction. The Indian then begged a dollar to buy a shirt, and left with a haughty air; the next day he was drunk. But Miss Bishop's associate almost fared worse; she had been only a few weeks in the country, and was ignorant of Indian customs. A young warrior, smitten with her, called often. Hoping to be rid of him, she gave him a ring. He, however, interpreted it as a token of partiality, and returned to take her to his lodge. The next day he again returned with six young braves, to compel her to go with him. Explanation and interference saved her.

FRENCH FUN.—A boy in Paris, hearing the National Guard cry, "Hurrah for reform!" shouted, "Hurrah for chloroform!" which made a hearty laugh. This is one of the few French jokes that can survive a literal translation.

CHEAP BOOKS.—The Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, say that only a very small per centage of cheap publications are of an immoral tendency. The people patronise what is sound.

PLATE GLASS.

Beautiful plate glass is now made in large quantities in England for glazing buildings. In its manufacture the requisite weight of fused glass is taken from the furnace upon the point of the blower, and is then blown into a spherical form. It is then reheated in the furnace, and swung above the head and below the feet of the workman, until it assumes the form of a cylinder. In performing this operation, the workman stands upon a stage below the mouth of the furnace, with a pit or well beneath his feet, six or seven feet in depth. He swings and balances the molten metal until it is expanded to the proper length. The least miscalculation of his powers of swinging it, or a very small deviation from the proper curve, would destroy the whole. The next stage is to separate, with strings of red hot glass, the cylinder from the blowing iron, and also cut off its closed end; the tubes are then allowed to stand on end, prior to being annealed, like so many chimney pots. The tube is then cut down the middle, and being placed in a heated room, called the flattening kiln, it soon opens out, and being pressed down by the workmen, it quickly becomes flattened out on a slab of stone. It is then quickly smoothed with a wooden implement, and passed to the cool end of the kiln by degrees. It is then tilted on its edge, and the manufacture is complete. If the manufacturer merely wishes to produce a glass shade, the cylinder is preserved, being detached from the blowing tube. But in order to cut it evenly, a simple but ingenious machine is employed, consisting of a frame, in which the cylinder is supported vertically or horizontally, while the diamond set in a little frame, is made to act against the surface so as to cut it.

LITTLE JOYS.—How brightly do little joys beam upon a soul which stands on a ground darkened by clouds of sorrow! So do stars come forth from the empty sky, when we look up to them from a deep well.

RELIGION.—The celebrated Lord Burleigh is recorded to have said, "Never trust anybody not of sound religion, for he that is false to God can never be true to man."

PIES FOR THE MILLION.—The average daily sale of pies in New York restaurants is 53,125 1-2 square feet!

RESOLUTION.—A man in earnest finds means; or, if he cannot find them, creates them.

WOMAN.—A woman is great in proportion to the ideal she suggests.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

The muscular strength of the human body is wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot at a rapid pace with a weight of six hundred pounds. Milo, the celebrated athlete of Cretona, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and became, by degrees, a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulders an ox, four years old, and weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, and afterwards killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympiad. He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the list against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength the preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the building and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by the root and break it. He partially effected it, but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree where cleft, reunited, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone, and being unable to disengage himself, died in that position. Hallar mentions that he saw a man whose fingers caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported, by that means, the whole weight of his body, one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet. Augustus XI, King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder. A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by the fish. The whale moves with a velocity through a dense medium of water that would carry him round the world in less than a fortnight. A sword-fish has been known to strike his weapon through the thick plank of a ship—a specimen of such a plank, with the sword sticking in it may be seen at the British Museum. We heard the late Dr. Warren in one of his lectures say, that the strength of the human muscles was so great, that, though men had often been condemned to be drawn asunder by four horses, yet to carry out the sentence it was necessary to use the knife to sever the limbs—the horses alone could not overcome the resistance of the muscles.

MAXIM.—If you want enemies, excel others—
if you want friends, let others excel you.

WIT AND BEAUTY.—Men of wit are rarely the captives of beautiful fools.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

We be to the youth whose curiosity leads him to penetrate behind the green curtain which shuts off the mysteries of the scenic world from his eyes. His enjoyment of stage effects is gone forever. Thackeray very happily hits off the sights and scenes of the green-room: "A theatre is like a Hindoo household, and all the men and women before you are divided from each other by the law of caste. In one corner sits a 'singing chambermaid'—a performer confined to acting such parts as waiting-woman (with songs) and nothing else. If, in your ignorance as a young dramatic author, you were to wish her to take a character requiring the appearance of age, you would offend her, and the middle-aged lady sitting at her side, whose duty it is to play all the 'second old women,' and no others, upon that particular stage. On another couch is the 'first old woman'—an imperious-looking lady of the mother-in-law class—who has her sphere of action as strictly defined as that of a chess-board queen. Near her you will observe a rather cheerful, middle-aged gentleman, known only dramatically as the 'first old man.' The slim, genteel gentleman, not very young, who is talking to a handsome, commanding lady, is the 'light comedian,' but nothing more. His companion is known as the 'leading lady;' while the two young men who are standing opposite to her, on the other side of the room, are the 'first and second walking gentlemen.' Near them is that highly important person the 'leading low comedian,' almost faced by his more humble brother actor, the 'second low comedian.' Two other gentlemen, in different parts of the room, are known respectively as 'eccentric comedian' and 'utility actor;' and they have corresponding companions amongst the ladies."

MACADAMIZED ROADS.—The Chinese are said to have constructed roads superior to any others in the world for centuries. Macadam is said to have got his idea from them.

GREAT MEN.—Great men, like great cities, have many crooked parts and dark alleys in their hearts, whereby he that knows them may save himself much time and trouble.

A PASTE THAT WILL SELL WELL.—A Dr. Beck, of Dantzic, has invented a paste which is said to be a sovereign remedy for drunkenness and its injurious effects upon the body.

JUSTICE.—Mortimer S. Videtto, who murdered his two daughters in October, at Bridge-water, Ct., was sent to State Prison for life.

THE WEATHER.

Some good folks (they are suspected of having rheumatic and bronchial affections) sigh for a clime of endless summer. Now we are of opinion that endless summer would be voted a nuisance universally. What should we do for a topic of conversation? What should we do for a subject of complaint? If we had perpetual sunshine and blue sky, the most aggravated dawdler would hesitate to remark day after day, "We're having fine weather." If he did, the testy reply would be, "Of course we're having fine weather—we can't help having it."

What would become of our friend, Mr. Dismal? Mr. Dismal is a farmer in easy circumstances, so easy that he would be perfectly wretched, if it wasn't for the weather. The weather is his only trouble, and he makes the most of it. Regularly, every first of June, he predicts that "we shall have a cold, wet summer, and that corn wont ripen." On a cloudless day, with a balmy air perfumed with blossoms, with birds singing on every spray in the glorious sunshine, he shakes his head with a dismal sigh, and says, "Ah, this here's a reg'lar weather-breeder." When a storm comes he is never taken aback, because he is always predicting a storm. "Didn't I tell you so?" he exclaims, triumphantly, when the "heavens are opened." Of course he did.

We know another man, Mr. Perker, a little old fellow with a face like a winter apple, and a "frosty pow," who is always predicting a tremendous snow storm. If the weather is in the slightest degree cool, and the thinnest veil of gray is drawn across the sky, he tells you, after a shrewd glance at the vane, that we are going to have a most tremendous snow storm, like that in the year 1780, when the drifts were thirty feet deep, and people "dropped in" to see their neighbors down the kitchen chimney. Of course we never have any storms like that of the year 1780, but that does not impair the popular faith in Mr. Perker's prophetic powers.

Yet another man always carries a green cotton umbrella in anticipation of rain, winter and summer. That umbrella is a blessing to him. We verily believe his life is bound up in its cover, stick and cane. He is very fond of making stump speeches, but we are almost certain that he would be dead stuck without that umbrella to help him along in oratory. When he is assailing a political opponent, he waves it over his head like a battle-axe; when he speaks of the blessings of peace and harmony, he holds it at his side like a sheathed sword; when he alludes to the protection the flag affords to American

citizens, he spreads it and walks about the platform proudly, as if the umbrella was the star-spangled banner. He takes walks just to give that umbrella an airing, as another man would walk out with his wife. The possibility of a shower is his pretext for never separating from his dumb companion, and we verily believe that if endless summer should compel him to put aside his faithful friend, he would not long survive the divorce, but we should have to inscribe upon his tombstone, "Here lies Peter Priggins, in the 64th year of his age, and the 44th of his green cotton umbrella."

In a word, if we recorded all the resources derived by all men from the vicissitudes of the weather, we should have to write a volume instead of a brief newspaper article. When all other topics fail, the weather is a sure thing.

MAN-TRAPS.

Thieves sometimes catch themselves, as the following incident will show: A gentleman living near Edinburgh, had his orchard repeatedly robbed, and bidding defiance to prohibitory acts, had an old man-trap repaired, and set up in his orchard. The smith brought it home, and there was a consultation as to which tree it should be placed under; several were proposed, as being all favorite bearers; at last the smith's suggestion as to the *locus in quo* was adopted, and the man-trap set. But the position somehow or other did not please the master, and as tastes occasionally vary, so did his, and he bethought him of another tree, the fruit of which he would like above all things to preserve. Accordingly, scarcely had he laid his head upon his pillow, when the change was determined on, and ere long the man-trap was transferred. Very early in the morning the cries of a sufferer brought master and men into the orchard, and there they discovered—the smith!

A STRIKING REMARK.—"You have a very striking countenance," as the donkey said to the elephant when he hit him over the back with his trunk.

LEGAL DECISION.—A London court has decided that an actor is not a "laborer." Of course not; he's "no work and all play."

CEREMONY.—Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding: that civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

QUESTION ANSWERED.—Why are good husbands like dough? Ans.—Women need them.

Foreign Miscellany.

A case in chancery, begun in England in 1791, was decided in London last October.

The salary of the Lord Mayor of London is \$40,000 a year.

No Quaker has yet asked the aid of the new English Court of Divorce.

A man now living in Vienna, Austria, is 135 years old, though he has been helpless for a quarter of a century.

In Paris there are twenty-three telegraph offices, principally employed in transmitting messages between the various quarters of the capital.

A new religious sect has begun to develop itself in the northern part of Denmark; its believers claiming that there are five Gods in one, and calling themselves Pentarians.

A handloom weaver, one Charles Lawson, of Dunferline, Scotland, has invented a machine for weaving Brussels and velvet-pile carpets and table-covers, which, it is predicted will cause a revolution in those branches of manufacture.

It is proposed to construct in Paris a magnificent Turkish mosque and a Turkish hotel or caravansarai. The object of these constructions is to attract to Paris as many Mussulman travellers as possible.

The city of Coventry, in England, has for centuries been noted for its weaving establishments. Thirty thousand operatives are usually employed in the weaving district of which Coventry is the centre, but times are now so hard that three-fourths of these are out of work.

Some very interesting mosaics from Carthage have been recently deposited in one of the basement rooms of the British Museum. These are only partially displayed to the public. Their origin, it is said, is likely to be disputed amongst the savans.

Letters from foreign countries, particularly England, France, Germany, and the Canadas, sent to the department as "dead," are under the provision of postal treaties, returned to the postal departments of those nations, whose authorities reciprocate the courtesy.

A Paris contractor recently wagered 3000 francs, (\$600) that in fifteen days he would construct in the new Boulevard de Sebastopol, a house, having a cellar, ground plot and five floors, with an elegant roofing, the whole in stone, brick and iron. He has just completed the job, and won the bet.

A writer in the London Shipping Gazette styles the iron screw steamships, now extensively employed in navigating the waters of Northern Europe, as "sea-going coffins." No less than six or seven of them were lost (five foundered) in a gale October 3 and 4, the loss of life amounting to about two hundred persons.

A remarkable religious interest in London is noticed by some of the newspapers in that city. It is said to resemble that of which so much has been heard within the last year in Ireland. On the 2d ult., Exeter Hall was crowded—one of the principal speakers having been formerly a noted pugilist.

English coal is now soon to be admitted into France duty free.

The result of the silk worm culture in Algeria is said to prove that, in a few years, the French laborer can be clothed in silks.

Madame De Stael in one of her brilliant conversations speaking of the soul-feeling displayed in architecture called it "Frozen Music."

General Martinprey has been appointed lieutenant governor of Algeria. He will officiate as chief of the head-quarters staff and general of the army.

Henry R. Boland has invented a water-shoe, by the aid of which he recently travelled for miles over the water in San Francisco Bay, making some four miles an hour with ease.

Every year France imports between 11,000 and 12,000 horses, at the expense of somewhere about 18,000,000 francs, and still the supply falls short of the demand.

The Society for the Protection of Animals at Lyons has offered a gold medal of the value of 200 francs for the work best adapted to teach children to treat animals kindly.

A paper published at Stockbridge in the year 1800 states that the library of a deceased clergyman sold for £3, and the liquors in his cellar for £276.

The first railway direct from Stockholm has just been opened. It runs south to the out harbor at Sodertelge. The whole distance will be performed in an hour and ten minutes.

Portable sun dials in a spherical form are now constructed in Berlin, which, by means of a pendulum and graduated meridian circle, may be placed so as to indicate the sunshine at any moment, and the exact time of the day.

The new public wash house at Augsburg is provided not only with the most approved appliances for the purification of foul linen, but also with separate tubs, boilers, drying closets and ironing rooms for Catholics and Protestants. No Jews admitted.

A new painting by a French artist, representing Columbus on his voyage of discovery, places him on deck smoking a cigar; in one of Van Dyck's pictures, the Sacrifice of Abraham, the patriarch is taking aim with a musket at his son Isaac.

A family in Belgium have enjoyed from time immemorial, the singular privilege of possessing six fingers instead of five; and the same is true of their toes, also. Have we any of the six-toed Belgians amongst us?

Sweden contains eighteen cotton mills, running 180,000 spindles. They produce yearly about twelve million pounds of cotton thread, being three fourths of the entire national consumption. The tariff on cotton thread is fifteen per cent., affording adequate protection to the native manufacture.

Forty-two young Persians, between the ages of fourteen and thirty, are now pursuing the regular course of studies in the various colleges of France. The Shah and many of the highest families in Persia are using their influence with great perseverance in inducing their wealthy countrymen to send their sons to be educated in France.

Record of the Times.

It is settled that the tea-plant can be cultivated profitably in California.

The brickmaking business in Troy, N. Y., amounts to about eight millions a year.

A young girl the other day attacked another with a knife in *Harmony Court*.

Colt's factory turns out 300 pistols a day completely finished.

The Habanese are about to erect a monument in honor of Columbus.

A New York critic says the grimmest of smiles is Edwin Forrest's "Lear."

The largest horse in the world is at Newcastle, Pennsylvania. He is of the Clydesdale breed, and weighs 1777 pounds.

The people in a district in Wisconsin were represented in the last legislature by a Mr. Gunn, but he not making noise enough, they have this year nominated a Mr. Cannon.

The common opinion is, that we should take good care of the children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in the winter to let them slide.

A curious work was recently published in Germany, the purpose of which is to prove that Judas Iscariot was one of the most conscientious and honorable of men.

The Rocky Mountain News says that coal oil has been discovered in the mountains, about five miles from Cannon City. The spring is supposed to be inexhaustible, and the oil is said to be fully as pure as that found in Pennsylvania.

Over 23,000 letters for delivery are received at the Boston office daily, and about 40,000 arrive from other offices for distribution, requiring, of course, to be remailed. The entire amount of revenue collected for the past year, is not far from \$200,000.

From returns received from the towns in this State it appears that about \$33,000 dogs were licensed in 1859, paying a tax of \$36,000. It is estimated that an equal number were destroyed by their owners as not being worth the tax, and that as many more escaped taxation altogether.

The effect of climate on the human system is shown in a striking manner by the inhabitants of Australia, who, in the course of two or three generations, lose the corpulence characteristic of Englishmen, and become a tall, gaunt, raw-boned race, like the inhabitants of our Southern States.

At Bruges, a short time ago, three brothers, all of them born in the same year, presented themselves to the authorities to be inscribed as members of the National Guard. The two elder are twins, and the third was born eleven months after them. The young men are sons of a letter carrier, who has six other children.

In reply to a petition of 250 Hebrew congregations, a declaration has been published by the Prussian government, intimating their intention for the future to avail themselves of the services of Jews in the various departments of the State. This is carrying out the spirit of the law enacted in 1848, but which hitherto had been almost a dead letter.

There are about forty-one millions of dollars deposited in the savings banks of New York city.

There is a man who resides in Ulysses, N. Y., who is 108 years old.

Napoleon feared a dozen editors more than an army of 50,000 men.

The estimated value of the horses in the State of Virginia is \$24,000,000.

John McKinney, late State Treasurer of Michigan is said to be a defaulter to the extent of \$134,000. He has absconded.

Mrs. Siddons, when a friend remarked to her that applause was necessary to actors as it gave them confidence, replied: "Much more. It gives us breath."

The interposition of a dog tax in Paris, has reduced the canine tribe within the city from 42,000 to 29,000 in the course of four years, and still yields a revenue of 300,000 francs.

A lion-tamer in London, England, takes half a dozen of the fierce brutes into a cage, shows them a plate full of pieces of raw beef, and makes each take his own piece in his own turn.

A new feature in the late annual cattle show at Birmingham, England, was a show of dogs of every known breed. Among other costly dogs was a King Charles spaniel, priced at \$3500.

The schoolmistresses whom Governor Slade, of Vermont, sent out to Oregon, were to pay a fine of \$500 if they married under one year. Most of the girls paid the fine.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that city has not kept pace with the increase in population of the country at large, and is losing its relative importance among the cities of the Union.

Some queer fellow who has tried 'em says, there are two sorts of wine in Stuttgart; to drink one is like swallowing an angry cat; the other like pulling the animal back again by the tail.

The Londoners are all alive' about a new wizard, a certain Dr. Bly, who reads writings without seeing them, and occasionally makes names which are given to him in sealed papers appear in red letters on his waist.

The general climate of England has been, during the year 1860, very much like that which the High Peak of Derbyshire is said to be favored with—"nine months rain and three months damp weather!"

A Turkish journal, edited by Turks, has just made its appearance at Constantinople, under the designation of the Translator of Events. The editors are said to be "men of progress," and imbued with European ideas.

In the south of Russia, more than 400 persons have already lost their lives from the sting of a venomous fly, which has come from Asia. It had also made its appearance in the same country about sixty or seventy years ago, and then caused the death of a number of persons.

There are nine English, two French, one Spanish and four German daily papers in San Francisco. There are twenty-two weeklies, of which eighteen are English, three French and one Italian. There are seven monthlies, one of which is medical and another religious.

Merry-Making.

Young lovers are called turtles, and they are generally green turtles.

What sticks are mostly seen in the night?—Candlesticks.

Mr. Rarey's Arms.—A Horse-pistol, and a Colt's revolver.

Why cannot a cook eat her apron? Because it goes against her stomach.

The "freedom of the city," according to loafers, is lodging in the station-house.

When is a lover like a tailor? Ans.—When he presses his suit.

What comes next to an oyster? Ans.—The shell. (*A hard case, that!*)

What tree represents a person who persists in incurring debts? Ans.—Willow (will owe.)

What part of the play do drinking men like the best? Ans.—The finale (*fine ale*), to be sure.

The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky hit, and is herself a lucky miss.

When may a man be said to be totally immersed in business? When he is giving a swimming lesson.

It is said that if you stop up rat-holes with old search warrants, every knowing rat will leave the premises.

A man being commiserated with an account of his wife's running away, said, "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

A contemporary says that his voice "is still for truth." Evidently his voice for truth is perfectly still.

"Why is a sheet of postage-stamps like distant relations? Because they are but slightly connected.

* Why have *compositors* more reason to complain than anybody else? Because their business is always *at a stand*.

If a flock of geese see one of their number drink, they will drink too. Men often make geese of themselves.

A young lady says that if a cart-wheel has nine fellers attached to it, it's a pity that a girl like her can't have one.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy.—"But not till you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

A certain man says that one of his boys knows nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

Boy! did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged school-master. "Yes, master." "Well, what do you think I will do to you?" "Why let me off."

"Bridget, where's the gridiron?" "An' sure, ma'am, I's jist after giving it to my sister's own cousin, Bridget O'Flaherty; the thing's so full of holes, it's no good at all."

A man about town observed, on the morning after a debauch, "Had Leander practised swimming with half the perseverance of my head he'd never have been drowned."

Why are fixed stars, like wicked old men? Because they scintillate (*sin till late*.)

Equestrian burglary. The breaking in of horses.

The greatest coward may avoid shaking in his shoes by wearing boots or going barefooted.

A miser who never gives a cent to the desolate, cries "Heaven help the poor."

Hood said the Thames was a *tidy* river, but he preferred the *Isis* in summer.

Why are geese like opera dancers? Because no other animals can stand so long on one leg.

Did the man who ploughed the sea, and afterwards planted his foot on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms and an acre of land.

A malignant sore throat is a very bad thing; but a malignant throat, not sore, is scarcely any better.

An exchange advertises for compositors "who won't get drunk," and adds that "the editor does all the getting drunk necessary to support the dignity of the establishment!"

Thomas Hood died composing—and that, too, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to urn a lively Hood.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied the gallant philosopher, "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

Mother: "Good morning, George; how did you get along in your debating society last night?" George: "Capital; we voted unanimously not to have anything more to do with the women!"

STREET DIALOGUE.—Street sweeping boy—"Please, sir, give me a brown?" Swell—"Sixpence is the only small money I have, my little lad." Boy—"Vell, sir, I'll get yer change; and if yer doubts my honor, hold my broom."

An Irishman, who recently went out rabbit-shooting observing a jackass peeping over a hedge, immediately levelled his piece, exclaiming, "Och, by the powers! that must be the father of all rabbits."

A BRILLIANT PAPER!

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

The most charming miscellaneous weekly journal yet offered to the public. Original in design and contents, and issued in the most choice and elegant style of modern printing.

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It contains the amount of a whole volume of delightful reading matter, and each number complete in itself—containing tales, sketches, biographies, gossip, news, wit, humor and poetic gems.

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M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,
BOSTON.

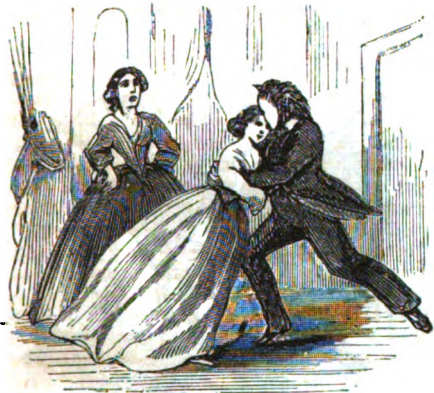
Mr. and Mrs. Playwell's Private Theatrical Experience.



"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"



Mr. and Mrs. P. and niece betake themselves to study, i. e., drudgery. *Betty*—How mad they all be arter book-learning!



Little rehearsal between Mr. P. and pretty niece.—*Mrs. P.*—Well, there's no need of overdoing the scene now.



Mr. P. is a *hard study*, but devoted night and day. *Mrs. P.*—I suppose you'd like another rehearsal.



Biddy—Plase, ma'm, will ye give diriction for dinner?—*Mrs. P.* (unconsciously)—Do it, nor leave the task to me!



A little stage business—clearing the drawing-room to make way for scenery.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Night of performance—"Lucky for you, my dear fellow, that your part admits of boots."



Fortunately the timid ones make their exits and entrances from the china closet.



The audience.



Mr. Muddle called—not to be found—what can he be doing?



Muddle's precipitate haste when found, destroys the scene.



Finale—general row among performers.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.—No. 4.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1861.

WHOLE No. 76.

A GLIMPSE AT NEW YORK HARBOR.

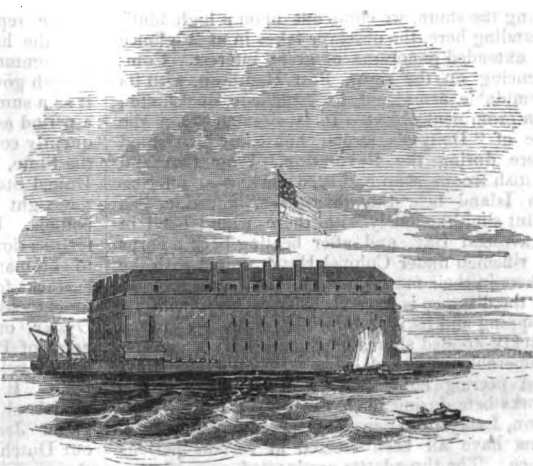


ON this and the six succeeding pages of the Magazine will be found a series of engravings from sketches by Mr. Chapin, an artist of eminence, illustrating many objects of interest in New York harbor. Of the thousands of intelligent travelers who yearly make their first acquaintance with American scenery as they pass what Fanny Kemble

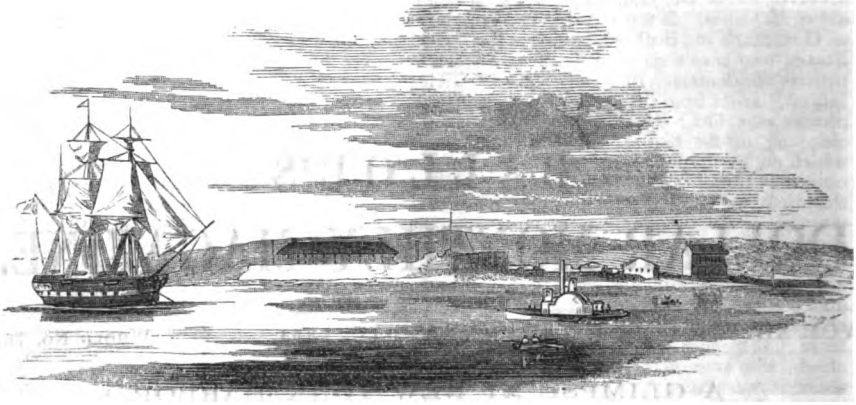
calls the "rocky gateway of the Narrows," there is no one having a taste for the beauties of nature who does not hail with rapture the scene here presented to his eyes. The fertile and villacrowned shores of Staten and Long Islands, the massive forts that frown defiance from their casemates and parapets, the white sails and smoking funnels of ships and steamers, and the many-spired city that closes the distance, supply the features of a most enchanting panorama. Our pictures represent, in succession, Fort Lafayette, Ellis's Island, Bedlow's Island, Gravesend Bay, Fort Tompkins, and the town of Richmond, Staten Island, and Fort Columbus and Castle William on Governor's Island. We shall refer to these localities in a rapid survey of the features of the harbor, not following, however, the order of the engravings.

Gravesend Bay is beyond Fort Hamilton, which is about nine miles from New York, on the south shore of Long Island. The view given was taken from a point on the road leading from Fort Hamilton and looking across the bay. The house on the left in the foreground, belonged during the Revolution to a tory named Simon Cortelouy, and has been but little altered

since that period. Beyond the house is seen the sandy beach where the main body of the British and Hessian troops landed previous to the battle of Long Island, under cover of the guns of the *Rose*, *Phoenix* and *Greyhound* frigates, which were anchored near where the group of fishing boats are shown out in the bay. The distant land on the right is Coney Island. On the morning of Thursday, the 22d of August, 1776, the now quiet bay presented a stirring and busy scene. A fleet of one hundred and thirty-six vessels of every grade, lay anchored in the immediate vicinity, on board of which, and encamped on the shores of Staten Island, were twenty thousand British and Hessian troops, veterans of other wars, fully armed and equipped with every appliance of war, burning to be led against the so-called "rebels" who occupied the city of New York and works on Long Island adjacent. At a given signal the troops were seen pouring over the sides of the ships and transports, and soon a long row of boats, filled with glowing uniforms, were moving in the direction of the bay. The music of the various bands, the glittering of the morning sun on the burnished bayonets, the steady strokes of the man-



FORT LAFAYETTE, NEW YORK HARBOR.



ELLIS'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.

of-war's men at the oars, the shout, the jest, and the loud laugh of those who were about to engage in mortal strife, all conspired to make up a scene of intense interest, and one calculated to stir the blood of the most indifferent witness. There were none such, however, for all had taken sides in the struggle, and with shame be it said, many, yea, a large majority of the inhabitants of the vicinity had deserted the cause of their country and joined that of a tyrannical king. Simon Cortelyou, the tory who occupied the house shown in the foreground of the picture, volunteered to guide the troops, and through his instrumentality the battle which followed was won by the British. Five thousand troops were in the boats under command of Sir Henry Clinton, Earls Cornwallis and Percy, and Generals Grant and Sir William Erskine. The Hessians were under command of Count Donap, who was killed at Redbank the year following. The debarkation was under the direction of Commodore Hotham, and was peaceably effected on the sandy beach seen beyond the house in the picture. We do not propose, however, to follow the troops in their march and in the battle which followed. Following the road for a few hundred yards along the shore, we come out upon a high bluff. Standing here, the observer takes in at a glance an extended panorama of great interest. Commencing on the right, Fort Hamilton, with its formidable armament, its esplanade, docks, etc., is a prominent object. It is situated upon the site of "Denyse's strong house," which stood there during the Revolution. Four thousand British troops, who had been encamped on Staten Island near the quarantine, landed at this point simultaneously with those who landed in Gravesend Bay, and after beating back a corps of riflemen under Colonel Hand, united with the others in their march towards the battle ground. In the distance is seen New York Bay, with its shipping and its islands, while on the left are the thickly-wooded shores of Staten Island, with innumerable villas and country seats seen among and peering above the trees. There were no works here during the Revolution; Forts Hamilton, Lafayette, Diamond, Richmond and Tompkins have all been erected at various periods since. The three latter are located upon Staten

Island, and are shown in one of the engravings. Fort Diamond is simply a parapet behind which are the guns. It extends from the lighthouse to the road leading from Fort Richmond to the brow of the hill. Fort Richmond is a heavy work on the edge of the water. It is semi-octagonal in form and is four stories in height. It is casemated for near two hundred guns of the heaviest calibre. It is of granite, and is one of the most formidable defences of the harbor. Fort Tompkins is a square fort with four circular bastions, erected during the last war with England. It is of brown sandstone, of a porous nature, and exhibits the marks of the weather, many of the stones on the most exposed sides being completely honey-combed. It is dismantled and closed to visitors. Fort Lafayette, represented in a small engraving, is a square work, erected on a sand bar on the edge of the channel, about two hundred yards from the Long Island shore. It is of brown stone, also, and mounts a heavy armament. It was originally called Fort Diamond, but after Lafayette's visit to this country it was named in his honor.

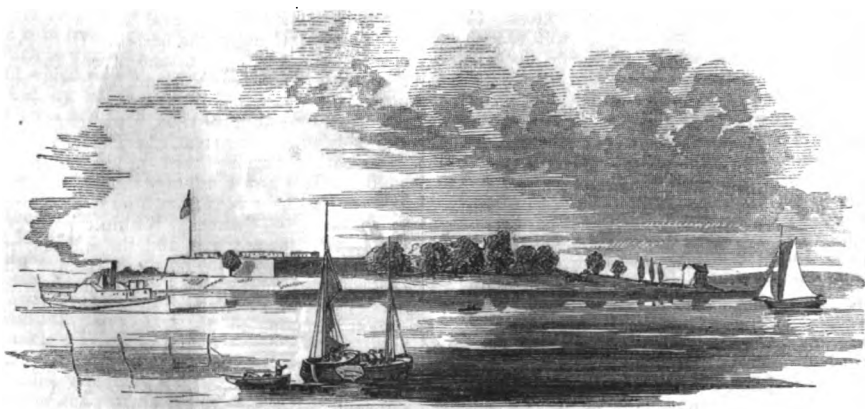
Bedlow's Island was originally granted to Isaac Bedlow, a merchant of New Amsterdam, by whose representatives it was sold, and it came into the hands of Captain Archibald Kennedy, the commandant of the naval station under the British government in the harbor. He occupied it as a summer residence, and it was known for a period as "Kennedy's Island." It was subsequently confiscated, and became the property of the State, by whom, in 1800, it was ceded to the United States government, the former reserving the right of serving civil process within its bounds. It is now a military station, and heavy fortifications have been from time to time erected to command the channel. Within the works are barracks for the garrison, and the officers' quarters are seen toward the northern point. Ellis's Oyster, or Gibbet Island lies a short distance north of Bedlow's Island, and is also a military station belonging to the United States government. It is a desert spot, and was named Oyster Island from its proximity to the oyster beds of the Jersey shore. In the good old days of our Dutch ancestors, it was much resorted to for the purpose of feasting upon those delectable

bivalves, but of late years they are less plentiful along its shores. It was ceded at the same time as Governor's and Bedlow's Islands to the United States, who have erected fortifications thereon to protect the channel. Its appellation of "Gibbet Island" arises from the fact that in former years pirates were hung there in the presence of the shipping in the harbor. The last execution which occurred upon the island was that of the notorious Gibbs, in 1830. Although but a lad at that time, we can well remember the intense excitement of the occasion. Governor's Island is represented as seen approaching from the lower bay. Our readers are probably familiar with its appearance and with the whole works upon it, and it only remains for us to say that it was purchased by the Dutch governor, Van Twiller, from Cakapeteicuo and Pehiwas, two Indian chiefs, who were described as its owners. By them it was called Paggauck, but the Dutch christened it Nutten or Nut Island. The emigrants who came to settle at Manhattan first landed upon this island, but finding no water for their cattle, they were compelled in a day or two to remove to the main. Nutten Island does not appear to have passed out of Governor Van Twiller's hands after its purchase, but was held as the property of the governor for the time being. Its contiguity to the city and to the main channel pointed it out as an important point in the defence of both, although no works were erected upon it. Smith, in his colonial history, published about 1756, says: "About six furlongs southeast of the fort (on Manhattan Island) lies Nutten Island, containing about one hundred or one hundred and twenty acres, reserved by an act of assembly, as a sort of demesne for the governors, upon which it is proposed to erect a strong castle; because an enemy might from thence easily bombard the city, without being annoyed by either our battery or the fort." Like the others, it was ceded in February, 1800, to the United States by the State, with the same reservation in regard to civil process. The fortifications consist of a star fort or redoubt, called Fort Columbus, a circular fort, called "Castle William," and a redoubt on the southeast covering Buttermilk Channel, between the island and the Brooklyn shore.

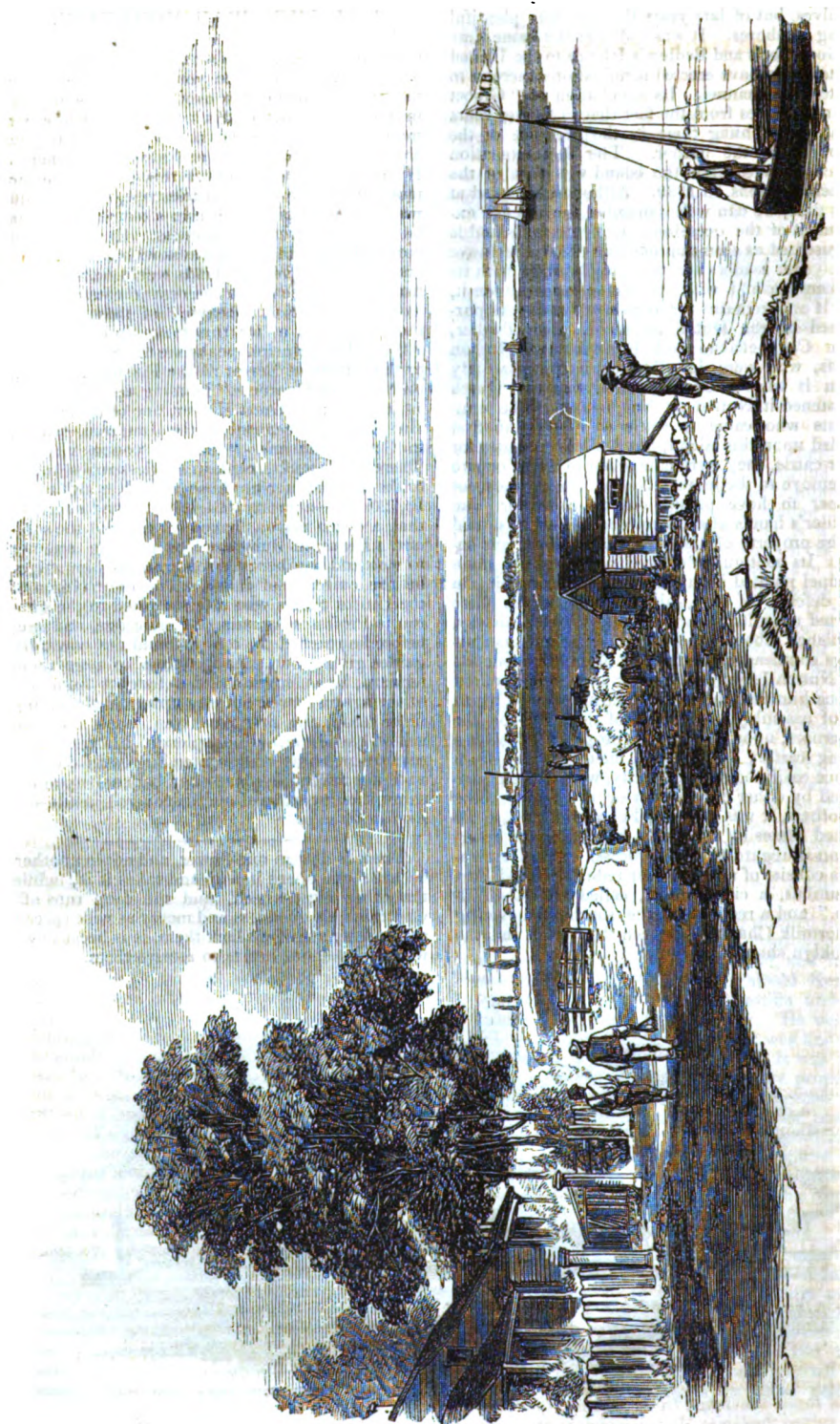
THE JUNGFRAU MOUNTAIN.

And now with this sublime hymn chanting through our ears, let us set out upon a day's ride over the Alps. I invite you to accompany me to-night over one of the overland Alps which lie in the very heart of Switzerland. Before we mount for the ride, let me say a word to you about Swiss mountains and glaciers in general. If any one should look at this earth from the moon through a powerful telescope, Switzerland would seem to be an ocean in a tempest, with its billows all perfectly motionless. Her snow-clad mountains would be the waves with white, foamy crests. Their verdant fields would be the green troughs of the sea. In the central country there would be a special upheaving of these waves—the mountains of ice that make up the Bernese Alps. The principal peaks are the Schreckhorn, or the "Peak of Terror;" the Finster Aarhorn, or "Peak of Darkness," looming up more than 14,000 feet; the Great Eigher, one of the noblest. But the most beautiful is the Jungfrau, which, in German, means "the fair young virgin." There she stands, clad in spotless robes, like a bride adorned for her husband. Her altitude is 13,720 feet—a pretty tall bride. And not more than a dozen persons have ever reached the summit. Beautiful Jungfrau! let no man attempt to woo and win her; her embrace to him might be the embrace of death. The only citizen of the United States who ever mounted to the summit is Professor Agassiz, of Cambridge, and long before he reached the top he found the cowardly guides giving out. And, failing to urge them forward, he at length seized a hatchet from one of them, and hewed his way upwards alone, until he stood, the first American, upon the summit of the Jungfrau; a splendid illustration of science breasting and contending with dangers until she at length plants her banners upon the summit of ascertained and discovered truth.—*A Day in the Alps.*

There is dew in one flower, and not in another because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the dew runs off. God rains his goodness and mercy as wide spread as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.



BEDLOW'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.



GRAVESEND BAY, NEW YORK HARBOR.

DIAMOND FETTERS.

Do you think, dear reader, that you should like to own three millions of dollars' worth of diamonds? Perhaps yes. But how if three millions of dollars' worth of diamonds owned you? Do you think it is any pleasanter to be bound hand and feet in fetters of diamonds than in links of iron? If you do, just read the history of the Duke of Brunswick and his diamonds, every particular of which is vouched for by the Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune.

The most profound adamantologist in the world is the Duke of Brunswick. He has in his possession three millions of dollars' worth of diamonds. He has just published a catalogue of his diamonds, and in the appendix there is a notice of the most celebrated diamonds in the world. This catalogue numbers not less than 268 quarto pages. It gives, with great detail, a list of his white-transparent, first-white, second-white, steel-white, blue-white, light-blue, black-blue, light-yellow, bright-yellow, amber-yellow, straw, champagne, deep-rose, rosy, light-rose, opalescent, pomegranate, violent, greenish, green, sea-green, brown, light-brown, deep-brown, dusk black, opaque-black, London-fog, sandy, frosty, black-spotted, cracked, split, scratched, ill-cut, uncut, square, round, oval, oblong, octagon, pointed, pigeon-eyed, almond, Chinese-eyed diamonds. It relates how this once adorned a Turkish sabre, that a royal diadem, another an imperial collar, a third a grand electoral hat; this black diamond was an idol's eye, that brilliant rosy diamond was taken from the Emperor Baber, at Agra, in 1526 (it weighs 41 carats, and is worth \$69,000), those were the waistcoat buttons of the Emperor Don Pedro; this diamond ring, with the Stuart coat of arms, and the cipher "M. S.," belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots; that pair of ear-rings hung once on Maria Antoinette.

The Duke of Brunswick has in his possession fifteen of the ninety known diamonds, weighing thirty-six carats, but he has not a diamond worth \$200,000. He has a plenty of diamonds worth \$20,000, \$30,000, \$45,000 apiece; he has two worth \$60,000 each, one worth \$70,000, and one worth \$80,000; but he hasn't one worth \$200,000. He is in treaty now for two diamonds, one of which is worth \$232,000 and the other \$650,000, and which rank in the order of precedence established by adamantologists, in the sixth rank, which is next after the regent's diamond, and the former in the eighth rank, that is, next after the Orloff diamond of Russia. In his list of celebrated diamonds he places in the front rank a brilliant white diamond, weighing 250 carats, and belonging to some East Indian prince, and worth \$2,500,000; next comes the Koh-i-noor, which weighs 187 carats, and which he sets down as worth \$1,382,840; next comes the Rajah of Matara's (Borneo) diamonds; it is of the most beautiful water conceivable; the Governor of Batavia offered the rajah \$150,000, two brigs-of-war, armed, equipped and provisioned for six months, and a large quantity of cannon balls, powder and congreve rockets; the rajah refused them all, and preferred keeping his diamond, which passes for a talisman; it is worth \$1,339,455. Next comes the Great Mogal, which is of a beau-

tiful rose color, and of the shape and size of half a hen's egg; it is worth \$784,000, according to the Duke of Brunswick's valuation, though Tavernier, the traveller, sets it down as being worth \$3,344,655; the regent's diamond of France (and which, by the way, belonged to Lord Chatham's grandfather, who brought it from India concealed in the heel of his shoe), comes only in the fifth rank; it weighs 136 1-4 carats—it is worth \$739,840; it is the purest diamond known; it required two years to cut it; before it was cut it weighed 410 carats; the chippings of it were sold for \$40,000.

The Duke of Brunswick says the Orloff diamond of Russia is worth only \$344,360, and not \$18,516,580, as some persons have pretended; and he says the Sancy diamond, which Prince Paul Demidoff purchased at the price of \$400,000, is worth only \$29,160; but then the Duke of Brunswick reckons its historical value as nothing, although it once adorned the sword of Charles the Bold, was found after his death on the battle-field of Nancy, was sold in Switzerland, carried to Portugal and there sold, belonged to King Antonio, to Henry III., was swallowed by a noble to whom he confided it—swallowed by the faithful noble sooner than deliver it to robbers, and was found in his body, which was disinterred for the purpose of discovering it. The Duke of Brunswick dares not leave Paris at any period of the year; his diamonds keep him chained there. He dares not sleep from home (some people reckon this liberty of pillow one of the great franchises of Paris) a single night. Then he lives in a house constructed not so much for comfort as for security. It is burglar-proof, surrounded on every side by a high wall; the wall itself is surrounded by a lofty iron railing, defended by innumerable sharp spear-heads, which are so contrived that if any person touches any one of them, a chime of bells begins instantly to ring an alarm; this iron railing cost him \$14,127. He keeps his diamonds in a safe, built in a thick wall; his bed is placed against it, that no burglar may break into it without killing, or at least waking him, and that he may amuse himself with them without leaving his bed. This safe is lined with granite and with iron; the locks have a secret which must be known before they can be opened; if they are opened by violence, a discharge of fire-arms takes place, which will inevitably kill the burglar, and at the same time a chime of bells in every room of his house are set ringing. He has but one window in his bedroom—the sash is of the stoutest iron—the shutters are of the thickest sheet-iron. The ceiling of his room is plated with iron several inches thick, and so is the floor. The door opening into it is of solid sheet-iron, and cannot be entered unless one be master of the secret combination of the lock. A case of a dozen six-barrelled revolvers, loaded and capped, lies open upon a table within reach of his bed.

MODEST LOVE.

The brightest and the chastest brow
 Rules o'er a cheek which seems to show
 That love, as a mere vague suspense
 Of apprehensive innocence,
 Perturbs her heart; love without aim
 Or object, like the holy flame
 That in the Vestals' Temple glowed
 Without the image of a god.—C. PARSONS

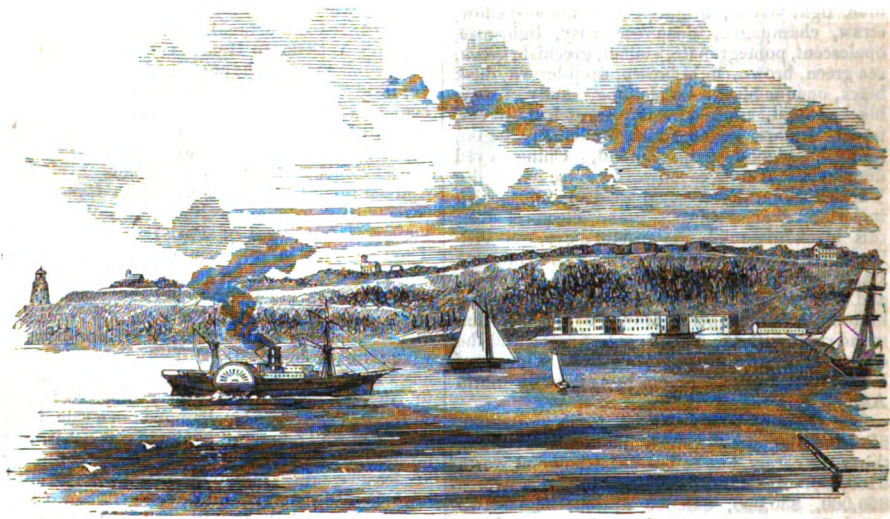
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

So much "advice to housekeepers" is constantly going the rounds of the press, that we feel a little diffident about broaching the subject; but as it is a prolific theme, and one of general interest, inasmuch as the comfort, health and happiness of every family, depend very much on good housekeeping, we will venture a word. These writers on housekeeping—who, by the way, are generally men, seem to think that one word covers the whole ground, and that is—work. To work early and late, to scrub and scour, and churn, and sweep, and wash, and bake—this, according to their theory is good housekeeping. There never was a greater mistake. Some of the most notable workers we ever knew, were poor housekeepers. They made as much work as they did. To keep your whole house—garrets, closets, cellars—everything neat and clean; to see that nothing is wasted; to serve up well cooked food in an attractive and orderly manner;

orderly home, while with it, a vast amount of work is performed with little bustle or fatigue, while the housewife has leisure for more refined occupations, or for mental improvement. We have known many notable housewives, who thought no farmer's daughter should take time for music or reading, or even fine needle-work; but we cannot understand why the workers should not enjoy such pleasures, as well as the idlers of fashion.—*Mrs. Sarah S. Socwell in New Jersey Farmer.*

A CREDULOUS BURMESE.

Some of those men who had fled from the war were thrown into our prisons, and gave us marvellous accounts of the skill and prowess of the English troops, exaggerated by their own superstitious fancies. They firmly believed in our using enchantments. One of these convicts affirmed that even our missiles were charmed before they were fired off, and knew what they had



FORT TOMPKINS AND RICHMOND, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

to have "a place for everything and everything in its place,"—this is good housekeeping. This sounds formidable enough, but one head and one pair of hands very often meet all these requirements, and that, too, in an easy, quiet way that seems like magic. It requires skill and forethought to keep all straight, but by giving everything its proper time and place it is easily accomplished.

If a lady be mistress of a large family, it by no means follows that to be a good housekeeper, she must prepare every morsel of food, or do all the washing, sweeping, milking, and the thousand other things to be done in a family. She may not do any of them, and yet be a notable housekeeper. Any one can do the hard, rough work, but not every one can plan it rightly; and this planning, management, or whatever you please to call it, is the grand secret of perfect housekeeping. Without it, one may work hard all the time, and still have a comfortless and dis-

to do. He was standing, near his *Tsek-hai*, an officer of rank, when a huge ball of iron came singing "tsek, tsek," which he distinctly heard in its flight, when, true to its mission, it burst upon the very man it was calling out for, the unfortunate *Tsek-hai*! Those who have seen shell practice know the peculiar noise made by the fuse in its course through the air, and can enter into the mistake of the wonder-stricken soldier. Our surgical operations, too, had come to his knowledge, but, with the ignorance of a savage, he concluded our surgeons amputated injured limbs only to repair and fit them on again. He could not conceive any other motive for cutting them off.—*Gouger's Narrative of Two Years Imprisonment in Burmah.*

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen soil at last; and the heart which asks nothing but another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

A CHINESE JUGGLER.

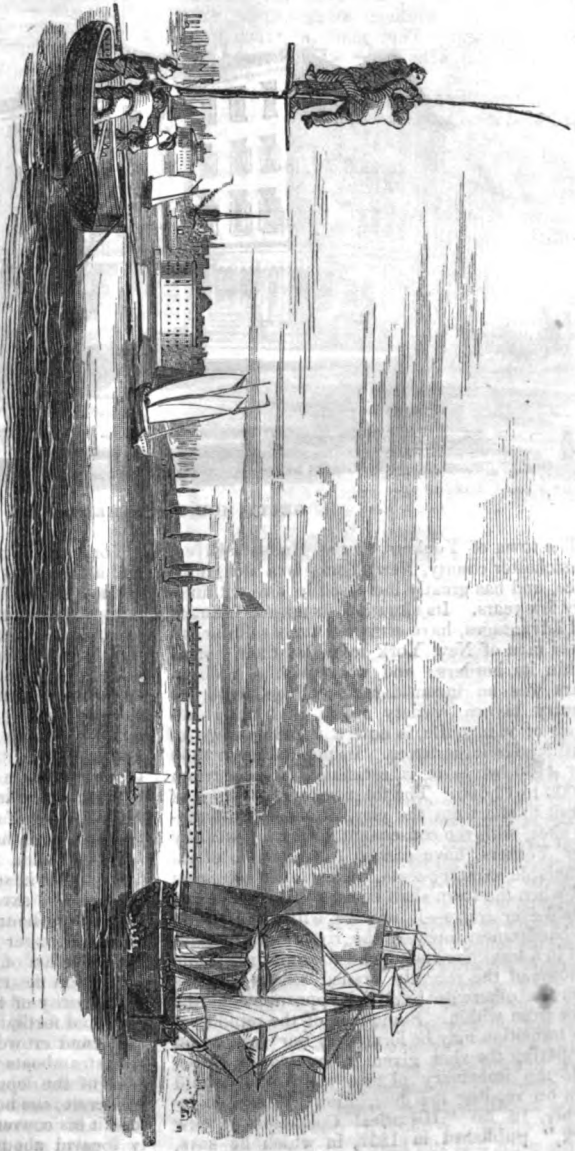
As soon as he had cleared a circle with the old "string and balls," he spread the contents of his wallet on the ground, and stripped himself to the waist. He was a poor thin fellow, who seemed to suffer from the effects of the trick she performed. He first of all spoke for about five minutes with all the volubility of Charles Matthews, evidently saying something witty, for the people round laughed heartily. In the middle of his harangue, however, he was seized with a fit of choking, and after an effort of trying to get something out of his throat drew forth a little slip of bamboo, like a Lisbon tooth-pick, then another and another, then he sneezed, and out they came from his nostrils, then from his eyes, until he completed the number of 37, by making one appear half-way out of each orifice at the same time, and then threw the lot on the ground for any one to examine. He next took three glass balls, about an inch in diameter, and, placing them singly between his lips, sucked them into his mouth and swallowed the first, a red one, then a blue, and last of all a white one; here was a little interlude of tooth-picks and talking, after which he walked gravely round the ring, stopping four times; each time he gave himself a shake and a jump, when the balls were distinctly heard to jingle inside him. On completing his round, after several efforts, he spat the balls out on the ground in the same order he had swallowed them, the red first, the white last. He then took two more balls, one of polished steel about the size of a hen's egg, and another of glass the same size. These he first let fall on the ground to show they were solid, then, placing them between his lips, swallowed them like the smaller ones, but with difficulty, the ball swelling the throat as it went down; here more tooth-picks and talking, while he prepared two swords, about an inch wide and twenty long, very like polished hoop-iron, clashed them together to show they were real, and passed both down his throat at once, until they struck the balls with an audible click; withdrawing these, he placed his hands behind him, and after several apparently painful trials, each ball rose in the throat, and fell from his mouth to the ground with a heavy thump.

—*Pekin Letter.*

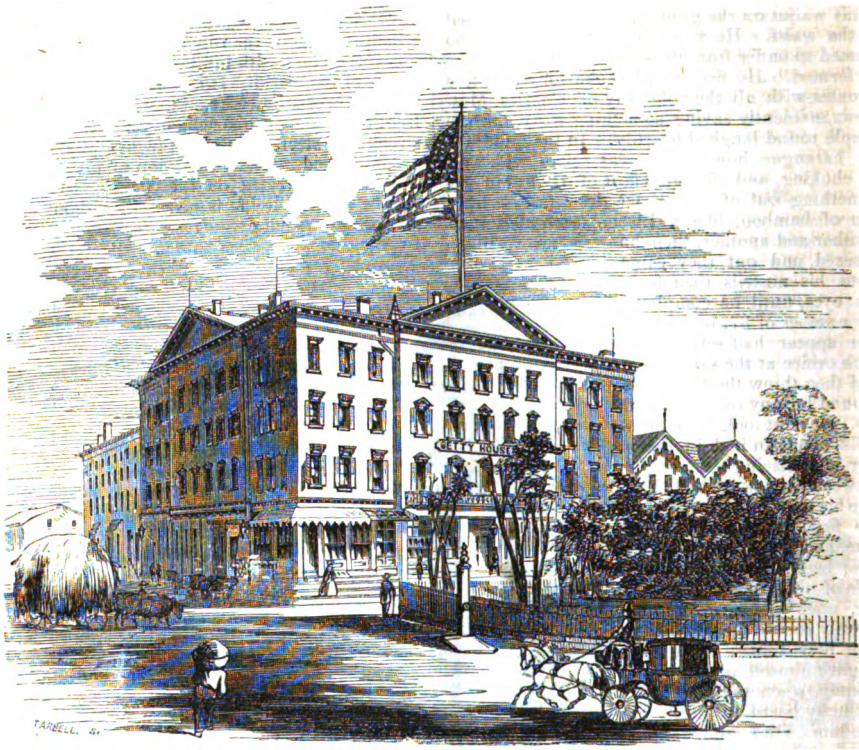
HABIT.

Few have sufficient respect for habit—the ease with which it may be formed—the difficulty with which it can be broken—the magical power with which it smooths the rough path of duty, and enables us to look with indifference upon the allurements of the world. It is a kind of shield, which the fingers of a boy may, at first, weave of threads light as gossamer, and which yet grows into the strength of steel. By its aid the greatest things are accomplished. The cultivation of proper habits should be impressed on the young. In short, a correct habit of living is principle, without which no one can be happy.—*Home Journal.*

FORT COLUMBUS AND CASTLE WILLIAM, ON GOVERNOR ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.



A TRIP TO YONKERS, NEW YORK.



GETTY HOUSE, YONKERS, N. Y.

The town of Yonkers, on the Hudson River, Westchester county, New York, is a delightful place, and has greatly increased in size within a very few years. Its situation, its natural beauties and advantages, have attracted the wealthier business men of New York to make their homes within its borders; and what within a dozen years was an inconsiderable village, with its country tavern, variety stores, and other adjuncts of village life, is now a thriving town of considerable importance. Its population in 1850 was 4160, while it is estimated now at from 10,000 to 12,000. The frequent opportunities of transit to and from the city, its splendid building sites, with the consequent influx of wealthy New Yorkers, have caused the erection of innumerable country-seats, villas and cottages; and when the town shall be complete—if that day should ever arrive—it will be without question the handsomest town on the river. At present, it is in a *transition* state; and the unfinished state of some of the recently graded streets detracts from the otherwise beautiful appearance of the place from within. Some idea of the rapidity of this transition may be formed by our readers on comparing the view given in our large sketch with the imaginary picture which they would form on reading the description given of it by Barber, in his "Historical Collection of New York," published in 1851, in which he says,

"Yonkers has two churches, a female seminary, and about *sixty dwellings*." Of course, the rise in the value of property (real estate) has outstripped the ratio of population, and lots and sites, which a few years since could be bought for hundreds, have been sold recently for twice as many thousands. Nor is this the result of a speculative mania. No place within twice the distance of the city possesses the peculiar beauties and advantages of Yonkers; and to the wealthy man, rioting in riches, a few thousands more or less, when otherwise suited, is a mere item in securing an attractive location. Hence, some of the most elevated and commanding sites have brought almost fabulous prices—fabulous, when *suburbanly* considered. The distance to the heart of the business portion of the city is but seventeen miles, and the transit is made in an hour by either boat or rail, but a few minutes longer than is necessary to reach the upper section of the city. In the summer season the sail on the river is extremely pleasant, and the majority of those whose business calls them back and forth, prefer this mode to the more dusty and crowded ride in the cars. Three or four steamboats ply from or stop at the dock in front of the depot, and thus, whether hurried or deliberate, the business man may gauge his exit to suit his convenience. The town was originally located about the present depot, extending

back to the rising ground; but with the advent of "Young America" and improvement, streets have stretched right and left, and up the hills in every direction, affording access to the various charming sites which are rapidly being occupied by every variety of ornate cottage, villa and mansion, from the plain one-and-a-half-story house, costing \$600 or \$700, to the castellated "hall," which has required some hundred thousand or more to build. The ground commences to rise immediately from the river, and extending back until it reaches an elevation of nearly one hundred feet, thus affording tier on tier of commanding locations. We need not enlarge upon the beautiful views which these afford of the river, the palisades, etc., as it will be self-evident to all who will but glance at the large view given of the town. Yonkers was the residence of the proprietor, or *patron*, of the Philipse Manor, which extended over a large tract of valuable land in the immediate vicinity; and here, on his rent days, in the old stone manor-house, of which we have given a representation, he entertained his friends in state, and received rents from his tenants. His daughter, Mary Phillipse, was born here in 1730. When on his way to Boston, in 1756, Washington met this lady at the house of the Hon. Beverly Robinson, who had married her sister, and with whom she was staying for a short time. He was arrested by her charms, and a mutual feeling of admiration seems to have sprung up in their hearts. Without declaring his passion, however, Washington returned to his duties in camp at Winchester, requesting a mutual friend to inform him if there was any chance of an estrangement of the interest which she had exhibited for him. Some time after he was informed that his old friend Captain Morris had laid siege to the lady, and there was danger that he would bear off the prize. Whether his passion had cooled, or his time was too much occupied in the important duties of his command, Washington seems to have taken no steps to prevent the success of his friend, and she thereby lost the opportunity of connecting her name inseparably with that of the *Pater Patriae*.—The Nepara, or Saw-Mill River, rising some ten or fifteen miles above, near Tarrytown, runs nearly parallel with the Hudson, and, taking a sudden turn, empties into the latter river, af-

ter making an abrupt descent over the rocky cliffs, and affording excellent mill sites, which probably first attracted attention to the spot. Yonkers was the scene of many stirring incidents during the Revolution, which it would be impossible to recapitulate *en extenso*. Being but four miles from King's Bridge, where the enemy were established in force, it was not often occupied by American forces; but many of its inhabitants being whigs, and devoted to the cause of their country, they made frequent efforts to aid that cause by molesting and injuring its enemies. During the Revolution, the Rose and Phoenix, British vessels, sailed up the river and burned some vessels. The battle occurred immediately opposite Yonkers, and when defeated, the Americans ran into Nepara or Saw-Mill River, to escape from the enemy. Upon the high hill back of the village, called the Locust Hill, the American forces were encamped in 1781; and in 1778 Col. Gist was stationed at the base of Boar Hill, a little south of the former. He was attacked and defeated by Colonel Tarleton, and his huts burned and forage destroyed.—The fine picture, on page 316, represents the Old Manor House, which stands at the corner of Warburton Avenue. This old-fashioned mansion is built substantially of stone; and although its exterior is comparatively plain, the interior is elaborately ornamented with the quaint and highly-wrought chimney-pieces, wainscotings, cornices and balustrades seen in the houses of the wealthy of that



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, YONKERS, N. Y.

period. A short walk brings you to the Getty House, on the corner of Broadway and Mechanic Street. This fine hotel was erected eight years since, and was named after Robert B. Getty, Esq. In the Library Institution of Yonkers is a very valuable and interesting collection of autograph letters, among which is one from Cotton Mather.—St. John's Episcopal church, which is represented in one of our engravings, is interesting as being one of the early churches founded and built by the *patroons*. The congregation was organized in 1700, at which time the population of the manor was about two hundred souls. The first church edifice was erected in 1752 and '53, at a cost of £623 6s. 9d., by Frederick Phillipse, who demised £400 to aid in its erection, and gave the land. When the amount came to be paid, his widow added the sum of £223. He died in New York, July 26, 1751, and was buried in the family vault, in the Dutch Church at Sleepy Hollow. In 1776 the Rev. Luke Babcock was rector, and, taking sides with the king, he was persecuted by the Americans. He was seized, his papers searched, and, after a mock ceremony of trial, he was committed to confinement. At the end of six months, his health failing, he was released, but ordered to leave for New York, then in possession of the British. Sick in body and soul, he reached the city, but only lived three days after his arrival. During the Revolution, the Hon. Frederick Phillips, the son of the original proprietor, took the side of his king, and was, in consequence, obliged to fly to New York, the Americans having threatened his life if he remained. His immense estates were confiscated by the State, which subsequently granted to the congregation of the church the land on which it stood, together with two acres adjoining for a rectory, as well as the cemetery of the church. Yonkers is certainly a delightful place, and every year adds to its attractions.

HEALTHY WOMEN.

The women of Fayal are not considered remarkable for beauty; but in the villages of Pico one sees in the doorways of hovels complexions like rose-petals, and faces such as one attributes to Evangeline—soft, shy and innocent. But the figure is the chief wonder—the figure of woman as she was meant to be, beautiful in superb vigor—not diseased and tottering, as with us, but erect and strong, and stately; every muscle fresh and alive, from the crown of the steady head to the sole of the emancipated foot, and yet not heavy and clumsy, as one fancies barefooted women must be, but inheriting symmetry and grace from the Portuguese or Moorish blood. I have looked through the crowded halls of Saratoga in vain, for one such figure as I have again and again seen descending those steep mountain paths with a bundle of firewood on the head, or ascending them with a basket of farm-manure. A person who has never left America cannot appreciate the sensation of living among healthy women; often as I heard of this, I was utterly unprepared for the realization; I never lost the conscious enjoyment of it for a single day; and when I reached home and crossed Boston Common, I felt as if I were in a hospital for consumptives.—*A Boston Traveller.*

UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

When the detachment of the British army, sent out to destroy Mr. Madison's house, at Washington, entered his dining-parlor, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut-glass decanters, were cooling on the side-board; plate-holders stood by the fireplace, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks, and spoons were arranged for immediate use; everything, in short was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst, in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits loaded with joints of various sorts turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils, stood upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast were in the exact state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned. The reader may easily believe that these preparations were beheld by a party of hungry soldiers with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though considered considerably overdressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which after the dangers and fatigues of the day appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not, indeed, in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and, having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival gourmands, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.—*Home and Colonial Library.*

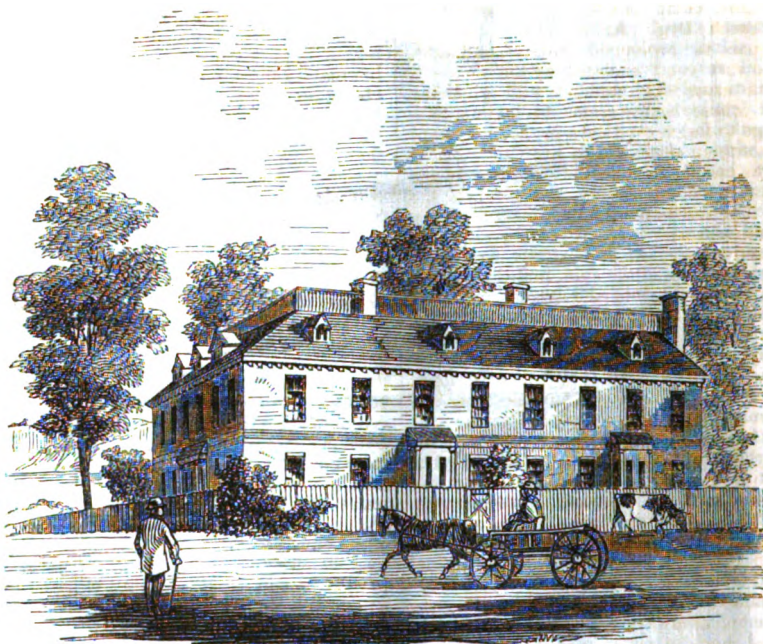
REMARKABLE LAKES.

On the top of a ridge of mountains in Portugal, called Estralla, are two lakes of great extent and depth, especially one of them, which is said to be unfathomable. What is chiefly remarkable in them is, that they are calm when the sea is so, and rough when that is stormy. It is, therefore, probable that they have a subterranean communication with the ocean; and this seems to be confirmed by the pieces of ships they throw up, though almost forty miles distant from the sea. There is another extraordinary lake in this country, which, before a storm, is said to make a frightful rumbling noise that may be heard at a distance of several miles. And we are also told of a pool or fountain, called "Fervencias," about twenty-four miles from Coimbra, that absorbs not only wood, but the lightest bodies thrown into it, such as cork, straw, feathers, etc., which sink to the bottom and are never seen more. To these we may add a remarkable spring near Extremos, which petrifies wood, or rather encrusts it with a case of stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that in summer it throws up water enough to turn several mills, and in winter it is perfectly dry.—*Smith's Wonders.*

Mortals are like workmen in the mine, who never rise to the heaven above them, except, perhaps, on a Sunday, and only catch from time to time a glimpse of the blue sky.

VIEW OF YONKERS, NEW YORK.





PHILLIPSE MANOR HOUSE, YONKERS, N. Y.

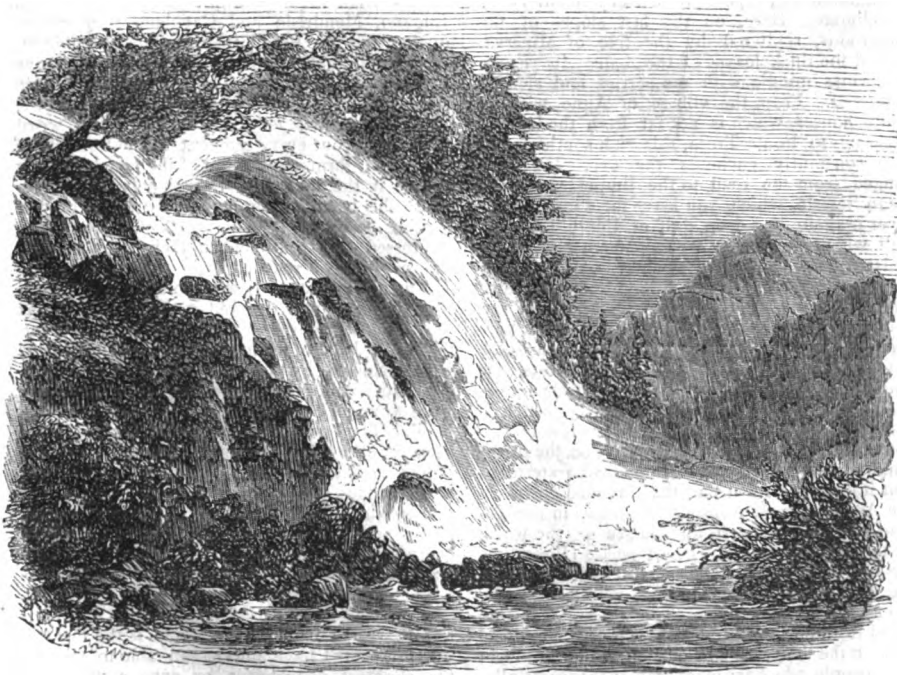
SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY.

On the three succeeding pages we present some charming sketches of Swiss scenery in parts of that interesting country not often visited or described by tourists. The intrinsic beauty of these landscapes, as well as their elegant artistic execution, will commend them to favorable attention. An immense chain of mountains separates Italian Switzerland from the rest of the confederation. The Splügen, the Bernardino and the St. Gothard seem to form a rampart of eternal snow and colossal rocks, which did not daunt the shepherds of Schwytz and Unterwalden. Winter here is not a pitiless season, but preserves its graces and smiles like a mature belle who defies the progress of time. Of our first two pictures, one represents a mountain cascade near Lake Lugano, a fine picturesque fall. Another, the rustic inn at Lucharno, with its mountain background, and its airy piazza in the Swiss style. The remaining view is from the portico of the hotel at Lugano, looking forth upon the charming scenery—this hotel being formerly the convent of "Our Lady of the Angels." As we have never visited these romantic scenes, we shall translate some notices of them from the sketches of Countess d'Istria, which have never before appeared in the English language. It must be borne in mind that this lady wrote previous to the late war in Italy, which has so changed the political position of many portions of it. "Lugano forms an amphitheatre around a lake of the same name, also called Seresio. It is a city of ancient aspect, with narrow and tortuous streets, dark arcades, and houses of a decided middle-age character. But the light of the

south is like poetry—all it touches it converts to gold. When a sunbeam descends into this sombre city, you would think these buildings were transfigured, as a rather irregular face is lighted up by the internal fire of intelligence. I could not admire beautiful palaces under the gray sky of the north. Lugano has a very coquettish aspect when seen from the foot of Salvador. If you turn your eyes towards the city, you will see, at the entrance, the ancient convent of Our Lady of the Angels, for some years the Park Hotel, whose position is truly enchanting, and whose hilly garden seems crowned by the Casa Enderlin. Following the Park Hotel, extend in a half circle, on the brink of the water, the Casa Poncini, the civic palace, the theatre, the palazza Riva, the bathing establishment, and Lugano ends gracefully with the villa and gardens of M. Ciani. Further off, rise, like minarets, the towers of Santa Maria degli Angeli, San Lorenzo Santa Marta, San Carlo and San Antonio. Lugano was formerly an essentially monastic city, but these institutions have almost entirely disappeared. The convents here had a character of opulence, contrasting with the mean poverty of other buildings. It is sufficient merely to glance at them to perceive that the monks were the real kings of the Italian bailiwicks. The monastery of the 'Madonna degli Angeli' was assuredly one of the handsomest. When transformed into a hotel, where are to be found the comfort and cordiality of Swiss Germany, they had the good taste to respect the principal portions, and particularly the cloisters of the ancient edifice. Nothing is so imposing as a moonlight scene under these vast arcades. The broad shadows they

project make you think sometimes that the Franciscans, in their brown frocks, were rising from their cold graves to go to matins. The illusion becomes more complete when you hear the bell of the church Degli Angeli slowly striking through space the prolonged notes of midnight. Above the vast court enclosed by the cloisters, gleams an azure sky, studded with glittering stars, and whose beauty seems to invite intelligent beings to forget even sleep in the enjoyment of these southern skies, and to raise their hearts towards the eternal Architect of worlds. In the midst of this radiant nature, the ideal of the Christian life transports the imagination with a sincere enthusiasm. It seems as if here heaven were nearer to us, that pure spirits descended with the golden rays of the stars, and that on the Salvador, which rises into the clouds like a vast altar, were heard the concerts of the seraphim of which the prophets tell us. We experience so much happiness in the midst of the sterile agitations caused by the rivalry of egotistical passions, of those pre-occupations which have no other object than matter, in issuing from the narrow circle which imprisons us, and expanding in generous thoughts! Nothing more fits us for this than a nature so magnificent and benevolent. In the sad atmosphere of the north, it requires an effort of reflection to recall all the greatness of the love God bears his children. Such bitter ideas does the saddening spectacle of visible things create in the mind. Here, the smiling sky, the stars shedding their light with such generosity, the breeze always mild, the lake in which are blended hues of silver, gold and azure, all speak of mercy, peace and pardon. Ah, you

who would doubt the goodness of God, come with me into the garden of Our Lady of the Angels, and witness the rising of the sun. Hardly has the day-star appeared on the summit of Mount Caprino, than it darts on the lake a furrow of light which runs over the waves, and illuminates the painted houses grouped at the base of Mount Salvador. Then the immense ray, as if folded back on itself, forms, in the midst of the waves, a golden shield between St. Salvador and the white village of Campiglione. The vast glittering circle is defined upon the dark blue waves, while the morning mists roll in grayish bands at the foot of Mount Caprino. The eye vainly seeks to rest on that portion of the lake where the sun is reflected. You would think the disc were double, and shone at the same time in the sky and in the wave. But insensibly the splendid orb stretches towards the shore, and its color changes from the bright tints of gold into softer silvery hues. The eye, instead of being dazzled then by too bright a reflection, reckons each wave of shadow and light. In fact, if the centre of the silver street which gleams along the Salvador is bathed in fire, its extremities melt into the more harmonious azure tones of the lake, which appears covered with armor, the scales of which are alternately dark and shining. The environs of Lugano present a great variety of the most magnificent Italian landscapes. The road which leads from Lugano to the Lombard frontier is full of charms. As I traversed it, I left, at first, on the right, the little lake of Muzano, nestled among hills. This lake is of regular form, while Lake Seresio reminds you, by its numerous gulfs, of the Lake of the Four



CASCADE OF CALGAGGIA.



INN AT LUCHARNO.

Cantons. We must take into account, however, the difference of aspect produced by the diversity of climate. Here, on the last slopes of the mountains, sheltered by the tree of Minerva, spread the thick leaves of the *Agave Americana*, and vines mingle with mulberries and slender cypresses. From the village of Agno, with its white houses, which is not far from the lake of Mazzano to Ponte Tresa, this rich southern nature constantly enchants the eye. My eyes ranged from the road to the limpid waters of Lago Seresio, which you leave for a moment to meet it again in a deep gulf at Ponte Tresa—a gulf which projects so far inland that it seems isolated from the rest of the lake. Ponte Tresa owes its name to a bridge situated on the Tresa, which here separates the confederation from the states of his apostolic majesty. Thus we perceive, on the other side of the bridge, a solid gate attached to black and yellow posts, on which the two-headed eagle extends its wings—a singular symbol of pitiless rapacity, which I compared involuntarily to the silver cross of the confederates, whose aspect inspires, on the other hand, ideas of liberty and evangelical fraternity. But it does not seem that the extended claws of the Austrian eagle inspire much terror in the Ticinese of Ponte Tresa, for you see on the walls of the village beside *Viva il popolo* (Long live the people)! some not respectful caricatures of the Lombardo-Venetian army, whose outposts are seen on the other side of the Tresa. I recognized in these significant pleasantries the expression of the haughty independence of the Ticinese people, who have more than once successfully resisted their powerful neighbor. Did Austrian

protection save the capuchins of Tessino? Does the Austrian inquisition prevent the presses of Lugano, Mendrisio and Capolago from reproducing, for the use of their Lombard subjects, the liberal publications of Italy? Can not one inscribe on a tomb on the chapel of Salvador, in sight of the Austrian village of Campiglione, *Radoschi, an exile for liberty's sake!* The word *liberty* rings out every moment in the festivals of Ticino; it forms the delight of the people, happy to live in the feeling of their independence, beneath this beautiful sky and in the midst of this smiling scenery. The peasants of Ponte Tresa expressed this sentiment in their open countenances when I reached their village on a fine February morning. It was on Shrove-Monday. The public square served as a ball-room. At one of its extremities a little tent had been erected, at the back of which an antique dance had been depicted by some Raphael of Lugano. The musicians, adorned with splendid red caps, were young people of the place, organized in a band. The houses with vast balconies and broad arcades, allowed the young girls to enjoy a view of the festival and wait for partners. On one of the balconies, a few citizens, with a heavy, Germanic air, looked down disdainfully on those rustic sports. For my part, less disposed to everything natural and sincere, I admired the order which reigned throughout this popular festival. In certain self-styled conservative journals, it is the fashion to declaim against the demagogical excesses of which Switzerland is the theatre. For my part, I have never been able to witness the slightest disturbance, or even a menacing gesture from a man of the people to a person of

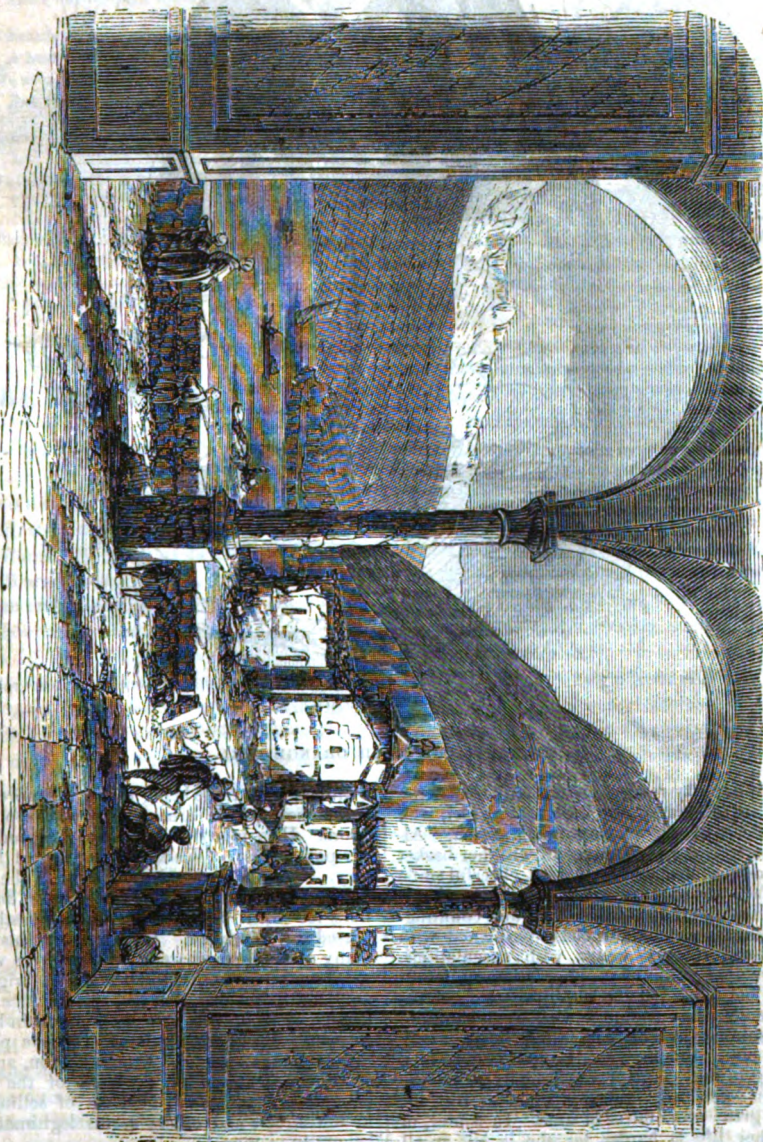
superior condition. Yet here there is no standing army, no police, no spies, no inquisition. Let the tourists who rove Europe in search of something rare witness a holiday at Ponte Tresa, where, notwithstanding the vivacity of the Italians, they will find that they know how to enjoy themselves quietly without requiring the help of police sergeants or *gendarmes*."

HUMANE TREATMENT OF EELS.

The Hon. Grantley Berkeley says:—"At the head of the loch (Loch Tay), on a night line, while staying at the inn at Killin, I took a nicely fed eel, and, to the disgust of the Scotch people,

I ordered the eel to be fried for dinner. The attentive waiter, in placing the fish upon the table, 'hoped the eel was done properly,' as he had never seen one dressed before; and a better or sweeter eel I never tasted—*fried with his skin on*. Here, then, I got a lesson, and I am sure that henceforth cooks and kitchen maids will bless the day on which I learned it, for if their masters and mistresses will take my advice, they will for the future save their servants the trouble of skinning the eels (the painful but proverbial usage of being skinned alive), and order them, after being nicely washed and prepared, to be fried with their skins on, for thus they are infinitely better."

CONVENT OF THE MADONNA OF THE ANGELS.





BRIDGET, THE IRISH ORANGE GIRL.

Few of our city readers are unfamiliar with the honest face of Bridget, the Irish orange girl, who is the subject of our accompanying sketch. Always neatly and cleanly dressed, with her basket of fruit on her arm, and a pleasant, cheerful smile on her face, she makes her daily rounds in winter, visiting the different public offices and counting-rooms, always welcome to clerks perplexed with figures, and traders weary with speculations. The juvenile portion of the population are familiar with her face. Never importunate or obtrusive, she obtains customers without solicitation. In the summer season her calling is not a very onerous one. She may then be seen in the malls, or sitting in the shade of the lime-trees, on the Common—generally knitting when at rest, for she is a great economizer of time. In winter, of course, her life is harder, for she is out in all

weathers—her trade being rather the more profitable when people are obliged to keep within doors. How many weary miles are plodded by her patient feet! We know nothing of her history. Very likely she is not alone in the world, but has helpless relatives dependent on her exertions for their daily bread, and honestly supported by her labor. If the secret history of many of these peripatetic traders were written, we should find among them many a bright example of heroic devotion and self-sacrifice. The true heroines of life are often found in humble garb, unnoticed, unchronicled. It is a pleasant task to rescue even one from oblivion, and preserve her features in a record of the times. As a general thing, the business of selling fruit in the streets and offices seems legitimately to belong to women.

[ORIGINAL]

THE QUEEN OF ALL HEARTS.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

Let dire Bellona's raging wrath,
And Atreus' hidden ire,
A moment cease to sway my verse,
That I may tune my lyre.

To sing of themes more grateful;
Of her the good and fair—
An angel bright as those who wing
Their way through upper air.

A health to her, the beautiful;
A health to her, the true;
We always long to meet her,
But not to say adieu!

A health to thee, Cecilia!
And mayst thou ever be
As happy as the snow-kissed waves
Upon a palm-clad lee,

That leap upon the pearly shore,
And dance upon the sea,
And bound from out their choral caves,
To kiss the cocoa-tree.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BOTTOMLESS POND.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

AMONG all the vague, mysterious terrors of childhood, the most appalling to me was the Bottomless Pond. Even to this day, the recollection of its still and gloomy waters, never ruffled by the breath of heaven, has a chilling effect upon me. Though less than a mile from the village in which I lived, this pool was situated in one of the wildest and loneliest portions of our secluded valley. As I have already said, no wind ever blew upon its surface, nor did the sun ever shine upon it, or a drop of rain ever fall into it, for it lay in the gloomiest recess of a sombre cavern, and more than half of its extent was shrouded in perpetual darkness.

It was very deep, so deep that no one had ever been able to sound it, and we children, and all the negroes, and a good many grown white people, too, believed most religiously that it had no bottom. There was in the centre of it an eddy, a perpetual whirlpool, and it was another article of our creed that all objects thrown into the pond were sooner or later drawn into this vortex and sucked down to the fathomless abyss, never more to be seen in this upper world.

I speak now of the days of my childhood. At a later period, events occurred which gave a new

interest to the spot and all its adjuncts, and it is of these events that I propose to give such a history as my memory will supply.

Though the sombre subterranean pool had certainly a weird and melancholy aspect, the cave upon the whole, was by no means a repulsive-looking place. It was not large, but up to the margin of the pond it was dry, and the floor tolerably smooth. That far, too, it was, on clear days, tolerably well lighted, there being just obscurity enough to give effect to the strange-looking, fantastic figures which overhung the lakelet, and lined a portion of its shores.

When the further shore of the pond was lit up by torches, hundreds of grotesque shapes were brought to view, some of them appearing to rise out of the water and dance in the flickering rays which streamed from the blazing lightwood. The place was usually known as the Red Rock Cave from the color of its roof, near the entrance.

In my childish imagination, this natural curiosity was always in some way associated with the wonders of the Arabian Nights, and I was firmly of the opinion that it ought somehow or other, to have a place in the pages of that interesting and veracious history. But the cave did not absorb the whole of my juvenile faculty of admiration. It had a rival in my imagination, and a powerful one, and of the two I never could quite determine which was the more unique and in every way admirable.

This natural curiosity number two was a young lady, Miss Linda Walden by name. I will not attempt to describe her. It is enough to say that I thought her very nearly if not quite as wonderful as the Bottomless Pond, and that all the young gentlemen of our valley were of the same opinion, only more so.

Diminutive and insignificant as I was, I can well remember that I was ridiculous enough to feel absolutely jealous of Charley Hyde, when he came home from the University of Virginia, and everybody said what a fine young fellow he had grown to be, and what a handsome couple he and Linda Walden would make, for they were sure to be married before long. He was going to Alabama, it was said, and would carry off Linda with him as a matter of course.

Carry off Linda? The idea was preposterous. They might as well talk of his carrying off the cave, and the pond with it. The cave was a natural curiosity, the wonder of the valley, and so was Linda. How dare Charley Hyde interfere with either of them?

But Linda was not carried off, just then at least. Charley returned to Charlottesville, and everything went on as before, and after a while

he came back for good ; but even then he didn't carry off the belle of the valley. He began to study medicine with Doctor Gastrick, and showed no disposition to carry off anybody, unless he had something to do with the resurrection of old Uncle Scip, who disappeared from the graveyard one dark night. Our Jake said it was "de Ole Boy done come arter his own property." Scip was a hard case, that's a fact.

The next spring one of Charley Hyde's college friends came to see him, and was so much pleased with the natural curiosities, particularly with the one in old Colonel Walden's possession, that he staid all summer. His name was Ernest Overton. He was a slender, graceful youth, and one of the handsomest fellows I ever saw.

Charley himself did not seem to be afraid of him, but other people thought that he was likely to prove a very dangerous rival to the young student. He had nothing else to do, and he and Linda were a great deal together, while Hyde, though undoubtedly engaged to her, seldom left his studies for any purpose. He only laughed when anybody spoke of Ernest's cutting him out. He had entire confidence in his friend as well as in his betrothed.

The fact is that Linda was more disquieted than Charley. There was a strange report, about this time, about a very beautiful young lady, whom nobody knew, who had been seen by various persons in various places, and it was remarked that whenever she was seen, Charles Hyde was sure not to be far off. At last these rumors came to Linda's ears, and she spoke to Charley about them. He laughed at her for putting any faith in such ridiculous stories, and declared that he did not believe this mysterious lady had any existence except in the imaginations of those who talked about her.

He would say the same thing when his young companions joked with him on the subject. Many people, however, thought that Charley knew more about the lady than he wished to acknowledge, for there could be no doubt of the fact of her existence, and of her having been seen in the neighborhood of the Red Rock Cave, when Charley had been seen about the same hour of the same day, coming from the same quarter. On one occasion, a young man attempted to follow her, so as to find out who she was and where she came from ; but he only succeeded in tracing her to a horse which she had hitched among the pines. She leaped upon his back, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

That the strange lady was not a myth, as many seemed to think, I could testify, of my own knowledge. I saw her, one day, not far from the cave,

riding a black horse. Will Connor was with me. We knew her by the black ostrich plume she always wore in her hat. We only saw her at a distance, riding very fast, but we could see that she was very pretty, almost as pretty as Linda Walden. Will thought, however, that she didn't ride as well as Linda. He said she must be a city lady, and not much used to it. She galloped away, though, very fast, and soon left us far behind.

About this time it was that an interview took place between Linda Walden and Ernest Overton, at the house of Linda's father, during which the following conversation occurred :

"Mr. Overton, I insist upon knowing what you mean. There is no excuse for such conduct."

"There is this excuse, Miss Walden. You know that I love you, more than I do my own life, and you cannot wonder that I should find it difficult to conceal my chagrin at seeing you so obstinately persist in throwing yourself away upon one who is wholly unworthy of you. And yet, if I speak out and tell the whole truth, you will attribute my conduct to improper motives, and refuse to believe me."

"You ask a great deal, Mr. Overton, when you ask me to believe Charles Hyde to be a false and perjured villain, and you cannot expect me to distrust him as long as I have nothing but hints and innuendoes to shake my confidence. I have heard many such of late ; but nothing but the clearest and most substantial proof will ever induce me to believe that there is any real foundation for what I have heard from you or others."

"I am ready and anxious, for your own sake, to give you 'the clearest and most substantial proof' possible of Charles Hyde's falsehood ; but I fear you will be unwilling to adopt the only means by which this conclusive evidence can be elicited."

"I am willing to adopt any lawful and honorable means of testing the truth of your allegation. I am very sure that Charles Hyde's honor will be triumphantly vindicated, and that I will for the future be spared the pain of listening to unfounded accusations. What do you propose ?"

"It will be necessary for you to go to the Red Rock Cave with me, to-morrow evening at about half past seven o'clock. Then and there I pledge you my word that you shall be fully convinced and satisfied."

There was a violent struggle of discordant feelings in poor Linda's bosom before she yielded to her ardent desire to set the question at rest, if possible, forever. Though hopeful as to the result, she nevertheless had fears and misgivings, which she was perhaps unwilling to acknowledge,

even to her own heart. And then the expedition itself was of course distasteful and disagreeable in the extreme. But there was too much at stake for her to hesitate long about minor considerations, and she at length signified her intention to go.

There was a poor woman, a Mrs. Smith, who lived, with her two sons, near the cave. She had heard that Mrs. Smith was sick, and had intended to pay her a visit. She would do so the next day, and Overton would call and accompany her back to the village, and they would so manage it as to reach the cave at the appointed time.

The shadows of the mountains were already giving place to the deeper gloom of twilight, when Linda and her companion reached the mouth of the cave, and stationed themselves behind a screen of rocks and shrubbery, where they would have been invisible even in broad daylight, though no one could enter or leave the cavern without passing in sight of them, and at a very short distance.

Linda seated herself upon a rock, and her companion stood beside her. In this position they remained, silent and motionless, while the twilight deepened into darkness, and darkness gave place to the light of the moon, which was near its full maturity. It rose very soon after the sunlight departed, filling the valley with its mellow radiance, and tipping with silver a thousand rocky crags and gently-swaying trestops.

"Let us go home, Mr. Overton," said Linda, at length. "We will surely see no one here to-night."

"Stay but ten minutes longer, and— Hist, I hear a footstep now."

Overton stepped stealthily forward into the bushes, manifesting the greatest eagerness to see who was coming. The noise drew nearer, and soon the figure of a man was visible, within a few yards of the spot. Linda knew him at a glance—it was Charles Hyde. He stopped in full view of her, looked round inquisitively, took his watch from his pocket and turned it up to the moonlight, and then took out his pocket-handkerchief and hung it upon a bush; then, after another glance around him, he disappeared within the cave.

Poor Linda sat with bated breath and eyes intently fixed upon a narrow strip of moonlight which her lover had just crossed. In a few minutes, the shadow of a second figure was thrown upon it. She saw at a glance that it was the figure of a woman, and even by that imperfect light it was easy to perceive that the face was an unusually handsome one. It was overshadowed

by the black ostrich feather which she had always been told was the unvarying headdress of her mysterious rival. The new comer looked around as Hyde had done, saw the handkerchief, snatched it from the bush, pressed it passionately to a pair of full, red lips and darted into the cave.

The agonized watcher bowed her head upon her hands, and her whole frame shook as if she had a fit of ague. While she was still in this posture, there issued from the cave a piercing cry, a shriek as of some one in mortal agony, screaming, "Murder, murder!"

The word was half pronounced a third time, but the voice seemed to have been abruptly stifled, and while its echoes were still vibrating along the vaulted roof of the cavern, there came the noise of some heavy body plunged into the Bottomless Pond—and all was still.

Linda's face still bowed upon her hands, and her hands upon her lap, her whole frame motionless, and almost lifeless. The sound of a hurried step first broke the death-like silence, and roused the wretched girl from the torpor into which she had fallen. Her very soul had been stunned for a time, but she recovered soon enough to see Charles Hyde coming out of the cave, alone, and evidently much agitated. He looked back into the cave, listened a moment, and then fled rapidly from the spot.

"Will you go home?" said Ernest Overton, in a whisper.

"O, yes, at once," murmured Linda.

"I hardly know what to do," replied Overton. "I don't like to leave the place without ascertaining the cause of that fearful outcry. The woman who went into the cave has not come out again. She must be there still, dead or alive, and an inquiry ought at once to be—"

At this moment a boisterous laugh was heard, at some distance, followed by the sound of voices, which seemed to be drawing nearer. A loud halloo from Overton soon brought to the spot a party of three young men. He told them what he and his companion, who were returning from Mrs. Smith's, had seen and heard, and that he and Miss Walden were both so near the mouth of the cave that the lady could not possibly have come out again without their knowledge.

In a faint voice Linda corroborated his statements. She told them she was positively certain that the lady was still in the cavern, and begged them to search for her without a moment's delay. Overton suggested that they should get a billet of lightwood, and let two of them explore the place, while the third watched at the entrance. With this advice he left them, to escort the half-fainting girl to her father's house.

The young men proceeded, without a moment's delay, to act in accordance with his suggestion; but the strange lady was nowhere to be seen. After posting a sentinel at the mouth of the cave, they had examined every nook and corner of it with the utmost care, and had come to the conclusion that she could be nowhere within it, unless it were in the depths of the Bottomless Pond.

Early the next morning Charles Hyde was apprehended on a charge of murder in the first degree, and Linda was compelled to add her testimony to that of Overton and the other young men. The evidence thus obtained, though altogether circumstantial, was almost as strong as that of an eyewitness to the murder could have been. The handkerchief left upon the bush, and recognized and carried off by the lady; the cry of murder, and the quick-following plunge into the pond; the immediate re-appearance of Hyde, and his flying from the spot, with every appearance of guilt; and most of all the undeniable fact that he and the lady were together in the cave, and that she never came out of it—all these circumstances combined to form a mass of evidence which few juries would venture to disregard.

True, the *corpus delicti*, the body of the murdered lady, was nowhere to be found; but the rule of law which requires its production is not absolutely imperative. There are exceptional cases, and this would seem to be one of them. There was every reason to believe that the body was in the pond, and the impossibility of recovering it was surely no reason for acquitting the murderer.

To the surprise of all, Hyde, when interrogated, denied all knowledge of the lady with the black ostrich plume. He asserted most positively that he had never even seen such a person. It was true, he said, that he had received a note, undoubtedly the writing of a female, the object of which was to invite him to an interview with the writer, at 8 o'clock, P. M., in the Red Rock Cave, where she would communicate to him something of the greatest importance. If the lady should reach the cave before him, she would hang her handkerchief upon a bush at its mouth, to show that she had arrived and passed in. Should he be first on the ground, he was requested to act in a similar manner, and await her coming within the cave.

Though greatly surprised at this extraordinary invitation, his curiosity being aroused, he resolved to accept it, and accordingly, at the appointed time, repaired to the place of rendezvous. When he reached the entrance of the cave, and saw that there was no handkerchief hanging there,

he deposited his own upon one of the bushes, passed on into the place, and stopping within a few yards of the mouth, awaited the arrival of the mysterious lady.

He had occupied this position but a few minutes, when a shadowy form swept past him, and immediately disappeared in the darkness. He felt a little nervous, and was upon the point of hailing the thing, whatever it might be, when he heard the cry of murder, the plunging noise in the water, and the noise of some one moving again, he thought. Agitated and bewildered by these strange events, and naturally dreading mischief from some quarter, he resolved to run and procure a light, with all possible expedition. He stopped to listen a moment at the mouth of the cave, but finding that all was still, he started into the woods and towards a point where he supposed that some lightwood might be procured.

While he was searching for materials with which to construct a torch, he heard a loud halloo, and loud talking and laughter, in the direction of the cave. This satisfied him that the whole thing was a hoax, gotten up for his especial benefit, by some of his young associates. As his feelings thereupon were not of the most amiable character, he felt no disposition to seek the company of his persecutors, but went directly home, and thought no more of the matter until, to his inexpressible astonishment, he was arrested for murder while eating his breakfast.

Excellent as Charles Hyde's previous character had been, it was not strong enough to resist the force of the circumstances now arrayed against it. It was peculiarly unfortunate for him that he could not produce the note alleged to have been the cause of his visit to the cave. He had attached no importance to it, he said, and had taken no pains to preserve it.

The result of the investigation was, that the unfortunate young man was fully committed for trial. His widowed mother was so overwhelmed by the shock that her life was despaired of for many days. Poor Linda, though physically stronger than Mrs. Hyde, suffered herself even more than she did. She had the additional anguish of believing the prisoner to be guilty, while the agonized mother never for an instant lost faith in the uprightness of her boy, her only child. Proofs might be piled up mountain high; they would avail nothing with her. Ocular demonstration itself would not have convinced her, for she would have distrusted her own senses sooner than her darling son.

The Bottomless Pond was dragged and thoroughly examined and searched in every way that could be thought of; but whatever dark secret it

might contain, there seemed to be no hope that it would ever reveal it. No trace of the missing woman could be found; nor did the most diligent inquiry throw any light upon the question who she was. Many had seen her, but always on horseback, and going at such a pace as must very soon take her out of sight.

Two months nearly elapsed, but they made no change in the position of Charles Hyde. Many pitied him as one who had fallen into some mysterious temptation, but very few indeed believed him to be guiltless of the crime laid to his charge.

He had earnestly entreated Miss Walden to grant him an interview; but she steadily refused. She not only felt a horror towards the murderer, but indignation and contempt for the faithless and perjured lover. She did not, however, withhold her sympathy and her kind attentions from the heart-stricken mother, who continually distressed her by repeating:

"Ah, Linda, you will bitterly repent your cruelty, when you discover him to be innocent, after he is dead and gone!"

It was one beautiful Saturday, about a week before the trial was to take place, that Will Connor and I were spending our weekly holiday in the woods. We chanced to pass the Red Rock Cave, and Will proposed that we should enter it. I longed to do so. The place now fascinated me more than ever; but it also terrified me far more than it did before. A great many people had visited it since the catastrophe which had made it famous, but I could never muster up courage enough to go.

Will Connor was three years older than I was, and he had a good deal of influence over me. After I had hung back for a long time, he at last succeeded in partly persuading and partly dragging me into the place. It was at the time of day when the cave was lightest, and nearly all of the pond was visible. We crept up slowly to its margin, and I could see that Will himself had some difficulty in screwing up his courage to the point which the effecting of this movement required. He had thrown several pebbles into the water, when all at once he cried out:

"O, luddy, mercy, what's that?"

This was enough for me. I scampered off as fast as my little legs would carry me, and when I reached the open air, I found that Will was close at my heels, with a very white face, and teeth rattling like the musical instruments wielded by Bradder Bones.

"What was it, Will?" said I, tremblingly. "What did you see?"

"Why, I saw a dead woman's arm lying on a rock, with the upper part of it in the water."

"O, Will, let's run home, and—" Irrepressible tears choked off the remainder of the sentence.

"No," said Will, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll run over to Mrs. Smith's, and tell Wash and Bob about it."

I had no objection to this plan. I wanted to get away from the dead woman's arm, or at least to get somewhere where I would have more company; and the sooner the better. We accordingly started at full speed for the Widow Smith's, and having duly arrived there, told our story. Wash and Bob, young fellows of perhaps eighteen and twenty years of age, at once agreed to go back to the cave with us and examine the corpse, if there was one. We soon reached it. Being afraid to remain on the outside alone, I very unwillingly entered with the others. Bob Smith went straight up to the object which Will supposed to be a woman's arm, and lifted it up. It proved to be a woman's sleeve, but there was no arm in it. The whole dress was there, and it had been wrapped up in a tight bundle, with a woman's hat, and a black plume of ostrich feathers. The bundle had been tied with a bit of twine, to one end of which a large stone had apparently been attached. The loop which had enclosed it was still there, though the stone had fallen out. It had probably been hastily and imperfectly fastened, and the force of the eddy had eventually disengaged it.

I may as well state here that experiments which were afterwards made disproved the popular idea that when anything was sucked into the whirlpool it disappeared forever. Any object, the specific gravity of which was not materially greater than that of water, when thrown into the centre of the pond, was always ejected again, and sooner or later found its way to the shore. This had no doubt been the course of the bundle, after the weight of the stone had ceased to operate upon it.

After some little consultation, it was unanimously resolved that the new discovery should be conveyed, with all its appurtenances, to Mr. Bolling, Charles Hyde's principal lawyer. Accordingly we all started for the village, found Mr. Bolling in his office, and placed the bundle in his hands. He immediately proceeded to examine it, opening and spreading out all the articles, and as he did so, a letter fell out, which had been rolled up in the very centre of the bundle. Mr. Bolling seized the letter eagerly, and opened it. Though it was quite wet, it had been so far shielded from the action of the water as to have its legibility fully preserved. I can remember as if it was yesterday the look of triumph which grad-

ually overspread the lawyer's countenance as he read it. We all knew that it must contain some important revelation.

"Boys," said Mr. Bolling, turning to Will Connor and myself, "you have found a treasure. This letter will certainly save the life of Charles Hyde. You shall be the first to carry the news to his mother."

He wrote a few lines on a slip of paper, and handed it to us. We took it, and started full speed for the widow's dwelling, both of us screaming, with all the lung-power we possessed:

"Charley Hyde is safe! Charley Hyde is safe!"

At her father's gate we encountered Linda Walden. She was terribly agitated, and when she attempted to speak to us she could not articulate a single word. Will put Mr. Bolling's note open, in her hand. She trembled so violently that it was some time before she could read the following words:

"DEAR MADAM:—I have this moment obtained unquestionable proof of your son's innocence.
JNO. BOLLING."

Having at last ascertained their meaning, she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and tottered, rather than walked, into the house.

Mrs. Hyde was walking in her garden, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. Will spoke to her twice before she noticed him. At length she turned towards us, and languidly reached out her hand to take the note. Never, even on a death-bed, did I see a living creature so much like a corpse as she was. So despairing, so utterly woe-begone was the expression of her face, that it was hard to believe that the light of happiness could ever visit it again; and such was her apathy and self-absorption, that I believe that if a house had been falling upon her, she would not have quickened her pace in order to avoid it.

When she first read the note, she appeared for some time to be unable to comprehend its meaning. When she did fully apprehend it, she almost went crazy. She laughed and cried in the same breath; caught Will and me in her arms, and kissed us frantically more than a dozen times, and then suddenly started, bare-headed as she was, to run to the jail; but her strength failed her, and she sank fainting to the ground. Will and I were very much perplexed and frightened; but, fortunately, a neighbor of Mrs. Hyde's, Miss Polly Shaw, had witnessed all that occurred, and came to her assistance. She helped Mrs. Hyde into the house, at the same time asking a hundred questions, and never waiting for an answer to one of them. The poor widow had to be put to bed, and Will and I,

greatly to our relief, were immediately dismissed.

The letter found in the bundle was written by an unusually smart and handsome quadroon girl, who had disappeared from the village some time before. It had no signature, but the writing was well known to Mr. Bolling and to a number of others. It was as follows:

"I can't put my neck in a halter, or even run the risk of the penitentiary—not even for your sake, Mr. Overton. Besides, I would be almost sure to be known, particularly as you have been playing the part of the lady with the ostrich feathers yourself, and being (though a little man) fully a head taller than I am, everybody would know that it was not the same person. You can do the thing yourself easy enough, if you have the pluck. I have enclosed the note for Hyde. I had to disguise my hand, for he has seen my writing. Send it to him through the post-office. He will be sure to go. You must have Linda at the cave a little before the specified time, and have the dress hid somewhere close by, and all ready, so that you can slip it on over your own clothes in a minute or two. When she sees Hyde come and take up the handkerchief, she will be so much excited, and so busy watching for the lady, that she will never notice a few minutes absence on your part. Slip away as soon as you see Hyde approaching; put on the gown, bonnet, etc.—the darkness will hide inaccuracies—and then walk boldly in after him. Have a cord and rock all ready, as I told you; pull off your disguise, wrap it up, tie the rock to it, and throw it into the pond with as much of a splash as you can make, at the same time screaming murder in as loud a falsetto as you can muster. Then steal softly back to your place by her side. By that time she will be half scared to death, and in no condition to scrutinize your actions. Hyde will not stay long in the cave after he hears the scream; and after he comes out you must pretend to watch for the woman, who will never appear. If I were you I wouldn't try to do anything more than create a suspicion in Linda's mind. There is no use in making the thing public. But you hate Hyde so devilishly that I believe you would hang him if you could. I dislike the man, excessively, for reasons which I don't choose to communicate, but I have no desire to see him brought to the gallows, and I know it will be safer not to attempt it."

This letter of course established the innocence of Charley Hyde, and steps were at once taken for his release. Neither Overton nor his accomplice were ever seen or heard of in the valley again. When the former discovered that he could make no impression upon Linda, he left the place, and subsequently went to Europe, which was the last news we had of him. From first to last, no one suffered more in the affair than poor Linda. There continued to be a coolness between her and her lover for more than a year; but they finally made it up, and became man and wife, about eighteen months after the adventure of the cave.

(ORIGINAL.)

SONG.

BY WILL ALLEN.

Sing again the olden ballad
 You so often sung before,
 For my heart is sad and lonely—
 I would hear the song of yore;
 For 'twould cheer my heart, so burdened
 With its load of weary woe,
 If I heard the olden ballad
 Once you sang so long ago!

I am sadder—cease your singing,
 Lay aside the sweet guitar;
 I am sadder—thoughts are clinging
 Round my heart of one afar!
 In my bosom saddened musings
 Steal with that sweet song of yore;
 Cease your singing, and the ballad
 I would hear—O, nevermore!

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE JEWETTS.

BY E. S. KENNETH.

ON the second day after my return home from college, where I had graduated as a physician, I took my gun and strolled away over the hills. Enjoying the balmy beauty of the evening, I sprang lightly over the rocks, whistling merrily or breaking into snatches of song as the fancy took me. I paused at last on the edge of a cliff and looked away over the scene below. The broad stretch of smooth, green fields with streams of water like silver threads winding through them; the white walls of the distant village gleaming in the pale light of the vapory clouds, which were softly tinted by the rising sun; and the dark green groves of trees swaying in the fresh breezes, made a beautiful sight. As I stood mutely gazing, a large stone, displaced by a slight movement of my foot, rolled over the cliff. The noise of its fall was immediately followed by a cry of distress. I sprang forward and looked below. A little girl was crouching on the grass, and had probably been hurt by the stone. I hurried down to her and found her sobbing violently.

"What is the matter, dear?—are you hurt?" I asked.

She raised one of the sweetest faces I ever saw, the blue eyes overflowing with tears.

"The stone—it hurt my foot," she said, with quivering lips.

I knelt down beside her, and removing the shoe and stocking found the little foot badly hurt.

"You must go home," I said. "Where do you live?"

"In the old Burleigh house," she replied.

"The old Burleigh house!" I exclaimed, looking in astonishment at the neatly-dressed, delicate-looking child. The old building which had been unused for years, stood on a lonely side road, and had the reputation of being haunted. At all events it was a crazy, weather-stained old place, and I thought could hardly be inhabited even by beggars.

"Yes," she replied. "But I cannot walk. What shall I do?"

"You must not try," I answered. "If you will show me the way, I will carry you."

She thanked me in a sweet, patient way, her little pale face working with pain, and I raised her in my arms and started down the lonely road. When we came to the old Burleigh house with its stained, stone walls covered by neglected looking vines, she pointed to a side door and said:

"Do not stop to knock; you will frighten them."

Wondering at her words, I turned up the narrow path which was slippery with fallen leaves, and passed in at the door-way where the ivy hung low in swinging festoons. The wide, bare hall was dark, and the house as silent and gloomy as a tomb. Half believing that I had been misled by the child, I was about to ply her with questions, when the door opened and a lady came into the hall. She advanced a few steps towards me, then suddenly catching sight of me by the dusky light, she stopped and broke into a terrified cry.

"What do you want?—what do you want?" she asked, wildly. "He is not here!"

As I stepped forward into the light which proceeded from the room she had left open, the little girl cried hastily:

"Bertha—dear Bertha!"

The lady hesitated a moment, looking at us in a bewildered way, and then came forward, her color changing at every breath.

"I beg your pardon," she said, interrupting me as I was about to speak. "You frightened me. What is the matter? Floy, what does this mean?"

As she spoke she stepped back into the room she had just left, and motioned me to follow. I did so, and going to a lounge which stood at the further end of the dim, large, scantily-furnished apartment, laid the child upon it.

"The little girl has met with a slight accident," I said. "She has hurt her foot. If you will allow me, I will examine and dress the wound."

"Are you a doctor?" she asked, eagerly.

I bowed.

"I thank you—"

She paused and eyed me searchingly from head to foot. I returned her scrutiny with interest, and saw that she was young and rather pretty, but had a sad, careworn look which was strangely at variance with her youthful appearance. Her slender figure was robed in a dressing-gown composed of some kind of fine, black, woolen stuff with a soft lining of crimson silk, and it struck me that so costly and rich a garment was out of place in that poor, desolate-looking room.

"You are very kind," she said at last, apparently dismissing some suspicion regarding me. "You will excuse my rudeness? Your sudden appearance startled me very much."

I replied in a few courteous words, and turned to the child as a relief to this strange scene. When I had bound up the swollen ankle I wrote a prescription for a lotion, and then turned to go.

"I will call in the morning if you like," I said, assuming a brief, professional air as the safest.

"Will it be necessary?" she asked, quickly.

"It will be best," I answered.

"Then you may call, if you will," she said, simply.

A bent, wrinkled woman who had been called in, and who was evidently a servant, went with me to the door. As I passed out, I glanced back and saw the young lady in her dark, rich dress kneeling by the lounge with her arms wound about the child, and for the first time I marked the resemblance between them. They were probably sisters. I went home lost in wonder and full of unsatisfactory conjectures. In the evening when sitting alone with my good aunt, I approached the subject in a round-about way.

"Law, yes," said the good lady swaying back and forth in her rocking-chair and knitting rapidly. "Isn't it strange about those folks? I didn't know that you knew anything about it, Ernest."

"What are their names?" I asked.

"Well, they call them 'the Jewetts' about here," she replied. "But it would be just like such strange-acting folks to take a false name, and for my part I believe they have. There is something curious and I think wrong about them."

"Where did they come from?" I queried.

"That's something nobody knows," she answered, shaking her head, ominously. "They appeared in the old Burleigh house one fine morning, and the next day the old woman, who is as deaf as an adder, came to the store and bought some provisions. I guess they live well, for all they stay in such a miserable place, for

she carried home fresh eggs and meat, and everything which a body could want; and Mr. Brown's boy says that he has orders to carry them fruit from his master's garden every morning."

"How many of them are there?"

"The Jewetts?—only three—the young lady, and little girl, and old woman. Nobody knows how they get their living. They don't have anything to do with any one. They can't choose to live in that beggarly place of their own accord if they are rich, and if they are poor, what supports them? Isn't it strange?"

"Very."

I was so impatient that I could hardly wait until a seasonable hour for visiting the old Burleigh house in the morning. I found the child feverish and weary with pain. The sprain would be a long, tedious affair I saw plainly. I made my visit suitably short, leaving with the conviction that by a sincere display of interest and care I had made a favorable impression on the young lady.

Every morning for over a fortnight I called regularly, each day gaining a little vantage ground towards installing myself in the lady's confidence and favor. And I succeeded in my aim. When the little girl could stand upon her hurt foot without pain, and I mentioned that she would need my services no longer, I saw that my words gave her sister as much pain as pleasure. She went with me to the door, and I took advantage of our being alone for a moment to say:

"My feet have become so used to travelling this path every morning that you must not be surprised if they cling to old habits, and bring me here sometimes in spite of myself."

"There never was any affectation about me, Mr. Richter, and I will say frankly that I should be very happy to see you occasionally," she said, looking at me with her clear, beautiful eyes. "Your kindness to Florence has won my respect and esteem. But you must remember—"

She paused suddenly, for I had pressed the hand I had taken at my first words, and her eyes flashed open with a look half of surprise and half of bewilderment. A quick blush broke over her cheeks.

"I have not been deceived in you? You will not oblige me to retract my words?" she stammered.

"Upon my honor, no. Forgive my impulsiveness. Let us pledge our friendship. Here!"

I broke a spray containing two crimson buds from a rosebush which grew beside the door, and dividing it, gave her one while I retained the other. She smiled and fastened it upon the bosom of her rich, black dress.

"Now good morning, my friend Bertha," I said, taking her hand again.

"Good morning, Ernest," she replied, calling me for the first time by my Christian name. Pleased and smiling, I went away.

I laid my bud upon a book on my toilet table when I got home, and being busily engaged all day and during the evening, I forgot it until the morning. Then I found it a full-blown rose! Was it an omen? My life had a new interest from that time. I did not dare think sometimes how happy I was. I never was dissatisfied and moody as I used often to be. When I grew tired and "blue," as Bertha called it, I went and spent a few hours with her, and it always refreshed me. But I was obliged to be somewhat careful about the time of my visits, for the prying eyes of the village gossips were ever upon her, and their suspicions ever at work.

One evening I called just at dusk, and finding the door open entered without announcing myself. Bertha was alone in the great sitting-room, and my entrance startled her. I had before noticed her exceeding timidity and apprehension of strangers. As she rose and gave me her hand I saw by the dim light that she had been weeping. I had made it a rule never to notice anything unusual about the family, and I was sure that this was one reason why she had so much confidence in me, but at the sight of her flushed face and quivering lips I could not help saying:

"Dear Bertha," in a pleading, gentle tone.

"Don't, please! be yourself, Ernest," she said, turning half away from me, and I respected her wishes.

We stood by the window for a long time, in silence, she resting her face on her arm on the window sill, and I looking at her by the moonlight and wondering at her strange, unprotected situation, and the courage which she displayed by remaining so fearlessly in the half-ruined old building which had had the reputation of being visited by spirits from the other world ever since I could remember. I glanced about the great, dark room and out into the wide, silent hall, and at that moment nothing seemed more probable. Involuntarily I shuddered.

At that moment a sound was heard which sent a thrill of terror through my veins. It was a groan, apparently subdued by distance, but still an unmistakable groan! I felt my blood chill. I glanced at Bertha. She too had heard it, but her face did not betray the horror which I was sure was visible in mine. She only looked pale and anxious. Without speaking, we listened. Suddenly the groan was repeated. I grasped her hand, almost panic-stricken, but she spoke quietly.

"Stay here, Ernest. I will be back in a moment," she said, and went quickly from the room.

"Bertha!" I called after her, but the sound of her light footsteps had died away. Perhaps it was a shame to me, but I sprang from the room and walked up and down in the lonely road. I could not stay in that dreadful house. After a while I went back to the door and met Bertha as she came through the hall.

"Are you going? good night," she said, gently.

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Are you not afraid? Let me stay with you," I said.

"No—I am not afraid. Trust me, my friend," and she went in and left me.

When I saw her again it was nearly a fortnight afterwards. She was walking through the garden paths with her little sister, and wore a dress of delicate, blue lawn, with her shoulders and fair, slender arms covered by a gauzy, white lace. At sight of her in that costume, I was immediately impressed by what seemed a most inconsistent idea. Immediately I associated and confounded her identity with that of a beautiful and popular heiress whom I had seen in an opera-house some two years before. I could not be content to compare the two women and find out the points of resemblance, any more than I could compare myself with myself. They would only appear as all one. The face of the heiress I could only remember dimly, her name I could not recollect at all, but I experienced that feeling which we have all known—the consciousness of recalling an old forgotten experience, which a rare taste or odor sometimes brings us—a sort of familiar discovery which we wonder at ourselves for not making before. This sensation grew so intense, that it almost alarmed me at last.

"I will tell Bertha," I said to myself. "It will cure me of the fancy to hear her laugh."

She did not laugh; she did not take her eyes from the blue, distant hills all the time I was talking, and when I had finished she did not make me any reply. The next day I met an old friend and college chum, who was on his way from New York to his home among the Granite hills. Sitting in my room that evening with a box of prime cigars, he retailed choice gossip by the hour.

"Have you been in New York since the Shelton affair?" he asked.

"No, what was it?" I replied.

"Why, Paul Shelton, one of the wealthiest men in town, everybody supposed him, committed forgery for about a million dollars. Folks said it was to save himself, and that if he hadn't

been allowed to manage the affair himself, nobody had been the worse off; but zounds! he smashed himself and two or three others, who won't show him much mercy if they ever get their hands on him. He disappeared—hung himself in some out-of-the-way place, or jumped overboard, probably, but they haven't given up looking for him yet."

"Where's his family?"

"Gone too. His wife died, they say, but he had some daughters, I believe. It made a great hue-and-cry for a while, but it's about died out now."

He rattled on for a while longer, and then suddenly proclaimed himself sleepy, and went to bed. I sat alone by the open window, thinking. Something oppressed me, and I could not discover what it was. It was like one of my unaccountable whims to connect Bertha with the story I had just heard, but it caused a very disagreeable sensation, and one which would not be easily shaken off. I walked the floor all night, and fell asleep in an easy chair at daylight.

I went to see Bertha the next morning, not for the mere pleasure of a friendly visit, but to tell her that I loved her, and to ask her to be my wife. I found her at work by a window of the old sitting-room. Drawing an ottoman up beside her, I told her what I had to say. She flushed up to the rich waves of her beautiful hair at my first words, but before I had finished, her face was as white as the cambric she had been at work on.

"I love you, Ernest," she replied, gently, "but I cannot be your wife. My life is devoted to another. You must conquer your love, or we must not meet again."

All my pleadings, and prayers, and expostulations were of no avail. She was as firm as only such women as she can be, and I left her in despair. I did not go near her again for nearly two months. I could not. But one clear, September day, I took the familiar path, and entered the old door beneath the swinging ivy. The house seemed empty. Good Heavens!—had they all gone? The sound of some one moaning, struck on my ear at last. I listened a moment, and then followed the sound. It led me up a flight of stairs, at the top of which was an open door. In full sight was a bed with silken hangings. A man, dead, and white, and ghastly, lay upon it. Kneeling on the rich carpet by the bedside, and mourning over one of the cold, slender hands, was Bertha.

"Don't, darling—pray don't. You'll mourn your life away. Try to cheer up. Come away. Think of little Floy."

It was the old servant who pleaded, and she caressed her mistress's drooping, neglected hair, as she spoke. Florence stood at the window, frightened and awe-stricken.

"O, father, O, father! Hunted and despised by all the world, but so dear to me! Speak to me—kiss me. O, if I could die too!"

"Bertha Shelton," said the old servant, "stop. You shall not kill yourself. Come with me."

She bent forward, and, lifting her mistress as if she had been a child, came out into the hall. She was too excited to be surprised at meeting me, and gave her slight burden into my arms without a word.

"Mine—mine!" I said, pressing passionate kisses on the white, unconscious face.

There was a quiet burial from the old Burleigh house a few days later. The villagers were confounded and bewildered at first, but after a while a story got abroad, that the dead man was Paul Shelton, the notorious forger of New York. Some doubted it, and some believed it, and all waited impatiently for the stone to be erected upon the grave. But when the plain marble slab appeared, they were no wiser than before. It bore but two words, and they were—"MY FATHER."

THE CUTTING ANT OF TEXAS.

This insect builds subterranean habitations, consisting of cells, sometimes filling an area of ground 25 feet square, to the depth of 16 feet. Their cells are from 6 to 12 inches in height, and are connected by passages from 1 to 3 or 4 inches in diameter. From these caverns, where they dwell in myriads, they have been known to dig a passage under a stream in order to get at a garden on the opposite side. Their food is both animal and vegetable, consisting of insects, berries, grain, and the leaves of trees. They will sometimes entirely strip a tree in a single night. In Western and Central Texas they are regarded as a terrible scourge, and many efforts have been made to exterminate them, but their immense number has made it impossible. They appear to be divided into classes, some building and repairing the cells, some procuring food, some tending the sick—and all have peculiar duties to perform.—*Texas Paper.*

TEARS.

Tears at each pure emotion flow;
They wait on pity's gentle chain,
On admiration's fervid glow,
On piety's seraphic flame.
'Tis only when it mourns and fears,
The loaded spirit feels forgiven,
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

CARLISLE.

[ORIGINAL.]

O, DOST THOU REMEMBER?

BY FANNY FIELDING.

O, dost thou remember the days of "lang syne,"
When love and sweet hope did our lives-intertwine?
Illuming our paths with a rose-tinted light,
Surrounding us ever from morn'g till night,
Exalting our senses o'er earth's dull routine,
Unthinking that coldness could e'er come between
Our lives thus united with love's warmest glow—
O, dost thou remember those moments? Ah, no!

Dost remember, when forced from thy presence to go,
Bitter tears of regret from thine eyelids did flow
For the absence of one thou hadst promised to love
Till the angel Ariel should call us above?—
That thy heart would forever my image enshrine,
And that nothing should sever thy spirit from mine?
Loving words that made music t' my ear sweet and low,
Thou didst speak to me then—dost remember? O, no!

Thou hast banished forever thine honor and trust,
For thy word's turned to ashes, thy promise to dust;
And listless and aimless thy footsteps shall tread
O'er Hope's broken arches, whose verdure lies dead;
For Memory will come, though her progress be slow,
To poison each pleasure, each joy overthrow;
Till thy spirit doth faint in its wearisome way,
And will long to be freed from its cumbersome clay.

[ORIGINAL.]

GEORGIA CLAIRE PERCY.

BY H. N. O'BRIEN.

THEY stood together by the brink of the little lake, gazing on its placid bosom, watching its tiny, rippling waves wash themselves on its pebbly shore. Moonlight fell on the water, and shed a pale halo around that young girl's head, and gave a holy radiance to the pure, sweet, uplifted face.

The elder of the two, who stood there, was a man with hair black as the raven's wing; and eyes black as death; with a rather fair complexion, in strong contrast; with lips indicative of indecision and lack of firmness. Even in the full moonlight, one might have perceived a sinister look in the eyes, and if a well-skilled physiognomist, he would have noticed lines about the eyes and mouth that betokened cruelty of disposition and lack of principle. A man perhaps of twenty-four years.

The young girl who stood by his side was in strong contrast to her lover. A broad, low brow, shaded by a wealth of golden curls, eyes that beamed with love's pure radiance, large, blue, deep blue eyes, whose lids were fringed with long, pale, golden lashes; complexion fair as a

water-lily; a little, wistful rosebud of a mouth, and a dimpled chin. The young girl had seen but sixteen Mays with their sunshine and flowers. She knew little of the world, and judging others by her own pure heart, she thought everybody good, and the world very beautiful.

They stood by the little glimmering lake, and behind them arose a small mountain, or what a traveller would call a large hill. It comprised several acres of land, two or three orchards, a wooded glen, two or three ravines, and some wild scenery. On its summit was perched a small cottage, whose form was plainly outlined, for behind it were tall forest trees. That cottage was the home of the young girl, and there her lover, a young city gentleman, had boarded during the summer.

"To-day, dear Bessie, I received a letter from home, desiring my presence, directly. I have lingered longer than I meant to, in your mountain home. From June till September, think of it, Bessie! Almost four long months, and I have been with you every day. Happy months to me, Bessie. Were they so to you?"

The young girl sighed, and tears welled up to her sweet blue eyes, as she tremulously asked:

"When will you return, dear George?"

The young man twirled his watch-chain about his fingers a moment, nervously grasped the broad gold seal which dangled from it, and then as if wishing to be rid of a troublesome load, answered:

"Why, Bessie, you see my business will need my attention, and it may be I can't come back till next June."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the girl, faintly.

"But George, dear George, take me with you! I beg of you, if you love me, take me with you!"

"Impossible, Bess, you don't know what you ask."

The poor girl sat down on a huge stone near, and rocking herself to and fro, sobbed aloud. Her distress overcame the young man, and he clasped her in his arms.

"My poor Bessie! Do you love me so? I will come back to you in a few days, and you must have everything ready, so that we can be married quickly and quietly, and then we will go to our city home. I will take good care of my little, mountain blossom, that she fade not in the city. But, Bess, how pale and thin you've grown, did you know it?" And he held her off a little, so that the moonbeams might fall on her face.

"Yes, George, I know it, but I am happy now. When—when will you return?" she asked, timidly, as her head nestled on his breast.

"Let me see; to day is Thursday. I must go to-morrow, for I have a case on hand in the city, which promises well. If I gain it, you will be proud of me, Bessie. I must arrange things for your coming, get a little house, and furnish it—yes, Bess, I'll be here two weeks from to-day. Now am I not good?" he asked, kissing her bright, happy face. "Am I not the best man in the world?"

"Yes, the best, the best and dearest," answered the trusting girl, earnestly.

"It's eleven o'clock, sure as we're alive, puss. What would the old folks say, if they knew of our stolen meetings by the lake? Say, Bess. I suppose they think their little girl abed and asleep, hours ago? These moonlight walks are very pleasant, Pussy. All the better for being stolen. By the way, Bess, perhaps the old man—"

"He is my father, George; don't speak so of him," remonstrated Bessie, firmly.

"Well, then, little Bess, if your father hasn't much money, and of course he hasn't much beside the mountain, you must accept a trifle from me, by way of wedding finery."

"No, George, father will give me enough for that."

"But he is a close-fisted old farmer, Bess. Do accept this!" And he opened a plethoric pocket-book, but Bessie, with pride, rejected it.

"I bought this for you some days ago, Bessie," he said, taking from a vest pocket a little box, which he opened and displayed to her sparkling eyes, a fine gold chain, to which was attached a locket, containing a picture of himself, and by the side of the locket, dangled a small agate cross, tipped with gold. She bowed her head, and he clasped the chain about the fair throat.

"Don't take it off, Bessie, till I come!" he said.

"Never, till I die. As long as I live, I'll wear it, George."

"I didn't think it would please you so much. I am glad I bought it. So you are fond of jewelry, like the rest of your sex, Bessie, I see."

"It is beautiful, George, but I prize it because you thought of me, down at the village, and because you gave it me." A vivid blush came over the sweet, pale face.

"Thought of you! Ah, darling, how could I help it? Your sweet young beauty would haunt any one. By the way, down at the village, the call you the Mountain Lily? Did you know it, Bess?" The crimsoned face answered him.

"We ought to go home. I'm certain it's twelve; yes, there goes the village-clock. Mother might go to my room, and then—"

"Yes, we ought to go. Come on, Bess."

With light heart and light step, Bessie followed her lover up the hill, until, turning, he offered his arm and they walked up the path together. Arrived at the cottage door, they gave one look out on the village, sleeping by the side of the lake. One look at the lake, then with fond kisses, they parted for the night.

In her own lonely, quiet room, Bessie sat by the window and tried to think. But the pang of approaching separation, and the joy of feeling he would return so soon, mingled together in her girlish brain, and at last she knelt and offered up her simple, childlike prayer.

Bessie had been snugly in bed but a few moments, when her mother entered, bearing a candle in her hand.

"Are you awake, Bessie?"

"Yes, mother."

"Don't you hear a noise anywhere? I didn't know but you were sick, child. But I guess the noise was from Mr. Claire's room. These city people don't go to bed a bit early. There he is a burnin' candles, till most morning. Didn't you hear a noise, Bess?"

To the girl's listening ears came a low, humming noise, a love-song they loved to sing together. She knew it, but simply answered:

"Probably he isn't sleepy, mother."

"You look as if you'd been skait out of your senses, Bess. Your cheeks and lips are whiter than your pillow. Go to sleep now; I'm sorry I woke you up. Good-night, child."

Bessie slept little that night. She rose early to assist her mother and "Cousin Nancy," a tall, stout specimen of a mountain maid, aged about thirty-five. She was not surprised at being called into the little sitting-room, an hour after breakfast. Her parents and her lover had had a conversation of short duration, and Bessie was called to decide.

"Do you want this city chap, Bess?" asked her father. "Take your choice between him and Alvan Guy, who loves you more than his life. Come, be quick, Bess. Do you love him?"

The blue veins seemed to grow larger and almost convulsed; their workings could be seen through the pure, transparent skin, but holding one little, sun-browned hand to George, she said:

"I love him."

"Very well. You can have her on the day you appointed," answered the farmer, turning to his guest, well pleased at his daughter's good fortune. So it was settled.

With tears and sadness and hopes, the lovers parted. Bessie accompanied him down the hill

and in a quiet nook, by the lake, a spot where they had spent hours together, they took their last embrace.

Her parents were pleased at Bessie's choice; pleased that their daughter should wed the handsome, wealthy lawyer, and extensive preparations were made for a bridal, for though farmers and plain people, yet the Murrays associated with the village-people, and on the wedding of their only child, were determined "to have things as nice as anybody."

Caroling sweet songs, love-tunes, snatches of gay melodies, learned of her city lover, Bessie passed her time away. She wandered through the ravines, sat hours by the shores of the lake, in the nook they had named "The Retreat," and through the glen. She gathered apples and peaches in the orchards, for it was early September, and read again and again the volumes of poems he had given her. She would look at the picture in the locket, with a sweet sad smile for hours. She could not sew, and her mother's broad, good-natured face would be smiling tenderly at her, a dozen times a day.

"I know jest how she feels, Nancy," she said, one day, when her niece spoke of it. "I remember how I felt when I was engaged."

On every side Bessie met with kindness. Sly glances and significant smiles brought blushes to her pale cheek, many a time, at the village, when purchasing little articles of ornament, such as would not be needed in her mountain home.

The appointed Thursday, a delicious, dreamy day, came, and Bessie Murray awaited her lover at "The Retreat." She heard the engine-whistle, the noise of the departing train; she waited an hour and he came not. Nor that day. The next morning brought a letter, saying he was ill, but would come soon. Hushed were Bessie's songs now. Mute her gay, girlish voice. The smile gone from the pale, childish lips, and, alas, the light from her young heart.

The sad autumn wore away, still he came not. "Illness detained him; he would come very soon." The snows of winter covered the valley and mountain, but his interminable illness still detained him. Bessie shut herself up in her room entirely, coming out only to her meals. The pale golden ringlets seemed to grow thinner, certainly the face did. And O, far whiter. Her youth had gone forever. Her life seemed a desert, and the poor, young thing, who should have been merry and gay, grew piteous in her repression of suffering.

A dreadful thought one day came to good "Cousin Nancy," one stormy, dark, wild day, in early March, a thought which would never

have come to the poor child's doting parents, and with an indignant self-rebuke, Nancy dismissed it. Bessie was lying on the low, chintz covered couch, in the kitchen; her long curls streaming over the low pillow, and partially veiling her face. The thin, transparent lids were closed over the eyes. She was not sleeping, but suffering keenly. Though very delicate, she was unused to pain, beyond the universal head-ache.

In the afternoon she was unable to lie there, and so retired to her own room and bed. Night came on, a furious, wild, mad March night, and the wind howled, and moaned, and shook the cottage on Mount Murray, and bent the tall trees, and broke many a smaller one. The winds drove the snow about, and piled it up, and sent it in eddying whirls, and tossed it in huge drifts. Through the loud, angry tones of the mad wind, floated a low, sad under-tone, a moaning, piteous wail, and on that dreadful March night a child was born on Mount Murray—a child to George Claire and Bessie Murray.

The parents were overwhelmed. They had not even suspected it. They had thought their childish, clinging Bessie so pure, so angel-like—alas! The blow fell heavily. The father, with his strong pride, sternly refused to go in and see his daughter, saying, while his coarse, honest face paled:

"She is the first Murray who ever disgraced her family, and she is no daughter of mine, henceforth."

Mrs. Murray had a woman's heart. She had pride, too, as much as had her husband; this blow cut her to the heart, but she had a mother's love, and when she looked on the little golden-haired girl she had often rocked to sleep on her knee, she could not shut her out of her heart, even though a tiny babe nestled on that child's bosom, and that child was unwedded.

The March days lengthened into April ones, when the days were alternately sunny and showery. Bessie still kept her room, her father would not see her. He grew irritable, and often the poor girl heard his voice in angry tones towards her mother—a thing which was new to Bessie; her father was not wont to be cross and captious.

"Cousin Nancy" and Mrs. Murray were kind to the poor child; they tried to converse with her; read to her; brought her papers to read. Mr. Murray refused to go to the village, so "Cousin Nancy" bought the family groceries, and often brought books and papers to poor Bessie.

The story of "the Mountain Lily's" fall was

the talk of the village. Some moralized, some wondered, some "always knew it would be so," some talked severely about it, some pitied, and one wept. Young Allan Grey, a youth of twenty, and a sincere lover of Bessie, was almost heart-broken, and wept himself sick. Bessie had repeatedly written to George, and one May day an answer came. After handing it to her, Nancy left her, with her babe on her knees. Bessie read it.

"MISS BESSIE MURRAY:—As in your last letter to me, you seemed to express a doubt as to my illness, I beg to assure you that your half-surmise is correct. I am not ill, nor have I been. On the contrary, I am in excellent health. You will understand from what I have now said, that want of inclination alone has kept me from you. I wish our acquaintance to end here, Miss Murray, as I have a decided distaste for entering the life of a Benedict. As to the child, call her what you will, so not by my name. I will provide for, and educate her. I'll send the money to you, for I must say I never wish to see you. I beg leave, also, to inform you, that any further letters you may send, will be returned unopened.

"Your obedient servant,

GEORGE CLAIRE."

The letter dropped from her nerveless fingers. She laid her babe on the pillow, and all night long she sat by the window, thinking. It was the eve of her birthday, too; on the morrow she would be seventeen. Sometimes, during that dreary night, she moaned, and when her little one awakened, she took her tenderly in her arms, as tenderly as if the child had been legally born to her.

The next day was warm, bright and sunny, very like June. For the first time for months the poor girl determined to go down to "The Retreat." Her mother thought it would do her good, and smiled sadly as she wrapped her shawl around her, and tied on the little, pale-blue hood.

Bessie's figure was short and slender. Her baby lay sleeping on her bed, and Bessie took her up and folded her in her arms. She kissed the baby-brow passionately, tearfully, then laid her down tenderly. On the table under an open Bible she laid three notes, and then tottered out into the kitchen.

Her father had not seen her since her baby's birth; he stood in the kitchen, and as she came out he gazed at her with stern, unforgiving face, and then walked out into the garden. Her wasted form, her thin, pale face, her large blue eyes, beaming with strange lustre, made an impression on him, and fearing he would relent he left the house.

"Be careful, Bessie. Put on these rubbers—the ground may be a little damp. Walk slowly,

and don't go far, my child," said her mother, kissing her.

Cousin Nancy's eyes filled as she looked at the girl, and she too kissed her.

"Shan't I go with you, Bessie?" she asked.

"No, I thank you, Nannie, I am strong enough to go alone," she answered, smiling pitifully.

She slowly wandered down the dear familiar path. When she sat on the rock in "The Retreat" she thought long and sadly. Her mind went back to the time when a bright, laughing child she had tossed pebbles in the lake; she thought of her merry rides with Allan Grey, of walks with him on the shore; she thought of the days when she was the light of home, the joy of her parents; she thought of the days when the Mountain Lily was gladly welcomed everywhere; she thought of the time when she first had learned to love George Claire and of the miserable days that followed. She thought of the past and present, of a new life which must be darkened by a knowledge of her shame; she thought of that cruel letter the night before, and her burden seemed heavier than she could bear. She read again that fatal letter. She remembered it was her seventeenth birthday, and on such days she was wont to make resolutions for the future, but she had none to make now. She grew bewildered.

"I was happy once, was I not?" she asked aloud, pressing her hand to her hot, throbbing brow. "I think I was happy once; I am most sure of it. I believe I'd be happy if I were dead—I'm most sure of it. Why can't I die? God gives us all that privilege, don't he? I'd better die. Father hates me; I'm a disgrace to mother and Nancy, and to that little thing, too. I'd better be dead, unless God hates me, too."

A wild light gleamed in her beautiful eyes, the light of lunacy, perhaps. It may be in that fearful hour, the reason that had so far been hers—the light which so far had guided her—went out in darkness. An hour later, Allan Grey, with several companions, rowed toward "The Retreat," for the water was deeper there, and they saw something gleaming under the waves. They lifted her, with her clinging garments, her dripping hair, her cold, pale face, and the little blue hood thrown back, and sadly, with tears, Allan Grey held her dear head, as they carried her up Mount Murray.

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!"

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!"

"Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour!"

When Mr. Murray entered his kitchen, half an hour later, and saw no one there; when he went into the bedroom adjoining, where he heard voices, and saw on her bed, his dead child, he gave a startled, agonized look, and kneeling there, took her little hand, sobbing:

"Look up at your old father, Bessie! I do forgive you, Pussy. O, look up, and say you forgive my harshness, my cruelty! Bessie, Bessie, my child! O, if I'd been a true father, only kind to you, my Bessie, my lamb!"

And the little babe opened her eyes wonderingly. There stood Allan Grey, with convulsed form and streaming eyes. Mrs. Murray lay by her dead darling, nerveless. Her husband, weeping and sobbing, reproaching himself and calling on Bessie by such sweet names, and with a strength of affection, of which he was till then unaware. Nancy stood, with the babe in her arms, raining tears on its young face. The other men stood near the door, hats in hands, yet shedding sincere tears.

They buried her on Mount Murray, under a tall tree, and near "The Retreat." Nancy wrote a stern letter to George Claire, telling him all about it. He never answered the letter, but he carried a fearful load of remorse with him ever after.

A day after writing to him, Nancy found the three letters which Bessie had left. One was addressed to "George Claire," and she sent it without a word; but the letter explained itself, and when he had read it, he arose, staggering as if blind.

The second letter was addressed to her parents, and weeping they read it. Her father groaned as he read where she begged him to forgive her when she was dead, though he could not in life. She said, touchingly, that she did not blame him for hating the sight of her—she hated herself—and at the last, with a wild, mournful pathos, she implored them to give to her babe the love of which she was unworthy, to take her innocent child in her stead, and God would bless them in the little one. "Call my baby 'Georgia Claire,'" she said, at the last, and with tears they named her after her unworthy father.

The years sped on, and the young child grew. There was something strange about her. She was peculiar, odd in her ways, expressions and manners. The Murrays loved her as they had loved poor, golden-haired Bessie, though not with equal pride. If strangers ever came to Mount Murray, if people from the village called

there, they could not say, "This is Bessie's child," and on such occasions she was always neglected. Her keen eyes noted the difference, and her sharp brain was set to work to find out the why, for she knew nothing of her birth.

At eight years of age, Georgia Claire was truly a strange child. Her childhood faintly shadowed forth her womanhood. She resembled neither parent in any respect. She had not the indecision of her father, nor the gentle, yielding disposition of the mother. She was neither black-eyed, nor blue-eyed. Her complexion was neither fair like her father's, nor soft, snowy white like her mother's.

Her hair was dark, a rich, heavy dark. Her forehead was higher than either parent's, and broad, eyebrows finely arched, nose perfect, mouth small, with thin lips, threaded with crimson. A clear, dark, colorless complexion, with something rich about it. Her ears were small, very prettily shaped. Her hands were small, very small, and so were her feet. These latter were short, narrow, and arched so high that they would have won the admiration of an Arab instantly.

Her most beautiful features were her eyes. They were glorious, starry eyes, large, dark, sometimes of a dusky splendor, reminding one of tropic nights, again shining and beaming with unearthly beauty; lustrous eyes, from which a great soul looked out. Her form was small, slender, willowy. She was graceful, too, and quick in her movements. Restless and inquiring, with a keen intellect, and a strong love for the beautiful.

In disposition she was very peculiar. She could love or hate with an intensity of which we northerners have little idea; and though she was a northerner, she might have been an Asiatic. She was passionate, impetuous, impulsive and wayward. Her moods varied; sometimes she was gentle, sometimes a terror to the household. A lamb, sometimes, and sometimes a tigress.

Already a talent for satire and sarcasm was developed in the child, and she sometimes poured forth biting, cutting words that might goad others to desperation, while her mocking laugh rang on the ear. When eight years old, she was sent down to the village to school, and morning and night tripped down and up Mount Murray. Yet not tripped. She loved the glen, the ravines, and she would bound from rock to rock, with the fleetness of a chamois, and send back a laugh in answer to the commands and beseechings of her grandfather. Though the way was longer, she generally went that way to school.

Her questions of her parents were always repelled by her grand-parents and Cousin Nancy, but she could not always remain ignorant. With other children, some much older than herself, she was wandering on the shores of the lake one day, when they came to "The Retreat." It was noon, and the child always took her dinner to school.

"There's where she was drowned," said one boy.

"Who?" interrogated Georgia.

"The Mountain Lily."

"The Mountain Lily! What was that?"

"A beautiful girl they called 'The Mountain Lily.' Father told me she drowned herself here," returned the boy.

"Drowned herself? How awful!" And the child's eyes dilated and shone with the brilliancy of stars. "What was her other name?"

"Stop, Willie," said a larger boy, who had vainly been making signs to him. "Don't speak of it—it's too gloomy."

"No it isn't," cried Georgia, "and I will know, so tell me this minute, Willie Brown!"

"I don't know any more, Georgia, indeed I don't."

"You do, Jamie. Tell me!" the child cried, turning to the larger boy.

"I do? Why, Georgia—I—"

"Tell me this moment!"

The boy hesitated, but the others cried, "Tell her, tell her; she ought to know."

"Her name was Bessie Murray," said the boy.

"Bessie Murray!" The child's face was as white as if dead. "What did she drown herself for?"

There was a general silence.

"Bessie Murray! Was she married?"

"No."

"Am I her little girl?"

"Yes."

"You lie, Jamie Collins! My name is Georgia Claire—"

"Your father's name was."

"And my mother's, too."

"No, Georgia, it was not."

"When did it happen?"

"One May day eight years ago."

"You needn't feel so grand, Georgia Claire, any more. You are no better than other folks, no, nor so good," said a boy near, sneeringly, for Georgia was very proud, and had offended the lad.

The next moment he lay on his back, and Georgia, disdaining to touch a prostrate foe, bounded away towards the ravine, unheeding the

children's call to come back. Imperfectly comprehending this shadow that hung over her, her proud spirit was stung by the sneering tone of the lad. She hated herself, she hated everybody. Bounding from rock to rock, or sitting in some little niche, she spent the afternoon. When it began to grow dark, she went home, to find the family waiting supper for her. That night she astonished good Cousin Nancy by asking, when that lady thought her asleep:

"Was my mother's name Bessie Murray?"

"Yes," answered the astonished woman.

"Did she drown herself?"

"Go to sleep, Georgia. Don't ask such questions."

"I say, Cousin Nancy, did my mother drown herself?"

Cousin Nancy was perplexed, but knowing the nature of the child, and that if she didn't answer her, she would arouse the house, and not rest till she did know, so she finally said:

"Yes, she did."

"What for?"

Another perplexing question; but Cousin Nancy was not permitted to think in peace, and finally she told the child the whole sad story. She might not have done wisely, but she was not possessed of tact enough to evade these pertinacious inquiries, and thus Georgia learned the truth, and felt it in after years.

"She left a letter for you—it has never been opened—you can read it when you are old enough," remarked Cousin Nancy, as she turned over to go to sleep.

From that time the child became strangely thoughtful, and irregular in her attendance at the village school, sometimes wandering away two or three miles. No one dared cope with her strong will, her un governable temper.

Offended by her teacher's rebuke one day, Georgia left her seat, put on her little white sun-bonnet, and as her teacher sternly commanded her to return, she sent back a defiant laugh that exasperated him, and walked quietly away. The teacher followed with undignified haste, and then the child hopped along, like a bird, bowing when she turned round; he ran, but strong man as he was, he was but a mean match for the agile mountain child. She bounded away in the distance, and the scholars seemed to echo her laugh when the crest-fallen teacher returned.

Georgia knew she had done wrong, but she had no fear of consequences. With fear of any kind she was totally unacquainted. Her strolls were extended out into the country a long way. Fields of green were on every side, and Georgia,

walking in the road, intent on seeing each side at once, was enjoying it finely.

The village, at the foot of Mount Murray, was a place of resort to tired city-dwellers, and many of the families had taken boarders. Absorbed in her own thoughts, Georgia heard not the sound of wheels, and was nearly run over by a pair of powerful, black horses ere their driver was able to check them. She was stunned for a moment, but on looking up recognized the equipage as belonging to the most aristocratic of the city people. A head, which was looking out of the window, was drawn back, but a lady-like voice commanded :

"John, put the child in here!"

A boy at the back of the carriage, as footman, sprang down, and having opened the door, placed the child therein. The driver whipped his horses, and they were on their way again, in the same direction. Georgia sat vis-a-vis to the aristocratic lady, but lifted her glorious eyes fearlessly.

"Where were you going, little girl?"

"To take a walk," was the self-possessed answer.

"Where do you live?"

"On Mount Murray."

"And have you walked all this distance? What's your name?"

The child lifted her eyes, and the lady looked in astonishment at their splendor, but she said, defiantly :

"My name is Georgia Claire. I am Mr. Murray's grand-daughter."

"Are you an orphan, dear?" asked the lady, interested in this strange child.

"I am," returned Georgia, in a voice so choked, so strange, so hard, that the lady bent toward her in surprise and pity.

"Where are you going?" began the child.

"I am out driving—I go every day—to no place in particular. Mount Murray is a pleasant spot; you love it, don't you?"

"Some. But when I grow larger I'm going away off, somewhere." And the child looked wistfully out of the window. "What is your name?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Mrs. Courtenaye. I am staying at the hotel in the village."

"Are you an orphan?" queried Georgia.

"An orphan, a widow, and childless," said the lady, sadly.

The child looked at her, watched a tear fall silently, then sprang to her side, and clasping her arms around the lady's neck, she kissed her fervently, then as if abashed, shrank back to her seat. The lady looked at her intently. Her

proud, handsome features were lighted with interest for this little one.

"Why did you kiss me?"

"Because," said Georgia, and her eyes were blinded by a strange mist, "I pity you. It's dreadful to be an orphan. Did—did your mother drown herself?"

"No, child; why ask such a strange question?"

"Nothing—I—I only wondered."

The carriage had turned another road, and now the road swept around Mount Murray. Here Georgia alighted, and Mrs. Courtenaye's eyes followed her as she bounded from rock to rock of the deep ravine, followed her with a sigh. On returning to the hotel, Mrs. Courtenaye called her gossiping landlady to her private parlor, and from her lips learned the sad story. In conclusion, the good dame remarked :

"Her grandparents love her, but they are ashamed to have her around. I believe they'd send her away, if they could, though they would miss her. She is troublesome, too, and always reminded them of poor little Bessie."

The next day the city lady strolled up Mount Murray. There was a winding carriage-drive, but she wished her advent there to be quiet, nevertheless, ordering her driver to come for her at sunset.

Mrs. Murray met her at the door, and gave her a seat in the kitchen, betraying surprise at the visit. Mrs. Murray was a woman of, perhaps, fifty years, with hair of an iron-gray, face strongly marked by lines of character, though very plain, and her form was tall and angular. Where little, slender, short Bessie received her beauty was a mystery—certainly not by inheritance. The good Mrs. Murray stood to hear what her visitor should say, but that lady, by a graceful gesture, induced her to seat herself.

"Is your little grand-daughter at home, Mrs. Murray?" asked the guest, courteously.

"Well, I don't know," was the embarrassed reply. "She ran away from school yesterday, and the master came up last night to see about it. He was angry, and so was the child, and she vows she never'll go to him a day again. She's in the gully, likely as not."

"Can't you compel her to go?" asked the astonished lady.

"Compel her? No one can do that. She won't do anything but what she wants to. She's a queer child."

"She must be a great trouble to you, madam."

"No, she is not much, for she is not in the house half of the time. I can't understand the child, I'm sure. I can't do anything with her."

"Why don't you send her away to school?"

Mrs. Murray smoothed her apron as she replied:

"No one can govern her. They'd send her home in a week. Besides, we are not rich people; we've only got Mount Murray, and we don't lay up much for old age, not so much as husband wants to."

"Why not give her away, madam? It might be a good thing; you are growing old, and she needs a strong hand to guide her."

"I know it," sighed Mrs. Murray. "I'm growin' old; I feel it. I have teches of the rheumatiz very often, and she plagues me half to death sometimes. But who'd want such a child? She's a perfect imp, but then I'd hate to give her away."

"Give her to me," said Mrs. Courtenaye, eagerly. "I will be a mother to her, and educate her."

"We couldn't let her go," answered the old lady, decidedly.

"You are growing old, as you say, and if you know she is cared for without troubling you, your life will be pleasanter. You want your Bessie's child to be—"

"Don't—don't!" begged Mrs. Murray, her apron at her eyes.

The end of the conference would have been an abrupt denial of Mrs. Courtenaye's request, but the farmer himself, entering, began to argue with his wife, and after telling her as little as possible, yet as much as was necessary, of the child's history, they decided to give her to the city lady.

"The child shall decide," said Mrs. Murray, going to the door and calling.

No one answering, she walked through the garden, past the small grove of forest trees, then screamed:

"Georgia! Georgia! Georgia!"

Mrs. Courtenaye stood in the door, impatient to see the child, which she was to have, and wondering if her singular beauty were not a freak of her own imagination. Expecting, therefore, a plain, country child, she began blaming herself for her precipitation, and working herself into a fit of impatience.

Mrs. Murray's repeated calls were at length answered by their object's abrupt and unexpected emerging from the ravine, leaping wildly from rock to rock, and then, when on *terra firma*, standing still and erect as a young Indian.

She wore a dress of pink gingham, short and full. The little red shawl her grandmother had insisted on her wearing, was tied around her waist, as a sash. Her bonnet hung on one arm,

and her short, dark hair was tossed about, or lying in close curls all over her small head, in her eyes, on her cheeks. In one hand she held a tiny bow and arrow, evidently of her own construction. Looking fearlessly upon the group a moment, the young huntress stood, then hopping carelessly toward them, she yet appeared perfectly indifferent to their presence.

If Mrs. Courtenaye had admired the dusty, tired child of the day before, she almost held her breath now. A flush of delight passed over her fine face. She was delighted. She was young, scarcely twenty-five, but she was a haughty, aristocratic, fashionable city lady. This child touched her heart.

"Don't you remember me, dear?" she asked, holding out her hand.

The child simply bowed as she took the proffered member, and then dropped it.

"Can't you speak? Answer the lady, Georgia," commanded Mr. Murray, determined to keep up a show of authority before the stranger.

The child's lip curled haughtily, a smile just lingered about the tiny mouth, on the thin lips, but she spoke not.

"Mind me, Georgia, speak to the lady! Answer her question!" persisted her grandfather.

Georgia threw back her head, and answered clearly:

"I hear you! You needn't talk all day. I wish you to know that I own my tongue, and will use it when I think best!"

She would have turned away then—Mr. Murray was angrily silent—but Mrs. Courtenaye said, kindly:

"Wouldn't you like to go to the city and be my little girl, Georgia?"

Her eyes flashed brightly, as the child cried: "Shall I? Do you want me?"

"You may go if you want to. Do as you like," said Mrs. Murray, with her apron at her eyes.

Mrs. Courtenaye drew the child to her bosom, Georgia's lips met hers, and that was the only way the child signified her decision to go.

Georgia Claire was taken from Mount Murray, with its clear, bracing air, wild scenery and mad freedom, to a luxurious city home. No longer did her feet tread over sanded floors or grassy turfs, but sank in deep piles of velvet, and the gorgeous pictures on that carpeting would delight one who loved color. Her voice rang fearlessly through the lofty rooms, whose frescoed ceilings, pendent lamps, elegant furniture, master-works of art, paintings, books and statuary

were all in contrast to the quiet cottage, with its plain adornings, on Mount Murray. The best masters of the different branches of study, of music and dancing, were provided for her directly. She was introduced to Mrs. Courtenaye's fashionable friends, as her dear orphan niece, as she was, and also as Mrs. Courtenaye's future heiress, and after due deliberation, the lady gave the child her maiden name, the name of her dear, dead brother, Percy. And very many thought the girl a daughter of George Percy.

In her city home she was known as Georgia Claire Percy. As the prospective heiress of her adopted aunt, she met with flattery and attention, until the bright, mountain child might have been spoiled. Her new home, however, was just what she needed.

Her ungovernable temper, her fits of passion, her storms of fury, all were under control now. Her strong, untamed, unmastered will found another competent to cope with and gain the victory. Yet Mrs. Courtenaye grew to idolize the child and Georgia loved her passionately, with an intensity of which few people are capable. Sometimes they visited Mount Murray, and Georgia often remembered her grandparents and Cousin Nancy with gifts.

Time passed on. It was Georgia's sixteenth birthday. A lovely March evening, bright with stars and fragrant with the perfume of flowers. Mrs. Courtenaye, who was always indulgent to her niece, had gathered together a large party to celebrate the event.

Mrs. Courtenaye, robed in sable velvet—the weather was not warm—and shining with diamonds, stood near the door, receiving her guests with quiet dignity. By her side, with quiet self-possession stood her niece, Georgia Claire Percy. Her figure had attained its full height, yet was not tall. Rather below medium height, perhaps, but slender, lithe, and with much of the willowy grace which had distinguished her childhood. Her thin lips wore a beautiful smile—one of strange power, but which rarely lingered there. Her rich, dark hair was decorated with pearls; her clear complexion showed the red blood, as her cheek flushed sometimes. Her eyes, those glorious eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, had far more of unearthly beauty than in her childhood, and when thoughtful or sad, they would have made another weep. She possessed control of her temper, completely; she was as passionate, impetuous, impulsive as when she bounded from crag to crag in the ravines of Mount Murray. But her usual expression was one of proud melancholy, and if one noticed it, she grew defiant.

Poor child! As she had grown older, the knowledge of her birth had clouded her life; had weighed on her proud, strange nature; and as she stood, listening to flattery and compliment, her eyes took a strange look, which might have awakened fear, had it been noticed, as she thought that were her early history known and she deprived of Mrs. Courtenaye's prospective heiress-ship, she would be driven as a pariah from the fashionable assemblage.

She possessed a wild, fascinating beauty, not only charming but bewitching, and she became emphatically the "Star of the Evening." Not only was she beautiful but she possessed intellect—genius. She betrayed it in every flash of her lustrous eyes, in the curving of her proud lip, in the sweet, musical voice, in the sentiments to which she gave utterance. She was witty too, and sarcastic, but she never, or rarely, used the latter gift to wound.

She was unacquainted with most of the people who composed the gay party, and on this, her entrance into society, was introduced to many friends of Mrs. Courtenaye, who were strangers to her.

"Miss Percy, my niece, Mr. Clairemonde," said Mrs. Courtenaye.

The gentleman bowed, and Georgia, with serene self-possession began a conversation, at the same time, girlishly scanning his features. Her scrutiny was perfectly satisfactory. He was a man of perhaps twenty-eight years, strong, brave, a man among men. Tall, vigorous, noble-looking, with swarthy complexion, dark hair and dark, piercing eyes. He was intellectual, refined and gentlemanly; noble and with a finely-strung nature.

Her fresh, glowing, tropic beauty interested him, captivated him. He had never before seen a girl, with just such peculiarities, with her strange, wayward nature; she was an enigma, and he determined to study her, but down in his heart was a new, strange, undefined feeling which he did not attempt to analyze.

They were talking, on topics far above the ordinary comprehension, and, delightedly, he was watching the glowing of her strange eyes, the eager movement of the lips, when Mrs. Courtenaye introduced a gentleman as Mr. Claire.

Georgia was unused to society and unacquainted with her aunt's gentlemen acquaintance, and this was the first time she had seen Mr. Claire. Mrs. Courtenaye had not the most remote idea that the city lawyer and Bessie Murray's unprincipled lover were one. The story had been shortened in telling it to her; the Murrays did not explain much, and consequently she was

ignorant of what Georgia was certain when she saw him. Her cheek paled; her eye grew cold, and she shivered as she met his admiring gaze.

"My niece, Miss Percy, is fond of books of travel, and I am sure your descriptions would be more entertaining. Mr. Claire has lately returned from Europe, my love," said Mrs. Courtenaye, with a bend of her stately head.

Georgia bowed quietly, with a strong effort to recover her composure, and when she addressed Mr. Claire, her cold, haughty manner was in strong contrast to the manner she exhibited to Mr. Clairemonde. Evidently her proud air piqued the former gentleman, who began to make himself agreeable, or rather attempted so to do.

In Georgia's heart was a sincere scorn for her father, and when she thought of the courtly ways, the handsome face that had ruined poor Bessie, that scorn deepened almost into hatred. In thinking of it the blood boiled in her veins.

"Quite a constellation of beauties," said Mr. Claire, "and I bow before the brightest star of all,"—with a gentle inclination of the head.

As Georgia was certain, it was indeed George Claire, the unprincipled lover of poor Bessie Murray. She recognized him from the description she had extorted from "Cousin Nancy," and by remarks which he made in regard to his residence. He had changed little, but looked as if he had battled with the world; prosperous, but not happy. It may be a sweet, sad, pale face, framed in golden, gleaming curls, with beseeching, heaven-blue eyes, haunted him; it may be, he remembered a small grave on Mount Murray, and a true, gentle, innocent heart under the sod. It may be that ever to him floated the fragrance of spring violets, Bessie's favorite flower, one with which he had often decked her, and perhaps he knew that under a bed of green grass, studded with blue violets, slept a sunny head that had lain on his heart in fond love. It may be that the piteous wailings in her last letter still rung in his ears and haunted him.

Nothing warned him that the strange, wildly-beautiful girl was aught to him; she enthralled him completely, but he did not imagine that she was anything more than the niece of Mrs. Courtenaye. He supposed his own child was either dead, or a large, stout, raw-boned, ill-bred and worse-mannered country girl, whose ungrammatical talk and red, sun-burned, coarse face would give him a nervous fit, and shock his finer sensibilities. He never imagined her like poor Bessie, but a second edition of Cousin Nancy, only less refined, and more hoydenish, a homely, country romp.

"Perhaps Miss Percy will think it strange for a man of my age and bachelor habits so to admire beauty; but in truth the common type of beauty makes little impression on me. It takes something strange and startling,"—here Mr. Claire bowed admiringly—"something beyond the ordinary style, to elicit my admiration."

"Indeed, Mr. Claire, you seem not easily suited. How do you like the blonde style, *petite* form, sunny curls, eyes like a summer sky and a bird-like voice?" asked Georgia, half-sarcastically.

His face convulsed a moment, then he answered:

"I—I do not particularly admire it. I have seen beautiful blondes, however."

"Any one in particular, sir? I would like to know whom your fastidious taste pronounces beautiful."

"No one of whom you ever heard. Only a little mountain girl, who doubtless gave up the ghost before you were born," answered Claire, with an attempt at playfulness.

Georgia's face darkened. A thunder-cloud hung over her splendid brow. Her fathomless eyes were shadowed, but underneath the shadows was a strange, unearthly radiance, like stars seen through a veil.

"What was the lady's name?" she asked, with uplifted eyes.

The glory of those eyes entranced him, and, hardly knowing what he said, he answered just what in other moods he would not have done.

"Miss Murray, who lived in a romantic spot on a mountain, named Mount Murray."

Georgia turned her eyes towards Clairemonde, who was watching her with evident surprise.

"Are you ill, Miss Percy?" he asked in a low tone.

"No, I thank you, sir. It is almost too warm here, however."

He noticed her changed tone, and wondered. Accepting his proffered arm, she strolled away, with a parting bow to Claire and the admiring group.

From that evening Clairemonde was in love with Georgia Percy. Mrs. Courtenaye was pleased that her darling should have won the devoted love of one who had seen the beauties of every land, with untouched heart; one whose wealth made him sought after; whose talents made him admired; whose sternness made him feared.

Meantime Mr. Claire too paid Georgia many attentions, which were redoubled on hearing a report concerning an engagement between Clairemonde and Miss Percy. The world-weary man loved her. She had touched his heart; moved

his better nature, and with a deep, strong passion, he loved her. He seemed purer, better, when with her, and his thoughts took a higher range—as indeed did every one's who came in contact with her, for Georgia was gifted with genius of the highest order. She also possessed that usual accompaniment of genius, melancholy, and this too touched him, but not so deeply as it did Clairemonde, who grew to idolize his betrothed bride, for such in time Georgia became.

On her seventeenth birthnight, one of storm very like the one on which she was born, she stood the queen of another and larger assembly, at Mrs. Courtenaye's.

"You are perfectly beautiful, darling," said her protectress, admiringly, as she gazed on her.

"Thank you, auntie, but you are partial. Let me criticise myself," laughed Georgia, skipping to the tall mirror.

But even her fastidious taste found nothing to criticise, either in person or dress.

"Perfectly beautiful, my love! Clairemonde will think so too. By the way, it is just a year to-night since you met, and he asked me to-day for you. How can I give my darling away?" said her aunt, kissing her.

"Dear auntie, what did you tell him?"

"I told him 'yes,' of course, love. You love him, I know. By the way, Mr. Claire seems too attentive to you; I hope Clairemonde won't be jealous."

"Dear auntie, did you tell Clairemonde of my early history?" whispered Georgia, painfully, a crimson spot burning in each dark, clear cheek.

"No, darling, of course not. He knows you only as my niece, my darling child."

"Tell him this evening, auntie, that I cannot be his wife; tell him I did wrong to encourage him; that I regret it, and henceforth we are strangers."

"Georgia Percy, are you mad?" exclaimed her astonished aunt.

Expostulations, entreaties and commands availed nothing, and at last, Mrs. Courtenaye yielded and consented to be the bearer of the message.

Clairemonde was astonished at his icy reception by Georgia; astonished and grieved to find her so cold, so haughty, and when he and Mrs. Courtenaye stood in the conservatory alone, and he listened to Georgia's decision, he was almost crazy.

With quick, firm tread he sought Georgia in the drawing-room. She was surrounded by admirers whose smiles and laughter greeted every word of sarcasm or wit; and who watched her every movement. Never had he seen her so

beautiful, never so reckless, never so gay. The bright spot burned on her cheeks; her eyes flashed with unearthly radiance.

She courteously declined his invitation to promenade, and directed her conversation to the others. But later in the evening, by Mrs. Courtenaye's management, they two stood alone in the conservatory. As he found his words made no impression, he grew frenzied, until at last, in pity to him, Georgia said, with anguished heart, but cold, calm voice:

"I did wrong to encourage your attentions, sir. Had you known who and what I am you would never have bestowed them."

Then with a proud, haughty air, she told him of Bessie Murray, of her sad fate, and thus she ended it:

"I have told you of this young girl; now let me say, I am her child. Georgia Claire is my true name; I am no Percy. Let our acquaintance end here, sir. I have pride, sir, as you may see; I am as proud as you, though my birth may be less honorable, and I will never wed one who will feel disgraced by a union with me. Good evening."

Before he could speak she was gone. He followed, with pale face and bloodless lips, to the drawing-room, to assure her of his unchanged love, and he found her far more brilliant, sparkling and gloriously beautiful than he had ever seen her.

As he left the conservatory, a form emerged from behind a tall, well-laden flower-stand, and with clasped hands, the face looked upward. The form was bowed, the face haggard, the eyes bloodshot, the lips compressed, the hands clenched, while a hoarse voice murmured:

"O God! O, my God!"

And out into the stormy March night he went and walked till morning, and on that night fell an awful weight of retribution on the head of George Claire.

For months, despite her devoted aunt's entreaties, despite an occasional glance at a pale, haggard face and thin form, Georgia persisted in declining Clairemonde's attentions. She loved him, would have died for him, but her pride was too great to allow her to become his wife.

George Claire fell ill, and in his distress Georgia went to him. Those few hours of private communion were much to him, but Georgia never could do aught but detest him. She always saw a guileless, little creature between them; she remembered his villany, and could not forgive him, until he lay down to die, then she said, as he called on her frantically:

"As Bessie Murray would have done, so do I forgive you, George Claire."

He died. His property was all given to her, in his will, but Georgia disliked to accept it. She took it, however, and many a widow and orphan who had been wronged by George Claire received their own again, and blessed the beautiful Miss Percy.

And Georgia grew still more beautiful, for over her was flung something which was holy; like a tropic night, with glorious stars above, and floating through the air the perfume of orange-blossoms, the fragrance of crushed flowers; and another charm was added, a crown of humility which by no means detracted from her beauty. Just as proud in her ways, just as cold and haughty to fashionable friends, you might yet find her in the hut of poverty, moistening the lips of the sick, encouraging the faint-hearted, and aiding the efforts of the poor. And Clairemonde, who watched her narrowly, saw all this. His love grew deeper, purer, holier; his respect deepened more and more.

Another March day and another party. This time Clairemonde and Georgia Percy stood side by side and promised to love and cherish each other, while life should endure. And then the weary girl found rest. The birds of peace and happiness folded their wings and nestled in their hearts, we may trust, forever. FOREVER!

FLOWERS.

The cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved, as one of the most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others; the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but, probably, more good will have arisen and friendships founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatever; the pleasures, the ecstasies of the horticulturist are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days; an employ, which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and, teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.—*Rural New-Yorker*.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with a mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellency to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet pure and modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behaviour.—*Home Journal*.

ANECDOTE OF BURKE.

A great many of the best things said by the celebrated Burke, were uttered in the course of those debates, when the foolish of the time emptied the benches at his rising. His being an Irishman, his being of the middle order, and his being totally above the calibre of the fashionable triflers, who would listen to nothing but an epigram, and could understand nothing but a double *entendre*, often left him nearly alone with the few necessary attendants of ministers on the treasury bench. On one of these nights he animadverted, in strong terms, on some acts of the cabinet. George Onslow, who probably thought he had now some chance of distinction by grappling with Burke, and showing, if not his wisdom, at least his zeal, started up, and said, haughtily, that he must call the honorable member to a sense of his duty, and that no man should be suffered, in his presence, to insult the sovereign. Burke listened, and when Onslow had disburdened himself of his royalty, gravely addressed the speaker: "Sir, the honorable member has exhibited much ardor, but little discrimination. He should know that, however I may reverence the king, I am not at all bound, nor at all inclined, to extend that reverence to his ministers. I may honor his majesty, but, sir, I can see no possible reason for honoring," and he glanced round the treasury bench, "his majesty's man-servant and maid-servant, his ox and his ass!"—*History of British Statesmen*.

OLD FOLKS.

George Kirton died in 1764, aged 125; he was a fox-hunter and hard-drinker to the last. William Farr, carrier from Binghamton to Tamworth, died in 1770, in his 121st year. He had 144 descendants, all of whom he survived, and left £10,000 to charitable uses. Thomas Wood died in 1739, aged 160; he was parish clerk of Canfield, in Essex, seventy-eight years, kept his bed only one day, and could read without spectacles to the last. Margaret Krasowna died in 1763, aged 108. At 94 she married Gaspard Raykett, aged 105. They are said to have had two boys and a girl, unhealthy and deformed. James Hatfield died in 1770, aged 105. This was the soldier of whom the well-known story is told, that being on guard at Windsor, he was accused of sleeping on his post, when he defended himself by asserting that he heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen instead of twelve, which, on inquiry, turned out to be the case.

THE RULE OF THREE.

There are exceptions to every other rule, but the rule of three; that is never changed. As your income is to your expenditures, so will the amount of your debts be to your cash in hand, and your consequent ability to meet them. Your furniture may be less showy than that of your neighbor, but never mind. Better are cane-bottomed chairs and mahogany tables that are paid for, than spring cushions and marble mantles on a note of six months. Your coat may be less fashionable than your neighbor's, but remember there is a time for balancing the books, and every purse has a bottom. So economize, and always remember the rule of three.—*New York Sun*.

[ORIGINAL.]

EARLY FRIENDS.

BY SUSANNA F. MOORE.

Not one of all my early friends
Has ever turned aside,
Nor left me in the needful hour,
When adverse winds betide;
Though later friends have been estranged,
My early friends have never changed.

The gentle words—the kindly smiles
Of those long gone to rest,
As ministering angels, come
To soothe my troubled breast;
I meet them oft in Memory's halls—
Their portraits hang on Memory's walls.

I see a sainted father's form,
An angel mother see;
And clasp a sister to my heart—
Though dead, they live to me;
A brother's soft, low voice I hear,
Sweeter than music to my ear.

And O, a dearer one appears,
Of noble form and brow:
As when his early vow he breathed,
I see him even now.
O Memory, to thee we owe—
How much of joy, how much of woe!

Ye who have loved me long and well:
Ye who are loved by me—
Still welcome visitors, ye come
To bless my memory;
Though later friends have been estranged,
Your friendship still has been unchanged.

[ORIGINAL.]

DEAD MAN'S GASH.

BY EDWARD S. FITZGERALD.

"Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!"

The clear, shrill note, though coming apparently from a considerable distance, was heard with perfect distinctness in the soft evening air. A gentle western breeze swept through the romantic dell down which the sound was wafted, but it barely stirred the leaves enough to create a golden skimmer where the setting sunbeams touched them.

The cry of the whip-poor-will was no novelty, certainly, in the upper region of South Carolina; but an uninformed spectator might have thought so from the conduct of the very pretty girl who was the only human creature visible in any part of the landscape. The moment the sound reached her ear, her blue eyes began to sparkle, and the color became several shades deeper on her ever-blooming cheek, while her whole person

assumed the attitude of close and expectant attention. She waited to hear three successive notes, succeeded by a pause, and then, with the step of a Camilla, she bounded away through the forest-glades, and stopped not till she reached the bank of a clear, cool, rapid stream, which came leaping down from the mountains to join the Saluda River, or rather to constitute a portion of its head waters.

The attire of this woodland beauty was so simple that fashion could hardly be said to have anything to do with it. Still, there was that about it which marked a period far removed from the present. It was the plain, homespun dress of a small farmer's daughter, in the gloomy days of 1780, when South Carolina was a conquered province, swarming with predatory tory bands, wherever an excuse could be found for plunder.

"Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!"

This time the sound was much nearer than before. Its echoes had hardly died away along the rocky margin of the stream, when the lassie herself put her finger to her mouth, and pursing her cherry-red lips in a peculiar fashion, repeated the note with such musical accuracy that the bird itself might almost have envied its extraordinary perfection. It was a convenient signal, not likely to attract attention, and on that account often resorted to by the hard-pressed, persecuted whigs, at that dark period in the revolutionary history of the Southern provinces.

Silence followed, for a minute or two, and then there came, bursting through the bushes, a stalwart form, more than six feet high, with limbs of Herculean make, and handsome features, in which it was easy to read a jovial good humor and a bluff sincerity of purpose, which could hardly fail to win respect and confidence from every unprejudiced beholder. His dress, like the maiden's, betokened but an humble position in the social scale, and had manifestly seen much hard service. But plain and unpretending as it was, few gorgeous uniforms have been more dreaded by hostile eyes. It was the dress of a non-commissioned officer of General Marion's *guerillas*.

If you or I, reader, had been there at that moment, we would have heard two or three little explosions, which might have been taken for cracks of a whip; but, as neither pedestrian maidens nor equestrian soldiers ever carry whips, the conclusion finally arrived at would probably be that the noise proceeded from the forcible action and reaction of a pair of human lips, brought suddenly into contact. Such at least, would be a very plausible hypothesis.

When this phenomenon had subsided, a good deal of eager and rapid conversation followed, but carried on in a very low tone, and inaudible at the distance of more than a very few feet. After awhile, however, it became louder and less hurried, and eventually assumed the pitch of ordinary talk.

"Now, Katie," said the man, "it is all settled just so; and the next time I come it will be to get ready for the wedding. You promise me that if the British and tories are fairly driven out of this part of the country before Christmas, you will offer no more objections to my wishes, but quietly surrender as Mrs. Dan Handen."

"With the honors of war?"

"Yes, indeed—drums beating and colors flying—tongue wagging and ribbons fluttering. He would be a braver man than I that would try to put a stop to either the one or the other."

"Ah, me! I can't keep myself in such spirits as you do, Dan."

"Spirits? I've spirits enough to make a whole army drunk, and 'Ball Bivens' into the bargain; and I'm going to be married on Christmas day, or before it, as sure as a gun—yes, as sure as a big cannon—or whole battery of 'em!"

"The British are not driven out of the country yet."

"Yes, but they will be. If there is one red-coat left within fifty miles of the mountains on the first day of December, he may have Dan Harden's bushy head and whiskers for a gunswab! They think they'll soon brush off Marion, and Sumpter, and Pickens, like so many mosquitoes; and then they'll have full swing. But I tell you, Katie, there's a storm gathering in the mountains they little dream of. The hunters of the border are up—the rifleman that never misses—all along the Tennessee and North Carolina line, and through Virginia to the Potomac, they have formed themselves into companies, and they are all sworn to the watch-word, 'Liberty or Death.' They have no doubt all met before this time, and organized themselves into one or more regiments; and my only fear is that they will pounce upon Ferguson and cut him to pieces before I have a chance to join them. Stores of rifles and ammunition have been hid away all along the line of the mountains, even in this neighborhood."

"But what is the use of that, when there is nobody to handle them? You know every man about here is a tory."

"That's the very reason we have to hide the guns. But there will be hands enough to use 'em, when the time comes. You needn't be the

least bit afraid on that score. They ought by rights to have been carried through Jones's Gap, and left at the Cold Springs; but that infernal scamp, Bivens, and his cut-throats were in the way."

"O, Dan, Dan! Do you be careful, now! Great Heaven!—if you should fall in with that terrible man!"

"Heaven grant that I may fall in with him, with not more than half a dozen of his blood-suckers to back him! I don't want to boast, Katie, but there's mighty few things would please me better than that. There's an old grudge between us, and he swears he'll have my head; but you needn't be the least afraid, for, with all his blustering, a bigger coward never breathed. I would have nabbed him long ago, but he never trusts himself out of sight of his men. He's even afraid to sleep alone, and it's not much wonder, after all the murders he has committed. But I am here chattering away like an old woman, when I ought to be travelling. I must go, Katie."

"Where are you going to-night?"

"To see my mother and little Frank. The old woman will be mighty glad when she hears that we have settled it about the wedding. I could bring her no better news if I had found a gold mine—and so I have, for that matter. Good-by, Katie!"

"Good-by, Dan, and do, for my sake, look out for that bloody Bivens."

"I'll look out for him, you may be sure of that, Katie."

One long kiss, one passionate embrace, and the lovers parted. Meetings of this sort, in "the times which tried men's souls," and women's too, were not only few and far between, but for the most part of extremely short duration, when they did occur.

The sun had long been down, but the bright "harvest moon" was high above the trees, and pouring a flood of light upon the forest glades, through which the young soldier took his way. He was a fine specimen of the true-hearted American yeoman, the "bone and sinew" of our glorious Revolution.

Though his chivalrous, and even reckless, bravery, had earned for him the nickname of "Dare-Devil Dan," his heart was as tender as a girl's; and this, with his frank and cordial bearing, and imperturbable good humor, had made him a general favorite in the army, both with officers and privates. He had made several of the northern campaigns, and had served with Marion ever since the organization of his corps.

Dan's bodily strength was quite as extraordi-

nary as his courage, and the two together had enabled him to perform feats, which to this day are the admiration of the rising generation in many a southern home. No human being in the palmetto province was more cordially beloved by his friends, and detested by his foes, than Dan Harden. To-night, the young partisan was in such exuberant spirits, that he could hardly refrain from giving vent to them in some sort of wild extravagance. And yet he was in the heart of an enemy's country, swarming with red-coats and tories, to whom no more acceptable present could be offered, than the head of "Dare-Devil Dan." But no thought of these things troubled his equanimity in the least, as he rode rapidly forward. His thoughts were with her who had been the pole-star of his hopes throughout his wild career, or else with his widowed mother, whom he loved better, if possible, than Kate Patterson, herself.

The road was a short one, and not many minutes had elapsed before he had emerged from the thick belt of forest which surrounded his mother's humble but comfortable abode. As he did so, a sight met his eyes which almost stilled the beating of his heart, bounding as it was a minute before, with love and happiness.

His mother's cottage was no longer there! A mass of lurid embers alone told where it had stood, and what had been its fate. But the beloved inmate, where was she? And where was little Frank?

With a sinking of the heart, such as he had never felt before, Dan dashed the spurs madly into his horse's flanks. Tired as he was, the noble animal bounded away, carrying his master rapidly to meet a solution of the fearful problem.

As he drew near the smoking ruins, his gaze was fixed upon them with such intensity, that an object which lay directly in his path escaped his notice till his horse actually stumbled over it. He recovered his footing with some difficulty, and then his rider wheeled him about, with a foreboding horror at his heart, to see what the obstruction was.

A single glance sufficed to tell him, and the unhappy man reeled in his saddle, like a drunkard, as he exclaimed, in a hoarse, unnatural whisper, "It is my mother's corpse!"

The body was lying with the face towards the earth, but Dan was at no loss to recognize it. The gray hairs, now dabbled with blood, would of themselves have told him who it was. He raised it tenderly, and another spectacle of horror presented itself, and sent another bolt of anguish deep into his tortured heart.

Clasped to the maternal bosom, while in the

convulsive throes of dissolution, lay his beloved little playmate, his fair-haired brother, Frank; his blue-veined temple all crushed and shattered, and his blood and brains bespattered upon his mother's breast. It was a sight to melt a heart of stone. As Dan stood gazing upon it, he saw a dark object creeping across a narrow belt of moonlight, among the neighboring trees.

"Halt!" he shouted, in a voice, which his mother herself, if living, would not have recognized.

The dark figure stopped, and Dan advanced towards it. An old negro woman, with shivering frame, and chattering teeth, and eyes dilated with terror, stood before him. He led her out into the bright moonlight, and though his face was still in shadow, a look of recognition soon began to relax her half-paralyzed features, while she exclaimed:

"Hebben bress your soul and body, Marss Dan—is dat you?"

"Aunt Winnie—"

The voice had such an unnatural and sepulchral hollowness, that it caused the old woman to start, and tremble more violently than before; but, without noticing it, apparently, Dan continued—"who has done this?"

"O, Marss Dan, de—"

The poor creature could say no more. The tears, which the very extremity of her grief and terror had hitherto suppressed, now broke forth in torrents, and for a long time she could utter nothing but sighs and groans, and half-articulated ejaculations, of that pious character, which extreme suffering so often calls forth from the southern negro.

Dan shed no tear, nor did he utter a single word, till old Winnie had, in some degree, composed herself, when he repeated the question:

"Who has done this?"

"O, Marss Dan!" sobbed Winnie, "it was dat horrifol villyan—dey call him Bull Bivens, but I raly do believe he's de ole debil hisself. I don't think no human could ever a done as he done. He had two or three dozen of his wicked varments with him, an' he was a huntin' arter you, Marss Dan, an' he 'peared to think dat you was hid somewhars 'bout here, an' dat ole mistiss could tell him whar, if she wanted to. An' when she done tol' him how 'at she didn't know nuffin 'bout whar you was, an' hadn't even seen you, he jumped at her, he did, and reared out:

"' You lie! you ole she-rebel! I'll soon find a way to make you open your mouth, you infernal she-witch!"

"An' wid dat he done catch her by de long gray hair, an' pulled it wid all his might. Poor

ole mistiss, she neber hollered de leastest mite, only groaned a little.

"Wont you tell now?" Bivens bawled out. Ole mistiss she said how 'at she couldn't tell what she didn't know. Dat made de tory debil more furioser nor eber, an' he done catch her by de th'roat, an' squeezed it, till her face was mos' as black as mine is.

"Will you tell now?" he screamed. Poor ole mistiss couldn't say nothin'. She could only shake her head. Den Bivens, he done got more ondacious still, an' he ript, an' tore, an' stompt, an' foamed at de mouth like a mad dog, an' den he done swore 'at he'd kill her on de spot, ef she didn't tell him what she neber knowed, no more nor he did. I do believe in my heart he would a strangled her, but little Marss Frank he'd been up stairs an' got your big pistols, an' he came up an' held one of 'em close to Bivens's head, an' said:

"Let go my mother, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Wring that young bantam's neck, will you?" hollered Bivens. But, before dey could tech him, little Franky done pulled de trigger. Bivens turned as white as a sheet, but de pistol done snapt, else it would a killed him, sartain. He let ole mistess go, an' runned an' got his rifle, an' put it to his shoulder to shoot Marss Frank, but it want loaded. He cussed an' swore, terrible; an' den he done catch his gun by de uppermost part, and swung it round his head, an' run at Marss Franky, roarin' like a mad bull. Ole mistiss saw him comin', an' she done run up to little Frank, an' catch him in her arms, jist as de rifle come down on de poor chile's head. It done cut dat terrible gash in his temple, an' den it glanced off like, an' struck ole mistiss on de back o' de head. Poor little Franky done fell dead at wunst. Mistiss done fell too, but she lived long enough to hug de dead chile to her bosom; an' she tried to kiss him too, but her stren'th guv way, an' she trembled like, all ober, an' den she done fell back, dead, still holdin' little Franky tight in her arms.

"All dat time, one of de men had holt o' me; but jist at dat minute somebody hollered out 'she's dead!' an' de man he done bent hisself forrard to look, an' I done slipt away outer his hands, an' hid in de bushes. It was beginnin' to git dark, an' dey didn't look for me much, an' dey was too busy stealin' eberything dey could lay deir hands on, an' settin' fire to de house, an' all dat—but, hebenly Marster! dressed Sabiour! what is de matter wid you, Marss Dan?"

Well might the old woman cry out. If the most intimate of Harden's daily associates had

seen him at that moment, he would hardly have recognized him. He had continued standing in such a position that his face was shaded from the light of the moon; but a slight change in his position now brought the light full upon him, so that Aunt Winnie, for the first time, obtained a fair view of his features. His countenance was absolutely livid, and his smooth, open brow corrugated into a scowl almost demoniacal, while the eyes, which she had been accustomed to see twinkling with perennial good humor, were injected with blood, and fixed in a tearless, stony stare, which was truly fearful to behold.

Of the jovial, careless, but kind-hearted young man, whose handsome, pleasant face she had so loved to look upon, not one vestige remained. It seemed to her superstitious fancy as if some evil spirit had taken possession of his mortal frame, and she shrank in terror from his side.

As she finished her narrative, she expected some terrible burst of passion to follow it. But she was mistaken. Dan did not open his lips—did not even stir from the spot where he stood. This apparent calmness greatly surprised her, but her astonishment changed to awe, as the frown on his brow grew deeper and deeper, and his whole face assumed an expression more unnatural than ever—more terrible than anything she had ever seen in a human visage before.

At length, with a single groan, which seemed to issue from the inmost depths of his bereaved and lacerated heart, he kneeled and kissed the cold lips of his mother and brother. He then bared his fore-arm, and immersed it in a crimson pool, in which the blood of the two victims had mingled; after which, he mounted his horse and rode rapidly away.

As we have already remarked, the tory leader, Baxter Bivens, was familiarly known as "Bull Bivens;" and well did he merit the *sobriquet*. His head, neck and forehead, his brawny breast, back and shoulders, were all of a genuine bovine formation; and his headstrong, overbearing, brutish disposition was as bull-like as any of his physical attributes. Of all the tory partisans of the day, he enjoyed the "bad eminence" of being the most thoroughly dreaded and detested. In military prowess he had many superiors, but in pure unadulterated wickedness, he stood without a rival, and his followers were "birds of a feather," worthy of their leader.

The night after the exploit above mentioned, Bivens and his gang slept at the house of Major Withers, a well known tory officer, whence they started in the morning, soon after sunrise, intending to join a detachment of Tarleton's

corps, some twenty-five or thirty miles farther to the south. The march was slow, and somewhat toilsome, for the only road by which they could travel led them through an extremely rough, mountainous and rocky region.

As they were climbing through one of the many rugged passes with which the road abounded, it was suddenly reported that one of their number was missing: and the report was soon confirmed by the appearance of the absent man's horse with the saddle vacated.

"Hillo! What has become of Roberts?" was the anxious inquiry along the line of the wondering guerillas.

"Here, ye miscreants! Here's your comrade!" shouted a hoarse voice, apparently above their heads.

All eyes were turned upward, and there was Dan Harden, perched upon a rocky pinnacle, to the right of the path, and holding at arm's length, in his powerful grasp, the luckless straggler, whom he had recently captured. The place where Dan stood was wholly inaccessible from that part of the road. It was not out of the reach of a bullet, however, and a score of rifles were instantly levelled at the daring whig. But after a second glance, they were all afraid to pull their triggers, for the writhing form of Roberts was directly in front of the target, almost covering it.

"Hear me, Baxter Bivens!" cried Dan, in the same hoarse, hollow tone. "Do you know what makes this arm so red? It is dyed with the blood of my mother and my little brother; and I have sworn, by Almighty God, never to wash it till I have dipped it in another red stream, hot from your own black heart!"

With a fearful oath, Bivens raised his rifle and fired at the speaker. The bullet entered Roberts's heart, and killed him instantly. With a savage laugh, Harden hurled the body at Bivens's feet, and at the same instant disappeared among the crags, where it was useless to attempt to follow him.

"Never mind," said Bivens, who tried to laugh, but only grinned horribly a ghastly smile; "let the cursed rebel go. He's such an infernal fool he's sure to put his head into a halter before long. I'd give ten pounds to have the hanging of him, but if I don't have the luck to do it, somebody else soon will."

"I wish you had him now, captain. Dare-Devil Dan's a tough customer, and may give us trouble before we catch him. He would attack us, certain, if he could find but half a dozen men to back him, anywhere about here."

"But that's just what he can't do, anywhere

about here. I wish he would try it, and give us a chance to nab him."

Roberts's body was thrown into a gully, and hastily covered with rocks and a little loose earth, after which the banditti pursued their march. The country became wilder and more broken at every step, till they reached a spot where the road for some yards was completely hemmed in by high rocks, which the foot of the chamois could hardly have scaled, leaving barely room enough, in many places, for horsemen to pass in single file.

Soon after the horsemen had entered this defile, a noise like a thunder-clap, which made the very earth tremble beneath their feet, arrested their steps. All eyes were simultaneously turned to the heavens—but not a cloud was to be seen. It could not have been thunder, and a second glance revealed the truth. A rock of immense magnitude, which overhung the defile, had been loosened by a blast of gunpowder, and precipitated into it, from a height of nearly a hundred feet.

"Aha, Master Dan!" cried Bivens, "you thought you'd grind us all to powder—did you? A miss is as good as a mile, my dear friend. We're all alive and kicking, still, and we're going to tighten your neckcloth, yet, before we die—you may take my word for that."

A fearfully unnatural laugh replied to this bravado, and the blood of the listeners ran cold as it died away among the echoes of the glen. The tory leader attempted to laugh defiantly in his turn, but it was a miserable failure, and his cheek grew paler than ever, as the counterfeit chuckle, stuck in his throat.

As they approached the end of the rocky gorge, it became too contracted to admit more than one at a time, and in this manner they climbed the steep ascent with which it terminated. The foremost man had arrived within a few feet of the open ground beyond, when a sharp crack was heard, and he fell from his saddle, with a bullet in his brain, while the riderless horse pressed forward with accelerated speed, and being unmo-lested, was soon out of sight.

The second man of the troop was close behind, and reached the spot where the other had fallen, almost immediately. A second crack was heard, and he, too, fell from his horse.

"Forward! Quick!" cried Bivens, from behind—"catch the rascal before he has time to load again! He can't have more than them two shots!"

They did press forward, with all possible rapidity, but the third man who reached the fatal spot was slain, like the others, and the fourth

shared a similar fate. The tories could not imagine whence all these murderous shots could come, and they fell back in dismay. But it availed them nothing. Two or three times each minute the terrible report was heard, and with every one a guilty soul sped to its final doom. A thin blue wreath of smoke was seen curling up among the rocks above their heads, and all the rifles of the party were aimed at the spot and discharged. The bullets rattled among the rocks, but still the fatal crack was heard, and still the tories bit the dust.

An overmastering panic now seized the survivors, and they all turned and fled, by the way they came. By this time, however, the narrow passage was almost choked up with dead men, and horses, which greatly impeded their flight, and still the bullets flew from above, and added another, and another, and another, to the ghastly pile of the slain. Every few seconds the death knell sounded for some one of that swaying, struggling band.

At length, however, those who were left of them reached the entrance of the narrow passage, beyond which they might be sure of safety. But they were fearfully disappointed. Now, for the first time, they saw what Dan's object was, in precipitating the rocky avalanche into the narrow gorge behind them. The enormous mass had blocked it up entirely, and cut off all possibility of a retreat in that direction, and so they were hemmed in on every side.

Pale and panic-struck, the doomed wretches knew not which way to turn, or what to do. Some ran back towards the rocks from which the murderous bullets were flying, as if from some inexhaustible magic reservoir: but it was only to meet their fate sooner. Some tried to scale the rocky mass which had been hurled from above, and occasionally they would succeed in climbing up for a yard or two; but sooner or later they were picked off, like squirrels, by the fatal balls. Some tried to shelter themselves behind the horses, or the bodies of the slain; but the mysterious missiles, descending almost perpendicularly, were sure to find them out.

Of the frightened horses, one or two were shot, but nearly all escaped into the open country, being of course allowed to pass out unmolested.

Finally, of the nineteen human beings who entered that "valley of the shadow of death," not one was to be seen alive; and from that day to this, the place thus baptized in blood, has borne a new name. An Irishman, named Kelly, whose cabin was the only dwelling within five or six miles of the spot, always called the narrow canon the "Gash," and the pass had been known for

many years as "Kelly's Gash." But ever after the bloody day of which we have been tracing the history, it was called "DEAD MAN'S GASH;" and it is so called now.

When all had become quiet, the grim visage of Dare-Devil Dan rose above the breast-work of loose rocks which he had erected, and through the loop-holes of which he could command the entire passage. Behind this breast-work were some twenty or thirty rifles (of that famous Deckard pattern which did such noble service at King's Mountain), which he had conveyed to the spot from one of the secret *depôts* already alluded to, which fortunately happened to be near the "Gash." Most of them were now empty, having been discharged as fast as he could pick them up and put them to his shoulder.

By a circuitous path, Dan now descended to the scene of slaughter. The terrible frown was still on his brow, and his face, now begrimed with gunpowder, looked wilder and fiercer than ever. He passed slowly down the defile, counting the dead as he went along. At length he stopped opposite to one whom he recognized as one of Bivens's most brutal and unscrupulous minions. Something in the appearance of the face attracted his attention, and he gave the prostrate form a shove with the toe of his boot, partially turning it over.

"Mercy! Mercy! For God Almighty's sake, mercy!" cried the man, who was evidently unhurt, and who now speedily assumed the sitting posture.

Without opening his lips, Dan drew a pistol from his belt, and shot him through the heart. It was doubtless the first time in his life, that Dan Harden had been appealed to for mercy in vain. But the Dan Harden of happier days was now no more. No one possessed by nature more of the "milk of human kindness" than he; but it now seemed curdled, and turned to gall, to the very bottom of his half-broken heart.

Counting this last victim, there were eighteen corpses—where was the nineteenth? That nineteenth was the one above all which he most desired to see, for it was Bivens himself, and without Bivens, his victory would not be worth the winning.

After a minute and careful search through the whole place, no Bivens was to be seen. What could have become of him? For a moment, Dan actually believed that his patron, the devil, had, in some miraculous manner, enabled him to escape.

Greatly disappointed, he was slowly leaving the spot, but suddenly he stopped and gazed intently at the carcass of a dead horse, while a

transient gleam of ferocious joy illumined his features. A portion of the animal's bowels seemed to be protruding from the body. A single rifle-ball could not have done that, especially as upon further examination it was found that the whole contents of the abdomen were found lying partly under the horse, and partly between it and another dead one.

Being pretty well satisfied of the true state of the case, Dan rolled the disembowelled beast over on his back, thrust his hand into the abdominal cavity, and drew out, by the nape of the neck, all covered with blood and filth, the burly carcase of Bull Bivens.

The big savage, with all his fiendish ferocity, bragging and bluster, was but a miserable poltroon at heart. He was unhurt, and he had a brace of loaded pistols in his belt; but nothing was further from his intentions, than the idea of using them. On the contrary, he fell on his knees, and begged pathetically for his life. He was willing to do anything, to suffer anything, to submit to anything, if he could only be allowed to live. Life, life, his precious life, was all he asked. He would assassinate Tarleton, he would poison Cornwallis, and leave his wife in Dan's hands as a hostage,—only let him live!

A smile of ineffable contempt was the only reply he could get from his captor, who took a strong cord from his pocket, gagged his prisoner, and tied his hands behind him. He then led him away to the spot where he had left his horse, a powerful black charger, forced Bivens to mount, sprang on behind him, and started off at a full gallop.

Something more than hour's hard riding brought them to the still smoking ruins of the cottage which had been Mrs. Harden's. Everything remained precisely as it had been left the evening before. Poor old Aunt Winnie had gone to seek Kate Patterson and another neighbor, but she was in such a condition that she could hardly crawl half a mile in an hour.

When they reached the spot where the corpses of his mother and brother lay, Dan dismounted, and dragged his captive after him. The bovine giant was like a child in his grasp, and never offered to make the slightest resistance, but as soon as the gag was removed from his mouth, fell at Dan's feet, and as he grovelled in the dust before him, begged, entreated, *prayed* for his life, in every phase of abject supplication of which the English language is capable.

Dan paid not the slightest attention to him, but stern and impassive as Nemesis herself, dragged him to the spot where the corpses lay, and there, with a sharp knife, cut his throat from ear

to ear, and bathed his naked arm in the warm blood as it spouted over the bodies. It was a savage deed, but the deed of a poor, unlettered man, who had greatly loved and greatly suffered, and whose kindly heart nothing short of so foul a wrong could have driven to so fierce an act of bloody retribution.

CENTRAL HEAT OF THE EARTH.

The rate of increase of heat is equal to one degree of Fahrenheit for every forty-five feet of descent. Looking to the result of such a rate of increase, it is seen that at seven thousand two hundred and ninety feet from the surface the heat will reach two hundred and twelve degrees, the boiling point of water. At twenty-five thousand five hundred feet it will melt lead; at twenty-one miles melt gold; at seventy-four miles cast iron; at ninety-seven miles soft iron; and at one hundred miles from the surface all will be fluid as water, a mass of seething and boiling rock in a perpetually molten state, doomed possibly never to be cooled or crystallized. The heat will exceed any with which man is acquainted; it will exceed the heat of the electric spark, or the effect of a continued voltaic current. The heat which melts platina as if it were wax, is as ice to it. Could we visually observe its effects, our intellect would afford no means of measuring its intensity. Here is the region of perpetual fire, the source of earthquake and volcanic power.—*Recreative Science.*

TURKISH SUPERSTITIONS.

A very singular custom is, that of pouring water where any one has fallen, to prevent a recurrence of the accident on the same spot, which is religiously observed by the lower orders; as well as flinging stones at the body of the decapitated criminal, in order to secure the dreams of the spectator from an intrusion of the ghastly object. No Turk of the lower ranks of society ever passes a shred of paper which may chance to lie upon his path; he always gathers it up with the greatest care, as the popular belief leads him to place implicit faith in an ancient superstition, that all paper thus obtained will be collected after death, and scattered over the burning soil through which he is to pass to paradise; and that, consequently, the more he is enabled to secure, the less suffering he will have to endure hereafter.—*Eastern Tourist.*

CHINESE LABOR.

An American traveller through China, in writing of the manners and customs of the country, states, in order to show how small a remuneration these people are willing to accept for their labor, that the washerwomen will wash for a whole ship's company for one dollar each, be their stay one month or six months, and receive what broken victuals the cook chooses to give them. If you give them twenty pieces to wash, and be they ever so dirty, they never complain. When the ship is ready for sea, they make a present to every man they have washed for, of a jar of sweetmeats of some kind, which many have given a dollar for alone.

[ORIGINAL.]

BRAHMA'S DOWNFALL.

BY J. HOWARD WEST.

By India's holiest river
The Brahmin has broken his idols;
Where the golden Ganges quivers
In its snowy-curtained cradle.

The Parsee's fire is dying
On its throne of dreary ages;
And Persian lore is lying
With unmasked, unknown pages.

The wall of Brahma's minions
Is borne from Isle to ocean;
Whilst on its ceaseless pinions
The gospel speeds its motion.

[ORIGINAL.]

HUGH.

BY JOSIE S. HUNT.

Up and down, up and down the long piazza, singing softly to himself, Hugh Harrington walked in the moonlight. His arms were folded on his breast; his head was carried proudly; and as—in the pauses of the simple melody he was murmuring, he smiled—like one thinking of pleasant thoughts—I saw the glimmer of his white and close-set teeth.

From the window where I sat, I could look out upon the broad and restless river, flashing under the yellow moon like a stream of gold, and beating its brilliant billows up against the shore, with a sad and tender moaning, as though a great pain ached eternally at its liquid heart; upon the little village in the valley, its countless roofs still wet from the late shower; upon the sky, with its scattering clouds, and its great, sweet space of clearest sapphire, where the moon was sailing; and upon the garden, its shrubbery sparkling with the pale jewels of the rain. But my eyes turned from them all to that handsome, haughty face. It had a nearer and a dearer charm for me than any beauty of the sky or earth. If I could have taken it one moment to my bosom, and hushed the singing mouth; if for one brief and blessed moment, I could have had a woman's holiest and tenderest right to hold it there, caressing it with the gentlest touches of hands and lips; stroking back the soft hair from the temples, looking into the clear eyes, and pressing down the proud white lids above them, when too much of their light had turned my heart faint with its rich passion of joy, I could contentedly have been stricken blind there in my

place. In the ecstasy of that remembered bliss I could have had the world shut from my sight, and never felt the pang.

I had no room in my heart that night for pleasant and happy thoughts. The moon looked to me like a white and passionless face, from which all hope had been struck out. The gentle breeze that floated in from the south, bringing me the mournful music of the river and the fragrance of the garden roses, made me shiver, I knew not why. Involuntarily I thought, with a cold thrill running through my blood, of the blossoms I had gathered years before to lay in my mother's coffin. Yet the association was not a natural one. If it had been, it might not have chilled me so.

That may have been one reason why I turned from the contemplation of everything beside the face of Hugh as he paced back and forth before me, unconscious of my scrutiny. I was weak and nervous from a late illness, but I found strength and peace in every outline of those firm, grave features. I was tired and melancholy. The sight of that face rested and comforted me inexpressibly. I was lonely. While I had that in my view, I had companionship.

It was a fresh, youthful, and quite beardless face; yet no one would have thought of calling it effeminate. I have seen hundreds of countenances furrowed by time, and shadowed by long experience of life, that had less manhood in them than this one, smooth and boyish as it was. The forehead was like a girl's for whiteness, but masculine in its height and breadth and fullness; the eyes were brown and clear; the nose large, but finely-formed; the mouth, a trifle too resolute and wilful, perhaps, to harmonize perfectly with the soft, dark eyes, but almost like a woman's in the shape and coloring of the delicate, proud, rose-tinted lips.

I had found one day among the lumber of the garret, an old, discolored and discarded picture of Napoleon, which, because I fancied the mouth had a vague resemblance to Hugh's, I had cleansed of dust and rubbish, and carried down to my private room, where it had hung from that time among beautiful and costly pictures, the dearest and most beautiful of all, to me—its only frame a simple wreath of evergreen, which I was careful to renew as often as it dried or faded. That morning I had added to it a little knot of late spring violets—white and fragrant—and as I sat there watching him, I wondered—with a hot flush rising to my cheek—whether the smile that hovered so faintly about Hugh's handsome mouth, like a shadow of the song he was humming, would it grow tender or disdainful, if he knew it. One or the other it must have done, I was certain.

My disordered fancies, that made me shrink from the moonlight, as from the staring of a blank, white face, and shudder at the touch of the sweet, warm wind, intruded upon me, even there. Hugh was walking with his whole figure enveloped in shadow, only his head was revealed in light. The imagination seized me that he was drowning; that he was struggling in the black waters, with only his face above the cruel waves—and even that would sink if I stopped gazing. The smile upon his lips changed to the contortion of death agony—the song he was singing was the low despairing prayer, faintly murmured to Heaven as his last faint hold of life was loosened.

With a little gasping cry of terror, I sprang from my seat. The action broke the spell, and I cowered back, shuddering, clasping my hands across my eyes to shut out the vision they had conjured up.

"Did you call me, Rose? Why, child, what ails you? You are trembling from head to foot, and your hands are cold as snow!"

It was Hugh's voice that spoke, and Hugh who stood beside me trying to draw down the tremulous fingers I had tightened over my face.

"Nothing ails me, Hugh—nothing in the world. I am weak and nervous, and have been conjuring up impossible horrors—that is all."

"A very unsubstantial ailment, I will admit," he said, with a smile. "But pray how can you indulge such bad fancies in the face of such a night as this?"

He spoke the last words with a gentle reverence, and I knew that his heart had been touched and softened by the beauty to which mine had found no responsive chord.

"I don't know, I am sure," I answered, rising. "I suppose I ought not to sit here in this moist breeze, considering the present state of my health. Let me go, please. In my own room I shall recover myself."

He was holding my cold hands, chafing them gently between his strong, warm palms.

"Don't go just yet, Rose! I will shut down the window, and bring a shawl for you. I would like to have you stay a little while with me."

He dropped my hands as he made the request. The man's exquisite pride was manifested even there. He would not detain me by any less delicate power than a spoken wish. I signified my assent by reseatting myself.

"I am going away to-morrow, Rose," said he, while he was wrapping about my shoulders the shawl he had brought.

I dared not trust myself to reply. The words surprised, and God knows how terribly they pained me! Hugh going away! Where? For how

long a time? I longed to know, but could not find voice to ask.

He seemed a little hurt by my silence, and to relieve the embarrassed pause which ensued, stooped down and picked up a book that had fallen from my lap, when I rose a few moments before. It was a volume of Gerald Massey's poems. Turning over the leaves idly, he read:

"O love, love, love!
May make the brave heart ache;
Pulse out its lavish life, and leave
It mournfully to break!
But how exquisite it starts
The thoughts that bee-like cling,
To drain the honey from young hearts,
And leave a bleeding sting!"

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, shutting the book, and giving it an impatient toss to the table that stood near.

"Don't you like it?" I asked. "I think it beautiful."

"It doesn't harmonize with my mood to-night," he replied; then after a moment's silence, he turned to me, and with a suddenness of motion that startled me, took my face between his hands, and moving it till it fronted his gaze, asked in a quick half-whisper:

"Rose Fairly, do you love me?"

In the emotions which that question called up, I forgot my pride—forgot that he had no right to demand my heart till he had given his; and unclasping his hands I hid my burning face against them, and answered passionately:

"O, so dearly, Hugh! More than life—more than my soul's salvation!"

If for a moment I had a faint expectation of being devoured by kisses in payment for my frank avowal; if I waited in a still trance of blissful pain for some echo of my words to float back to me, I waited and expected in vain. I sat there a long time holding his hands over my blushing face, and when at last I released them, and stole a timid glance up at him, he was not minding me in the least, but looking out of the window, and smiling absently to himself, as though of all persons in the world I was the most distant from his thoughts.

My heart rebelled at that. I remembered that I was a woman. Poor fool! Not to recollect a fact like that in season to save myself humiliation! Hot and red with my insulted pride, I rose up, for the second time, to leave him.

"Good-night!" I said, coldly.

"Good-night," he replied. "Will you kiss me, Rose, before you go?"

Perhaps I faintly hoped that the touch of my lips would win from him what their speech had not, for I stooped over and let them cling for an instant to his white forehead. Then shocked and

mortified at my own voluntary submission to his will, when I found that even my kiss was to meet with no return, I felt the quick tears of shame rushing to my eyes, and turning—looking back as I reached the door to see him still smiling to himself—I left him.

Too angry to weep long, too excited to sleep, and with too little faith or tenderness in my heart to pray, I walked my chamber all that night. I had been trifled with—insulted—were the first bitter thoughts that formed themselves connectedly out of the angry whirl of feeling that convulsed me. What next? Should I humble myself still lower, and demand an explanation? I curled my lip at the fancy.

In the morning I was the first one down to the early breakfast prepared in his honor. The little tremulous hope at my heart had been whispering excuses for him. Perhaps he had intended to speak to me the last thing before he went away. What if I should miss the chance of hearing him? And I bathed my swollen eyes, and smoothed my hair, and rubbed the color into my pale cheeks, before I hurried to the breakfast-room, as eagerly as if I had not twice humbled myself past my own pride's forgiveness.

But no. He bowed, and said good morning when I came in. That was all. He showed no wish or intention to detach himself from the little family group gathered about him, or even to make room for me in it.

Perhaps he wished to see me privately. Surely I had been insane to think of his speaking the words I longed to hear, before them all. When the brief meal was ended, I took my hat and wandered down the garden paths. He did not follow, but looking back, I saw him standing alone in the porch, watching me. He was free to come to me. Why did he not?

At the garden gate, a half hour later, as the village coach came for him, the last miserable concession of my pride was made. The others had bidden him good-by at the house. I was the last.

"When—when do you think you will come back?" I faltered, as he took my hand at parting.

"I cannot tell. Expect me any time, or never, as you please."

And with these careless words, he sprang into the coach, waved his hand to me from the window, and was whirled away.

Three months later, I was married. For a few weeks after his departure, I had hoped for a letter from him. But none came, and in the bitter agony of shame that deepened every day, as

I thought of what I had done, and how he must despise me, I crucified my love, to spare my pride. What a pity it is we cannot be true to ourselves, because others fail to be true to us. What a shame that men and women can sell manhood and womanhood so cheaply.

Words would fail to describe the bitter suffering, through which I wrought out the wretched, mean resolve to marry Gilbert Warren—Hugh's friend and cousin. Had I loved Hugh less, I should have scorned him for the poor part he had played, and gone free. As it was, I dared the guilt of perjury to avenge myself upon him.

On my wedding morning, in my travelling cloak and hat, I went out to take my farewell of the flowers—the few gay autumn flowers that lingered in the garden. They were precious to me—O, so infinitely precious to me, in that parting hour! Hugh had helped me sow them in the blessed spring that was gone! Hugh had watched and tended them with me half the beautiful, golden summer. Strange memories for a bride—were they not?

As I stooped down to pluck a cluster of pansies to take away with me, a quick step started me. I turned about, thinking to see my husband, and stood face to face with Hugh Harrington!

He sprang forward, and taking both my hands in his, lifted them to his lips, and covered them with kisses. Ah! if they could have fallen there three months before! He even pressed the finger that my hateful wedding ring encircled, once, and once again, with his lips, and every time I shuddered. Did he know that I was married? Were these kisses congratulations?

"I have come back, Rose! Are you not glad to see me?"

I did not answer. A great fear struck me dumb.

"Why, how white you look! Did I startle you? Pardon me, dear, but I was so eager and anxious to find you!"

So smiling—so cordial—so brave and handsome! I could well nigh have fallen down and worshipped him, as he stood there!—I, with the echo of my bridal vows, scarcely dead upon my lips!

"Have—have you been to the house?" I gasped. Something told me he had not—that he knew nothing of the wedding that had just been solemnized.

"No. I came in the last night's train from Albany, and made my stay at the hotel. I walked over as soon as I could this morning. Seeing you here in the garden, I came directly to you, as, beside the delight of meeting you, all

other meetings and greetings are tame and worthless!"

He spoke rapidly and earnestly. The delight of meeting me! What was that he said? I felt myself grow ice-cold from head to foot.

"Dear, dear Rose, I am so glad to see you! I have looked forward to this day with such impatience! You cannot guess, darling."

The white horror and the crimson shame that battled in my face, must have abashed him.

"What is it, Rose?" he asked, making a movement, as though to clasp me in his arms. I shrank back, with a frightened cry, and put out my hands to hold him off.

"Go into the house," I murmured, hoarsely. "Let them tell you. I cannot."

"What do you mean? I shall not go in. I have much to tell you, before I can afford to listen to anything they have to say!" And drawing my hand through his arm in the imperious way so natural to him, he led me to a little arbor, seated me inside, and threw himself down at my feet.

I was powerless to remonstrate. I was compelled to listen to him. I had better have gone raving mad, than sit there and hear what he had to say. I never recollected his words. The burning shame and agony in which I listened to him, prevented that. But in substance, they were as follows.

He was too poor a man—too poor, his pride told him, to ask me to be his wife, when he went away from me. And yet, he was so selfish, he could not go without winning from me some acknowledgement of my love for him, if I had any. He had hope, when he left me, of coming back in a position where he should not shrink from begging me to marry him. In that hope—trusting in my confessed love for him—he had found strength to control his own heart. If he had caused me suffering by his selfishness, he was sorry. The future should atone for it. He had not once thought of that, until after he was gone. He had come back even more successful than he had dared to hope. And so—

He sprang up, with a glad light breaking over his face, and caught me in his arms. For an instant—God pity and forgive me!—I yielded to that embrace. I felt the beating of his heart—the throbbing of his eager kisses on my lips and cheeks!

A voice called me from the farther end of the garden. But for that, I might have fainted where I lay. I broke from the circle of his arms and pushed him from me, with a cry that startled all the radiance from his face.

"God help us both, dear Hugh," I whispered,

hoarsely. "Dear Hugh!" I repeated defiantly, thinking of the marriage ritual I had just repeated. "O, if you had only told me this before! I thought you meant to trifle with me. As God hears me, I could not otherwise have been false to you! You heard that voice calling me, a moment ago. It is my husband's—I was married this morning!"

I dared not look him in the face, as I finished. But I felt it blanch white as the faces of the dead! I felt the proud mouth, whose kisses of fire still burned on mine, freeze into ice, as with a cry, that I believe would waken me to-day, if I slept in my grave, he moaned out:

"O, Rose! Rose!" and fell down in a deathly swoon at my feet.

Opposite me, as I write, upon the same wall with costlier pictures, a little old faded engraving of Napoleon is hanging, in a simple frame of fresh evergreen. I have often been rallied upon my strange liking for it, and my husband has more than once offered to replace it with a nicer one. But no one knows why it is so dear to me—if they only did!—or how much strength and courage I have gathered from the holy memories connected with it, to help me bear the burden of my life with fortitude and patient hope.

Is that proud mouth smiling, as I look up to it, through my tender tears? Smiling, as if it would whisper, if it could, of reunion, satisfied love, and perfect peace, waiting us in that better home, where all the terrible matches to which our evil passions lead us here, are set right forever, and where pride is powerless to hurt the gentle heart of love?

WEDDINGS ON THE ALPS.

There are still many of the old customs remaining, of which one of the most peculiar is the wedding, which has some of the features of those in the northern part of Germany. An orator is the bearer of invitations, who is often the village schoolmaster. He makes a formal speech before every house, which all the people run to hear. On the morning of the wedding he accompanies the bridegroom and groomsmen to the house of the bride, where they breakfast together; after which he makes a speech to the father and mother, recounting to them all the noble qualities of the bridegroom, and beseeching them to give their daughter willingly away, as he is sure a long life of happiness is in store for her. A rival orator then "takes the word," and presents the dark side of the picture, all the difficulties of the new position, and the virtues of the bride. After this parliamentary discussion the bride departs with her betrothed for church, amidst prayers and tears and good wishes; and to keep up her spirits, musicians cheer her way with songs—*The Cottages of the Alps.*

[ORIGINAL-]
TO FANNIE.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

Pain would I wake my muse again,
To chant affection's lay;
For sad and weary pass the hours
When thou art far away.

Affection beams with steady ray
When heart and heart unite;
Absent or present, every thought
Is fraught with new delight.

O, they who share a daughter's love
Are blest beyond compare;
They little know life's purest joys,
Except they centre there.

Thy loveliest eye and pleasant smile
Are with me even now;
In fancy many a care beguile,
And cheer my saddened brow.

I hear thy footsteps in the morn,
When day its pleasures bring;
And every wish I bear of thee
Wafts blessings on its wing.

When eve her sable mantle drops
O'er the fair scenes of earth,
And social friends together meet
Around the loved home hearth:

Then, Fannie, every tone of thine
Is speaking to my heart,
And Memory with its potent charm
Bids the sad tear to start.

I know that e'en mid fashion's mart,
Or glare of city life,
Thou 'lt not forget thy rural home,
With many blessings rife.

[ORIGINAL.]

HARRY BARTON'S WIFE.

BY MRS. A. L. CRUIKSHANK.

OLD Mr. Benjamin Barton, rich, apoplectic and frightfully hot-tempered, fulfilled his doctor's prediction by choking to death one day in a fit of passion at an impertinent beggar. His widow was released from a cruel state of slavery which she had patiently endured for thirty years, and his only son became the possessor of one of the safest and most comfortable fortunes in New York. No stocks, no ships, no wild-land speculations, nothing of the kind—old Benny Barton never trusted his property out of his sight—and there it stood, all piled up in handsome brick blocks, and the rents were duly handed in on quarter days by an old fashioned, honest agent, who would no more have thought of cheating

his employer than the brick blocks would have thought of taking a swim in the North River.

Mrs. Barton proved herself a very sensible woman as soon as she became her own mistress—her husband had always asserted that she was a fool—and took every precaution to make her son's fortune as secure and as little trouble as possible, and thus it came to pass that when Harry Barton had left college, and spent two years abroad, he returned to New York to find himself in every sense of the word a "gentleman of leisure."

Having no very extravagant tastes he could not possibly spend more than half his income, and as his mother for the last year of her life was confined to her room, he devoted himself much to her, and went but little into society. I think she had bequeathed to him much of her quiet, subdued nature. He was the last of six children, and she loved him with a depth and fervor that was in itself saddening. A companionless childhood passed in constant dread of his father's anger, his mother's pale face ever before him, how could he be gay? When she died he let the old house which had no pleasant memories connected with it, purchased a beautiful residence further up town, furnished it with great taste and elegance, put his mother's old housekeeper, a very faithful servant, in command, and commenced life in good earnest.

It is not at all difficult for a well-dressed and well-educated young gentleman to get into society in New York, and when he is rich and handsome in addition, the doors of Fifth Avenue open spontaneously; before six months Harry had no lack of acquaintances, and yet strange to say he was not popular.

He liked to dance, but it was quite evident he did not think dancing the chief object in life; then he very rarely paid compliments, and was much averse to gossip and unkind comments on his acquaintances—how could he be popular with the ladies? He neither smoked, drank, gambled, nor betted on horse-races—can you wonder that the fast young gentleman of fashionable society voted him intolerably slow, or that mutual distrust was the consequence of the meeting of such opposite elements? His only love affair was crushed in the bud by hearing the beautiful Emily make anxious inquiries about the amount of property he was supposed to possess, and henceforth he felt quite confident that to his money and not himself all those bright smiles were given; he even conjured up a horrible vision in his sleep of this same young beauty, standing bowing and smiling before a row of great brick houses which bowed in return,

until they were in danger of losing their equilibrium altogether. He took this dream as a warning, gave up dancing parties, white gloves and flirtations, and set about hunting up an old school-fellow, whom he remembered as one of the pleasantest friends of those days.

This was a work of time, but he discovered him at last, just the same good fellow as ever, but poor, supporting a wife and three babies on a small salary. Of course the meeting was a cordial one, and an invitation given to spend the following evening with Mrs. Fred Brown and the babies, which Harry cordially accepted, and then Fred and he talked over old times, and Harry had to own up that in spite of his fortune, life had so far proved a disappointment.

"You see I have nothing to do, no one to care for, no one to care for me; a fellow cannot read all the time, I am sick of making calls, and I don't know how to get rid of the time."

"But why not do something? There's the law—or be a physician; you are young enough yet to be anything. I would certainly find something to do," said matter-of-fact Fred.

"Yes, and occupy the place of some poor fellow who would be thankful for the dollars, indeed. I suppose this is the curse of riches, and I must bow to fate."

"O, nonsense, Harry, that's all stuff. I know what will cure you, just get married, and depend on it, you will have plenty to occupy your time. I wish you had just such a wife as I have."

Now Mrs. Fred Brown was an excellent house-keeper, and all that, but her little dumpy figure, round, rosy face and curly auburn hair were certainly not the realization of Harry's ideal, though of course he did not say so; and he absolutely looked on with envy while Fred permitted his baby boy to take a ride on his shoulder, the child screaming with laughter, and the father's thick whiskers getting well greased with bread and butter.

It seemed very lonely to go home to his own elegant and desolate apartments. How good-tempered they all were at Brown's if they were a little noisy; the silence of his own room was oppressive; there was no doubt but this friend was right, he must marry, but where to get the wife was the question. He wondered where Brown got his, perhaps there were some more just as good-natured and a great deal handsomer; he would go down in the morning and ask some more questions, and with this laudable resolve he went to sleep happier than he had felt for many weeks. Fred was not at all surprised at these questions; "his Bella" was faultless in his eyes, and he only regretted that he could give

his friend no information likely to lead to satisfactory results.

"You see I found my Bella in the country, that's the place to look for a wife if you want a good one; but then she had no sisters, in fact no one belonging to her at all, she was living with a cross old maid who had taken her when her mother died. Bella had saved up ten dollars, and that bought up all her wedding fit out, and I had fifty dollars in my employer's hands, with which I furnished two rooms, rather a small beginning, you will say, but you cannot think how happy we were. I was just twenty then, and she was sixteen, and we have been married five years. Of course we have not saved much, but the girls will soon grow up to be a help to their mother, and my boy, O, you cannot think what hopes I have for him. By the way, we have never decided what to call him, and Bella would like to name him after you, if you have no objection."

"Objection, no indeed, I shall feel highly honored," cried Harry, who saw in this a way to oblige his old friend without offence, and sure enough, next day Fred received a deed of a very comfortable house on a genteel street, which he was to hold in trust for his little son. And if any lady who reads this has ever lived in a five story house with two other families, they can imagine something of little Mrs. Brown's delight on taking possession of their new home all fitted up and furnished in the neatest style, and with ample room for her to display her house-wifely qualities.

She was very anxious to see Harry, and thank him, but that was out of the question, for that unhappy young man had left the city in disgust, merely informing Fred that he had taken his hint, and was going into the country to look for a wife. So the happy little woman had nothing to do but enjoy her new luxuries, and wish all success to their kind young friend in his romantic journey, and six months passed away before there came tidings of him.

"Well, this is hunting up new sensations with a vengeance. Here I am among some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, and have not got strength left to admire it, for I defy a fellow to enjoy anything in nature, as hungry as I am, and with no more prospect of a dinner than I have just now." And the speaker threw himself down full length on the grassy bank of a beautiful stream, looking thoroughly fatigued. "Here I have been wandering round and round in this confounded wilderness ever since daylight, and the further I go the worse I get lost. I wonder how long I should stay here before any

one would come along." And he smiled to himself at the absurdity of the idea, so utterly lonely was the appearance of the place. "The nights are getting almost too cold for out-door lodgings to be comfortable, so I suppose I had better rest awhile, and then take a fresh start."

He had lazily stretched out his hand to take up the rifle at his side when the report of a gun not far distant brought him to his feet with a start. To answer it was the first impulse, and then he stood expecting to see some wandering Indian come down the mountain, but in a few moments the sound of oars was heard, and then a boat came in sight, the occupant a tall, strongly built, sun-browned backwoods-man, opening his dark eyes wide with surprise at the unexpected sight of the stranger.

Very few words explained matters to the new comer, and he gave a cordial invitation to step aboard the boat, which was as promptly accepted, and the two were soon speeding over the still waters. Of course two so strangely thrown together were soon acquainted, and a mutual good feeling and sympathy arose, when they discovered that unlike as they seemed outwardly, they were most certainly congenial minds.

"My father will be delighted to see you; it is seldom we have visitors from the eastern cities, and especially one who has so lately visited England. I hope you have a good stock of patience, for he will have much to ask and you to answer."

"I will do my best to gratify him, but at present I have not strength to do battle, even with words; this life in the woods is something new to me, and fasting has never before been one of my penances."

"Well, be content, for your sufferings are nearly over, this is a land of plenty." And even while he spoke a sudden turn in the stream brought them full in view of a comfortable-looking old farm house, with shade trees in front, and a fine orchard stretching down to the water, and an air of content and thrift about the whole place. An old man and a young one stood on the banks to receive them. "Father, let me introduce Mr. Harry Barton, of New York. Mr. Barton, this is my father, Captain Ingalls, and my brother George. And now come right up to the house, for I know mother has dinner all ready for me."

If Harry was pleased with his new acquaintance, he was not less so with the mother, a very mild and lady-like appearing person, who welcomed him warmly, or with the sisters, two very pretty girls, who welcomed him shyly. With the youngest one he was particularly fascinated,

and he thought he had never seen any dress so becoming as the pale pink calico, black silk apron and little white collar, in which Miss Mary Ingalls was attired, but the fact was he had rarely beheld so beautiful a form.

Kate, the elder sister, was eighteen, not quite so fair, and far more sedate, waiting on her brother and his guest with thoughtful kindness, while Miss Mary did nothing but tease the former with arch questions about some fair lady he was supposed to have seen during his trip to the town.

Harry Barton watched the changing color in her fair cheek, the brown eyes flashing with mischief one moment, filled with tears the next, when she thought she had said something unkind, the fascinating play of expression in the sweet young face; and he had not been in the house an hour before he made a resolve that if Mary Ingalls could be won without disclosing who he was, if he could teach her to love him for himself alone, she was the woman of all others to be his wife.

True, she had been indulged to a degree that would have completely spoiled any other child, and had grown up in such an atmosphere of love that the lightest breath of unkindness would have chilled her heart, but her very faults were charms in Harry's eyes, accustomed as they had been to the artificial beauties of the city. His wanderings, which had been ceaseless for several months, had now come to a close; the old man and his boys would not hear of his leaving, and both Katie and her mother pressed him to stay.

"You can write home and tell your mother," said Mrs. Ingalls, "but this is the season when our boys have most leisure, and if you can stay a few weeks we will try to make you comfortable."

"I have neither mother nor friend to feel anxious about me," said Harry. "I came out to see something of the northern part of the State, which is but little known to us in the city, and I have been travelling about since early in the spring. As I have nothing to call me home just yet, I shall be most happy to accept your kind invitation, if only for the sake of the good sport among the lakes and mountains which I know I can enjoy in such good company."

A very short time served to make Harry Barton completely at home among these good-hearted, pleasant people; he hunted with the boys, talked politics with the old gentleman, enjoyed Mrs. Ingalls's good cookery to her heart's content, and made friends with Katie's lover; but on Mary he had apparently made no favorable impression. Once or twice when he had said or done something that pleased her, she would smile on him for a moment, but the next hour

she would be as reserved as ever, and Harry, who felt more completely in her power every day, could never be certain that she felt the slightest regard for him.

And so the weeks went on, autumn passed away, and Christmas drew near, and the New Year's was to be Katie's wedding day. Harry had high anticipations that in such a season of happiness he might make some impression on pretty Mary's little heart, which was so warm to all others and so cold to him. If he had thought her beautiful in summer, she fairly bewitched him now, when she sat in the light of the great hard wood fire, her dress of crimson merino making her fairer than ever, the little hands busily stitching away on Katie's work, and one little foot in its black velvet, fur-lined slipper, resting on a gayly worked footstool.

They made quite a pretty tableau when Harry sat on the opposite side of the fire with his book or paper, and he would have blessed Katie in his heart could he have known all she wished when she looked at them, and how earnestly she praised him to her sister when they were alone.

On Christmas Eve a box arrived at the farm containing the wedding dress, which Harry had begged hard for the privilege of sending to the city for, and when parcel after parcel of Mrs. Brown's purchases were unrolled, and so rapturously admired by the girls and their mother, Harry realized how good it was to have the means of thus bestowing happiness, I think he had never truly appreciated his wealth until then.

There was a brown silk dress for "mother" that would almost stand alone, so rich and costly was the material; then Katie's bridal dress just suited her, the thinnest muslin delicately embroidered, then the ribbons and laces and kid gloves were all so different from those articles sold at the country town, that city girls can hardly understand how they appeared to Harry's friends.

Mary's present was Scott's works, complete, of which she had only read one or two, a real treasure to a young girl fond of reading, and who could so well appreciate the beauty of those fascinating stories.

Tom Ingalls was the only one who did not express satisfaction, and he took the first opportunity when they were alone to remonstrate with Harry, but he was quickly interrupted.

"Would you have all the favors on your side, you selfish fellow? Here you have introduced me to your family, where I have spent the first happy months I have known since I was a boy, and when I would make the only return that I can, you would object."

"But we don't want you to make any return, Harry; the pleasure of having you here is enough, without your sending on to the city to buy all these expensive things, and we have nothing to give you."

Harry interrupted him with an earnestness that the other could not understand.

"Tom, I may some day ask you to give me something more precious than money can buy."

It flashed on Tom instantly what he meant.

"I will do all I can, Harry, and that is more than I would promise any other man."

They clasped hands in silence, but from that day there was a bond of union between those two that nothing could break; to both that gentle, warm-hearted girl was the dearest thing on earth.

Tom was not made happier by this discovery, for he had looked on Mary as such a child the idea of her getting married seemed something so far off in the future, that he was startled at the probability of losing her perhaps within a year or two. Since her infancy she had been his pet and playmate; he understood her sweet, winning ways, and the charm of her unaffected innocence too well to wonder that Harry should love her, nor was there any one he would so willingly trust her to, yet the simple thought of losing her gave him the keenest sorrow. There was much surprise at his non-appearance at the tea-table, and when at last he came in and "Pet" stole her soft arms round his neck, and begged him not to feel so bad at losing Katie, "for you know you will always have me, dear Tom," he held her close to him, and kissed her with the severest pang that great, loving heart had ever known.

Still there was much comfort in thinking that Katie, and not Mary, was to preside over Ned Waters's new home, Katie, who was such a model housekeeper, who loved the farm life so well, who thought novel-reading such a wicked waste of time, and to make good bread the very height of a woman's ambition, it would just suit her, but what would "baby Mary" do in such a home?

Tom knew more of Harry's affairs than any of the family, although he had no idea of the amount of property he owned, but he pictured his favorite sister in a handsome house, with servants to wait on her, and a kind husband to stand between her and sorrow, to indulge her fancies and gratify her taste for the beautiful in nature and art, and in Harry's handsome, expressive face saw all he wished Mary's husband to be.

Katie's wedding day drew near, and Mrs. Ingalls and her sable assistant, Aunt Polly, had

about completed their arrangements, had seen to the cleaning and the cooking until every room in the house looked "spick-span," and the cupboards were fairly groaning with the weight of good things got ready for the grand occasion. The ceremony was to take place on Wednesday evening, but at midday on Tuesday a terrible storm came on, and before night the snow lay mountains high in places, and still continued to drift so as to make it doubtful if neighbors could come from any great distance on the morrow.

Tom and George found it as much as they could do to get out to the barn to attend their cattle, so fearful was the force of the wind, filled with sleet and snow, and when they came in reported that the door had come open, and Mary's pony was missing. Of course no one thought of going to look for it on so dreadful a night, nor did Katie expect Ned Waters to come over as he had promised, but she walked from window to window, restless, and with a strange presentiment of trouble on her that forbade her sitting still, nor could Mary induce her to lie down to sleep until long after midnight.

"What prospect has Waters of making a living for a wife?" asked Harry, as Tom and he drew up their chairs by the blazing fire in the kitchen, when the family had retired.

"Not a very good one," said Tom, "but then Ned is an industrious fellow, and Katie is economical, and they will do well if any two can. Ned has a mortgage on his farm that will be a hard one for him for some time to come, but father will try to help him a little on that, and perhaps Old Waters will also if his wife will let him, but she does not like Ned nor Katie either."

"What, not his own mother?"

"O, she is his step-mother, and a terrible tyrant; she is the hardest woman to get along with in this part of the country, and I wonder Ned has stood it so long, but he is very fond of his father, and the old man dotes on him. He's a real good fellow, and Katie will be happy."

Harry fell into a fit of musing, from which he was roused by his companion announcing that the "storm was over, and it was going to freeze desperate hard."

"I think I should like to sit up and write for an hour or two longer, this fire is too pleasant to leave," said Harry.

"Certainly, as long as you please." And Tom left the room, while the other dashed off a couple of letters, and then blew the light out, and sat building castles in the fire.

He never knew how long it was, but certainly it was near morning, when he was startled by a little hand laid on his arm, and Mary, looking

very pale, and trembling with cold and excitement, stood beside him.

"Hush, don't speak loud!" she whispered. "Some one is trying to come up the path through the drifts, and I think it is a woman; something dreadful must have happened to bring a woman out on such a night. I knew you were up, and I thought you would go and help her through the snow."

Harry held the little hand in his just one second. "Don't be frightened," he said, "sit quietly here by the fire until I come in."

He opened the door and closed it after him very softly, and Mary sat and listened to the throbbing of her own heart for what seemed an age, and then she bethought her to get a light, and the blaze of a piece of pine wood lighted up the whole room as Harry came in, half dragging, half supporting a tall and very masculine appearing woman, who seemed to be in the last stage of exhaustion.

Mary smothered an exclamation of terror as she recognized her, but spoke no more than to give Harry a whispered order to bring her a certain bottle from the closet, and then both kneeling on the floor strove to reanimate the prostrate form, removing the frozen hood and muffler, and the man's homespun overcoat in which she was enveloped, and out of which the snow fell in great lumps, bathing her hands and face with brandy, and pouring a little into the stiffened lips.

She recovered sooner than they had dared to expect, opened her eyes and looked at them with an expression that made Mary feel her heart sink lower and lower.

"Mrs. Waters, tell me what is the matter, where is Ned, and why are you out in the snow to-night?" she said, in a tone that thrilled through Harry.

The woman raised herself on her elbow, looked half wild with terror or remorse, then a terrible expression settled on her face.

"He is dead," she whispered hoarsely, "they are both dead! I told them I hoped they never would come back, and they died in the snow."

She fell back fainting, and Harry lifted Mary from the floor, and placed her in a chair.

"For your sister's sake be calm, I pray you," he said, for he shivered so violently that he was alarmed. "Just think of the consequences, if Katie should hear this suddenly it will kill her."

He waited until she was recovered a little, and then went to rouse up the boys and Aunt Polly, and by their united endeavors Mrs. Waters was sufficiently restored to answer Tom's questions. There was not much to tell, she had had a vio-

lent scene in the morning with her husband and his son, just as they were starting to the woods, and as they had not returned with the cattle, she knew they were caught in the storm, and had probably got lost, and then laid down to freeze to death. Her last bitter words had been to wish that they might never return, and her terror and remorse were pitiful to see.

"There is not a moment to lose," said Tom, as he drew on his heavy boots and made preparations for facing the bitter cold, "keep it from Katie as long as you can, Mary, make her believe we have gone to look for the pony, or anything, rather than the truth. Aunt Polly, you take care of Mrs. Waters, and keep her in my room out of sight: And now, boys, be lively, the sun will be up before we get to Waters's chopping, and we must rouse up the neighbors as we go along."

I will not weary you with a description of their toilsome journey, facing the bitter north wind, that penetrated even through all the warm overcoats and flannel wraps with which they were all enveloped, even Harry suffered from it, and he had the best reason in the world for feeling light-hearted and comfortable. Had not his shy and hitherto most unapproachable lady-love entreated him not to go, nor to expose himself to the dangers of such a search; and when he had resisted all her pleadings, with her own fair hands she had wound him up in an enormous plaid belonging to her father, and sent him on his way rejoicing. Before noon a dozen men had joined them in the search, and old Mr. Waters was found frozen stiff, and half buried with snow, under a shelter of pine boughs, he was carried to his home, and the search for the missing young man continued.

"Poor Kate!" said Tom, as Harry and he stood watching the party bear away their sad load, "this is a sad wedding day for her, I dread to see her."

"I have just thought of something, Tom, let us go over to Indian Sam, and get him and the dog to help us; I have no doubt but the dog would find Ned in half the time it will take us."

"That's a good idea, we will go at once," said Tom, and off they started.

Now Indian Sam and his squaw Sally were far from being models of neatness in their household arrangements, for there was generally a thick smoke in their camp, which, with the various unpleasant smells and the suspiciously dirty look of every article about, made it anything but an inviting place to make a protracted stay in.

When Tom and Harry raised the deerskin door, the smoke was thicker than ever, and they could only just descry old Sam himself, busy

cooking over the fire, while Sally was no where to be seen, until they accepted the cordial invitation to enter, when as their eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness, they beheld her stooping over a pile of remarkably dingy blankets, and on those blankets lay poor Ned Waters. He was alive and out of danger, thanks to old Sally's care and skill, but a few minutes later than when the dog found him the night before, and no skill on earth could have restored him. In a few hours he was safe under the shelter of the Ingalls's hospitable roof, and Katie's gentle care, unable to speak much, but very grateful for the life that had been spared.

The clergyman had come, having performed a toilsome journey rather than disappoint the young couple, many friends had gathered, there was a short consultation between the elders and the lovers, and then the ceremony was performed.

The guests soon departed, Aunt Polly took her station at the bedside of Mrs. Waters, who was very ill, the old couple retired, and the boys went to see that all was right at the barn. Harry walked about the kitchen for a few minutes, and then across the entry into the parlor, where the fire was still burning brightly in the open chimney place. He paused a moment in the doorway, for Mary was there leaning on the mantel, looking at the fire, and he felt sure he saw tears stealing down her cheek. She did not start and hasten away as he feared she would when he spoke, but very quietly replied to his question.

"It has been such a strange, distressing day, and Katie's wedding seems so sorrowful, that it makes me wretched to think of it."

"But think how much more sorrowful it might have been here to-night; for my own part I cannot but rejoice at your sister's happiness."

"I do too, most sincerely, but it is so hard to lose her, my only sister." And "baby Mary's" tears again flowed freely.

"I can sympathize with you truly. I never had a sister, and when my mother died I was quite alone. I believe I have not a friend in the world."

"O, don't say that, you know Tom is your friend, and his friendship is worth having."

"No one understands that better than I do," said Harry, with warmth; "but when I go from here, and that must be soon, now, how much more lonely I shall be than ever before."

Mary sighed and looked up at her companion. Her countenance expressed all the pity she felt for any one who was destitute of loving friends. Harry laid his hand upon the slender fingers resting on the mantel.

"Mary, your friends have been accustomed to

treat you as a child, but you possess a true woman's heart, and I want you to tell me truly if I can ever have a place in it. Can you bestow on me the same love you now bestow on your brothers?"

The question was so sudden that she shrank away abashed, but Harry had ventured too much now to be any longer in suspense.

"Tell me yes or no, Mary; shall I go away as I came, or will you give me the precious hope that one day you will be my wife, and teach me how to lead a better and more useful life than I have ever led yet?"

There was no need of words, he understood the answer as he held her for one moment in his arms, and the next she was gone, and he stood alone by the fire, trying to realize the change a few moments had made in his whole life.

It was now time to return home, and after waiting some days in the vain hope of having another interview with Mary, he resolved to formally ask her father's permission to address her. To his surprise the old gentleman indignantly refused.

"But, Mr. Ingalls, my dear sir, what is the reason? You will surely tell me your objections?"

He was willing enough to do that. Mary was too young, she was nothing but a baby; then they knew nothing about himself. What proof had they that he was not an adventurer, or that he could support a wife? Just none at all."

"But I can bring proof," said poor Harry, overwhelmed by this unexpected blow to his hopes. "My fortune is ample, and I can give you the best references as to my past life."

"Well, now, see here, young man, it is no doubt just as you say. I think it is likely you have plenty of money, and you are a very good-looking, pleasant fellow, but you can never have my little Mary; so make up your mind to it at once, and don't think of putting any nonsense in the child's head, because it will be just so much waste time."

Of course Tom was made acquainted with the ill success of his friend's application, and very readily undertook to plead his cause, but his mission was fruitless, the old gentleman was immovable, and plainly said that the sooner such a dangerous guest was out of the house the better.

Harry was in despair; so persistently had Mary avoided him since that night that he almost believed that he had been mistaken in supposing she had cared anything for him, but Tom, in his straight-forward way soon put matters right.

When Mary learned that Harry was to leave

next morning, and that her father had forbidden his return, all her coquetry vanished, and she realized how necessary his presence had become to her happiness, and in their one brief interview he had no reason to complain of coldness, or doubt her sincerity. With all the impulsive warmth of her childlike nature, she had promised to love him always, begged him to forgive her former trifling, and received his farewell kiss with a passionate shower of tears.

Harry was gone, but the old gentleman's troubles were not ended. His singing bird had become suddenly silent, the sunshine had gone out of "baby Mary's" life, and she faded away so rapidly that her brother grew fearfully alarmed. She moved about the house with a weary step; every day her cheek grew whiter, and at last, in an agony of terror Tom besought his father to let him recall Harry.

The old man would not believe it, "she would be better when the spring came, she was only fretting after Kate;" but when the spring did come she was too weak to enjoy it. It was not until June that he would consent to Harry's return, and then not until the doctor had assured him that there must be something preying on his daughter's mind.

A slight cold which she took at this time gave a very dangerous character to poor Mary's illness, and her father's fears once seriously aroused, he was ready to do anything to save her. Tom joyfully sent the summons, and Harry as gladly received it, for no word was said of Mary's illness, and he could not but congratulate himself that he had made all ready for her reception in his beautiful home, for he had never lost faith that she would one day be his own.

It was a lovely June Sabbath and the family had all gathered in Mary's room, which somehow had come to be the usual sitting room.

"I think you are better to-day, Mary, your cold is much relieved," said her mother, as she fondly pressed the little hand that was now so transparent. "Is there anything I can do for you? Katie says you did not eat anything while we were at meeting."

Katie, who had come, with her husband, to spend the day with her sister, stood sorrowfully at the window; she felt sure that Mary was dying, and her tears were falling fast.

The old father looked anxiously from one to the other round the whole group, and then he moved to Mary's side; no one had yet dared to tell her that Harry had been sent for, and his name had not been spoken in her presence for months.

"Is there anything that I can do for you,

Mary? If you have a wish that I can gratify, tell me and it shall be done."

She looked surprised at the unwonted kindness of his tone, the color came to her cheek, she held out her hand imploringly to Tom, but could not say a word.

"I think I know what you mean, Mary, you would like to see Harry once more, and, don't be startled now, we are expecting him quite soon."

"He has come!" cried Katie, from the window, and Tom hurried out to receive him.

Poor Mary covered her face with her hands, and strove hard to be calm and composed; but there was no time for thought or words when he held her in his arms, mingling words of rejoicing and sorrow in happy confusion.

Harry made but little allusion to the cause of Mary's illness, but he assumed a very different tone from that of his first visit, asserted his right to be in her society as much as he pleased, and insisted their marriage should take place at once.

The old man rebelled at that. "Mary was too young; she needed her mother to take care of her."

"I can take care of her, better care than that," cried Harry, pointing to where she sat under a shade tree, as fair and pale as one of the blossoms of her own white rose bush. "If she had been my wife all these long months, would she not have been as bright and merry as ever? And look at her to-day! No, I asked you for her once, you refused, and I yielded, for I feared she would pine for her home, and those she loved so well; but I claim her now, and nothing but death shall part us, for she loves me as I love her, beyond all else on earth."

The old man bent his head in silence, he knew that Harry was right; his love for his child had been very selfish, but it was hard to part with her. The sight of his sorrow touched Harry's sensitive feelings, he reproached himself for speaking unkindly to Mary's father, even if he had been unjust.

"Mr. Ingalls, let there be no unkind feelings between us two; you need not fear to trust your child's happiness to my keeping, and Mary will love her relations none the less because she is my wife."

There was no resisting Harry Barton in this mood, and an hour after the two joined the rest of the family—the old man leaning on the arm of his future son—Harry looking handsomer than ever; henceforth they two would be the best friends in the world.

"Have you no curiosity to know something about the new home you are going to, Mary?"

asked her lover, as he sat beside her in the bright moonlight that streamed in the uncurtained window of the old-fashioned parlor. They were to be married early on the following morning, and immediately commence their journey. "I have never told you yet whether we are to reside in a palace or a hut, and you have never asked me. Why is it?"

"Because I have never thought about it yet. I mean to be happy wherever it is."

"I hope so, darling; but if it should prove a very poor dwelling I fear you will regret the comforts of your good home here."

"No, I should not, if you were there too," said Mary, decidedly.

"But I thought you had a great fondness for fine furniture, and handsome clothes? I know I heard you say so once."

Mary laughed and blushed, as she answered, "I see you want to know all my faults, so I may as well confess that I have, all my life, sighed for something different from the life we led here; there seemed so much to be learned that we knew nothing of. I wanted to have books and flowers, and pretty rooms, and new dresses, and I did not take that interest in the housework that I ought to have done; but I will try and forget all such nonsense now, and be more like Katie."

How Harry Barton's heart overflowed with gratitude that the blessing of such an unselfish love had been bestowed upon him, and that he had it in his power to fulfil the most extravagant wishes of his girlish bride, so far as the elegances of life were concerned!

"Then you are quite contented to trust the future to me, Mary, whatever it may be?" he asked, playfully.

"Quite contented, Harry." And he could not doubt it, looking at her sweet face, as calm and peaceful as the moonlight.

It was a very quiet wedding, and the bitterness of parting was materially lessened by the relief all felt at Mary's improved looks. She could never be quite "baby Mary" again—those sorrowful weeks had made an impression not to be removed—but she looked thoroughly happy; and when Tom kissed her for the last time, and placed her in the carriage, he did so without a misgiving relative to her future.

To travel through New York State a few years ago was not as easy a matter as it is at the present day, and Harry grew very anxious ere their journey was over.

"We are at home now, darling," he said, with a great sigh of relief, as they dashed through the city streets, "and you can rest as long as you please. I am afraid you are very weary. I see

I shall have to take great care of this little country girl of mine."

Mary was in truth very much fatigued, and it seemed like a dream when they stopped, and Harry supported her up a flight of stone steps, and into a house so much more elegant than anything she had ever seen, that for a moment she was silent with surprise, and blinded by the glare of the gaslights.

"Where are we, Harry?" she said, at last, when he came back from giving some orders to the housekeeper. "Where are we, and whose house is this?"

"Where are we, dear? Why, at home, of course; and this house is yours, and every one in it is at my little wife's command. Does it please her?" But Mary's answer is not to be recorded.

Fred Brown had good reason to bless the day when he advised his old schoolmate to seek a wife in the country, for Harry always felt as if his happiness was in a great measure due to that hint, and he was not one to neglect a friend, even had no gratitude been due.

Ned Waters and his Katie were soon put in possession of their farm unencumbered; but when Mrs. Ingalls grew infirm, they went to live with the old couple. George married; and Tom spent part of each year with his favorite sister, in her beautiful city home, and the rest of the time in travelling. He never married.

As years went on, Harry Barton learned to look upon his former useless life with bitter regret, so many ways did he find of making his life and wealth beneficial to others, and a blessing to himself. But the gift for which he was always most grateful, and which enhanced the value of all other blessings, was the sweet little wife he had found in the backwoods wilderness.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

A French gentleman reproached his son for carrying a gold watch in a very careless and exposed manner, but the young gentleman persisted in the practice, in spite of parental admonition.

In a crowd at the theatre, one evening, the old gentleman asked his son to tell him what o'clock it was, and the young man was distressed and mortified to find his watch had been stolen.

"Never mind," said his father, smiling, "I took it myself to show you how easily you could be robbed—here it is!"

He put his hand in his fob to restore it—but to and behold! it was gone. Some thief, more adroit than himself, had appropriated the property.—*New York Sun.*

WOMAN.

Maddens, like moths, are caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.
BROWN.

[ORIGINAL.]

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

BY MRS. S. P. MESSERVE HAYES.

While straying through life's valley,
Though in our childhood's morn,
We find where'er we wander
No rose without a thorn.
Though sweet may be the fragrance
They fling around our feet,
We find amid life's roses
The bitter with the sweet.

And when the sun of midday
Burns brighter o'er our head,
We find no thornless roses
Where'er our steps are led.
But still we fondly cherish
The rosebud's fading leaf,
Though we know the thorn endures,
While the rose's bloom is brief.

And when adown the valley
Our trembling feet must stray,
Though the crown of roses wither,
The thorns are there alway.
But when we cross the river,
And reach the longed-for shore,
We'll dwell mid fadeless roses,
Where nought can harm us more.

[ORIGINAL.]

BLUE EYES AND BROWN:

—OR,—

THE PRINCESS OF DORBEAUX.

BY ESTHER S. KENNETH.

"Poor kitty."

At sound of the words, the plump gray cat who was stepping daintily about on the broad window-sill, curved her back and rubbed her silky head against the fair hand of her mistress. But Elsie Bard did not seem to heed the caress of her pet. Her head was drooped a little, and her eyes fixed on the distant, sparkling water of the Hudson, yet did not seem to see it. The eyes themselves were very pretty,—so was the face they looked out from. At that moment there was a faint smile upon the fresh, red lips—Elsie was dreaming. She had amused herself by weaving a little romance about a pair of eyes which she had seen an hour before. Blue eyes they were—blue as the forget-me-nots which grew all about the river side grave where Elsie's mother was laid. Her seeing them had happened in this way. As she was walking hurriedly home from her day's work that she might have a long evening to study in—for Elsie was trying to fit herself for a teacher—she noticed a poor apple woman sitting at a corner of the street with a

child in her arms. The face of the little one attracted her attention, it was so pale and old looking, and there was such a weary look in its violet eyes. Involuntarily she paused a moment and gazed. Suddenly the child looked up and stretched out its wan hands, with a little cry. For the young girl had some roses in her hand—fresh, beautiful roses with fragrant hearts. She had bought them at a fruit stand, and in so doing had treated herself to a rare luxury. Her cheek flushed. The poor, pale little child wanted her flowers. For a moment she hesitated—then with the tears which the sacrifice cost her springing to her eyes, she stepped forward and placed the treasures in the tiny, outstretched hand.

"God bless you, miss!" cried the mother.

As Elsie turned away she happened to raise her eyes to the window of a dwelling house where they met a glance which sent her heart into her throat with a bound. A pair of bright blue eyes, looking out from a frank, noble face, met hers for a moment, and then she turned her head quickly and walked on. And of that earnest, inquiring glance she was thinking, as she stood by the window of her little room, with her eyes drooped and the sunshine making a fortune of gold out of her fair hair.

"Heigho!" she said at last. "How foolish! Here I've been wasting half an hour of blessed daylight in thinking of impossible things, and neglecting my work. Aren't you ashamed of me, my nice, wise, old pussy?"

She laid her cheek on the cat's smooth head for a moment, and then turned away, and drawing a stand filled with books up to the window, sat down before it and commenced studying. But before long the gray twilight made the room dim, and she was forced to rest for a few moments, till it became dark enough to light a lamp. Sitting alone in the dusky light, she swayed silently back and forth in her little rocking-chair, with her face resting in her hands.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters."

The beautiful words, chanted in a sweet, clear voice, rang out suddenly upon the still evening air. Elsie held her breath and listened.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

There had been tears on Elsie's cheeks, but when the music ceased, they were all gone, and her red mouth was quivering with tender smiles.

"How beautiful—how beautiful!" she whispered, with a sigh of exquisite pleasure. "O, it

has done me so much good! Who could it have been?"

She sat quiet a moment, in wondering silence, and then rose softly, and opening the door looked out. The door of the adjoining apartment was ajar, and through the chink came a ray of light. The mystery was explained—the room had been rented to a new lodger.

Elsie immediately felt a keen curiosity regarding the stranger. She spent her whole evening wondering about her. But her desire to see her, and speak to her was not gratified for several days.

Nearly a week from that evening, she was sitting alone and busy with her studies, when some one tapped lightly on the door. On opening it, she confronted a tall, slender, delicate-looking woman in a rich dressing-gown. Elsie felt immediately that it was the stranger to whom she had given so many serious thoughts.

"Pardon the intrusion," said the lady, in a low, sweet voice. "I have been forced to take this liberty. I am sadly in want of advice about my work, and have no one to give it me."

"Please come in; I am very glad to see you," Elsie said hurriedly, unconsciously betraying her real sentiments. "How can I serve you?"

On being seated, the lady produced a piece of delicate embroidery.

"I wish to sell this, and have worked it for that purpose," she said. "But I have never sold any before, and do not know where to go. Neither do I know its worth—what I ought to be paid for it."

The stranger spoke very anxiously. Elsie, on examining the work could not suppress an exclamation.

"How beautiful!" she said. "I am no judge of such matters, but it is much superior to anything of the kind I ever saw before, and it ought to bring a good price. If you would be pleased to have me, I will take it to my employer who is a dealer in laces and embroideries, and get his opinion. Perhaps he will purchase it."

As she finished speaking she noticed that her companion's eyes were full of tears, and her low voice trembled as she replied:

"I thank you very much. You do not know what a favor you have offered me. I am very grateful," she said, in an agitated way, her pale cheek flushing. Then laying her work on the table, she turned as if to go, but her eyes fell on a picture on the wall, and she paused.

"Please do not look at that," Elsie exclaimed, impulsively. "It is only a first effort. I did it over a year ago."

The lady turned and looked earnestly at her.

"Do you know that you have genius, child?" she said gently. "You should not be here."

"My teacher says that I do remarkably well," Elsie replied, timidly. "And he is to help me to a class in the fall. I hope to be able to live more easily after that."

"And are you alone in the world? Do you take care of yourself?" asked her companion.

The sympathetic tone brought tears to Elsie's eyes, and she simply bowed in reply.

"I am very glad to have met you," said the lady, after a pause. "Remember that I am your friend. Come to my room to-morrow, please. I wish to talk with you. You may call me Mrs. Ashly."

She took the hand Elsie silently offered her, and held it a moment in a kind, earnest way, then bending forward to kiss the young girl's cheek, she said "good-night," gently, and softly left the room.

Though somewhat surprised at her manner, and standing slightly in awe of her, Elsie was much pleased with her new acquaintance. The next evening she knocked at her door and entered with the information that the embroidery had been purchased by her employer, and a good price paid for it.

"I'm so glad to hear it—it is such a relief," said the lady. "Sit down, dear. I wish to talk with you."

She was sitting on an ottoman by the window, her delicate, white fingers busy with some crimson embroidery silks and worsteds. Elsie took a chair near her. She was a little agitated, and curious to know what the lady wished to say to her.

After first exacting a promise of strictest secrecy, her companion proceeded to inform her that she was not an American, but a French woman. That she was a member of the royal family of France, and her title was Princess of Dorbeaux. She was a refugee for private reasons, and should probably be obliged to remain so for years, perhaps forever, she said. She shed tears while she spoke, and rising, walked the floor in evident distress. Elsie trembled with agitation, and sat looking wonderingly at the fine figure of the lady, as she passed back and forth before her in her restless walk. She paused at last, and said:

"You are surprised, perhaps, that I should have made a confidant of you. I do so because it is necessary that some one who is willing to help me should understand my situation. I have conceived a sudden love for and trust in you, and I think I understand your character. You are good, warm-hearted, and generous. Are you not?"

Elsie did not know what to reply.

"I will do all I can to help you," she said, at last.

"I was sure of it," said her companion. "And now I will tell you how you can help me. There are people here in America searching for me. To elude them it will be necessary for me to avoid the streets and public places. Will you take my work to and from your employer, and make my purchases for me? In return I will assist you in your studies."

"Certainly I will," replied Elsie, earnestly. "That is very little. Can I do no more?"

"No, thank you, my little friend. This is all I wish. And now let us talk of something else."

Elsie was feverish with excitement, when she sought her bed at night, and tossed sleeplessly upon her pillow for hours. The confidence of her new friend was so strange, and her having made her the possessor of so great a secret, surprised and almost alarmed her.

As the days and weeks passed on, she found her new neighbor to be a source of great assistance and encouragement, and she soon grew to feel a strong reverent love for her. She was always ready to help her with her lessons, gave her instructions in drawing, and often offered her little attentions which only a kind interest could have prompted. Her friendship made many otherwise difficult places in Elsie's life very easy.

But one morning the young girl entered her friend's room to find her very ill. Her cheeks were flushed with fever, her dark blue eyes bright and heavy, and the slender, delicate hands dry and burning. Too much alarmed to think of necessary caution, she sent for a physician, and busied herself in making the poor lady as comfortable as possible. She was bathing her head when the doctor arrived. He was a fine looking young man, with a pair of clear, brown eyes, and a profusion of dark, curling hair. As he sat at the bedside, with the delicate wrist of his patient in his white hand, Elsie thought his face looked strangely familiar. After leaving an order for some medicine and promising to call in the evening, he went away.

Then came long, weary days and nights for Elsie, as well as for her friend. The lady was very ill. At one time her life was despaired of, but the crisis, which Elsie and the young physician watched over together, terminated favorably, and on the fourteenth day she was pronounced convalescent.

She was sitting bolstered up in an easy chair by the bedside, one evening just at twilight, when some one knocked lightly at the door, and a gentleman entered whom Elsie recognised as

the physician. It was almost dark, although the room was lighted, for the patient had objected to having a lamp brought. Elsie mentioned this in a casual way, and rose from her seat, saying :

"But we must have one now. I will place it where the light shall not hurt your eyes, Mrs. Ashly."

"Please come here and see the glimmer of the moon upon the water, Miss Elsie," said the gentleman, rising suddenly, and stepping to the window.

Obedying the request, Elsie went to his side and glanced towards the water, but there was no moonlight or gleam of it to be seen.

"Don't bring lights," whispered her companion, in her ear. She looked up at him in astonishment. He met her gaze with an earnest, expressive glance, and his eyes were not brown, but blue as sapphires. As he turned away, she looked him over from head to foot. The momentary belief that he was not the physician vanished. The height, dress, and face, seen in the dusky light, looked to be the same which she had seen daily for the last fortnight.

Yet to her there was something strange about him. There was a slight change in the voice, a constant nervous way which was unnatural. She was lost in silent wonder during the half hour of his stay; and at his departure followed him into the hall at a glance from him, with a rapidly beating heart.

"It is useless as well as unnecessary, to attempt deceiving you by an assumed character," he said, hurriedly, after assuring himself that the door was firmly closed. "I am not the physician, as you evidently already know. My name is not Doctor Wingrove, but Charles Hunter. George Wingrove is my friend, and knows of this adventure, which I assure you is not an idle one. I cannot stop to say more. I must see you alone to-morrow. How can it be arranged?"

"Come to my room—this one—at nine o'clock in the forenoon," replied Elsie, making him acquainted with the only plan which occurred to her. "Do not knock—enter quietly—I will be there."

"Thank you, I will. Now do not go to her while you are trembling so. The strictest secrecy is necessary. Remember. Good-night, and God bless you!"

With these words, he passed lightly and quickly down the stairs.

At nine o'clock the next morning, while her patient was sleeping, Elsie entered her room to find a gentleman walking restlessly back and forth across the floor. It was not the physician,

nor yet to all appearances the person she had met the night before, but a young man with blue eyes, brown, wavy hair, and a rich, roseate complexion, very different from Doctor Wingrove's clear, pale olive.

"Do not be afraid of me," said he, coming forward to take her hand, and speaking in a voice which she recognized. "I am Charles Hunter, minus Doctor Wingrove's clothes, a dark wig, and a darkening preparation for the skin. My resemblance to him has been of great service to me. My eyes I could not alter, and they betrayed me."

"What were your reasons for disguising yourself?" asked Elsie.

"That my mother might not recognize me."

"Your mother?"

"Yes. The unfortunate lady whom you have nursed through her severe illness, is my mother. She is also a monomaniac. For two years past she has believed herself one of the royal family of France, and under this delusion she leaves a luxurious home, and hides in the cheap lodging houses of New York, maintaining herself with her needle. This is the third time she has left her family, and we have been in a state of the deepest anxiety and distress on her account for nearly six weeks. By the merest accident I discovered her through my old classmate, George Wingrove, a few days ago. And I also discovered some one else whom I have been searching for, ever since a sunny evening when roses were precious."

He smiled as he spoke. Elsie looked at him in bewilderment. Suddenly her face flushed crimson to the parting of her fair hair, and her dark eyes flashed and then hid themselves, abashed at the glance they met. Her embarrassment was painful, and her companion hastened to change the subject of conversation.

"As soon as my mother is able to be moved," said the young man, "it will be necessary for her to return home, where she can again be placed under the care of a physician. This will have to be accomplished by stratagem. Will you give me your help?"

"Certainly," replied Elsie, quietly.

"I doubt very much if it will be possible to separate her from you. Doctor Wingrove has given me this impression. If it is necessary, will you accompany her home, and remain with her for a while?"

Elsie hesitated for a moment, and then replied :

"Yes, if it is necessary."

The gentleman seemed privately much pleased by her answer, but he said nothing on the subject. They were still engaged in earnest conver-

sation, when the voice of the invalid was heard calling "Elsie!"

"I must leave you now," said Elsie, rising.

"And I must see you again," said Charles Hunter, quickly.

"Well, come here to-morrow," she replied, as she left the room. But she was sorry that she had said so, when she had time to think the matter over.

"It looks like an intrigue," she thought, secretly much dissatisfied with herself.

But she forgot this feeling the next day when she met her new acquaintance. Watching him while he talked, she thought his face looked as if he never in his life had entertained a thought of which he had reason to be ashamed. It was arranged that on the following week, Elsie should hire a hack for the professed purpose of giving the invalid a pleasure ride, and then drive to her home where the family would be in waiting for her. The sight of familiar faces would banish her delusion, at least temporarily, and her son thought they need not anticipate any difficulty.

But he was mistaken. At sight of her home and the faces of her husband, and children, and servants, the poor lady burst into a passion of tears, reproaching Elsie with having betrayed her. The young girl was much distressed.

"What can I do?" she said, appealingly to Charles. "I cannot bear to have her think that."

"After she wakes from the sleep which the opiate she has just taken will cause, she will be more reasonable, I trust," replied the young man.

It was so. When the invalid returned to consciousness, she recognized her friends with a faint smile, but still clung to Elsie. And through the succeeding weeks which brought to her perfect physical health, she would hardly allow the young girl out of her sight a moment.

To Elsie her new life was very strange and delightful. She had never imagined anything half as elegant as was the luxurious dwelling in which she was petted and treated with respect and affection by all.

"I wish you were my daughter, Elsie," said Mr. Hunter, one evening, when she rendered him some little attention. Looking up, Elsie caught the glance of Charley Hunter's blue eyes, and blushed.

The next evening she was sitting in the embrasure of a window, her hands playing carelessly with the silken tassels of the curtains, when some one came and sat down beside her. It was Charley Hunter.

"What are you thinking of, my bright-faced little Elsie?" said he.

"I was thinking how happy I am," she replied, smiling.

There was a pause.

"And now ask me what I am thinking of," he said.

"What are you thinking of, Charley?" she answered, obeying, like a child, what seemed to her a very childish request.

"I was thinking how happy I might be," he replied.

"If what were to happen?"

"If dear little Elsie Bard would promise to be my wife."

Elsie started and blushed, but she promised, and kept her promise too.

A TOUGH STORY.

Colonel M. of Oregon has rather a pompous way of talking. Some years ago, while conversing with a couple of British officers at Vancouver, he dilated largely and eloquently on the changes he had witnessed since he came to Oregon. One of the officers, thinking he saw something rather green, asked him, with affected seriousness, whether he had seen any changes in nature itself—whether the rivers had deflected from their accustomed channels, or the mountains had changed their configuration. The colonel saw the officer had mistaken him, and resolved to follow the sage advice of answering a fool according to his folly. "O, certainly, sir," said the colonel. "You see that mountain!" pointing to Mount Hood, whose snow clad summit, some 14,000 feet above sea level, stood only some sixty miles distant. The officer replied that he did. "Well," resumed the colonel, "when I first came to Oregon, *Mount Hood was nothing but a hole in the ground.*"—*Oregon Herald.*

REMARKABLE CONFLAGRATION.

An English paper has the following in ridicule of the extravagancies of the American press: "An American house in town has just received intelligence from Hudson's Bay, that a most appalling fire had broken out there, which has dissolved all the icebergs, and opened the whole northwest passage, even to the Pole; that the whales were all boiled to death; and that four nations of Esquimaux Indians, who had been out fishing, were literally fried into soles. The fixing was distinctly heard at New York, while the whole coast of Greenland could be clearly seen from the upper windows. One old gentleman with a telescope affirmed that he could see the Pole, and read Captain Parry's inscription upon it."

VISIONS OF YOUTH.

In youth we do false worship to false gods
Formed from our fancies, and we think we love!
Our hero dashed from his frail pinnacle,
We weep! our tears wash clear our eyes—we see!
From henceforth are content to love a man,
No demi-god, no hero, but a man;
Truth, faith, affection, the good gifts we prize.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE NUN OF THE SACRED HEART.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

It had been the great desire of my heart, for many years previous to my visit to the south of France, to see the interior of a French convent; and especially was the wish increased, after viewing, from my window at the *hostelrie* of the little village where I had paused for a brief rest, upon my route towards Toulon, the shining white walls and gothic roofs of the Sacred Heart, some half-a-league away. There seemed to me—and who has not entertained the feeling?—such mysterious and interesting associations connected with a religious edifice of this kind:

“In whose deep solitudes and awful cells,
Such heavenly thought and contemplation dwells,”

that I longed to pierce the veil of seclusion, if but for an hour, and realize the experience and become familiar with the homes of the “brides of heaven,” in fact, as I had often done in imagination. The feeling was doubtless one of education, quite as much as of nature; but the discovery of my neighborhood to the institution which I have named, immediately revived the desire, and I forthwith cast about for some means wherewith to gratify it.

Through the kind influence of the benevolent cure of the village, I was enabled to do so, in some degree. I had casually made several indifferent inquiries of the waiting-maid who brought me my early breakfast, regarding the situation of the convent: those were, with the natural garrulity of the inhabitants of a small French hamlet, communicated, in regular succession, to the stable-boy, the kitchen-girl, the landlady, mine host, and to the cure; so that when I stepped out of doors, the latter was waiting for my appearance, in all the dignity of his broad-leafed hat, and sad-colored robe; and meekly accosting me, he professed his entire willingness to procure my admission to all parts of the convent which could consistently be shown.

The invitation was thankfully accepted, as may be imagined; and we slowly took our way towards the eminence upon which the building was seated, discoursing, as we walked, upon such topics as seemed to be most profitable to the mind of my companion. He was a simple-hearted man, who seemed to have lost all shadow of worldliness and pride; and he insensibly gained upon my respect, more and more, as he unconsciously opened his heart to me, through his conversation. Agreeably to his promise, he conducted me through various halls and clois-

ters of the convent, turning aside, now and then, as I could readily see, to avoid some nook which was not to be penetrated by “eyes profane,” and studiously, but with an air of the gravest innocence, which more than once drew a smile to my face, directing my attention to uninteresting objects, in order to divert me from the *penetralia* of the place.

My expectations were more than realized, in relation to the character of the spot. The dim, “religious light,” which stole faintly through the painted oriels, scarcely penetrated the solemn darkness of the cloistered rooms; while the silence which brooded like an incubus over the whole interior, so far as it was revealed to me, could hardly allow the suggestion that there was, in reality, a breathing world of light and action, beyond these gloomy precincts.

Last, in our meandering walk, we visited the chapel. The cure was, withal, a skillful musician; and when, taking his seat at the organ, he caused one of those wild, plaintive hymns of the Romish ritual to steal through nave and chancel, a feeling of awe took possession of me, which was not easily shaken off. Never were surroundings and decorations better fitted to create, of themselves, a feeling of devotion.

But I must hasten to my story—for it would have been strange if a place like this could exist, and especially in France, without attaching to itself, in time, some legend. Near the crucifix, and within the altar itself, a painting was inserted in one of the panels of the wall; and before this I paused, attracted by its singular beauty and melancholy—for it was a female head. I supposed it at first, to be a representation of the *Madonna*; but soon convinced myself that this was an error. The face was evidently that of a young girl; the eyes were slightly raised, in an expression of rapt, intense devotion; the hands were clasped upon a book of orisons, and the shoulders were covered with a nun-like mantle of gray serge, which fell back from the throat.* And over the whole countenance there reigned such a look of saintly purity, so much of that air

“— which limners give
To the beloved disciple,”

which was yet mingled with a tinge of quiet sorrow, that I mentally pronounced it the fairest ideal I had ever looked upon.

The thought must have unconsciously found utterance in words; for my companion, the cure, who had, meantime, left the organ, and was now at my side, exclaimed, with an animation which was unusual to his speech.

* The description is of a picture by Scheffer, which, as a lithograph, must be familiar to many of the readers of this sketch.

"Nay—not an ideal ; but the correct picture of one who once dwelt and worshipped within these walls. There is a story told of this painting, or rather of the subject of it, which I will repeat to you if you choose to hear it."

My choice was quickly expressed ; and I will venture to say, that however many times the story may have been related, it was never heard by a more attentive audience, as seated upon the altar steps, I turned my regards alternately from the priest to the picture.

"Many years have elapsed since the time of which I am about to speak," the former began, "and the Sacred Heart was still in its infancy, when the superior was one day visited by two persons—a father and daughter. The former was recognized instantly by the abbess, as one of the nobles nearest the French throne ; for she herself had seen much of courts and their frequenters, before becoming a recluse. The nobleman's face was a stern and haughty one ; and his errand here could not be mistaken, if it were only from the appearance of his companion. I need not describe her ; you see her face in the picture before you. She was a slight, child like girl ; and as the superior entered the waiting-room, she clung to the arm of her father, who constantly repelled her, with undissembled terror. Particularly when the eyes of the poor girl rested upon the mantle of the superior, did a look of mortal agony cross her face ; and throwing herself at the feet of her father, she raised her hands to him in mute supplication.

"Girl, thou hast once decided !" was his stern answer.

"Spare me, my father ; if but for a little while, still spare me ! At some other time, if you will, but not now—not now !"

"Wilt thou obey me, then, Lucille ?"

"The young girl ceased her supplications, as those cold, unfeeling accents again greeted her ; and turning away, she concealed her face.

"Take her and guard her !" was the sententious charge of the father to the abbess. 'She is of my blood, but not after my heart ; I give her to the cloister, freely and willingly. Take her, she has done with things of this world !'

"Without an additional word, either of consolation or of farewell, the father left the apartment and the convent, never to see the face of his child again. And when the abbess turned her attention to the latter, she found her lying insensible upon the floor. The spectacle was surely a sad one ; and it drew a sigh of compassion from the kind lady, reminding her, as it did, of her own early cares and trials, and the anguish with which she had overcome the world. And it was

a feeling of true pity and commiseration, that induced her to cause the streaming black hair of Lucille to be shorn while she was yet insensible, in order that the additional pang might be spared. And when, awaking from her swoon, the unhappy girl discovered the loss, she begged, with a pathetic fervor which could not be resisted, for one tress of all that had adorned her head.

"He praised it ; it was beautiful to him ;" she murmured, as she received that for which she asked, and placed it in her bosom."

I could not but observe that the cure was deeply affected by the touching story which he related ; and at this point, he paused for an instant, to wipe away the tear which had gathered in his eye. Nor did I fail to see that his glances towards the picture, were, if possible, more frequent and lingering than my own.

"And thus," he continued, "Lucille—for it is unnecessary to know her by any other name—became an inmate of the Sacred Heart. She had, as her father declared, looked her last upon the bright and beautiful world ; and the sad realities of her new life were at once opened to her. They clothed her in the sombre robe of the convent ; and she was added to the pale and silent sisterhood. But it was long before the look of wild and frantic grief which she brought with her, was subdued into one of hopeless sadness ; it was easy to be seen, that thoughts of the world still haunted her rebellious mind, and that her yearnings went forth to it, as to some priceless thing which is irrevocably lost. The transformation, I say, was slow and tedious, but it was at last accomplished ; it is not in the human heart, to harbor the first bitterness of its grief forever ; and ere long the acuteness of Lucille's sorrow was toned down into a calm mournfulness of aspect, which was still more touching in its character. The daily routine of devotion was scrupulously performed ; matins, vespers and vigils all found Lucille faithful ; and her remarkable piety was seen and recognized, as well by the superior, as by her sisters. Yet it seemed more the enforced discharge of duty, than the effect of real and deeply-seated feeling ; her prayers were prolonged, not with the fervent sanctity of a devotee, but with a weary absence of mind, which might have carried another significance to the hearts of those around her, if they had but observed it. But this was not always so, for more than once—yes, many times—the superior would pause at the chapel, on her accustomed nightly visits, and listen with re-awakened commiseration, to the plaintive, pleading accents of Lucille, as she knelt by the altar, and poured forth her supplications for strength of

spirit. O, how wild were the wrestlings of that troubled spirit—how fervently did she beseech the Most High to give her grace to forget the world and its allurements, and to bear with meek and tranquil mind her enforced seclusion! Submission was her prayer, and this her constant petition. And more than once, too, did she breathe a name—and that not the name of her father—and with choking accents and eyes over-running with tears, did she implore that *he*, too, might be forgotten, although her heart should break in the effort, and that a love which was now forbidden, might henceforth be wholly purged away.

"And thus for more than a year did poor Lucille pray, and toil, and suffer; and daily she grew thinner, paler, and more spirit-like. Nightly her sister-nuns beheld her with secret awe, as she glided with her lamp along the deserted corridors, towards the chapel, where the whole night was often passed, daybreak finding her still before the image of the virgin. And here, one morning, they discovered her, still kneeling by the altar, her hands clasped over her book of devotions, and a weary smile resting upon her wan lips, even while those lips were cold in death! Now, indeed, was Lucille the bride of heaven! and thus did she seem, as she lay within her coffin, shrouded in pure white, with the tress of hair which she had so carefully preserved still cherished in her bosom.

"They buried her in the convent-tomb, with all the simple pomp which the sisters of the Sacred Heart are wont to bestow upon their dead. The organ pealed forth its triumphant chants, for one who had at last conquered sin and gained her reward; and the pious nuns chanted the soft, sweet vespers which their dead one had loved, around the coffin. Such had been the fame of the piety of Lucille, which even the convent-walls could not restrain, that, for once, the chapel doors were thrown open, and the people of the village, who loved the memory of the dead, came to honor it. None strove to conceal their emotion; but there was one, a youth of noble appearance, though of mean dress, whose anguish seemed well-nigh insupportable. The sisterhood wondered as they saw it! but when they saw him speak in a low voice to the abbess, and the latter, with tears which could not be repressed, took from the bosom of the dead the single lock of hair which had been placed there—and when, too, as the youth received it from her hand, he pressed it to his lips, and fondly laid it away next his heart—then, and not till then, did the sisters of the Sacred Heart, with sympathy which broke through their habit-

ual impassiveness, learn of the hopeless love of poor, unhappy Lucille!

"You will scarcely ask me to explain the scene. Because she had loved this youth, with all the fervor of her guileless young heart—or rather, because she would not, as she could not, cast him out from the affections where she had enshrined him, at the will of her haughty parent, in whose eyes low birth was a crime and disgrace—because of this, she had been immured in the solitude of the convent, which still was powerless to crush the idol she had reared from her memory. And he, too, had suffered; he, also, had prayed and wept in his loneliness, as he still prays, and weeps, and suffers—for he has not yet been summoned to join his Lucille!"

The priest finished his story; and bowing his head till his face was concealed, he remained long silent. His tale had added to the interest with which I regarded the convent; and as I cast another earnest look upon the placidly beautiful face which looked forth from the animated canvass, I could fancy that the original of it was before me—I could see her gliding through the dim recesses of the convent, and kneeling in prayer before the chapel altar.

The cure now looked up, and with a last glance at the picture, arose to his feet.

"Let us go," he said.

"But who," I asked, as I started up, "was the lover of Lucille—and where is he now? for you said that he still lives."

"It grows late," he observed, as if not having heard my words: "let us depart."

The suspicions which I had at first entertained, were true; my companion was himself the youth whom he had mentioned.

We pursued our way back to the village in silence; I knew his heart must be too full of awakened memories, for further speech, and I most cordially respected his emotion. At the entrance of the hamlet, I paused for a moment, and looked back to where the Sacred Heart lay, buried in the evening shadows; and I then conceived the idea that the good cure had chosen to pursue the duties of his holy office in the neighborhood where his youth had been spent, in order that he might have that before him which should constantly speak of his beloved Lucille,

THE NUN OF THE SACRED HEART.

ELOQUENCE.

O, I know
Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempest;
Herds would forget to graze, and savage beasts
Stand still and lose their fierceness but to hear thee,
As if they had reflection—and by reason,
Forsook a less enjoyment for a greater.—Rowe.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE IRISH BRIDE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THERE was no man more beloved and respected in the whole county of Wicklow, than James Fitzmaurice, in the palmy days of his manhood. He inherited a small estate from his father, to which he had made material additions; and in his twenty-fifth year had married a young woman who was, in all respects, his equal. The wedding-day of James Fitzmaurice and Kathleen Ormond was a day of festivity among the people of their own degree, and it caused a general rejoicing and somewhat overflowing hilarity with those whom Fitzmaurice employed and their friends. Whiskey, unfortunately, flowed freely: and several persons were severely injured in passing. Nothing but the great respect which the conduct of Fitzmaurice had inspired, prevented a perfect riot. As it was, the constables were called in to interfere, and sent the noisy ones to their homes, just as the small hours began to strike.

Among those who were injured, was a beautiful English boy, who was then visiting some Irish relations. Fitzmaurice took him to his house, although the peasants said it was a bad omen to have blood drops on his floor, on the wedding-day—and he and sweet Kathleen Ormond, now Mrs. Fitzmaurice, tended the boy as if he were their own child, until he was able to be moved back to his friends. Shirley Ward never forgot them, and when at the age of twenty-four, his father died, leaving a large estate to his only son, Shirley's first act was to place a certain sum in the funds, the interest of which was to be subject to the draft of James Fitzmaurice, for the education of his eldest son. James too, remembered the handsome lad beside whom he and Kathleen had watched through the first two weeks of their married life; and when, a year after, a son was born, he gratified his wife's maternal pride, by allowing her to call its name Shirley Ward Fitzmaurice. Little Master Ward was duly informed of this by his Irish friends, and a note, written in a schoolboy's formal handwriting, soon after arrived, accompanied by a silver cup for the baby.

The next year, the baby's perfections yielded to the superior ones of a little new sister. Kathleen regretted that she did not know the name of Master Ward's mother or sister; but one thing she was sure of—that Shirley, in his illness, had often talked of cousin Blanche, and hesitated not to appropriate the name for her little girl.

Shirley Fitzmaurice was, therefore, twelve years of age, and little Blanche eleven, when the matter of the boy's education was thus suddenly settled; and James thought it only right and proper for him to write a note of thanks to the benefactor of his child. To the expression of his gratitude, he ventured to append an earnest wish that he would again visit Ireland, and if not beneath his dignity, would he honor Fitzmaurice Place by making his stay there?

The visit was promised at some future time; but an election to parliament and other matters, delayed it for several years. When, at length, the time came, James Fitzmaurice no longer lived to receive him. His horse had unfortunately stumbled, as he was entering his own grounds one evening, and thrown the rider over his head. Pretty Kathleen Fitzmaurice was a widow, and her children orphans.

• "One misfortune treads close upon another's heels," is a trite but true saying. Before a month had passed, young Fitzmaurice had died while at school in Dublin, and the famine had so reduced her people that not one of them was able to plant the ground. Her own resources for food were poor enough, the last year's crop having nearly failed, so that want actually stared her in the face, and even herself, her daughter, and the house servants had literally nothing to eat, after the domestic animals had been slaughtered and consumed. One poor cow remained to give a scanty supply of milk, but her living was gathered almost entirely from the store which she had tried to save for the family necessities. All was doubt and anguish, added to the sorrow of losing her husband and child. Debts were owing the estate which it was hopeless to dream of collecting while the debtors were starving for food.

Poor Kathleen! had it not been for her little Blanche, just now entering her sixteenth year, her heart would indeed have failed her; yet she who was her greatest consolation, was also her greatest anxiety. Even now the young girl's cheeks had grown thin and pale, and her once beautifully rounded figure had assumed a shadowy lightness.

But mother and daughter clung closer and closer to each other. In their deep mourning garb, they visited together the poor, distressed people, carrying to each some morsel from their own poor meals, and speaking a word of encouragement and sympathy which, to the Irish heart, is dearer by far than any other gift.

They had been out one chilly spring afternoon, upon one of these excursions, where the distress they had witnessed had so wrought upon

their spirits, that they threw themselves into a kneeling posture and offered up not the formal prayers of the church, but a real, spontaneous petition, that the wants of the poor, famished creatures might be supplied.

It seemed as if the Heaven they addressed were about to grant the prayers they uttered; for when they arose from their knees, by the dim light of the dying peat fire, they saw a figure within the room, so full of bright and affluent life, so different to the wasted, emaciated forms which alone they had seen for a long time. It seemed to fill the room with its presence, nor were they long in discovering who was their visitor; at least, it was so with Kathleen; for Blanche had never seen him before. It was Shirley Ward himself.

The ship in which he had arrived bore beneficent gifts from England, and among them, Shirley Ward's were not the least. He had not even heard of any deeper misfortune to the Fitzmaurices than the probable chance that the famine might affect them. Kathleen saw at once that she had been to blame in not apprising him, and she told him so. She was glad that she had not drawn upon the interest of his benevolent intention for her son, since his father's death.

Mr. Ward besought her to appropriate to herself the same sum. She smiled sadly, thinking it perhaps of little use when there was nothing to buy with it. There was little said, but when lights were brought, Shirley was struck with the innocent beauty of Blanche Fitzmaurice. Very pale was the young girl's face, but it was so pure, so intelligent, so different to the rosy, buxom damsels of his own isle, that his heart seemed charmed out of his bosom almost at the first moment. Blanche had determined that her brother at school should not know more than herself at home; and she had actually kept pace with the young student in every branch of learning. With the priest's help, in connection with that of his young niece who had been educated in Dublin, she had achieved what, in Shirley Ward's mind, was very wonderful. By judicious questioning he had found all this out, notwithstanding her modesty.

She sang the wild songs of her country to him, although she wept when she uncovered her harp, for the first time since her father's death. She could refuse nothing, however, to the friend of whom she had heard so much, and to whom they had literally nothing to offer in the shape of food.

When the mother reluctantly named this to her guest, and mourned that they were obliged to be so inhospitable, Shirley started up with an

exclamation of grief at his own thoughtlessness, and, with a brief adieu, left the house. Half an hour elapsed, in which mother and daughter alike wondered at, when he returned with a stout sailor, bearing everything requisite for an abundant meal. "We cannot eat when our poor people are hungry," said Kathleen; but he assured her that there was enough at the door, which the sailor was making himself as well as others happy in distributing.

How sweet was this meal to the famished inmates of Fitzmaurice Place, none can know save those who have felt the pangs of hunger. Shirley Ward, too, enjoyed it intensely, and he prolonged his stay until he found it quite time to be on board ship. Kathleen overruled his objections to accepting her invitation to remain, telling him that she could offer him lodging fit for a king, but not the king's supper. As he had provided that entertainment, she, at least, must supply the rest.

And he was forthwith ushered to a chamber so redolent of fragrance and beauty, so amply supplied with all appliances of comfort, that he could hardly realize that such a luxurious room belonged to the people whom he had just rescued from actual impending starvation.

He went to bed, but although surrounded by ease and luxury, he could not sleep. The image of the little Irish maiden did not once leave his mind. It was so strange to find such a being where he had expected to find only lowly and unlearned merit.

He sighed to think that he had already suffered his name to be mentioned in connection with that of an English lady; and that Henrietta Kingsley was one who would not easily be trifled with. He must leave this little wild flower at once, though he longed to transplant it in English soil.

The morning rose bright and cheerful. The spring robins sang at his window, and when he opened it, the sun was shining among the golden green of the tender leaves. He looked out, and the first sight that met his eye, was Blanche Fitzmaurice, dispersing his last night's gifts to a group of ragged children, upon whom famine seemed to have laid her hand heavily. Not a word was said, but the little thin faces, with their preternaturally large eyes, were turned upon her with an expression of adoration, as if it were to their patron saint.

She was even more beautiful in his eyes, than he thought her the night previous. The sunbeams flitted among her soft brown curls, turning them to spun gold, and the exercise of bringing from the house the curious little packets of

corn and wheat which she had made up for them, had imparted a faint flush to her usually pale cheek. He concealed himself behind the curtain that he might enjoy the scene undisturbed. There was woe breeding that morning for Henrietta Kingsley; but she deserved it, for she was a heartless flirt and coquette, although Shirley had not yet found that out. He remembered the adage which is often heard in Ireland,

"'Tis good to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

It was certainly good advice, and lest he should be tempted to the contrary, he went away with a brief and hurried good-by, hardly daring to look at Blanche, or press her hand as a friend may. Back to England he went, and into the presence of Henrietta Kingsley. Her beauty subdued him, for she was surpassingly handsome, but when she began to talk to him, his thoughts went back to that evening of sparkling and intelligent conversation in Ireland; and he was forced to admit that the English lady lost immeasurably by the comparison.

Miss Kingsley seemed bent on securing him as a lover. All her blandishments were put in requisition. It was decidedly the best matrimonial speculation she had known, and she valued it accordingly. She could not afford to trifle here, although she had hitherto walked over hearts without heeding how she crushed them.

Shirley saw no hope of escape. She had pleased his fancy at first, and he had not then seen her imperfections. He had spoken words that he repented almost as soon as spoken. He was in his own room the next day after he returned, when a familiar step came beside him, and Fred Warwick's joyous laugh sounded in his ear. The friends met kindly and warmly; yet Shirley soon relapsed into a thoughtful gloom that did not escape Fred's observant eye.

"What ails you, Shirley?" he said, almost as tenderly as a woman would have put the same question. And Shirley, who kept nothing from his friend, told him all.

"Leave it to me, Shirley," said Fred. "I will manage that without compromising you in the least, or injuring any person. I will manage that Henrietta Kingsley will herself break up this matter in less than a week."

"But how?"

"Never mind the how, my dear fellow—only trust me. I promise you I will hurt nobody, and you shall see the flirt in her true character, and be free to marry your little wild flower as soon as you and she can agree to it. What, doubtful still? Well—have your own way, and when

you are safely moored, I will go and marry Blanche myself."

"I do trust you, Fred. Do as you like, only observe the conditions."

"I positively declare that they shall be religiously observed. Now Shirley, don't contradict any reports you may hear about yourself, unless they should affect your moral character. That is all I ask of you. The rest belongs to me."

Fred's good, honest face was worthy of all trust; yet the rogue meditated something that should operate as an untruth, after all. Within twenty-four hours after this interview, it was bruited all over town that Shirley Ward was ruined in his property, and that the entailed estate was all that he could claim as his own.

There were plenty of people who were glad to drop in at Mr. Kingsley's with the news; and father and daughter held a long conversation, of which the following note was the result.

"MR. SHIRLEY WARD:—Dear Sir,—Before this reaches you, my daughter and myself will be *en route* for Paris. The slight attachment which you have proffered toward my daughter is, I am sorry to say, unreciprocated by her. It would have been truly agreeable to me, had it been otherwise; but I trust it will be for the best. Allow me to consider you still as a friend, and believe me yours most truly,

RICHARD KINGSLEY."

East Terrace, May 10.

"What a happy release!" exclaimed Fred Warwick. "Mr. Kingsley told me confidentially this morning that Hetty liked you, but that she had been brought up too expensively to mate with a poor man! So you see that it was only the golden bait that caught that fish. Now, my boy, write your answer, and be off to Ireland at once."

"You forget that they have precluded any answer by not staying to receive it. It is not worth the trouble."

Shirley's fortune came back. So did Mr. Kingsley and his daughter when they heard the news; but it was too late. The first time they rode out, they met Shirley Ward and his beautiful wife—the counterpart of that sweet maid of Erin, whose

"—beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or her gay gold wand."

HOPE.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
hair. COLLINS.

[ORIGINAL.]

VIKU MEHNES:

—OR,—

THE WOLF'S MOUTH.

BY DAVID A. HARRISON.

In the year 1836, I travelled in Russia. I say in the year 1836, for it was then I began my journey, or rather began to follow the fitful wanderings of another. For nearly eighteen months I followed the footsteps of a wealthy eccentric uncle. Most of that time we were in Russia. My uncle, Mr. Frank Harewood, was always what people called "odd," and after the death of his wife, a good, gentle woman who had power to soften his roughness and keep in check his eccentricity, he became more restless and singular than ever. I, his only nephew, and an orphan, became a great favorite, and his almost constant companion. From the age of nine I had been like his own child, and made my home with him.

Just nineteen in the summer of 1835, I began the study of law, which I pursued, I can assure you, under difficulties, for my good uncle, though liking my choice of a profession, and helping me with money and advice, yet proved himself a stumbling-block in my way, though not intentionally or ill-naturedly so. Rarely could I count upon a day of uninterrupted study. Again and again, when quietly seated down to my books, my uncle would burst unceremoniously into the room, and carry me off on some fishing, shooting, riding or sailing excursion. Sometimes I would refuse to go, but I always regretted it, for my poor lonely uncle seemed to lose all enjoyment without me. So when he entered my room, and said in his clear, cheery voice:

"Here, Dave, just pitch those books out of the window, or anywhere else out of my sight, and go with me," I almost always obeyed, and sometimes for a whole week they would remain just as I left them, for as it most frequently happened, the expedition of a day would be made to extend through a week at least.

Thus matters went on for nearly a year. I learned little, for I studied little, and at last I came to the conclusion, a wise one, I am sure all will say, that unless I made a bold stand and devoted myself to my studies, I should never make my name in the world. I signified as much to my uncle, and he called me a "good boy," and promised not to tempt me to any more negligence. For one week I got along bravely, studying hard and making progress in proportion. I only saw my uncle at meal times

when he pleasantly bantered me upon my application.

One day I had just buried myself in the depths of my luxurious easy-chair, with a huge law book upon the reading desk before me, when the door opened, and Uncle Frank entered. I looked up, expecting a renewal of our old life, but he was so grave and quiet that I saw something graver than a fishing excursion or ride was on the carpet, so I closed my book and prepared to listen to him. Uncle Frank took a seat before me, and, while quietly destroying one of the quill pens I had made with great care and trouble not an hour ago, he began:

"Tired of study by this time, Dave?"

"No, sir."

"I didn't know but you might be so, just dropped in to propose a little expedition."

I laughed as I said:

"Away, tempter! I am only on the first round of the ladder where I have just been balancing myself for a year past. No, Uncle Frank, I am not tired of study, and cannot join you in any expedition."

"Made up your mind fully to that, my boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come, come. Think better of it, Dave. I want you to go with me."

"Much obliged to you, but I can't do it."

"You are an ungrateful young rascal."

"Not so, Uncle Frank. I'd be more worthy that name if I gave up my study, and consequently all chance of supporting myself."

"Tush, Dave! I've got plenty for both of us as long as we both shall live. Can nothing tempt you to give up your studies this once?"

"No, sir."

"Wouldn't a proposal to take a trip to Russia rather shake your determination?" my uncle asked, rather maliciously.

Now a trip to Russia had been from early boyhood one of my Spanish castles. France, Italy, Spain, Rhineland, had no charms compared with those which frozen Russia held out to me. Perfectly healthy, and rather glorying in cold weather, I dreamed of Russia, of all the frozen lands then known. So when Uncle Frank asked the foregoing question, I detected a pleasant malice in his voice. I merely answered, quietly:

"That won't do. I know you hate cold weather, Uncle Frank, and would as soon go to Africa and camp out on the Desert of Sahara, as to Russia. Let me study."

Uncle Frank laughed one of his soul-stirring, cheery laughs, and rising, he said:

"Well, Dave, make hay while the sun shines, study as hard as you can for ten days, because

at the end of that time, you and I are to set sail for Russia."

"Uncle Frank!"

"Call 'Uncle Frank,' as much as you please.

In ten days we start for Russia; and mind me, young man, if I catch one of those law books smuggled in any of your traps, I'll pitch them overboard, and maybe you after them. Now go on with your studies and don't let what I have told you distract your attention." And with a kind of malicious chuckle he left the room.

I waited till I heard him shut the door of the library, then flinging my book on the table, I danced a double shuffle on the middle of my floor. Very lightly for fear my uncle might hear me, but with much gusto, nevertheless. Don't smile scornfully, reader, but remember with charity that I was scarcely nineteen, and was having a dream of youth realized in the most unexpected manner. I danced till I was exhausted, and then flung myself on my couch to ponder over the joy which had come to me. At dinner that day my uncle made no allusion to the expedition, and I almost began to fear it was only a joke, except I never knew my good, odd uncle to joke in that way. At tea, however, he told me all his plans, and that night I laid my head on my pillow, feeling certain of my happiness.

The ten days passed sluggishly enough, I read very little law and very much Russia. At last we started. Our voyage was like every other voyage; nothing of any note happening, but a sailor tumbling overboard. That saddened me somewhat, for I was young, and had been but little out in the world. I am not going to give my readers a tedious account of our journeyings. If they are desirous of hearing more of the places which I may mention, let them go to some library and procure a book of travels. One narration is as good as the other.

In Livonia, I picked up some curious and tragical histories, which I may give you some other time, if the story I now give you pleases. In Courland I went on an elk hunt, and together with my uncle was "in at the death." Those antlers in the front hall were trophies of that day's sport. We made a flying visit to Archangel (or Arkanghelsk), but there my merry uncle almost perished with the cold, and we left, just stopping at Novgorood, a secondary city, bearing but few traces of the wealth and strength which gave rise to the proverb—

"*Quis contra Deos et magnam Novogordian?*" ("Who can resist the gods and Great Novgorood?")

Moscow claimed quite a large share of our at-

tention. But I am wandering among the scenes so vividly painted upon my memory. My readers will think I am forgetting my promise of not making a guide book of my story. No, I am not. I will stop instantaneously, and try and redeem my character. It is enough to say that Uncle Frank Harewood and I travelled all through Russia, but met with no adventures till we came to Esthonia. There an exciting scene took place which I shall never forget, and I heard a story which I shall give to my readers as it was told to me.

We arrived in Esthonia (anciently called *Esthland* or *Revel*), in December, which, because of the ravages committed by the wolves who are there savage and audacious with hunger, is called "*Viku Mehnes*," or "Wolf's Mouth." The peasants were rather a miserable set, and much addicted to drunkenness. The stories I heard of the wolves, their ferocity and boldness, made my heart quiver, but still filled me with a wild desire to be an eye-witness to some bloody, fearful scene. I think the same reckless idea must have possessed my worthy uncle, for hearing one day that a relation of the inn-keeper with whom we lodged, was going with his daughter to visit the bedside of his dying father, Uncle Frank made interest, and got a seat for both of us in the sledge. To the peasant's two horses, we added three.

"One for the wolves, and two for ourselves," Uncle Frank said.

My heart glowed with the prospect of a struggle with the savage beasts. Well wrapped up and well-armed, we started. The peasant was a hard, coarse man, and his daughter simply pretty and rather stupid. I could gain no amusement from her society, so leaning back in the sledge, which rushed swiftly over the snow drawn by the five good horses, I had nothing better to do than listen to every noise with an impatient heart. The first half of the journey was passed without accident. The road now ran along the skirts of a dense pine forest. Suddenly my uncle raised his head, and the peasant girl before me shuddered, and bowed hers.

"Be ready, Dave, my dear boy, and take good aim. Lose not a single shot."

The deep tones of my uncle's voice damped my enthusiasm, and the sight which met my eyes on looking back, robbed me of all my glowing romance. I did not turn sick with fear, nor lose my cool courage, but I felt that real danger followed quick upon us, as I looked at the troop of wolves who came rushing over the snow with that long, vigorous, lapping trot, I had so often read about. The horses heard the fearful, deep

howl with which the beasts approached, and of their own accord sprang forward with wild eyes and distended nostrils. Slowly but surely they gained upon us. So near was the foremost that I could hear his deep pants, see his glaring eyes and open, red mouth.

"Be ready, Dave, and fire," said Uncle Frank, taking aim.

I followed his example, and at a word two wolves rolled in the snow, giving up their life with a prolonged howl. The troop for a moment or two gathered round their dead comrades, then pushed on in pursuit with renewed vigor. Again and again Uncle Frank and I fired, with the same result. At last the forest grew thinner as did the number of our pursuers. One great gaunt fellow hung on to the chase. Both my uncle and myself had expended all our ammunition, and my heart began to sink, as I watched this savage beast following with unswerving, unfaltering leaps, each moment gaining on us.

"Uncle!" I exclaimed, "all our powder gone, what shall we do?"

"We can but give up one of the horses to him, Dave. Keep a good heart."

"That of course I shall do. He gains upon us."

Raising his voice, Uncle Frank bade the driver give one of the horses to the beast.

"No more powder. Loose the horse I brought on purpose, or the wolf will spring upon the sledge."

The man hastened to obey, but owing to his stupidity in harnessing, the animal could not be got loose as soon as we expected.

"Cut him loose! Cut either one loose! David, my boy, be cool and steady."

While the man, almost powerless with terror, fumbled with the fastenings, the savage beast gained the side of the sledge, and with a deep howl sprang upon the side—his red tongue nearly touching my face, his hot, panting breath fanning my cheek. Here then was the romance of a wolf chase in Russia! Raising my musket, I struck the brute with the butt end of it and crushed his skull, and howling, he slackened his hold and rolled upon the snow which was soon reddened with his blood. He was the last of the pursuers, and we reached our destination in safety. I felt glad that I had figured in the scene, but had no desire to go through another.

We stayed a few days in the little village which we had reached through so much peril, and it was there I heard the following story. Don't grow impatient, reader—it is but a short story—scarcely more than an anecdote.

The village where we stopped was small, and

of course being strangers, foreigners, we were noticed and much talked about. The first two days of our stay, I noticed an old, weather-beaten peasant, who walking with a crutch, hovered near us. The sight of this man filled me with sorrow and aversion too. One day he entered the room where we sat. He awkwardly doffed his cap, and said he had come to hear the account of our escape, from our own lips.

Perfectly good-naturedly, Uncle Frank related the scene. The old peasant listened attentively, and when the recital was finished, rose.

"Many thanks, sir, for your kindness. Your boy there, is a brave and handsome one. My little Alexandrovich would have been just his age had he lived—poor fellow!"

The evident sorrow of the old man drew from my uncle the question, as to what had happened to him?

"The wolf, sir," and the man moved to the door.

"If not too painful, we would hear the story, my worthy fellow," said my uncle, kindly. One of Uncle Frank's weaknesses was an insatiable thirst for stories.

"I fear it would tire you, sirs."

"No, no," said uncle, eagerly, "sit down, and let us hear it?"

The man obeyed, and here is his sad story.

"Ten years ago, wolves were more numerous than they are now, and a bounty was offered for them. Then a war was waged by all the peasants against these beasts. My Elise and I had been married ten years, and our only child, little Alexandrovich, was nine years old. My wife was a pretty fearless woman, and while I was off hunting, would go into the woods after fagots, and once or twice brought home a wolf's cub. One day she showed me with great triumph three wolf's cubs, which she had killed with stones while they were drinking. She was going to throw them into the yard, when little Alexandrovich begged to be allowed to keep them for a little while to play with them. It was summer and the windows were open. As my boy played with the little dead beast, I thought I heard a cry, a low, mournful cry, as if of a dog in distress. At this sound, my old father sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, as he turned deadly pale:

"Michael! throw the cubs from the window! The old she-wolf hunts for them! Another howl and our lives are worthless! Do you forget, that a wolf's howl betokens misfortune and death?"

"Such is the superstition of our people," parenthesized the man. "I seized the cubs, but too late! With a savage howl, the wolf mother, a gigantic beast, sprang into the window and

fell upon my child. She had tracked her young by the blood, and now came to rescue them. We were wholly unarmed, and before I could take my gun from its nail, the savage brute had fairly torn my child, my only child, limb from limb. Just at that moment, my brave wife entered the room, and seeing that her child was in danger, she raised the heavy stick of wood she carried, and sprang forward, to struggle with the brute. My gun now was useless, for I could not use it for fear of shooting my wife, so dropping it, I seized my knife and grappled with the wolf; and my father threw the cubs from the window, hoping thus to cause the beast to leave. My wife died before I could rescue her—then the beast turned upon my father and myself. Both fought like tigers, but the maddened, ferocious animal was too much for us. My father, too, fell dying by my side, and I sunk exhausted on the floor which was slippery with the life-blood of all who were dear to me in this world. Missing her young, the creature, though wounded desperately, sprang from the window. The next day she was found dead a few yards from the house. My wife, child and father dead, I had a brain fever, which, together with the fearful wounds I had received, kept me at death's door." So speaking, the old man threw back his shirt, and displayed across his back fearful scars made by the savage wolf.

"Much better had it been for me, if I had died then. My grief made me a lonely old man, and my wounds a cripple for life—unable to work so as to earn my bread—a lonely old man dependent upon the charity of others. Good-day."

"Stay, my good fellow!" exclaimed Uncle Frank, his very handsome face glowing with emotion. "Let me help you. Here is a purse which will serve you for many a day. May God bless you, and take you soon to him."

"Amen," said the man; and after profusely thanking my uncle, he hobbled out of the room, and we never saw him again.

When our host brought us our tea that night, my uncle spoke to him of the poor fellow.

"What is the name of that old, lame man, I have seen round here since I came?"

"That is Michael Tomak, an old rascal!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"That he is the worst man in the village, and if it were not for shortening his misery, no one would give him a cent."

"You must be mistaken."

"Not at all."

"Why, he has just told me a story of suffering which fairly made me shudder, and I gave him money."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the host. "Was it the wolf story?"

"He told me of his fearful struggle with a wolf who killed his whole family."

"All a lie!"

"All a lie?" and Uncle Frank bounded from his chair.

"Yes, sir. He was the wolf himself."

"Had the story no foundation?"

"Very little."

"Tell me the truth."

"This is it. Michael Tomak is, and always has been, one of the worst men in the village—bad-tempered and drunken, he was the wolf of his household. He had a wife and one child, whom he used to abuse awfully. His wife was a beautiful, high-spirited, courageous woman, and often added to her support by fearlessly trapping and killing wolves. One day in a fit of drunkenness and bad temper, he so abused his little son, a bright, little fellow, that he died. His mother in trying to defend her little boy, the sole joy of her life, received her death-blow from the powerful arm of the father, and—"

"He showed me the fearful scars inflicted by the wolf," gasped my uncle, in one last effort to preserve the truth of his story.

"A little patience, sir. That same night he and his father, a man his equal in strength and wickedness, had a fierce quarrel, and Michael stabbed him to the heart. He was taken and sentenced, and those scars you saw are the marks of the *knot*!"

"The knot!" exclaimed Uncle Frank, with a shudder. "I thought few ever received the punishment and lived!"

"Few do. No other man except he was such a savage as Michael Tomak, could. He was knotted and left for dead, and how he ever came to life none can tell. He leads a wretched life; beaten, cursed, half-starved and homeless, he is atoning for his fearful crimes."

The inn-keeper left, and my uncle paced up and down the room, more angry than I had ever seen him before:

"I could kill him, myself!" he muttered, and there the subject dropped. I did not dare to allude to it, and now if I want to put my good kind old uncle out of sorts, and in a fit of bad temper—as bad as he ever gets, good man! I have but to say: VIKU MEENES, or WOLF'S MOUTH.

WINTER.

Let winter come!—let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world and tempest-troubled deep!
Yet shall the smile of social love repay
With mental light the melancholy day.

CAMPBELL.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

Away we go o'er the frozen snow
 With a motion light and free,
 'Tis cold we know, and the wind doth blow,
 But a fearless band are we.

Out of the town, as the sun goes down,
 We skim along the way:
 With never a frown, all care we drown,
 And yield to pleasure's sway.

Each hooded face is full of grace,
 And wears a sunny smile;
 With the lily's trace the roes hath place,
 Where dimples play the while.

Each gallant gent, on comfort bent,
 Sits close to some fair one's side;
 While jokes are sent with kind intent,
 And all enjoy the ride.

And then at night, when the moon is bright,
 The best of our joys begin;
 For a cheerful light, and a supper all right,
 We'll find at the wayside inn.

On a pleasant day, in a well-filled sleigh
 Of friends we love so well,
 There's nothing so gay as to speed away
 At the sound of the merry bell.

Then away we go o'er the frozen snow,
 With a motion light and free;
 'Tis cold we know, and the wind doth blow,
 But a fearless band are we.

[ORIGINAL.]

MRS. REED'S MISTAKE.

BY GEORGE S. RAND.

MRS. HERBERT REED had two very disagreeable tasks before her to perform. That was why she stood so long arranging the ribbons of her jaunty lace cap, and smoothing down the folds of her dark rich morning-dress, after the breakfast-bell had rung long and lustily. She dreaded what she felt herself called upon to say. First, she must inform her uncle—a white-headed old man, who had been in her house for several months—that he must look somewhere else for a home; she did not feel that it was her duty to take care of him. Secondly, she must say to her son Philip, that he was greatly demeaning himself by paying so much attention to a mere nobody—a poor school-teacher, who lived in a bit of a cottage, and supported a widowed mother with her earnings. Furthermore, she must say to her son Philip, that such a proceeding upon his part was against her express wishes; and

she should be greatly incensed if he did not pay the strictest attention to all that she had been pleased to say on the subject.

This, I repeat, was all very disagreeable to Mrs. Reed. Her uncle would grow pathetic over what she had to say to him; he would remind her of the time, when she used to sit upon his knee, a little, orphan child, with no home but the one he could give her; he might ask her if this was her gratitude; and what she hoped in her age, if she turned away from him in his?

Her son Philip would get very angry—he was proud and high-hearted—he would, in all human probability, say a great many bitter things to her; he would praise his plebeian divinity in the highest terms, and, perhaps, end by declaring that he should consult his own tastes in the matter, and not hers!

Mrs. Reed's nerves were weak, but, she must do her duty. So she went down to the breakfast-room. Her uncle and son were there before her, seated before the warm, cheery fire. It was a pleasant little place. The sunlight streamed in at the windows, and flickered across the nicely-set table. From the massive coffee urn, a delightful aroma was diffused through the room. Mrs. Reed glanced around with a complacent smile upon her hard, finely-cut features. Should she speak her mind, then? No, not until breakfast was over, she thought, taking her place at the head of the table.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," is an old saying. For this reason, perhaps, the sumptuous meal was a silent one. The blue eyes of the old man—which had all the summer of his life saved in their kindly depths—were bent steadily upon his plate. Mrs. Reed thought his hand was unusually tremulous as he raised his coffee to his lips. Philip's face—and a finer one is seldom seen—wore a grave, perplexed look. There were several attempts made to start a little breakfast-table conversation. Mrs. Reed said it was a beautiful morning. Philip bowed. The old man bowed. She said that she had thought the night before that it looked like a storm.

"Indeed!" said Philip.

An hour later he could have remarked, drily, that the signs were not to be wondered at. That the storm had come.

"She didn't think from present appearances, that the coming winter would be a very severe one."

"Neither did he."

The old man answered this time. Mrs. Reed smiled. She was particularly favored by this. It led the way to the very subject which she wished most to approach.

"Where do you intend to spend the winter, uncle?" she asked, as she drew her knife, sharply, through the juicy steak upon her plate.

Where did he intend to spend the winter? The question whizzed through his brain like a bullet. It was lucky for him that he was sitting instead of standing, because for the moment he was stricken so senseless—almost helpless. The massive silver fork dropped from his trembling hand. The blue eyes, so full of summer, grew misty and dim, as though hazy autumn-time was beginning to look up from their depths. Where did he intend to spend the winter? This from the woman whom he had loved and cherished through a helpless, weary orphanhood? Presently a smile broke over his face.

"Thank God!" he thought, "living seventy-five years, he had never before met with such ingratitude."

"What was that you said, mother?" inquired Philip, her words having just broken through the deep study which he was in. "Where is Uncle William going to spend the winter? Isn't the question a strange one?"

The old man raised his eyes to Philip's face. There was a world of thankfulness in their depths. He tried to speak, but his lips were dry, and not a single word went from them.

"Not very strange," answered Mrs. Reed, blandly. "Of course he has some plan for the future."

Philip's lip curled.

"I had thought so myself," he answered, "and I had never for a moment dreamed that his plan would conflict with yours!"

Mrs. Reed smiled. Her features grew harder than ever. She looked towards her uncle. Her gaze was sharp and hard as steel.

"You want me to find another home. Is that it?" he asked in a broken voice.

"I had thought you wished to do so."

"Mother!" said Philip, reproachfully.

"It shall be as you wish," was the answer given, more in sorrow than in anger. "I shall be well off in any place—in any place. I've no fears."

He arose from the table as he spoke, and walked slowly out of the room.

"Don't put yourself to any inconvenience, Uncle William, because you feel as though you ought to leave us," said Mrs. Reed, as he opened the door.

He looked for a moment into her hard, selfish face, but his mild blue eyes wasted their light upon marble. Her features did not change.

"Don't worry about me," he answered, pleasantly. "I shall be well taken care of. Good morning."

With this he closed the door, and went up to his room.

"What does this mean, mother?" asked Philip pushing back his plate, and rising hastily from the table.

"It means that I cannot be burdened with the old man any longer. Nothing more."

"I hope not, in Heaven's name! I should think it was enough. I trust your conscience is at ease."

"Perfectly, my son. Sit down, if you please, I have something to say to you. Will you tell me where you spend your evenings lately?"

Philip changed color. He was not expecting this. The subject was a tender one. He bent his eyes to the carpet, for a moment, then raised them to his mother's face.

"I was twenty-one years of age, three years since, if I remember rightly," he answered.

"I am aware of the fact; but I should never have guessed it from your actions. You conduct yourself more like a youth of eighteen."

The young man bowed, and bit his lip.

"You are pleased to be complimentary," he said, smiling a little bitterly.

"I am pleased to speak plainly to you, as a mother should speak to her son. I have your highest good at heart, and shall expect you to abide by my counsellings."

"Well, what are they?" he asked, impatiently. "I must know that first."

"But my first question remains unanswered. Where do you spend your evenings?"

"In a place, both pleasant and respectable."

"To you?"

"To me, mother, to every one, there is not a person living—"

"Be quiet, Philip," broke in Mrs. Reed, holding her hand to her head, nervously. "There is no use in getting boisterous. It can all be summed up in a few simple words. You are forgetting yourself and your station by seeking company beneath you. I do not say but this pale-faced girl who has won upon your boyish fancy, is well enough. I do not doubt that she is, but she is not your equal; and you wrong both yourself and her when you treat her as such. This intimacy can never result in anything serious. I desire that it should be broken off. I am quite in earnest about it."

"If it is a boyish fancy, it will die of itself, mother," said Philip. "I think we can both afford to wait, I am sure I am not afraid, and my safety, as you look upon it, is the most deeply threatened."

"There is no use in parleying, Philip. You understand me. Shall it be as I wish?"

"I will act honorably. I will promise you that. A son's honor should lie very near a mother's heart."

Mrs. Reed's eyes flashed for the first time.

"I never allow any one to trifle with me," she said.

"Neither do I. Will you be so kind as to look to Uncle William. He may need you. It's quite time for me to be down town. Good morning. I will dine at the hotel, to-day."

Mrs. Reed made an ineffectual attempt to speak again, but Philip closed the door of the breakfast room very unceremoniously, and stalked through the hall into the street.

For a whole hour, the anxious mother walked nervously up and down the breakfast-room, thinking of her undutiful son, and trying to devise a plan by which she could bend his stubborn will. None occurred to her, and, in consequence, she grew more and more flurried and troubled, till at last she was in a perfect fever of excitement. A servant came into the room and cleared the table, but she did not notice; another came and replenished the fire; again the door opened, and this time her uncle made his appearance, equipped for a journey. Her eyes brightened.

"Are you going, so soon?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm going down on C—— Street to stop a few weeks with an old school-mate. Don't fret about me."

"On C—— Street?" repeated Mrs. Reed.

"Let me see, what is your friend's name?"

"Halmer—Mrs. Halmer!"

"Has she a daughter Lizzie?"

"Yes."

"What in the world put it into your old head to go there!" exclaimed Mrs. Reed, quite forgetting herself. "I'm sure you are welcome to stay here as long as you please, instead of going there. Does Philip know anything about it?"

"O yes, he proposed it to me. It's very pleasant and comfortable. Call round and see me."

"No, not there; but haven't you been a little hasty about this? Wouldn't it be better for you to remain here with me?"

"No I thank you—no. I have an idea of making Lizzie Halmer my heiress."

"Your heiress!" she repeated, laughing drily.

"Let me congratulate her upon her possessions! You are inclined to be facetious, Uncle William."

"Do you think so? Perhaps I am getting foolish. Good morning. I wish you much happiness."

"Good morning."

So they parted. The old man went to the carriage that was waiting for him, laughing and rub-

bing his hands together, his face glowing with smiles. Mrs. Reed continued her walk up and down the breakfast-room, her face as scowling and dark as a November morning.

A week passed away. On the morning of a bright, cheery day, Mrs. Reed sat alone in her elegant boudoir, her feelings quite out of keeping with the cheery splendor around her. She could find no pleasure in anything she heard or saw, so strong and deep was her anxiety for her son Philip.

As she sat with her hands folded before her, looking steadily into the glowing fire, there was a hard ring at the street door, followed by a rustling of silks along the hall.

"Good morning, Mrs. Reed," began a voice, at the same moment that her door was thrown open. "I thought I'd call around and see you. How pale you are looking!"

"Why, Mrs. Wells, I'm glad to see you," said Mrs. Reed, rising and extending her hand to the bustling, portly little woman.

"Thank you," returned Mrs. Wells. "But have you heard the gossip? I'm sure not for it is but just out."

"Gossip?" repeated Mrs. Reed, wonderingly.

"Yes, though for my life I can't make anything very straight of it. Annie Weston gave it to me an hour since. Well to begin with, there's to be a wedding—a splendid wedding—at our church at ten o'clock!"

"Indeed! Do you know anything of the parties?"

"Nothing at all. That is the queerest of it. It seems that a rich old gray-beard has made a poor girl—poor, but very, *exceedingly* beautiful—his heiress, and that she is about to marry into one of our highest families. The young gentleman's people idolize her, and are perfectly insane with joy. O, I suppose it's a grand affair. Wont you dress, and drive down to the church with me? Be as expeditious as possible, that we may get a good seat. O, I forgot to say that the old fellow—the one worth the money I mean—is fitting the young couple up an establishment on T—— Street in almost royal magnificence. There is to be a great wedding supper there to-night. Be spry as you can, Mrs. Reed. There, let me assist you in tying your bonnet, I think we shall have ample time. How much I do enjoy this! Don't you, Mrs. Reed?"

Mrs. Reed said, "Yes," and buttoned her furs up closely about her throat, while she was speaking.

"Isn't it funny that there are no names out?" asked Mrs. Wells.

"Very funny, indeed!"

"O, the old man is so very rich! People never knew half about it until a few days ago. There, step right into the carriage. James, drive as fast as you possibly can to our church. Indeed, I do enjoy this so much, Mrs. Reed!"

Mrs. Reed smiled, and looked out of the carriage window.

"It is said, too," burst out Mrs. Wells, again "that the old gentleman has been treated rather shabbily by some of his wealthy relations, and that he takes this very quaint way of revenging himself."

"Indeed!" was the faint reply.

"Do see the throngs of people in this street. How it has been noised about. I don't care, I shall insist on occupying my own pew at any rate, even if I have to turn the governor out of it. I'm sure we shall see the most beautiful bride of the season, Mrs. Reed. It lacks just half an hour of the ceremony."

The carriage stopped before the church, and the two ladies alighted.

"Follow me; I will make a way through the crowd," said Mrs. Wells, elbowing her way along. "I shall certainly find my way to my own pew in spite of everything. Isn't this delightful?"

Mrs. Reed thought it was anything but this, yet she was too polite to disagree with her friend, so she smiled, and held fast to her bonnet with both hands, saying, "Very delightful!"

The seat was reached at last, thanks to Mrs. Wells's inimitable perseverance, and two or three misses very unceremoniously elbowed out of it. By-and-by the crowd grew still and expectant. Mrs. Reed could almost hear her own heart beat. The half hour was most gone. Would the wedding party ever come? What made her tremble so? She was thinking of Philip, poor, anxious mother! She wondered if he was there. She looked about, he was nowhere to be seen. He might be in another part of the church. She felt almost sure that she should see him. There was a heavy rumbling of carriages in the street; a pause at the church door; a stifled whispering rippled through the crowd; the rich, solemn tones of the organ broke out upon the air, in a grand anthem.

Mrs. Reed kept her gaze fixed upon the broad aisle. The party walked slowly along to the altar. Of a sudden Mrs. Wells felt the grasp of her friend fixed firmly upon her arm. But she could not take her eyes from the bride to learn what troubled her.

"My son Philip!" gasped Mrs. Reed, sinking back in her seat and clasping her hands over her eyes. "What a terrible mistake!"

"O my good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Wells. "Isn't this really splendid? Your son. And as I live, it's your uncle who is giving away the bride. Don't faint, please! What a veil she wears, do look, just a moment. Isn't she beautiful? What a lucky woman you—don't faint, Mrs. Reed! O, what a romance I'm in! And you didn't know a thing of it!"

The bridal party turned away from the altar. The organ, as though a pulse of joy was beating at its great heart, gave out peal after peal of grand delicious melody. It fell upon the ears of Mrs. Reed like a dirge. She had made a mistake. She had turned a millionaire from her door, and—lost!

REMARKABLE AFFECTION.

In one compartment of the cage in which the animals perform, at Van Amburgh's beautiful menagerie, in Chestnut Street, is a huge, tawny Asiatic lion. His room-mate is a black female tiger. The tiger is small compared with the regal lion, but is highly valuable as a zoological curiosity, and the only specimen of the black tiger in this country. She was purchased by Mr. Van Amburgh some two years ago, and has lived with the lion ever since. The attachment between the two is something remarkable. When other animals are in the cage, and any affront is offered to the little tiger, she runs under the belly of the lion, and woe be to any animal that dares approach her. No matter how hungry he may be the lion never touches his share of their daily meat until his little chum has selected her share, and even this he never entirely consumes until certain that she has had enough. All the animals are as fat as moles, but this black tiger is aldermanic in her proportions, and no remedy exists for the matter. She has been twice removed from the lion, but until she was returned the generous beast would take neither food nor rest, while the frantic manner in which he dashed at the bars was sufficient warning that the further detention of the tiger would be a dangerous matter. Should his mate die, the lion would probably pine to death. Once when she was taken away, a lioness was substituted. The lion instantly fell upon her, and at a single bite broke her spine and crushed some of her ribs. Careful nursing saved her life, and she is still living, but with her hinder parts immovably paralyzed.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A MELANCHOLY TRUTH.

A man of genius consumes one portion of his life in painful studies; another in addressing his labors to the public; in the last inconsiderable remnant of his life he, perhaps, begins to enjoy the public esteem for which he had sacrificed his solid consolations, his fortune, his tranquillity, and his domestic cares. Amid the funeral cypress, he sees the green leaves of the laurel. He resembles a veteran soldier, who, at the moment he is carried from the trenches in an expiring state, receives the honors of promotion.—*Jean Paul.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MARCH OF CRIME. A MEMORY OF THE TOWN.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

Murder with crimson hand has stalked
Abroad at noonday and at night;
The blood-stained with the pure have walked,
And Wrong has seemed to master Right.
Lame-handed Justice on her seat
(With few exceptions far between)
Has seen the links of guilt complete,
Yet found a way that guilt to screen.

Corruption in official ranks,
And evil counsel holding rule,
He who resists has little thanks:
Fewer he who becomes a tool
To civic power—and near and far
Drifts the miasma of the hour;
A bribe the gates of justice bar,
And flattery hath boundless power.

And to what end? Rapine, and Theft,
And Lust, and all the passions, take
The place that Innocence hath left,
Her hiding-place afar to make.
O, hasten the auspicious day,
When life, though high or low, shall be
Safe under the propitious sway
Of Civic Truth and Honesty!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MONARCH OF MUSIC. A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX,
AUTHOR OF "PEN AND INK SKETCHES," ETC.

UPON a beautiful morning in the month of May, 1762, a little girl about eight years of age, and a boy about two years her junior, descended the vine-covered banks of Kohosbeez, at the foot of which murmured and flowed the pure and rapid waters of the river Moldau, which loses itself in the ancient forest of Bohemia. Instead of dancing on their path with all that lively gaiety so common to young people of their age, these two children held each other by the hand, and walked slowly along, with thoughtful brows and downcast eyes, and the gravity of years stamped upon their faces, yet all the easy grace, candor and simplicity of childhood was observable in their countenances and motions. Their dress announced the poverty of their condition. The little girl's robes were faded and worn, while those of the boy were patched with cloths of different colors at both knees and elbows. Nevertheless, poor though they seemed, it was easy to perceive that a kind and attentive mother had

hastily combed and braided their long, fair ringlets, and had washed their delicate hands, and handsome, intelligent faces, thus investing poverty with its chiefest dignity and grace—that of personal cleanliness. They held in their hands each a large piece of bread, upon which from time to time they cast their eyes without venturing to eat. When they had reached the foot of the descent, and were about to seek shelter beneath the green boughs of the forest trees, the little boy broke silence.

"Did you remark, my sister," said he, with a sad voice, "in what manner our mother gave us our breakfast this morning, and how she sighed when I said, 'Nothing but bread again?'"

"Yes, brother," replied the little girl, shaking her pretty head, and sighing, "she wept. I saw her tears and her look, which seemed to say, 'There is even no more bread in the house, so you must be content.' But why do you weep?" added the little girl, suddenly melting into tears at the sight of her brother's emotion.

"I weep because you do," replied Wolfgang, in his turn; and then he added, "I grieve, too, that I have not bread enough for my breakfast?"

"Poor little thing!" said his sister, kissing the tears from his eyes, and fondling him as if she had been twenty, and not two, years his senior, "you are never without some great grief. But, come, let us wander below the green spreading branches of the trees, and pluck the little flowers that peep from the clustered grass that grows beneath them, and you shall eat what bread you have, and we will wreath our brows with blossoms, and forget that we are hungry."

As she spoke, Frederika led her brother into the forest path that skirted the margin of the Kohosbeez, and began to cull the wild blossoms from the banks, and to laugh in the fullness of her joy. High overhead towered the ash, fir and elm trees, and golden sunbeams struggled through their openings, and fell upon the moss-grown stones, and wild foxgloves, and trefoils, and ferns, that clustered by the river's side. The songs of the birds came echoing from the far recesses of the deep greenwood, and fell upon the ears of the children like heaven-attuned harmonies, until the soul of the little boy was stirred within him, and his lips quivered with an undefinable emotion.

"Frederika," said he, in a soft whisper, as he turned his large blue eyes towards those azure spots of the serene sky which could be seen through the shady foliage overhead, "Frederika," said he, as the flowers dropped from his hand and his face assumed a devotional character, "what a sweet place would this be to pray in."

"True, Wolfgang," said the child, struck by her brother's earnestness, "but for what, and to whom will we pray?"

"We shall pray for some means to make my mother smile oftener, and my father to seem less sad, and we shall ask that poverty may go from our dwelling-place, and leave us happiness instead; and we shall pray to God who lives in the blue heavens which you see yonder through the dense leaves of the forest."

"And he will listen to us," said the little girl, joining her hands, and kneeling with charming simplicity upon the ground, while her brother bent down at her side. "My mother says he always listens to the prayers of children who love their parents."

And she closed her beautiful eyes, and exclaimed, in low, solemn tones, while her brother's voice mingled with hers:

"O, give us the means of being useful to our parents."

As the little boy and girl knelt upon the soft green grass, and uttered their filial aspirations, the sunbeams fell upon their closed eyes and spiritualized features, as if they loved to do so, and the eyes of a man who was concealed by the thick foliage which surrounded the spot where they knelt, shone on them too, with such an expression as an angel might wear if it listened to such silvery voices. The man was of lofty, noble stature, his countenance was mild and benevolent, and his dress rich but simple. He stood silent and thoughtful, and leaned upon the tree behind which the lonely children knelt.

"Direct us how we may assist our parents," said the little boy, rising from his knees, and assisting his sister to do so also.

"We have finished our prayers, then, Wolfgang," said Frederika, as she kissed her brother's lips.

"And we have discovered the means for which we have prayed," exclaimed the boy, interrupting her, while his face lighted up with joy, and his eyes sparkled with hope. "I knew we should discover some way of assisting our parents."

"And what have you discovered, our wise Wolfgang?" cried Frederika, laughing.

"Has not our mother over and over again told us that we were good children?" said the boy. "And has not our father declared that you could sing, and that I could play well upon the piano? Now we shall rise some fine morning," said the child, with a serious air, "and we shall take each other's hands, and we shall wander far away over green plains, and by hedge paths and rivers, until we discover on our way some stately

castle; and you shall sing, and I shall play upon the piano, and the rich folks of the castle shall give us gold, Frederika," said the rapt, dreaming boy, while his little breast heaved with the earnestness and fulness of his feelings, and his eyes shone as if with an inspiration. "I shall make the piano tremble with the most enchanting airs, till every lady who listens to it shall tremble too, and then they shall embrace thee and me, and shall give us pearls, and jewels, and bon-bons, but I shall say, 'We will have none of these; give us money, I pray you, that we may carry it to our father and mother.'"

"Ah, what a dreamer thou art!" cried the little girl, as she kissed her brother.

"But more than that, sister," continued the castle-building infant, with a profusion of expression and ideality uncommon in one so young, "more than that, sister, the king shall hear of us, and shall send an envoy to us, and he shall give to me a silken tunic, and to thee a robe of satin, and we shall go to the royal palace, amongst beautiful ladies, with brodered robes, feathers, silks and jewels! And I shall sit at the piano—what a piano! with wood bright as a looking-glass, with silver pedals, and notes of pearls and diamonds—and we shall play till the court is ravished with our music, and then we shall be caressed and embraced, and the king shall demand of me what I wish, and I shall answer, 'What the king pleases,' and then he shall give me a castle, and send for my father and mother."

A burst of laughter interrupted the recital of the bold young piano-player, who, looking fearfully, first at his sister, and then quickly from side to side, perceived the stranger, who had listened in his concealment to every word which had been uttered, and now seeing that he was discovered, he approached the children with a smiling countenance, exclaiming:

"Do not be afraid, my children; I will be an envoy to you."

The innocent children looked in each other's faces at these words, and then they gazed at the stranger.

"Ah, well, so much the better," cried the boy, "if you are, you have done what I wish, I hope."

"No, no," said the stranger, seating himself upon the trunk of a tree, and placing Wolfgang and his more aged and bashful sister before him. "I shall only grant what you desire upon condition that you truly answer me the questions I shall ask, and I shall know if you lie."

"I never lie," said the little boy, proudly.

"I shall see whether you do or not," said the stranger, smiling, and patting him on the head. "What is your father's name?"

"Leopold Mozart," said the boy, bowing. "He is chapel master, and plays upon the violin and piano; but often on the violin."

"And does thy mother still live?"

"Yes, she does, and a dear mother is mine."

"How many children are there of you?"

The little boy shook his head, as if he did not know, and remained silent, while his sister modestly replied:

"We are seven in all, but two only remain, my brother and I, the rest have all died."

"And your father is very poor, my dear child?" said the stranger, in a kindly tone, to the little girl.

"Ah, yes, very poor," she exclaimed, while the tears started in her eyes. "Look," said she, holding up the piece of bread which had yet remained untouched, "that is all the bread that we had in the house this morning, and when my mother gave it to us she bade us go in the fields and eat it, for it grieved her to see us fed so poorly."

"Poor children, where do your parents live?"

"Above there, upon the hill, sir, in that little house whose roof you can perceive from where you stand," replied Wolfgang.

"That house belongs, I know, to Dusseck the musician," said the stranger, looking up. "And now tell me," he continued, while he patted their cheeks, and smiled to them, and at the same time wiped a tear from his eye, "tell me what you asked, when I saw you praying, a little ago?"

"That we might discover the means of gaining money, and assisting our parents," said the little girl, quietly, "and my brother declares he has discovered these means, although I much fear that he has not."

"If Wolfgang is able to play well upon the piano, as he said, his idea can be put in operation," said the stranger, smiling, and I can aid him."

"My brother is only six years of age," said the little girl, looking fondly on the boy, "but he can compose very beautiful pieces already, my father says."

"Compose! and he so young?" cried he, as he looked half doubtingly on the child.

"Are you astonished at this?" cried Wolfgang, laughing, and holding up his head. "Ah, well, come to our house and you shall see."

The stranger bent his head, reflected for a moment, and then said, in a half jocund way:

"My dear children, return to the home of your parents, remain there all day, and before evening comes you shall hear from me."

The stranger was retiring after speaking these

words, when the lively little Wolfgang caught him by the skirts of his tunic, and exclaimed:

"One word, sir; my sister did not tell you that we prayed that a dinner may be sent to my mother."

"Your mother may depend on it," said the stranger, laughing. "Is there anything else you wish for yourselves?"

"Nothing, sir," said the lively children in one breath, as they clasped each other's hands, and set out for home, "we wish but happiness to our father and mother."

The home of Leopold Mozart, which stood upon the hill of Kosobeez, and overlooked a lovely landscape of cultured hills and dense forest, and rolling river, was not a very great house, nor was it superbly furnished. One large apartment served as many purposes as possible. The principal chamber was kitchen, dining-room and parlor. On one side was a lofty chimney, with stewpans suspended on the inside thereof, the other side was occupied by a piano, over which, suspended from the wall, hung a violin. In the centre stood a table of black wood, and surrounding it were several seats formed of straw. As the children entered this humble apartment they were met by a young woman whose neat and clean appearance bespoke industry and order, but whose face was indicative of anxiety and care.

"And wherefore are you so soon returned, my children?" said she.

"Hillo, Wolfgang and Frederika returned so early from the fields!" exclaimed a man at the same time, who had just followed them into the house, and whose handsome face, intelligent features, and easy carriage and language but ill accorded with his humble, threadbare raiment. "And what curious sights have you been seeing this morning?" he repeated, fondling the boy.

"Curious enough, I tell you, my dear father," said the child. "We saw a messenger, and what a messenger! He had such a figure as you see in a picture, and the air of a king."

"And did he speak to you my boy?" asked the chapel master, smiling.

"Ay, that he did," replied Wolfgang, with an arch expression, "and he will be here soon after he has sent dinner, and when I begin to play a sonata on the piano."

M. Mozart could not restrain his laughter at the excessive simplicity of his little boy, and placing him on his knee he exclaimed, in a tone of raillery:

"And shall he give you anything else but dinner, Wolfgang?"

"Yes, father, a palace, and valets, and fine robes, and plenty of money." And the boy continued to prattle on in this style, until a loud tapping was heard at the door.

When Madame Mozart opened the door, a little covered vehicle was standing before it, with two attendants in charge of it.

"Is this Leopold Mozart's, the chapel master?" said a fat, portly man, who puffed and blew, either with the exertion of whipping up the little horses, or carrying the flesh that covered his bones.

"Yes, sir," said Madame Mozart.

"Then the person whom Wolfgang Mozart met in the forest this morning, sends the dinner he promised." And so saying, the cook and his assistant heaped the black centre table with viands.

Mozart and his wife gazed in stupefied wonder upon the rich and succulent food, which was set before them ready to be eaten, and at last finding words, said:

"You must tell me to whom I owe this mysterious bequest?"

But the fat, burly cook declared that the children knew as much of their benefactor as he could tell; then bidding them good day, he mounted his vehicle, and driving off quickly, left the family in amazement.

"He must indeed be a wonderful messenger who could do so kind a deed," said the mother of Wolfgang, as she looked around the table with a tearful eye; "and though the name of the good man is unknown, his memory, nevertheless, dwells in our hearts."

Just as the feast was being ended, and while the hearts of the family danced within them with a livelier joy than they had felt for many a day, the clock of the neighboring convent struck two, and little Wolfgang, as if recalled to himself by the sound, left his seat and approached the piano.

"The stranger," said he, as if speaking to himself, "looked astonished when Frederika told him that I could compose, but were he in this house now I should let him hear such a sonata."

As he spoke, the child ran his tiny fingers along the keys which he could hardly reach, with an ease and precision which it was astonishing to look upon; then, as if the sound recalled some bright, glorious vision, beyond mortal ken, his little eyes closed, his face became lighted with a most seraphic expression, and abandoning himself to the instrument, he produced sounds, so soft, so perfect, so decided, and so harmonious, that even his father and mother sat mute with astonishment. The rich and capricious fancy of

the infantile composer seemed to have taken the wings of an angel, and to have attuned that instrument with the melodious, thrilling harpings of heaven. His little bosom heaved, and his feeble, tiny fingers swept over the ivory and ebony keys with the ease and rapidity of the most accomplished master, and his face was suffused with a soft, rapturous smile, as the harmonies that filled his soul lent its magic influences to that passive piano. The sounds of the far-off band where hosts of cherubim struck their lyric strings till the hosts of heaven sent back the strain again, seemed to waken his young genius from the latent slumbers of its youth. He, so lately from that pure, fresh heaven above, seemed to have retained its language.

"Ah," cried his father, with enthusiasm, "with God's help thou shalt one day be a great man!" Then suddenly desponding, as he reflected a moment upon his true position, he exclaimed, in a sad tone, "But who in all the world knows of thee, but thy father, my poor boy? Who shall lead thee from the obscurity of this little dwelling, and the humble position of a chapel-master's son? Who shall raise thee from the depth of misery and poverty, and become thy protector?"

"I will!" cried a voice from behind; and turning round toward the spot whence the response proceeded, Wolfgang, with pleasure, recognized the messenger, and Leopold Mozart, with awe and wonder, inclined his head, as he recognized Francis I., of Austria, who had come to spend some time in the quiet seclusion of Kosobeez, and whom he had frequently seen at the chapel.

A few days after this adventure, Wolfgang and his father set out for Vienna, in order to appear at the court of the Empress Maria Theresa, at the command of her husband, the emperor.

"Beginning a life of labor at six years of age! Alas," said his mother, weeping, "how hard is the lot of the poor."

"I shall work for you, my mother, and a life of labor shall then be a life of pleasure," cried the child, as he threw his arms round her neck, and kissed her.

Wolfgang Mozart, dressed in a gay court costume, was led to the imperial palace of Vienna, and conducted by the master of the ceremonies into the concert hall. It was tenantless when the little musician entered, but the first thing that attracted his eyes was a splendid piano, before which he quietly and almost instantaneously seated himself, while his father passed out upon a balcony which commanded a whole view of the splendid royal gardens. Alone, in the

great saloon, with his instrument before him, the boy began to play, timidly at first, for the full, rich tone of the grand instrument seemed to fill the whole spacious apartment with a tremulous sense of life; then, as his ear became familiar with the tones, he burst into one of his most beautiful strains of improvisation, and gave himself wholly up to his instrument. The boy, lost in the fancies which gave life, and the power of a whole accentuation to his fingers, and the chords which they touched, did not observe the rustling of silken robes, the waving of perfumed plumes, the glitter of gems and gold, and the sparkling of pearls, nor the soft footfalls of little feet, as the gay, courtly train entered the saloon. It was only when he had finished, and the last vibration of the instrument had died away, that he looked around, and saw himself gazed upon by bright eyes, and regarded by lovely, smiling countenances.

"How beautifully you play!" cried a little girl, as she ran to the side of the musician, and took his hand. "Will you teach me to play as well?"

"Ah, it is a wearisome, toilsome thing to learn to play," said the boy, innocently. "You must sit long, and grow tired, and then begin again. I will not learn you till you are bigger, and then you will not feel it so sore upon you."

"And who taught you?" said the child, as she parted his curls, and looked into his eyes.

"My father."

"Then you and he may teach me," cried the little Princess Marie Antoinette, clapping her hands at the thought.

"Great princesses," said the boy, "do not need to play for bread."

Wolfgang Mozart, at the age of eight years, appeared before the court of Versailles, and ravished his auditory with the precocity of his genius. He played the organ in the chapel royal, before the king and his courtiers, in a style that had never been surpassed by the most accomplished masters. At that early period of his life he composed two sonatas, which are still extant, to attest the richness of his fancy, and the fullness of his powers of development. In 1768 he returned to Vienna, where he composed at fourteen years of age his great opera of "Mithridates."

In 1776 a young man sat in a quiet, retired box in an opera in Paris, with his head resting on his hand, listening to the performance of the celebrated "Alceste," whose glorious strains fell almost unregarded on the ears of the cold throng who had come determined to condemn it. The young man was of small stature, and his long,

fair hair fell round his pale cheeks and neck, but his countenance was as beautiful as that of an Apollo Belvidere, and it seemed to sympathize with every emotional change of the opera. Beside him stood a handsome man, whose eyes rolled from side to side of the theatre with an expression of blended chagrin and defiance, and whose lips quivered as he strove to return the half-sneering glances cast on him from loungers in the opposite tiers of boxes.

The curtain fell at last amid solemn silence, not a solitary plaudit greeted the labors and hopes of Gluck, whose opera had just died of cold contempt and envy. The composer stood as still as a statue, and not a muscle of his handsome face moved, as hundreds of eyes were fixed on him, and hundreds of lips were curled in affected pity. He felt that the fruits of his genius had deserved another fate, and proud of that consciousness, he looked forth sternly on his enemies. The young man who sat beside him seemed alone overpowered with his emotions in all that vast assembly, as he was lost in reverie, for the curtain had fallen some moments before he was aware of the fact. At last he suddenly roused himself, looked quickly and furtively around upon the audience, then suddenly throwing himself into the arms of his friend, while he burst into tears, he passionately exclaimed:

"Ah, the barbarians! the cold, frigid hearts of ice and bronze, what now could move them?"

"Ah, never mind, my dear boy," whispered Gluck, in his ear, while he pressed him to his breast, and his lips now visibly quivered, "they shall do me justice in thirty years hence. Now, however, the commendation of Wolfgang Mozart is worth a world of such fame as they could give."

One day, when Mozart had won a world's applause, he sat at the piano, his head inclined upon the keys, and his eyes half closed. He was weary and feeble, for his body had yielded to his active spirit, the tribute which the physical frame ever pays to genius. Wolfgang's cheek was pale, and his brow was heavy, for he had expended the rosy tints of the one, and the glories of the other in his devotion to his art; and now he leaned forward on the instrument that slept in his sleep. Before him also lay papers in confused piles, scraps of unfinished solos and oratorios and other fragments. Instruments lay scattered all round the room, like a hundred voiceless tongues, of which the weary, feeble man was the soul.

"Awake, Wolfgang!" said a voice in the ear of the sleeping composer, and Mozart, raising

his head from his recumbent position, looked calmly in the face of his visitor.

That face, however, could not be distinctly scanned, for it was covered with long black hair, and shaded by a long cloak and broad hat.

"What do you require of me?" demanded the composer, at last.

"I address myself to Wolfgang Mozart?" said the stranger.

"And to whom have I the honor to speak?" replied the musician.

"To one who would have you compose a requiem before this day month, and would pay you handsomely for it."

"A requiem!" said Mozart, musing. "Come to me, then, and it shall be done."

With all the enthusiasm of which his ardent nature was capable, he devoted himself to this work. When his wife would hang over him and beseech him to forego such close application to study, he would smile and exclaim, "I labor for my own death."

Indeed, the fire of that composition was supplied by the vital warmth of his life blood. Death he felt was in his cup, as he bent his noble head over the page; but still, with an ardor that knew no abatement, he labored to leave his sublime thoughts to posterity, and as the swan upon its crystal river sings as its lovely form floats downward to its death, so he, singing as man never sung, finished his "Agnus Dei" with his expiring breath and strength, then laid him down to sleep.

They placed the body of the young man—for he was only thirty-six years of age—upon a splendid bier, and they covered him with a richly brodered pall, and the deep-toned organ pealed through the cathedral, and five hundred voices chanted the soft, solemn, soul-subduing requiem over him who had once been a little ragged, hungry child, fain to wander by the banks of the Moldau, and in the woods of Kosobeez, in order to forget that he had no dinner; but who now had won fame even before death, and whom his own generation as well as posterity delighted and delight to honor as the most eminent musical genius of any age.

SYMPATHY AT TABLE.

A distinguished physician lately announced that one reason why so many people have the dyspepsia is because they have *no sympathy* at table. They eat alone at restaurants, and devour their food like wild beasts, instead of sitting at table with their families, where their sympathies would be called into healthful activity, and where they would eat like civilized beings. There may be something in this idea. At any rate, it would do no harm to test it.—*Hall's Journal*.

SOWING YOUR WILD OATS.

In all the wide range of accepted British maxims, there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. What a man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, *that*, and nothing else, shall he reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long tough roots, like coach grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive—and you, nobody else, will have to reap them, and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day.—*Tom Brown at Oxford*.

BALANCE OF GOOD AND ILL.

The Persians held of old this very charitable maxim, that to be good, it was not necessary never to do amiss, but to do for the most part that which was right. When a person accordingly was accused of any breach of the laws, and even clearly proved to be guilty, they did not immediately condemn him to be punished, but proceeded to make a scrupulous inquiry into the whole course of his life, in order to see whether the good or evil actions in it predominated; if the good weighed heaviest in the scale, he was acquitted: and it was only if otherwise that he was condemned.—*Home Journal*.

CONTEMPLATION AND ACTION.

Jean Paul Richter thus beautifully contrasts these two qualities of the soul:—"Who is the greater sage—he who lifts himself above the stormy time and contemplates it without action; or he who, from the high region of calmness, throws himself into the battling tumult of the times? Sublime is it, when the eagle soars upward through the storm into the clear heaven; but sublimer, when floating in the serene blue above, he darts down through the thick storm-cloud to the rock-hung eyry, where his unfeathered young live and tremble."

CHEAP PLEASURES.

If you would know one of the minor secrets of happiness, it is this: cultivate cheap pleasures. Good taste is not the ruinous thing it has been supposed to be; but bad taste is always expensive. For instance, did you notice our breakfast-ware? Almost without ornament, and of common earthen ware, yet you could not but have remarked, if you noticed it at all, that the forms were good; they were, indeed, copied from classical models. And the set cost me about fifteen shillings.—*What You Will*.

FAITH.

One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition. SPENCER.

The Florist.

Love, the flowers no longer greet thee,
 All their lovely hues are fled;
 No more the violet springs to meet thee,
 Lifting slow its modest head:
 Then say, with me,
 Love, wilt thou flee,
 And leave the darkling desert dread,
 And seek a clime
 Of joy sublime,
 Where fadeless flowers a lasting fragrance shed?
 ROBERT B. COFFIN.

Lace-Leaf Plant.

This plant is a very curious and singular one, and a native of Madagascar. It is an aquatic plant, growing under the water, all except the flower-stalk, which rises above the surface. Sir W. J. Hooker gives an excellent description of it, which we here append. "The leaf seems like a living fibrous skeleton, rather than a perfect leaf. The longitudinal fibres or nerves, surrounded by a portion of parenchyma (leaf-tissue), extend in curved lines along its entire length, and are united by thread-like nerves or nervelets crossing them at right angles from side to side at short distances from each other. The color is bright vivid green, and the whole leaf looks as if composed of fine tendrils, wrought after a most regular pattern, so as to resemble a piece of bright green lace or needlework. Each leaf rises from the crown of the root, like a short, delicate pale green or yellow fibre, gradually uncovering its feathery sides, and increasing in size as it spreads beneath the clear, bright water. It is scarcely possible to imagine any object of the kind more curious and attractive than a full-grown plant, with its dark green leaves, forming a circle two or three feet in diameter, exhibiting leaves in every state of development, as regards brightness, color and size. The blossom is a delicate plume or doubled feather, singularly graceful in appearance." This plant grows in the lowest, hottest parts of the country, in the level portions of the mountain streams. It is found at a depth of from a foot to three feet or more, and it is a singular fact that, however shallow the water may be, the leaves are always beneath the surface; while, whatever the depth may be, the flower-stalk always rises above the surface—and the blossom is developed, and seed ripened, under the influence of the sun and air. It would form a splendid addition to an aquarium, the only difficulty being to keep the temperature at the right point, as it seems to thrive best at 80 degrees Fahrenheit. It was introduced into England in 1856, and a few specimens have been brought to this country.

The Largest of all Flowers.

The largest flower in the world yet discovered is from the island of Java, and is called the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*. The blossoms measure, on an average, two feet in diameter. We Americans are wont to think a good honest sunflower large enough, but this exceeds it. Yet, strange to state, the seeds from which this mammoth flower are grown are so small, that a magnifying glass is needful to make them clearly visible. In a climate like ours they could only be raised in a hot-house. Who will now tell us the name of the smallest flower?

Onosma.

Perennial plants, natives of Europe, generally with a profusion of yellow flowers, of low growth, and suitable for rock-work; they should be grown in sandy loam.

The Hydrangea for Greenhouse Decoration.

The fine globular, showy heads of the hydrangea are eminently adapted for using among other plants for greenhouse display, at a season when it is quite common to see naked stages. Some may object to this plant being used for this purpose, because they are to be met with in the flower garden; but it would be difficult to find plants without the same objection. Soon after midsummer, when the new growth has got a little set, take off the strongest shoots which do not show flower, with about four joints of leaves, strip off the bottom pin, make an even horizontal cut below a joint, and insert the cutting in sand under a bell-glass or small frame; water and keep them close until rooted. Get a quantity of small sized pots (thumbs) and pot them off, one in a pot. Stand them on the north side of a wall—better be plunged to the rim in coal ashes. When well established in these pots, they may be shifted into larger ones, "quarts," in which they may be flowered. When cold weather sets in, in the fall, they must be placed in a frame or cold pit; if the latter, with proper covering, they may be safely watered there. If required for summer display, a greenhouse would be too warm for them, causing them to grow and flower early, which, if a sufficient stock be provided, would be a prolongation of their season. A good loamy soil suits them best, enriched with a fourth or sixth of good cow-manure.

Cotoneaster.

Small trees and shrubs, natives of Europe and India, formerly considered to be the same genus as the Medlar. They are well deserving of cultivation in shrubberies for their bright scarlet or black fruit, and pretty white or pink flowers. The Nepal species, *C. frigida*, *C. affinis*, *C. acuminata* and *C. nummularia*, are the most ornamental. *C. rotundifolia* and *C. microphylla*, also natives of Nepal, are remarkable for their thick leathery leaves, their snow-white flowers, and their profusion of bright scarlet fruit. Both the latter species form dwarf-spreading shrubs, and are very ornamental for a lawn. All the species are hardy, and will grow in any common garden soil, with a little protection during our severe winters. They may be propagated by seeds, layers, cuttings, or grafting on the common quince or hawthorn.

A fragrant Verbena.

Until quite recently few have ever thought of securing a truly fragrant verbena. A large number have been advertised as such, but the purchaser has generally been disappointed. We can, however, safely recommend a seedling raised by Mr. Daniel Baker, of Utica, New York. It is called the *Verbena Purpurea Odoratissima*. In habit it is a strong grower, and a very fine flowerer; in color, a bright violet purple; form and size of trees, good; perfume, very pleasant and powerful, and unequalled by any other fragrant verbena. The fragrance resembles somewhat that of the favorite heliotrope.

Devil's Bit.

A kind of scabions, quite hardy, and growing in any soil or situation. It was formerly supposed to have great medicinal virtues; and hence, says the legend, the devil, envying mankind such a treasure, attempted to destroy it, by biting off a part of the root, which appears, as if in verification of the tradition, as if part of it were bitten off, even to this day. It is cultivated more as a curiosity than for any beauty it possesses.

Curious Matters.

Big Ox.

A farmer in Bernardston, Mass., has raised and owns one of the largest sized as well as the most perfect oxen raised in this State. He girls 10½ feet, is 5 feet 8 inches high, is 9½ feet from the centre of the head between the horns to the roots of the tail, is 8 feet 5 inches across the hips, is 8 1-4 feet thick from point to point on shoulder, is 4 feet in his greatest thickness forward of the hips, is 7 3-4 feet from rump to point of shoulder, and is 10 inches round the fore leg above the ankle. Standing in a natural position 3 1-4 feet was measured from outside to outside of track of fore feet. He has not lately been brought to the scales, owing to the inconvenience of getting about, but his weight is adjudged 3500 pounds.

Extraordinary Bequest.

At Vittoria, in Spain, recently, a curious ceremony took place. A wealthy citizen named Indalecio de Santa Maria, who died not long since, left by his will 800,000 reals (about 75,000 francs) to be distributed in equal portions among sixty girls of the place, aged from 12 to 18, distinguished for their good conduct and filial piety; and as the number of girls who can claim that designation exceeded sixty, the municipality, at the request of the executors, assembled all of them in the town hall, and there, assisted by a committee of ladies, drew the names of sixty by lot. Not fewer than 420 girls were present, all neatly dressed in the picturesque costume of the district.

Remarkable.

Sir David Brewster, inquiring into the history of the stereoscope, finds that its fundamental principle was well known even to Euclid; that it was distinctly described by Galen fifteen hundred years ago; and that Glambatista Porta had, in 1599, given such a complete drawing of the two separate pictures as seen by each eye, and of the combined picture placed between them, that we recognized in it not only the principle, but the construction of the stereoscope.

Novel Invention.

Mr. Levi Burnell, of Milwaukee, has just perfected what he calls an "Ameograph." It writes down on a strip of paper, which is moved by a clock two inches an hour, the force and direction of the wind. The slightest change of wind is recorded with unerring accuracy. The price of the instrument is moderate. It can be set up on any part of a dwelling-house or other building, and takes care of itself.

A wonderful Egg.

A California newspaper says that there is at Marysville a hen's egg, within the shell of which, at the small end, when broken, seven grains of wheat were found, much swollen, and greenly germinating. Between the skin of the egg and the shell an unusually large vacancy allowed abundant room for this wonderful vegetation. The shoots of the grain adhered firmly to the skinny film enclosing the meat of the egg.

Curious.

Fine mud, brought up from the bottom of the ocean on a sounding lead, on being dried and rubbed to a dust so fine that it disappeared in the pores of the skin, upon being placed under a microscope was found to consist of millions of shells, each of which contained a living animal.

Ingenious Counterfeit.

The notes of the Bank of England circulated for sixty-five years without any attempt being made to counterfeit them. In 1758, a linen-draper of London counterfeited a note, for the first time, by cutting it into as many pieces as there were pictures and words upon it, and employing the best of engravers to copy them on separate plates. By printing the plates successively on one piece of paper, the same effect was produced as if the whole had been engraved on one plate. Although William Henry Vaughan—for such was his name—was hung for his ingenuity, counterfeiting went on increasing until about the year 1818, when there were one hundred and thirty executions for the crime in one year, and all for counterfeiting the notes on the Bank of England.

Effects of Honey.

Honey has been known to produce a poisonous effect, which is supposed to be in consequence of its having been collected from noxious plants. We read in history that the whole army of Cyrus the Great was almost poisoned by honey. M. Aug. de St. Hilaire, whilst on an exploring expedition in Brazil, ate a quantity of honey supposed to have been collected by a peculiar bee, and both he and his guide suffered a kind of frenzy, the effects of which did not wear off for a considerable time. These accidents are, however, very rare, and need not alarm our readers.

New Use of Photography.

The reproduction of manuscripts by photography was one of the first applications of Mr. Talbot's method in the very infancy of the art; and since then it has been occasionally practised more or less without leading to any discovery of interest. A curious fact has, nevertheless, been recently brought to light, viz., that photography will revive effaced writings on old parchments. M. Vincent, a member of the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, a short time ago presented to that body the first fac-simile of MS. reproduced photographically by M. Silvy.

An ancient People.

There is a remnant of a race of Indians in New Mexico, who are entirely different from any other tribe on the continent, and are supposed to be descended from the ancient Toltecs, who preceded the Aztecs. They are small, have a peculiar conformation of skull and face, are of peaceful habits, and live by agriculture. They weave cloth, build with tools made of stone, and build towns of stone and mortar with walls. They have now seven small towns; but the ruins of their ancient cities show that they were once inhabited by millions.

A rare Bird.

The Greenfield Gazette says that Horatio Newcomb, of Bernardston, caught recently a bird said to be the "Dove Auk," or "Dove Kie," so frequently mentioned by Dr. Kane as existing in the most immense numbers within the Arctic Circle. This rare specimen of ornithology has been sent to the State Museum.

A peculiar Phase of Somnambulism.

A young lady in Indianapolis arose in her sleep, lately, and cut off her hair as close as it could be cut by a penitentiary barber. When she got up in the morning and looked in the glass she was horrified, and complained that some one had shorn her head while she slept.

The Housewife.

Diphtheria.

An effectual remedy for the diphtheria is, as related to the editor of the *Augusta Age* by a gentleman from Solon, an equal mixture of salt and ashes in a bag, dipped in hot vinegar, and applied to the throat every fifteen minutes. The throat also to be gurgled with hot water and cayenne pepper. This treatment has never failed to effect a speedy and radical cure whenever applied.

How to cure Burns.

The "*Gazette Medicale*," of France, says that by an accident charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

Ground Rice Pudding.

Add to one pint of milk four eggs well beaten and one and a half tablespoonful of ground rice; boil these together, stirring them. Pour the mixture while hot over two ounces of butter, sugar to the taste, and add the grated rind with the juice of a middle-sized lemon. Line the dish with puff-paste before putting in the mixture, and bake.

Lemon Pie.

Three eggs, six tablespoonful of sugar, one lemon. Take the yolks of the eggs and mix with white sugar; beat the yolks and sugar together. Beat the white of eggs to a froth; grate in the lemon-peel; mix the whites and yolks of eggs together; pour in the juice of the lemon. Rich paste—bake as custard. Bake quickly.

To clear a Well of foul Air.

Put a quart or two of unslacked lime into a bucket, and before lowering it into the well, put a sufficient quantity of water on the lime to slack it; then let it down to the water, but not so as to go in it. In a few minutes the well will be cleared of foul air, the slacking lime absorbing the noxious air, or forcing it out of the well.

To clean Paint.

Smear a piece of flannel in common whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

Cure for Warts and Corns.

The bark of a willow-tree burnt to ashes, mixed with strong vinegar, and applied to the parts, will remove all corns or excrescences on any part of the body.

A Cure for Scurvy.

Plenty of open-air exercise and tepid bathing, fresh animal and vegetable food, and the free use of ripe fruits and lemon-juice. Lemon-juice appears to be almost a specific.

To clear Coffee.

Pour into the coffee the white and the crushed shell of an egg. Let it stand ten minutes, and it will be found bright and clear as water.

Oyster Loaves.

Take some small French rolls, make a round hole in the top, and scrape out all the crumbs. Then put your oysters into a pan, with their liquor and the crumbs that came out of the rolls; add a lump of butter, and stew them together five or six minutes; then put in a spoonful of good cream. Fill your rolls with the oysters, etc., lay the piece of crust carefully on again, and set the rolls in the oven to crisp. These loaves may be used at an entertainment.

Cure for Croup.

When the symptoms appear, immediately fold a towel, dip it in cold water, and apply it to the child's breast and throat; then wrap a blanket closely around him. Or, bathe the feet well in warm water, at the same time rubbing the throat and breast with mutton tallow or goose-grease; then envelope in a warm blanket. Either of these modes will check the disease till the arrival of a physician, and in many cases will of themselves effect a cure.

Stewed Oysters.

Strain the liquor of the oysters, put it on to boil with a few blades of mace, some whole peppers and allspice; skim it well. When thoroughly boiled, put in your oysters, and give them a good boil up. Mix a good sized lump of butter with some flour smoothly, stir it in the boiling liquor, and add cream according to the quantity of oysters you cook.

Stewing Chickens.

Parboil two fine chickens; take them up in a large dish; cut them up, and separate all the joint-bones one from another. Then take out the breast-bone, add a little of the water they were stewed in, a blade of mace and a pinch of salt. Cover closely with another dish, and put it in to stew until the fowls are tender. Serve hot in the same dish.

Offensive Smells.

One of the best and most pleasant disinfectants is coffee; the simplest way to use it is to pound the well-dried raw beans in a mortar, and strew the powder over a moderately-heated iron plate. The simple traversing of the house with a roaster, containing freshly-roasted coffee, will clear it of offensive smells.

Stewed Apples for Winter Use.

When good apples are plenty in the autumn, pare, core, sweeten to taste, strain through a colander; then return again to the porcelain kettle to heat well, and having ready heated "Arthur's Jar," or any air-tight ones, fill them and close. You have then stock for winter pies or puddings.

Indian Meal Pudding.

Boil two quarts of sweet skimmed milk, then stir in eight tablespoonful of Indian meal; add two teaspoonful of salt, two eggs well beaten, one cup of molasses or sugar (molasses is better), one pint of cold milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon or any other spice; pour into a deep dish, and bake four hours.

Preserved Orange-Skins.

Cut them in strips the size of a straw, and boil them in a strong syrup till clear. Keep them for Bird's Nest Pudding.—In making syrup for any kind of preserves, one gill of water to each pound of sugar is enough.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VICTORIA AND HER CHILDREN.

Two of the little English princesses once went into a room where a servant was polishing a stove grate; and insisted on "helping" her. After getting possession of the brushes, they polished the woman's face instead of the grate. The servant was ready to sink with confusion, for she could not leave the apartment without encountering Prince Albert. He was astonished to see so dirty an object emerging from his rooms, and indignantly inquired the meaning of it. The servant reluctantly told him; it soon reached the queen, and she was seen crossing the court, leading the two princesses by the hand toward the servants' quarters. Her majesty sought out the woman, made her daughters ask her pardon, and sent them at once to the nearest millinery and dress-making establishment, to purchase a complete outfit, dress, bonnet, shawl, gloves, etc., and present them to the servant, in lieu of the dress they had soiled upon her. The articles were purchased with their own money, and consequently their supply of that useful commodity was curtailed materially; but this they said they didn't care for in the least—in fact they were rather pleased than otherwise—it was only asking the woman's pardon that they didn't like.

REMEMBER.—We bind *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* for thirty-eight cents per volume in a neat and illumined cover, making a handsome and useful book.

APPREHENSIVE.—Mrs. Partington expresses her apprehension that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

LAST SPEECHES.—Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.

SUCCESSFUL.—John B. Gough has been lecturing on temperance at St. Louis with great success.

PARIS PAPERS.—There are now five hundred and three newspapers in the city of Paris.

EYES RIGHT!—Light blue or gray eyes last longer than optics of any other color.

BATHS FOR THE POOR.

One of the most important conduces to health is cleanliness; and where people are particular in this respect there is little fear of contagious diseases breaking out in populous cities. There has been much talk in New York, about free baths for the poor, since the introduction of the Croton water; but while we have been talking of the matter, London has actually adopted it, and free bathing, washing, drying, and ironing rooms have been established, and have answered the expectations of the most sanguine. At one of these free bathing establishments there have been, in the last year, 27,000 bathers, 35,000 washers of clothes, and 4500 ironers. For the benefit of those who had no clothes but those they stood in, coarse gowns were furnished, while they washed them. After washing them clean, and drying, these poor people would take a hot bath, put on their clean garments, and come out so improved in their appearance that those who let them in could scarcely recognize them.

FARMS IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the census of 1860, thirteen of the States have 900,852 farms. It would be interesting to know how many of these had mowing-machines, how many subsoil plows, horse-hoes or carrot-weeders, how many of the proprietors cut their hay and ground their feed, and how many plowed their lands to a proper depth. Would not an increase of one inch in the depth of plowing produce an income greater in amount than all the receipts from California since its discovery, even if practised for a single year?

LONGEVITY IN RHODE ISLAND.—Fifteen persons died in Bristol, R. I., last year, over seventy years of age. The average of the whole number was seventy-nine years.

TOO TRUE.—Swinging is said by the doctors to be a good exercise for the health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

TAKING THE CENSUS.—In England this operation is performed in 24 hours. Quick work.

PAINTING HOUSES.—The best time for painting houses is during the autumn or winter.

A NAUTOMANIAC.

We have not been able to find in any scientific works we have consulted, any description of a species of dementia which has come under our observation, and to which we have assigned the name of *nautomaniac*. The victim in this case is a young man of good education and fair promise, and was, we believe, originally destined for the law. In the meantime he is employed as a clerk in a large establishment at the head of which is a rich uncle of his. To say that the recent vagaries of this young gentleman cause great uneasiness to his relative would be to paint feebly the agonies of that aged gentleman.

Until within a few weeks our unfortunate young friend was a staid, pains-taking, home-keeping person. Brought up in an inland town, he was totally ignorant of the mysteries familiar to those who go down to the sea in ships, and cared not to be initiated. All at once, however, his tastes have become furiously nautical; and from raving about the sea he has become fully impressed with the idea that he is shortly to go on a voyage up the Mediterranean. Fired with this fancy, he has been ruinously prodigal in the purchase of charts and instruments. He steers his way through the streets of Boston by compass—the only sensible thing he does, by the way—and affects the marine, in garb, speech and action. His morning salutation is, "How does she head?" Though utterly hating tobacco, he consumes an inordinate quantity per diem. Though surrounded by every luxury, he eats nothing but ship bread and salt junk. He has swung a hammock in his bedroom, and at stated intervals rushes forth on the flat roof of his house, and reefs all the clothes upon the lines. He has even been detected in punching eyelet holes in the sheets for the insertion of reef-points. The other day he tried to stop a wagon in motion by grasping one of the spokes, and when the teamster asked him with a profane reference to his eyes, what he was doing, he replied he was "taking his trick at the wheel."

In a word the vagaries of this unfortunate being are becoming so complicated and dangerous, that his friends will soon see themselves constrained to provide him with a straight-waistcoat instead of the blue jacket of which he is insanely dreaming.

TRUE LOVE.—The purest joy we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Talk of fame and romance—all the glory and adventures in the world are not worth an hour of domestic bliss.

MINNIE, THE RIFLE MAKER.

A writer thus describes a visit to the great rifle-maker at his workshop in Paris: "Our attention was next directed to the *chef's* collection of cartridges, bullet-moulds and bullets. They were arranged in a series of drawers, and looked a grimly menacing sort of instruments. He told us that he had made balls in every conceivable shape, and that he had manufactured the moulds with his own hands. One of the specimens was remarkably ingenious. Minnie declared that it was calculated to give the least possible resistance to the air. And thus the *chef* illustrated his assertion: he took an iron tube, and, standing at one end of the shop, blew his bullet with such force that it stuck firmly into the opposite wall. Again and again he blew it from a fixed point and again and again it reached about the same hole it made at the first shot. The bullet was on the same principle of the Archimedian screw. Then we had an anecdote in reference to this screw bullet. Minnie took this ingenious bullet and a tube to the Tuilleries, and submitted his new projectile to the emperor. A few days afterward the *chef* paid a second visit to his sovereign, and found that his majesty had riddled the richly-ornamented walls of his cabinet with the new projectile. We passed from this subject to another. Holding up one of the compact cartridges he had recently made, Minnie proceeded to prove how soldiers might be sent into the field with an inexhaustible supply of ammunition. At every turn in his crowded little workshop he had some experiment to show, or some half-developed idea at which he was working. At breakfast, over his slice of melon, or at the butts of Vincennes, the *chef* is the same man. His idea is before him. The perfection of arms is the devouring passion of his life. Always attempting something new, always practising his arms, he may, any day, produce a great result. In France he is known as the great authority on fire-arms, and it was to him, therefore, that the emperor appealed for advice when the new Imperial Guard was to be armed. The question was not slowly filtered through committees and councils. M. Minnie was summoned. He stated his views frankly, and gave reasons for them. The emperor listened and decided. M. Minnie armed the Imperial Guard of France."

A COSTLY INSTRUMENT.—Spohr's violin, which has been in favor in Paris for some time, has been bought for a thousand Prussian dollars.

WANT OF SYMPATHY.—When minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim he is bound.

TIME'S CHANGES.

Every thing is transient in this world of ours. Every seven years, physiologists tell us, every particle of our frame is renewed, so that a man goes through ten radical metamorphoses in the course of his life, provided he reaches the age of seventy. Of the mental changes we undergo from the cradle to the grave we take no fixed account. They say the boy is father to the man, but the son often turns out a very different individual from the father. Look back to the copies of letters you have written twenty, or even a dozen years ago, and you will be surprised to find what different feelings are there recorded to those that now animate your bosom. How unstable have proved your "undying attachments;" how fragile the castles you built in the air! You craved then for things you now despise. You hate the people you were fond of then.

Old people are so very forgetful of their former selves that they chide the very tastes in the young which were once their own. Old people see no fun in dancing "all night, till the broad daylight;" in sleigh-riding with the thermometer below zero; in kicking football, in skating. They forget the days when these sports sent the blood racing through their veins, and mantling to their cheeks.

Villages, towns, cities, change like the figures in a kaleidoscope. Old houses go down, new ones spring up, new streets are opened, and after a little familiarity with the new order of things, we find it extremely difficult to call up the image of the past. Who remembers the old pump in State Street? Who remembers the old wooden houses that not very many years back occupied the site of the Tremont House and Tremont Row? In a few years it will be hard to conjure up the aspect of the old "Flat-iron House" in Dock Square.

So accustomed are we to change in this restless country, that an old building, or an old, unchanging town is a perfect curiosity. There are such old places even in this country, and it is with a singular feeling that we revisit them. It seems odd that the old blacksmith-shop, the old grocery, the old meeting-house, the old tavern should be there, when everything else has put on the garb of novelty.

In the old world, physical stability is the rule, change the exception. There you see cities and towns that seem petrified, as if by an enchanter's wand, solidified so as to stand the wear and tear of centuries. Even the names on the sign-boards are the same for a long period, for trades and occupations are handed down from sire to son in the same family. No such things could

possibly happen in Yankee-land. It has sometimes seemed to us as if the Yankees were trying to beat the velocity of the earth's rotation on its axis. He is always in a hurry. If he builds a house, before the plastering is dry he is thinking about selling it, and moving his household gods and goods into some other shingle palace. And wo to him if he thinks of establishing a permanent abiding place! If he rears a stately mansion of stone in town or country, let him not trust the popular theory that "every man's house is his castle." The street must be widened, down comes his palace, like a card-house, before the municipality; or a railroad is projected which annihilates his lawn, ruins his shrubbery, consumes the fruit trees and flowers he has planted, and tears away the edifice he has erected. The most sensible thing a man can do in this country is to build a house on wheels, like a travelling daguerreotype saloon, and then he is ready to move at a moment's notice. We often catch ourselves chanting, with Béranger's "Wandering Jew!":

"Ever, ever,
Turns the earth o'er which I roam,
Ever, ever, ever, ever!"

But we must conform ourselves to the social laws of the land we live in, and as the poet sings:

"Of change or change, O, let no man complain,
Else will he never, never, cease to wail."

IMAGINARY EVILS.—Imaginary evils soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancies.

GOOD TEMPER.—Good temper is the philosophy of the heart—a gem of the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects; a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light and life to all within the spheres of its influence.

PREMATURE STUDIES.—Force not a child to premature study. The footpaths may be soonest green in the spring, but afterwards they are but sere and yellow tracks through the blooming meadows.

A FIG FOR THE DISCOVERY!—Among late California items, we notice that Captain Sutter, of gold-discovery fame, has found out a way of making brandy from figs.

THE HARMONY OF VIRTUE.—All good things harmonize; all bad things are discordant, both with the good and with each other.

TRUE HEROISM.

We have always contended that the truest heroism was not exhibited on the battle field. The heroism that saves life is greater than that which destroys life or simply defies death. An anecdote of Stephenson, the famous engineer, illustrates what we mean. One day in the year 1814, a workman hurried into Mr. Stephenson's cottage with the startling information that the deepest main of the colliery was on fire. He immediately hastened to the pit's mouth, about a hundred yards off, whither the women and children of the colliery were fast running, with wildness and terror depicted in every face. In an energetic voice, Stephenson ordered the engine-man to lower him down the shaft in the corve. There was danger, it might be death before him, but he must go. As those about the pit-mouth saw him descend rapidly out of sight, and heard from the gloomy depths of the shaft the mingled cries of despair and agony rising from the work-people below, they gazed on the heroic man with breathless amazement. He was soon at the bottom and in the midst of his workmen, who were paralyzed at the danger which threatened the lives of all in the pit. Leaping from the corve on its touching the ground, he called out, "Stand back! Are there six men among you who have courage enough to follow me? If so, come, and we will put the fire out." The Killingworth men had always the most perfect confidence in George Stephenson, and instantly they volunteered to follow him. Silence succeeded to the frantic tumult of the previous minute, and the men set to work. In every mine, bricks, mortar and tools enough are at hand, and by Stephenson's direction materials were forthwith carried to the required spot, where, in a very short time a wall was raised at the entrance to the main, he himself taking the most active part in the work; thus the atmospheric air was excluded, the fire was extinguished, the people were saved from death, and the mine was preserved.

A WISE JURY.—Not a thousand miles from this city a coroner's jury lately rendered a verdict that a certain deceased man "came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

A LARGE LOT.—The Illinois Central Railroad Company have for sale one million two hundred thousand acres of land on the route of their road.

DIAMONDS.—There is a lady in New York who wears a necklace of diamonds worth \$25,000.

SALT.

Some modern agricultural writers have doubted the necessity of giving animals salt. The following remarks as to the effect of salt upon health, by Professor James F. Johnston, of Scotland, may be relished by those who still put salt in their own puddings, and allow their cattle a little now and then: "The wild buffalo frequents the salt-licks of South-western America; the animals in the central parts of South Africa are a sure prey to the hunter who conceals himself behind a salt-spring; and our domestic cattle run peacefully into the hand that offers them a taste of this delicious luxury. From time immemorial it has been shown that without salt man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. Maggois and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the distressing symptoms which saltless food engenders; but no ancient, or unchemical modern, could explain how such sufferings arose. Now we know why the animal craves salt; why it suffers discomfort, and why it ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a time withheld. Upwards of half the saline matter of the blood (57 per cent.) consists of common salt; and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist the digestion, nor the cartilages to be built up again as fast as they naturally waste."

DEPLORABLE.—A richly dressed woman, drunk in the street, was arrested in St. Louis on a recent Sunday evening, shouting and singing like a freed school-boy. On her person was found \$119 in gold, and valuable jewelry; she is highly educated, speaking several languages.

OIL WELLS.—Oil wells in the western part of Pennsylvania, were known to the Seneca Indians more than a hundred years ago, and by settlers in the region, seventy years ago.

HAPPINESS.—Tillotson truly says that man courts happiness in a thousand shapes, and the faster he follows it, the swifter it flies from him.

A WONDERFUL GENIUS.—There is a man so knowing, that men who don't know their own mind come to him for information on the subject.

ODD PEOPLE.

Henry Pelham, gentleman, in speaking of his grandfather, remarks, "He was, as people justly observed, rather an odd man, built schools for peasants, forgave poachers, and diminished his farmers' rents; indeed, on account of these and similar follies, he was thought rather idiotic." It will be observed that this worthy gentleman earned the reputation of oddity by self-denial and intelligent generosity, and such is too often the result of independent action.

Odd people are the salt of the earth. Whenever we hear any one stigmatized as being odd, we are always pretty certain that he is distinguished from his fellows by extraordinary honesty, strength of mind and independence. When, many years ago, a society was formed in England, which now has ramifications all over the civilized world, a society determined to live up to its motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth," to practise old-fashioned virtues, and that brotherly love which is the basis of Christianity, it very properly styled itself the "Order of Odd Fellows."

Odd people are of both sexes. When a woman refuses to adopt an absurd fashion, when she will not wear a Magenta ribbon because some other color suits her complexion better, when she denies herself the luxury of a hooped skirt because it takes up too much room, is ungraceful and dangerous, of course all her female acquaintances set her down as an "odd thing."

The girl who thinks it a sin and shame to spend more than half her time in the streets or before the looking-glass, or working worsted poodle dogs; who prefers reading history to reading novels, who studies the classics, and thinks astronomy more attractive than crochet-work, is of course, an "odd thing." Some of these odd things venture to write books on great subjects, reviews, essays, and, oddly enough, acquire a reputation thereby. Another of these odd girls despises weak nerves, and learns to row a boat in a heavy sea, and when she beholds a steamer on a lee shore, puts off her frail skiff to rescue crew and passengers from a watery grave. Grace Darling was an odd girl.

Florence Nightingale, instead of giving herself up to the round of London fashionable dissipation, devoted her days and nights to the care of the sick, making her hospital her home. On the breaking out of a terrible war she journeyed to the East with an army of nurses, and devoted herself to the care of the invalid and wounded. It was odd—very odd—but it was also glorious, sublime, angelic.

Years ago a very odd fellow lived in Marseilles,

a miser, scrimping, scraping, self-denying, sordid. All the townspeople despised him; but when he died it was found that he had left a princely fortune, accumulated son by son, to endow his native city with a perennial supply of pure water.

Peter Cooper is one of these odd geniuses. He cares nothing for dress; he wears just such clothes as suit him; he cares nothing for show; he has no palatial mansion, no splendid horses, no liveried servants, and he has carried his oddity so far as to erect a splendid structure, to endow it with princely liberality, and to make education and books free to hundreds of his fellow-citizens.

One of the most patriotic and gifted of American citizens, Benjamin Franklin, appeared at the most splendid court of Europe, a court which was the arbiter of fashion, and whose splendors were like those of fairy land, in a plain drab suit; and he wore that dress week after week, in the midst of diamonds, and gold and silver lace and velvet, and flashing swords and plumes, and silks and satins. It was very odd, certainly, but that plainly-dressed ambassador of a republic struggling for existence attracted more attention and received more honor than ever did Prince Esterhazy in his diamond-studded coat which cost him thirty thousand dollars every time he put it on.

One of these odd fellows is just now making an immense sensation in Europe. He prefers a red shirt to an embroidered uniform; a blanket on the bare ground to a feather bed in a palace; the love of the people to the favor of monarchs; the approval of his conscience to the flattery of kings; honest poverty, to ill-gotten wealth. This man was so eccentric as to yield up supreme power without a sigh, when he had accomplished the purpose for which it was conferred on him; to give away a kingdom as freely as some people give a penny, and to place the love of his liberated countrymen above all earthly honors. By these acts, Giuseppe Garibaldi has proved himself the king of odd people.

TUSCAN MINERALS.—Tuscany is so rich in metallic ores that ships in the channel of Piombino have to allow for the variation of the needle. Sardinia has begun to utilise these mineral riches.

A POETICAL BELIEF.—The ancient Celts, it is said, believed that the employment of newborn infants, removed to heaven, became thenceforth the scattering of flowers upon the earth.

SUCCESS IN LOVE.—Success with the ladies is like violin playing—a great deal depends on the beau-ing.

A PROPHEPIC VISION.

The visit of Hume the spiritualist to Europe has revived all sorts of superstitions, and set everybody to dreaming mysterious dreams, and seeing wonderful visions, and witnessing remarkable apparitions. In the frozen north, in the city of St. Petersburg, people have been thus impressed; in brilliant, mocking, *spirituelle* Paris, marvels are as plenty and as readily believed as in the days of Caligostro and Mesmer. Among such incidents worthy of reputation is one which happened last year to the Russian Princess W——, a resident in Paris, and a general favorite, who, one rainy day, was sitting beside the fire in her bedroom nursing a violent attack of neuralgia, when she suddenly beheld on one of the panels of her room—hung with draperies of silk—a shadowy appearance, as though projected from a magic-lantern—at first dim, but gradually becoming distinct, and which at length represented a forest, not as a scene in a picture, but with all the color and relief of nature. As she gazed into this forest she saw a sportsman moving cautiously, as though in pursuit of game; and then she saw a boar lying in wait for the hunter, upon whom it sprang as he approached, throwing him down and tearing him with its tusks; then there appeared rushing through the trees a group of huntsmen, who approached the wounded man with gestures of despair. The boar sprang out of sight as the group closed round their comrade and carried him from the wood, leaving a trail of blood as they disappeared. The shrieks of the princess brought all the people in the house to her room. "There, there! my brother! my poor brother!" she screamed, pointing to the hangings. Nothing was to be seen in the direction she indicated, and every one about her endeavored to calm her, to persuade her that she had fallen asleep and had been dreaming. But nothing could convince her that what she had seen could be a dream. She wept long and bitterly, and kept exclaiming, "My brother! my poor brother!" This state of nervous excitement was with difficulty controlled; and when she had recovered her self-command, she wrote letter after letter to her brother whom she had seen in her vision, and who was in the Crimea, where he possessed immense estates covered with woods, in which he was in the habit of hunting. A few weeks afterwards the Princess W—— learned that at the very time when she saw this vision her brother was knocked down by a boar that he had been following in the forest; that he was trampled and torn by the animal exactly as she had seen, and was carried off, apparently dead, by his

friends, who came up with him just in time to save his life. The prince, who is now in Paris, is still suffering from the wounds inflicted by the tusks and hoofs of the animal, and which are not yet entirely healed.

RESPECTABLE BABIES.—A woman gives notice that she is "willing to take a respectable baby to nurse." There are babies, then, that are not respectable. Poor little things! not worthy of respect—not to be respected. We have heard of persons who were born with gold spoons in their mouths; we have seen babies who, from their first were surrounded with every luxury; and we have seen those who were born without any spoons at all in their mouths, nor any worldly goods to speak of; but it never struck us before that any sort of babies were as disreputable as we see they must be, from this advertisement.

OLD ST. PAUL'S.—St. Paul's cathedral, London, one of the most magnificent structures in the world, was erected under the superintendence of one bishop, one architect and one master mason, although the time occupied in building it was thirty-five years. The cost of the entire edifice was \$4,000,000.

PREVENTING QUARRELS.—Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels. First, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

HUMAN NATURE.—The human mind is so fond of striking contrasts, that when a man is praised for some extremely high quality, the first thought of many is to ascertain what are his lowest ones.

THE HEART'S SCHOOLING.—The human heart, like a feather-bed, must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard.

TEARS.—The tears of a lovely girl is like a dewdrop on a rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband.

GOOD.—Prentice thinks sewing girls cannot be expected to compete with sewing machines, for they haven't such iron constitutions.

VIRTUE.—Virtue is a sincere disposition to do all the good in our power to others.

Foreign Miscellany.

Linon was first made in England in 1253—Hats were invented for men, in Paris, in 1403.

An English photographer, W. H. Leather, has succeeded in obtaining negative impressions on waxed paper.

Druidical remains, similar to those in Ireland, and the hoar-stones of England and Scotland, have been discovered in India.

Two Jewish converts of the name of Leman have been ordained priests and are in the Romish Church services at Lyons.

The amount of property plundered or destroyed when the China emperor's summer palace was taken, is estimated at about \$30,000,000.

At Bristol, England, a lady, aged 80, was recently burned to death, while preparing for her marriage to a man of 78.

An address to the Queen of England for a separate Irish Parliament, and the right of self-government, has already received over 30,000 signatures in Ireland.

China seems to be determined to make a clean thing of her change of policy, as her ports are opened to foreign ships, which are also to be allowed to navigate her internal rivers.

By the ancient law of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was, in consequence, extremely rare.

Some benevolent persons in the north of Germany are engaged in organizing a lifeboat institution somewhat on the model of the British National Lifeboat Institution.

The English authorities have lately annexed five hundred square miles of territory in the Himalaya regions, including the highest peak of that famous mountain range.

The aged father of Grace Darling, so celebrated for her brave rescue of a drowning crew near Vern Island lighthouse, some years since, has recently been pensioned by the British government.

The people of old Boston, Lincolnshire, England, have subscribed £1200 towards paying for a monument in memory of their late townsman, Herbert Ingram, of the London Illustrated News, who was lost in the *Lady Elgin*.

The Marquis of Bute is thirteen years old, and has an income amounting to as much as *four hundred thousand dollars a year*. As he is an orphan, his relations are fighting about their respective claims to the guardianship of the young heir.

Some idea may be formed of the extensive works for the further embellishment of Paris which are to be undertaken during the present year, from the fact that \$10,000,000 was paid by the municipality, in the month of January, for expropriations only.

A maxim of Ferdinand of Spain, the husband of Isabella, has recently been discovered among his papers. He addressed it to one of the English Henrys. "Always ruin your opponent in the opinion of the world before you go to war with him."

Ericsson's motors are now driving printing-presses in Bonn, Germany.

The London Times lately refused £150 for an advertisement—it was too long.

At the York Assizes, England, a wretch was lately convicted of having starved his wife to death.

A species of sponge has been discovered in the Antilles which completely dissolves when plunged in alkaline solution.

A machine has been invented in England, which being attached to the stern of a ship, pumps her out with a rapidity in ratio to her speed.

It is found from statistical reports that a little more than one-fifth of all the deaths in New England arise from consumption, and kindred diseases of the throat and lungs.

An old man made his appearance in October, at Pesth, Hungary, who was supposed to have been killed in battle thirty years before. All his relatives but one were in the grave.

A woman in Paris, on being arrested for trying to drown herself in the Seine, declared that she was only trying to dive and pick up a diamond necklace, she had seen in the bottom in a dream!

A Dublin journal observes that a handbill-announcement of a political meeting in that city states, with boundless liberality, that "the ladies, without distinction of sex, are cordially invited to attend."

It is proposed to erect a column to the memory of William Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, on Nibly Knoll, Gloucester county, England, a site for which has been given by Sir Maurice Berkeley.

It is "next to impossible" to levy the taxes in Hungary. The goods and chattels of debtors to the state—nobles as well as plebeians—are day after day brought to the hammer, but no one in Hungary dares to purchase property taken in execution.

There are in London thirty-six refuges, homes and industrial schools—fifteen for boys, and twenty-one for girls. In these institutions, 400 children are at this present moment being fed, clothed, and lodged, and taught how to earn their daily bread.

Abdul Medjid is the most extravagant dog in the world. He has ordered Ketchoglu, the court purveyor of jewelry, to manufacture forthwith a magnificent tiara of diamonds, worth 13,000,000 piastres! It is said that this trinket is intended for the Empress of the French.

A traveller in India relates that the horses of the Meer of Scinde are fed each morning, after being watered, with a pound of coarse sugar and a pound of clarified butter, which are made into balls—that the horses eat greedily after being once used to it. The writer notes that it fattens the horses prodigiously.

A very pleasing characteristic of the population of France is their extraordinary respect for age. It is called the paradise of grandmothers. There are few able to provide for their own support who would not consider the asking of public relief for their superannuated or helpless parents an indelible disgrace.

Record of the Times.

The fire department of Baltimore, Md., cost \$50,783 last year.

Insects are shown by the microscope of which 27,000,000 would equal but one mite!

The number of miles of railroads has quadrupled within ten years.

Jerome Bonaparte has invoked the aid of the law to establish his legitimacy.

All foreign journals are allowed to circulate freely through the French empire.

There is a spot on the brain not larger than the head of a pin, which, if touched, is sudden death, as instant as lightning.

Hydraulic engines have been successfully introduced to blow church organs with. Several instruments in New York are so supplied with wind.

The more ladies practise walking, the more graceful they become in their movements. Those ladies acquire the best carriage who don't ride in one.

In the Tyrol and the Voralberg the people are scraping together the last kreutzer in their pockets for the purpose of buying off their relatives from conscription.

On one farm at Monterey, California, there are 50,000 grape vines arranged on the slope of the mountain from which 1500 gallons of wine were obtained in 1860.

At Stowe, Vt., there are five factories, in which starch is made from potatoes. Each consumes about 20,000 bushels per annum, and eight pounds of starch is the yield of each bushel.

The christening of the twenty-sixth child of a couple named Wonders, residing in Lierre, in Belgium, took place a short time since. Twenty-two of the children of this happy couple are now living.

A young lady of Cincinnati, a relative of Lord Dalton, recently deceased in England, is one of the heirs of an immense property, amounting to about £9,000,000, or \$45,000,000. Her portion will make a respectable dowry.

What follows the English are! They are fighting the Kaffirs in South Africa, the Chinese at Peking, the cannibals of Madagascar, and controlling the trade of East Africa while looking after the source of the Nile.

Kelley's Island, in Lake Erie, is all a vineyard. The principal grape is the Catawba, which yields admirable wine. An acre in full bearing will produce 7000 pounds of grapes, worth \$455, at 6½ cents per pound.

Three California bear skins, the brown, black and grizzly, will soon be added to the natural history collection of Williams College. They have been presented by Mr. B. N. Seymour, a graduate of 1852, and now a clergyman in the "Golden State."

When a rich man commits suicide in Havana, his relatives charge somebody with murdering him, so that his property may not be confiscated to the crown. A young gentleman of fortune recently shot himself with a revolver, and the porter of the house has been charged with killing him, and committed to prison.

At Perrysville, Indiana, a tract of marly land has been burning some time.

The Turks use no mills but beat their coffee with pestles in a mortar.

The Prince of Wales is digging away at his books at Cambridge College, England.

He is a poor man who lives by borrowing the words, decisions and actions of others.

General Cameron, a Scotchman, has been made commander of the British troops in New Zealand.

William Hillyer, the best cricketer in England, died lately, aged 47.

A man who was turned out of a stage by the driver, on the overland route to California, has sued the company for \$20,000 damages.

The following startling announcement figures in the window of a cafe at Paris: "Here we spike the English."

The snow in Northern Vermont is deeper than has been known for ten years past, and has seriously deranged the mails.

An elk can run a mile and a half in two minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that.

The number of common schools in Illinois is 9162; scholars, 472,247; male teachers, 8223; females, 6485; school houses, 8221; scholars in private schools, 19,264; average wages of teachers, \$28.82 per month to males, \$18.80 to females; total permanent school fund, \$4,919,054.

In reply to a petition of two hundred and fifty Hebrew congregations, a declaration has been published by the Prussian government, intimating their intention, for the future, to avail themselves of the services of the Jews in the various departments of the State. This is carrying out the spirit of the law enacted in 1848, but which hitherto has been almost a dead letter.

A workman of Paris has discovered that gas and water pipes laid in clayed soil do not become rusty or oxidized—at least, but very partially so; but that when these pipes are laid in chalky soil, they become very quickly and deeply oxidized. The administration of the city of Paris, appreciating the value and importance of this discovery, have bestowed a pension on this intelligent workman.

It is said to be a custom with the people of Iceland, when a meal is over, for the guests to kiss both the master and mistresses of the house, thanking them for their kindness. At meeting and parting, the kiss is the universal salutation. On entering the family, the visitor must salute all according to seniority or station, beginning with the highest. At his departure, he reversees this, the lowest is taken leave of first. The custom is an old one.

A singular wager was won recently by a skater on the Lake of Geronsart, near Namur, Belgium. He betted that he would skate for an hour, carrying a basket of eggs on his head without breaking one of them. He accomplished it in first-rate style, having during the hour written his name in elaborate characters on the ice, besides tracing an immense variety of complicated figures, and at last set down the basket and received his wager, amid the cheers of all present.

Merry-Making.

Who is a very unpopular officer with some of the ladies?—General Housework.

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men?—Because they scintillate (sin till late).

Why should an alderman wear a Tartan waist-coat?—To keep a check on his stomach.

Theory may be all very well; but young doctors and lawyers always prefer practice.

What letter should a fond husband say to a stranger about to kiss his wife? Letter be!

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud?—Because it is continually a light'ning.

If Queen Victoria gave Prince Albert a kiss, and he returned it, what public building would it name?—Royal Exchange.

Did you ever know a woman that would not think you intelligent, if you said her children were pretty?

A young lady out West is charged with "putting on airs," because she refused to go to a ball barefoot.

An Irish woman, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

It is to be feared that the quality of tenderness is much more frequently found in beefsteaks than in husbands or wives.

A wag being asked the name of the inventor of butter-stamps, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

A very pious old gentleman told his sons not to go, under any circumstances, a-fishing on the Sabbath; but, if they did, by all means to bring home the fish.

In New York they are peddling hot lemonade. Nor'Wester of the Boston Post suggests, that for an unemployed man there is no aid equal to lemonade.

At a recent fashionable ball in Nottingham, a lady who was annoyed by the dust exclaimed: "Pray keep your mouth shut, my dear Evelina, or you'll certainly be turned into an hour glass."

A burglar was once frightened out of his scheme of robbery by the sweet simplicity of a solitary spinster, who putting her night-capped head out of the window, exclaimed:—"Go away! aint you ashamed!"

A gentleman in advertising for a wife, says: "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occurring to her companion."

If one has the ingenuity to burn his fingers with a piece of ice, he may set up for a wizard; but the man who succeeds in burning his fingers by meddling with other people's affairs, may not be so smart after all.

A counsellor in Detroit describes his poverty as follows: "When I came to Detroit I was in perfect rags; the smallest hole in my shirt was one I stuck my head through, and I had to have that, my only shirt, washed by the dozen, for it was in twelve pieces."

A man who is beginning to skate exhibits a strange blending of *fall* and winter.

A man that marries twice is like a captain of a ship—he has a second mate.

Why is a hen like the sun?—Because she sets.

When is a vessel like a drowned dog?—When it is a sunken bark.

What city on the Iberian peninsula contains two interjections and a harbor?—O-port-O.

Are ladies unaware, when stepping into a carriage or an omnibus of the "felloes" in the wheels?

Why cannot Louis Napoleon's life be insured just now?—Because nobody can *make out* his policy.

What two cities in France are like a Dutchman's breeches?—Toulouse and Toulon (too loose and too long).

Who is it that is in two situations at once?—A lover, for when he is beside his fair one he is usually beside himself.

"Pat, is your sister's child a boy or a girl?" "Faith, an' I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

How is it proved that Adam was orthodox in his sentiments? Because his belief was undoubtedly Eve-angelical.

A western orator commences his harangue with—"The crisis which we were about to have arriven have arroven."

If some men's bodies were not straighter than their minds, they would be crooked enough to ride upon their own backs.

In Vermont they talk of new-papering a jail, from which a brute of a villain recently escaped, in order to render it more secure.

Bryant says that "the groves were God's first temples." A good many romantic young lovers unquestionably find them delightful meeting houses.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." A very doubtful adage. We notice in a country paper the marriage of Peleg Rowlingstone to Miss Ophelia Moss.

There are fellows who go every day into billiard-rooms to get their dinners, just as a fox sneaks into a farm-yard to look about him for a fat goose.

A BRILLIANT PAPER!

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

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It contains the amount of a whole volume of delightful reading matter, and each number complete in itself—containing tales, sketches, biographies, gossip, news, wit, humor and poetic gems.

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M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,
BOSTON.

Mr. Dashaway's Exploits in Skating.



Resolves to astonish the world with his skill, and starts for the ground in grand style—fur cap, skating-jacket, etc., accompanied by his whole family.



The skates disobedient.



Skating backward.



Skating forward.



An involuntary somersault.



Leading the crowd.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Disappearance in an air-hole—agony of friends.



Scenes under the ice—monsters of the deep.



Fishing him out.



Melancholy procession—is carried home on a shutter.



Delirious—skates across the chamber in his shirt, to the horror of his friends.



Revenge himself by breaking the windows of the skate-shop and throwing skates at the dealer's head—police interfering—grand row.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.—No. 5.

BOSTON, MAY, 1861.

WHOLE No. 77.

SCENES IN THE VICINITY OF BOSTON.



NONANTUM,
BRIGHTON.

fumes, those intermittent bursts of genial sunshine, which waken into life the poor little flowers that decorate our little scamped plots of ground or window sills, and brighten up the few blades of grass that are to be met with here and there in the wilderness of brick and granite, send our thoughts a-gadding out of town. Our most piquant local attractions are gone. Those Italian song-birds that ravish our senses and extract our dollars are flown; the fiddlers have fled from the deserted ball-rooms; nobody gives any parties; the Professor who bewildered us with his metaphysical lectures has withdrawn into his cell to bottle up fresh thunder for the next campaign,

art waves a graceful adieu, and we are left to think of nature. Forthwith those of us who are blessed with the possession of that "profligate animal," the horse, may be seen pushing for the suburbs, either Centaur-wise or behind a dasher; others make their exit by steam; others patronize the horse-cars to the extent of a dime, others, bold pedestrians, take up their lines of march, and so by various modes of locomotion, numbers daily go forth into the vicinity to inhale the pure air of the country, and to gladden their eyes with the picturesque combinations of beauty and art which abound in the neighborhood.

The various illustrations which embroider the text of this article were drawn for us by Mr. Warren, a graceful artist and a true lover of nature, and are faithful representations of some of the pretty

THE season is fast approaching when those who have passed the winter in the city begin to cast longing looks towards the rural districts, begin to envy those whose "local habitation" lies without the charmed circle of Boston gaslights. During the cold weather, when in-door luxuries and brilliant entertainments are concentrated in the metropolitan focus, these same suburbaners come in for no small share of the half contemptuous pity of contented cockneys. As we sit at the windows of our snug and warm breakfast-rooms, with the half-opened daily paper before us, we watch them streaming along in files, like wild geese, for the railroad stations, with a sort of wonder at their voluntary exile

from the comforts we are enjoying. We reflect, with a shudder, on the earliness of the hour at which they must have risen, on the penitential breakfast in a chill room before sunrise, on the hurried rush, with a half-satisfied appetite, to the railroad, on such possible incidents of their journey as detention in snow-banks or morasses of mud, and we piously thank our stars that our superior judgment has saved us from this absurd diurnal penance. It is true these same out-of-town folks have an obstinate color in their cheeks, a sturdiness in their step, and an indifference to the vicissitudes of weather it is hard to account for. It is true that they beat us in punctuality, and are ever at their posts some minutes before we can reach our places of business, yet we would not change places with them. But as spring opens, we take a different view of the matter. Those dreamy April skies, fitful but delicious in their coquetry, those puffs of tepid air, redolent of rustic per-

residences which gem the environs of Boston. A love of country life, and of landscape gardening, has characterized our leading men of wealth for many generations, and it is a taste distinctly referable to our English origin. So soon as wealth began to develop itself in the colony, those whose means enabled them to indulge in it, began to build homes in the environs, in the style of the English country-seats, and hence many of the towns in the immediate vicinity of Boston have an unmistakable English look. Long, wide streets, shaded by elm and other ornamental trees, broad lawns, kept green through the summer by the constant use of the scythe or shears, stately mansions peeping from embowering trees, or approached through magnificent avenues of limes and oaks, remind you of English rural scenery in its best aspect. The natural features of the country adapt themselves well to the purposes of art; and where Nature has been niggardly, the skill of the cultivator has redeemed the desert places, and caused them to blossom like the rose. The various roads diverging from Boston into the country, present an endless variety of agreeable views. The shores of the Mystic are covered with fine country-seats, and present charming combinations of wood and water. There are some fine country residences in this direction. Old Cambridge, also, is quite famous for its rural beauties and pleasant summer retreats. On the road to Mount Auburn are several noble estates, conspicuous among which is the old Cragie House, the headquarters of General Washington during the Revolution, and now the property and residence of the poet Longfellow. It is a large, square house, with pilasters in front, and a beautiful lawn with large immortal trees on one side. Several other houses along this road are fine specimens of old rural architecture, and surrounded by noble centennial trees. On the Watertown road, in the new township of Belmont, John P. Cushing's estate is renowned for the beauty of its trees, the agreeableness of its site, and the taste and care with which the grounds are cultivated. Dorchester, Roxbury and Brookline are also crowded with beautiful residences, and are remarkable for natural beauty of scenery. In the adornment of estates, the modern English style of landscape gardening is universally adopted. Landscape gardeners now recognize the necessity of concealing art, of aiding but not suppressing nature. Ornamental trees are now no longer trimmed and aligned, like soldiers on parade. They are set out in clumps, and disposed along winding curves, and grouped together with due regard to size, habit of growth, and color. In a word, the most pleasing grounds are those which remind us of scenes where Nature herself has exhibited her utmost skill in grouping—such scenes as the painter in search of the beautiful occasionally meets with, which require only to be depicted just as they are, to give universal pleasure. As we have before said, almost every point in the vicinity of our city presents private residences and estates which are models of beauty both in style and local surroundings. All such places are public benefits. Though the owners hold the title deeds, their beauty is a delight to all who view them. The dusty wayfarer, who pauses beneath the shade of a roadside tree, is quite as free to contemplate the rural beauties expanding

before him, as the proprietor himself. In some respects the former is the better off of the two. The landless spectator may console himself that he has no taxes to pay, no uninterested employees to deal with, no war to wage with canker worms, borers, blight, drought, and the thousand vexations that embitter the cup of the country gentleman. He sees the glorious result; he is innocent of the painful and costly steps by which it has been reached. He may, therefore, gaze with delighted eyes on the stately elms that shade the avenue to the old ancestral mansion, on the emerald meadows which gleam in the soft sunshine, on the bright water-mirror that reflects the weeping willows and the quivering aspens. Every successful plantation, too, is an example, and begets imitation; thus, images of beauty are multiplied throughout the country. If these views are correct, it seems that we are aiding a good cause in giving currency to correct representations of a few of the most picturesque places in our neighborhood; volumes would be required to embrace them all. Our initial vignette represents a view at Nonantum, Brighton, and the residences, one of Mr. Strong, and the other late of Hon. Horace Gray. These mansions were built many years ago, by two Boston merchants, partners, and are not exceeded for beauty of location by any places near Boston. Certainly no town in this vicinity possesses so many beautiful sites for large establishments, as "Old Brighton." The township comprises an undulating surface, with many commanding eminences, rich, luxuriant valleys, and fine groves of forest trees. Its beauties early attracted the attention of wealthy gentlemen of taste, and accordingly we find old mansion houses blended with the structures of modern date. The drive from Brookline through Brighton to Watertown, offers a great variety of picturesque views, and that looking from the highest point of the road into the valley of the Charles River, is enchanting.

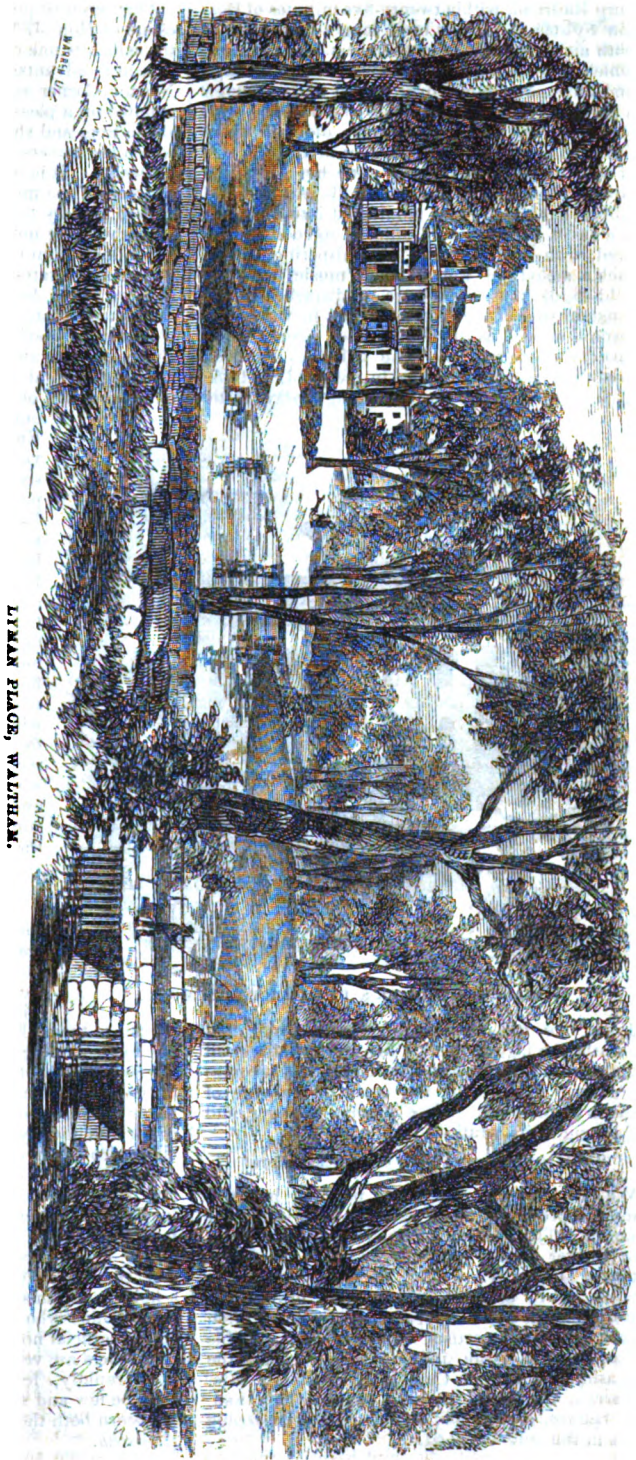
Our second picture is a charming rural scene, embracing the house and grounds of George Lyman, Esq., in Waltham. The view embraces but a small portion of the estate, which is one of the finest in the country, and is quite English in its character. There are extensive woods on the estate, which is kept in a high state of cultivation, affording equal satisfaction to the agriculturist and the lover of nature. The house was built many years ago, and is an unpretending, but large and well-proportioned structure. It is backed and flanked by fine old trees, but has a clear sweep of view in front over a smooth lawn and tract of meadow land fringed with wood and diversified with groups of trees and clumps of shrubbery, through which winds a clear stream, adding an ineffable grace to the landscape. Close at hand rise the spires of the pretty town of Waltham. Spacious barns and granaries with ranges of cattle-sheds, interspersed with evergreens, occupy portions of the estate not shown in our picture. The approach from the north is very fine—the road winding along heavily wooded hillsides, and affording many striking views.

Our next picture represents the fine house of William F. Homer, Esq., at Belmont, seven miles from Boston on the Fitchburg Railroad, and on the hither slope of Wellington Hill. It is a spacious and stately structure of the Renais-

sance style, with Mansard roof, and is exceedingly well proportioned and picturesque. Belmont is a charming place, almost unequalled in romantic beauty by any spot in the immediate neighborhood of the city. Wellington Hill is clothed to the summit with a rich growth of forest trees, and the portion which has been cleared is a succession of gardens rising above each other, and covered with very neat, pretty and showy houses. Forest Street, which skirts the base of the hill and leads to West Cambridge, is a charming drive. The whole region of country in this direction is remarkable for its beauty, fertility and healthiness.

Another of our views represents the elegant residence of Oliver Hastings, Esq., next to that of the poet Longfellow, in Old Cambridge, on the line of the horse railroad to Mount Auburn. A pretty fountain on the lawn in front of the house, with its sparkling jets, adds much to the beauty of the scene. Another of our landscape views is from a hill in Auburndale. It embraces an extensive tract of highly attractive rural scenery. Looking down on Charles River, with its many boats, and its beautiful banks fringed with forest trees, and beyond, hill rising over hill, the spectator finds himself amply rewarded for a long walk or ride. The Worcester Railroad viaduct is seen stretching away in the distance. Not the least attractive, certainly, among the many beautiful places near town, is the residence of Jesse Locke, Esq., Watertown. It was built by Abner Kingman, Esq., a few years ago, and he resided there until he sold the place to the present occupant. The views from this place are delightful.

One of the most striking scenes in this series is Beaver Brook, as it falls through a romantic glen in Belmont. This picturesque bit of wild landscape is situated at the distance of about half a mile from Waverley station on the Fitch-



LYMAN PLACE, WALTHAM.

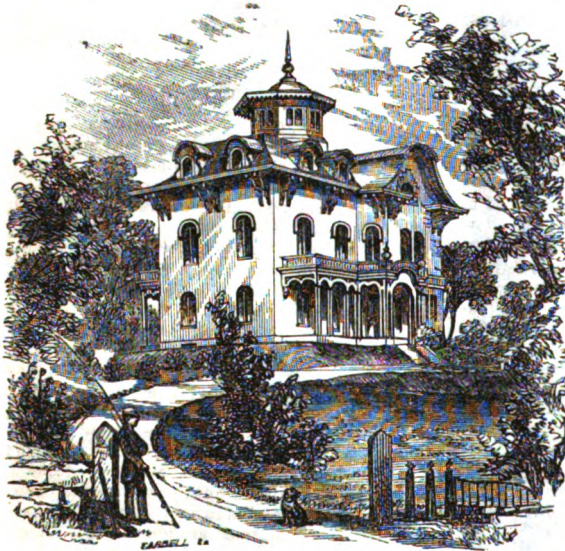
burg Railroad, within twenty-five minutes of Boston by steam. It has been long a favorite spot with artists and amateur sketchers. The stream, which at some seasons of the year is quite large and impetuous, pours over jagged rocks through a gorge overhung with trees and tasseled with shrubbery and vines. The huge old mill-wheel that stands motionless at the foot of the fall tells of busy hours in days long gone by. It is idle now, however, and the old mill and the old millers have long since mouldered into dust. It is a sweet place in midsummer, so cool and retired, with such a wealth of whispering leaves, such a melody of waters, such music from the wild birds that build here, undisturbed by the constant roar of the cataract. But in winter the scene is as wild as the Wolf's Glen, where Caspar cast the magic bullets. The tall trees overhead toss their wierd branches in the wind, and the icicles formed from the ascending spray rattle

Our series of pictures closes with a view of the estate of Hon. J. W. Edmonds, at Newton Centre, which is one of the finest near Boston, and is seen to advantage by those who ride between Newton Corner and the Centre. The house is situated on a pleasing rising ground, and noble shade trees and shrubbery embellish the grounds, which are traversed by avenues affording delightful walks. It is not far from Nonantum, and in a circuit of the most picturesque and highly-cultivated scenery in this part of the country. The places we have noticed have been selected almost at random, from the multitude of beautiful residences and estates which beautify the environs of Boston. Our local readers scarcely need the assurances that, for lovers of the picturesque blending of nature and art which makes the charm of cultivated scenery, enough that is interesting lies at their very doors, involving no expense or toil of pilgrimage to reach. Those of

our friends who have travelled in England tell us that some of the vaunted gems of English rural scenery reminded them of the prettiest portions of Brookline, Roxbury, Brighton, Cambridge and Watertown. An English lady told us that the Cushing and Pratt estates in the latter town reminded her pleasingly of home. Certain it is, that many of our fashionable tourists, in their annual search after the picturesque, find no more romantic haunts than those which are to be met with in a ride out of Boston of from six to ten miles in any direction. Yet how many there are who refuse to form an acquaintance with these charming scenes simply because they are within their reach!

A GREAT REFORM.

We are pleased to find that the practice of having the scholars learn all their lessons during school hours has been adopted in a portion of our public schools, and it will, before long doubtless, be extended to them all. We hope that this step is but the beginning of a great reform, and that the whole practice of stuffing the mind with a mass of undigested matter will be abandoned. An eager desire to make a great show for the time, or for the money expended, is the most pernicious vice of our educational system; it leads to a hasty slurring over of lessons half understood, and begets a habit of being satisfied with vague ideas, which is apt to continue through life. The most rapid mode of teaching is that which requires every lesson to be thoroughly mastered and comprehended before it is passed by. A scholar with this habit of study will soon overtake another who is far in advance with crude and superficial notions of his studies. If parents or teachers are very anxious that a child should learn rapidly, let them insist that the lessons shall be few and short; no more than the child can learn both thoroughly and easily.—*Scientific American*.



WILLIAM F. HOMER'S RESIDENCE, BELMONT.

down like hail on the translucent armor that sheaths the jagged rocks. The winter rains swell the torrent till it overflows its banks, and it comes plunging down with the crash of a charge of cavalry, tossing its white plumes in anger, and shouting in its wrath—

"This way the water comes down from Loreo."

We saw, the other day, a fine painting by Freeman, representing this scene in its midsummer aspect. The scenery in the immediate vicinity of Beaver Brook Falls is very fine. On the estate of Dexter Ward, Esq., on North Street, is a noble grove of oaks which have braved the storm for six hundred years. They have often been sketched by artists. There is also a noble elm, quite as large, judging by the eye, as the Washington Elm on Cambridge Common. Mrs. Darrah, the artist, passed a summer here, and, we believe, made many studies of the landscape bits in the neighborhood.

WILD HONEY.

The contest for the office of county treasurer, in a State "down South," was very exciting in the fall of last year, and seemed to turn as much upon the popularity as well as the qualifications of the candidates. M— had announced himself very "early in the action" as a "solicitor" for the suffrages of his fellow-citizens; but owing to his general reputation for facetiousness and hoaxes, the great unterrified could not be persuaded that he was really out. Some two weeks prior to the election day, becoming alarmed at the probable consequences of this unwarrantable opinion among the people, he determined to make the circuit of his county, and convince his constituents that he was a candidate. In his travels he stopped at the house of an old settler to spend the night. The old gentleman was uncommitted, and M— made himself very agreeable; told stories innumerable of himself, his horse, and his prospects, and had well nigh exhausted his "larder," when a hap-hazard remark was made of bee-trees.

Cocking his head sideways, in a way peculiar to him, M— said:

"Speaking of bee-trees, reminds me of a slight experience I had in that way myself. You see, sir, there was a large bee-tree near my house that had worried me a long time, being's I had a fondness for bee-hunting, and I determined to cut it down. I had a woman's curiosity to know what was inside of the 'holler' that grinned at me about forty feet up the tree. So one day we all got our axes and cut the tree down; and would you believe me," cried M—, leaning patronizingly towards his host, and giving the confirmatory gesture with his right forefinger, "we got out of it sixty gallons of strained honey!"

"Aint you mistaken in your figures?"

"No. We not only got sixty gallons of strained honey, but after we left, the honey run out, sixty yards down hill and forty yards up!"

"I know that's a lie!" said his host.

"That shows your ignorance!" coolly replied M—. "It was 'wild' honey, and you know there's no counting on the way 'it' acts!"

SUCCESS A MATTER OF WILL.

Success has no more eccentricity, than the gingham and muslin we weave in our mills. I know no more affecting lesson to our busy, plotting New England brains, than to go into one of the factories with which we have lined all the water-courses in the States. A man hardly knows how much he is a machine until he begins to make telegraph, loom, press, and locomotive in his own image. But in these, he is forced to leave out his follies and hindrances, so that when we go to the mill, the machine is more moral than we. Let a man dare go to a loom, and see if he be equal to it. Let machine confront machine, and see how they come out. The world-mill is more complex than the calico-mill, and the architect stooped less. In the gingham-mill, a broken thread or a shred spoils the web through a piece of a hundred yards, and is traced back to the girl who wove it, and lessens her wages. The stockholder, on being shown this, rubs his hands with delight. Are you so cunning, Mr. Profitless, and do you expect to swindle your master and employer, in the web you weave? A

day is a more magnificent cloth than any muslin, the mechanism that makes it is infinitely cunning, and you shall not conceal the sleazy, fraudulent, rotten hours you have slipped into the piece, nor fear that any honest thread, or straighter steel, or more inflexible shaft, will not testify in the web.—*Emerson.*

A QUEER SIGHT.

Not long ago a man came into the hospital as doleful a looking object as one need to look at. There was a combination of expression in his countenance which was perfectly ludicrous. He was evidently in great pain, but he looked most particularly solemn, for he could not imagine what was the matter with himself. His arms were extended at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and hanging helplessly downwards, as if there was something on his fingers which he was anxious to keep from his trowserlooms. Both arms were dislocated downwards at the shoulder, caused by his eating too much supper! Now the blessing of eating nothing at all later than a one o'clock dinner is a "double and thriffling one," at least to sedentary and otherwise inactive persons—namely, a night of luscious sleep, a glorious appetite for breakfast, and a sunny temper all day, to say nothing of exemption from horrible dreams, walking out of three-story windows, and ghostly nightmares. The man had eaten a late dinner of bacon and cabbage, and being very tired, retired immediately to bed, but not to sound repose, for he dreamed that a whole regiment of hobgoblins was after him. He put forth almost superhuman efforts to escape, but at the very instant of their laying their claws on him, he made a tremendous leap upwards, with the result of the painful luxation just named. Those who eat heartily, late in the day, do not always escape so easily, for naturally turning on their backs, the weight of what they have eaten steadily presses on the great blood-vessels of the body near the backbone, arrests the flow of blood, dams it up in the brain until effusion takes place, that is apoplexy, and is instant death. Such are the cases where persons are found dead in their beds in the morning, with the accompanying remark:—"He seemed as well yesterday as he ever was in his life."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HARDSHIPS OF THE REVOLUTION.

General Green in his despatches after the battle of Eutaw, says: "Hundreds of my men were naked as they were born!" Judge Johnson in his life of Green, says: "Posterity will scarcely believe that the bare lions of many men who carried death into the enemy's ranks at the Eutaw, were galled by their cartouch boxes, while a fold of a rag or a tuft of moss protected the shoulder from sustaining the same injury from the musket." General Green says in his letters to the Secretary of War: "We have three hundred men without arms, and more than one thousand so naked that they can be put on duty only in cases of desperate nature. Our difficulties are so numerous, and our wants so pressing, that I have not a moment's relief from the most painful anxieties. I have more embarrassments than it is proper to disclose to the world."—*Incidents of the Revolution.*

A TUSSELE WITH A WHALE.

We had cruised five months wide off the coast of Peru without having seen the "spout" of a whale, when the scurvy, that bane of whalemén, made its appearance among our crew, admonishing us that it was time to seek a port where antiscorbutics could be obtained. In accordance with a decision to that effect, the ship was being put in her best "bib and tucker;" not so much to create a sensation, as to avoid one, for the storms of ocean had visited us too roughly to make a genteel appearance. The yawning seams, and paintless wood, showing that notwithstanding we were the legitimate children of old Neptune, he considered us no better than poachers in his vast domain, treating us accordingly. The gentle southeast trade winds fanning us along at the rate of four or five miles per hour, with scarcely a perceptible roll to the ship, no wise interfering with, or retarding the paint-

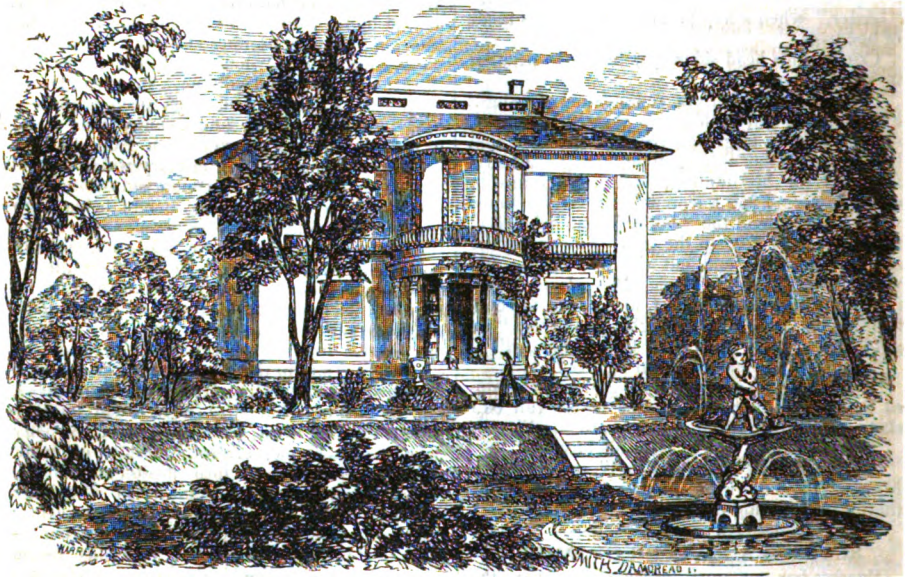
"Hoist, swing and lower!" were the orders issued in a breath.

The men followed their respective boats down the ship's side, and took their places as they touched the water. Tackles unhooked, oars shipped, and boats speeding, like rockets, in less time than it takes to recount it.

"There he is!" said the first officer, puffing it out like an old gentleman smoking his pipe. "Bend to your oars every mother's son of you." He being the nearest, the other boats "laid on their oars" to give him a clear chance to go alongside.

"Stand up there!" was the mandate to the harpooner, followed quickly by, "Give it to him!"

For an instant the boat was hidden by spray and foam, the next she was visible on the surface of the ocean, bottom upwards. Fortunately there was no one injured, but it was a matter of



OLIVER HASTINGS'S RESIDENCE, OLD CAMBRIDGE.

ing of the spars aloft, at which the crew were employed, when a shrill shout of "There she blows!" from the lookout, thrilled each nerve, and arrested every hand.

"There she blows!" was reiterated, as the captain reached the deck from the cabin.

"Where away, and how far off?"

"Two points forward the weather beam; two and one half miles off."

"Brace the yards, and keep the ship close to the wind!" were the orders hurriedly given.

"There goes flooks!" came long drawn out from the lookout.

The whale had now gone down, and the main-yard was hauled aback, to await his re-appearance. An hour passed away and no whale was visible. The men showed symptoms of nervous anxiety, and the probability of its proving a false alarm was being discussed. Another fifteen minutes sped. "There he is!" came from a dozen mouths at once.

some difficulty to rescue the crew, for the old fellow appeared to be keeping guard over them, for he would manage to get between them and us, every attempt we made to reach them. We succeeded, however, after a while, in picking them up, and taking their boat, badly "stoven," to the ship. It was deemed advisable not to make the attack upon him, until we could renew to the scene of action. A new boat with the requisite craft was speedily in the water, and we were soon near him again. The third officer, who had been waiting for us to reinforce him, renewed the action by "pulling on" and burying two more harpoons in his side, the harpooner jumping overboard as he darted them. Almost as quick as thought the whale rolled upon his side, threw his huge jaw over the boat, cutting her completely in halves. It devolved upon the mate this time to become the rescuing party, which office he discharged with some little difficulty, and we were left to watch the whale. The other boats

in a short time returned, and hostilities were reopened, by going on with our boat and planting two more "irons" in his body. These being near a vital part paralyzed him for a moment, so that we "steamed" off clear. The mate succeeded in getting two more in, but got his boat slightly "stove."

Efforts were now made to lance him, but without avail. He had become too wary to let us reach him. In these attempts the day was far spent. A council of war was held, and it was decided to approach with two boats at the same time. One as a feint, to distract his attention, the other to make the attack. In carrying out this we found ourselves nipped in his jaws, but from some unaccountable cause he did not close them, and the only damage was simply three of his teeth through the boat. We accomplished nothing by that ruse, and before we could repeat it, the sun was below the horizon, and we had the mortification to see him turn his floos into the air, and go down for a long sound. Many a muttered curse followed him from tired, hungry men. We pulled slowly to the ship without a hope of ever seeing him again. After getting on board, the ship was put under short sail, and when the watch was set, orders were given to make short "tacks" to windward during the night. At daylight next morning, with a smooth sea, there was no object visible from the mast head. At 10 o'clock A. M. the lookout reported a "sleek" on the weather bow. We soon ascertained that the "sleek" was produced by our game. He had died sometime during the night from his wounds, and in his agony had worked himself clear of seven harpoons, with one thousand fathoms of line attached. After "cutting him in," we discovered a large splinter of a white bottomed boat forced into the gum, beside one of his teeth, showing conclusively that it was not the first time that he had tasted cedar boards. He was undoubtedly a relative of Melville's Moby Dick. He proved a valuable prize, yielding eighty barrels of oil.—*Portland Transcript*.

ANIMALCULES IN FLINT.

After their death, the accumulation of their shields, or hard outer coverings, mixed up with various earthy or flinty particles, produces layers of various earths and rocks. These become by time consolidated into clays, flints, and marbles, in which the shape of their shields and their characters are so clearly distinguished, that the very species can be determined. The horns on which razors, penknives, and other cutting instruments are sharpened, are made of a Turkish stone, which is a mass of the fossil covering of animalcules. Tripoli, or rotten-stone, has long been well known in the arts, being used in the form of powder for polishing stones and metals. It consists almost entirely of an aggregate of animalcules, in widely extended layers without any connecting medium. A cubic inch of this substance would contain on an average about forty-one thousand millions of these *gallionellæ* as they are termed, the shield of each one weighing about the one thousand one hundred and eighty-seven millionth part of a grain. At every stroke that is made with this polishing powder, several millions, perhaps tens of millions, of perfect fossils are crushed to atoms!—*Scientific Journal*.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

When a boy, fourteen or fifteen years of age, holding the rank of a midshipman in the navy, the Duke of Northumberland, was on board of Admiral Cochrane's ship, on the West India station, when a terrific hurricane destroyed nearly all the houses, plantations, etc., on the island of St. Kitts. The more wealthy inhabitants of the island set on foot a subscription list on board of the fleet. Admiral Cochrane added his name for £100, which sum was also subscribed by the admiral who was second in command. The list was then passed to the captains of the several ships, who subscribed £50 each; the lieutenants followed with £20 each; and the midshipmen were then called upon for their contributions; some subscribed £5 or £1, or smaller sums, according to the state of their "lockers." When the list was placed in the hands of the duke—then Lord Algernon Percy—his lordship wrote with a bold hand, "Percy, £1000." The list having been returned to the admiral, he was greatly surprised at beholding this entry, and sent for the young lord, of whom he inquired if he had the means to pay the amount opposite to his name. His answer was. "No, admiral, I have not; but the old boy at home will pay it." The answer seemed so characteristic, and the action so noble, that Admiral Cochrane determined to communicate the facts to his lordship's father, the late Duke of Northumberland. When his grace received the admiral's letter, he burst into tears, and exclaimed in reference to his son: "He is worthy of the name of Percy, the money shall be paid," and immediately transmitted to the managers of the fund for the relief of the sufferers, a check on his banker for £1000.—*English Annals*.

WHITE ANTS.

The great pest of the islands, and indeed not of these islands alone, is the white ants. In the Philippines, at sunset, during the rains, their presence becomes intolerable. One well-authenticated fact will show their destructive powers. "In the town of Obando, province of Bulacan, on the 18th of March, 1838, the various objects destined for the service of the mass—such as robes, albs, amices, the garments of the priests, etc., were examined and placed in a trunk made of wood called *narra* (*Pterocarpus palidus*). On the 10th they were used for divine services, and in the evening were returned to the box. On the 20th some dirt was observed near it, and on opening, every fragment of the vestments and ornaments of every sort were found to have been reduced to dust, except the gold and silver lace, which was tarnished with a filthy deposit. On a thorough examination, not an ant was found in any other part of the church, nor any vestige of the presence of these voracious destroyers; but five days afterward they were discovered to have penetrated through a beam six inches thick." Their silent, concealed and rapid ravages are so incredible, when true, that any false statement respecting them is readily believed by the simple-minded. Sir John Bowring had a female servant who lent her savings in hard dollars to one of her relations, and on claiming repayment, was informed that the white ants had eaten the dollars; nor did the woman's simplicity doubt the story.—*Correspondence Home Journal*.

THE HOSIER'S DAUGHTER.

Two years ago, there was a hosiery establishment on the corner of the Rue Drouot and the Boulevard, Paris. This shop was recently closed, and the "stand" is at present occupied by a dealer in Vichy water. Now, how came the hosier to shut up shop? You shall hear. One day, a gentleman, between thirty and forty years of age (which, in France, is considered the marriageable age), tall, handsome, well-dressed, refined in appearance, but bearing a provincial look, entered the hosier's shop to make a small purchase. While waiting to be served, he noticed at the further end of the shop a rosy-cheeked and graceful girl, partially concealed from view by a high desk. Upon interrogating the clerk, he was informed that the young girl in question was the

shop-keeper's daughter who had just returned home from one of the best seminaries in France, and

where she had received an excellent education. The clerk, whose loquacity was unbounded, added that Mademoiselle Juliette was just turned of eighteen, and that her amiability, modesty, and good-will rendered her the idol of all who knew her. The stranger asked to speak with the hosier and wife on an affair foreign to ordinary business. He was forthwith introduced into the back shop. "Sir, and madame," said he, after taking a seat, "I am the Count de Foix, I reside, habitually, at Bordeaux. I have a fortune of eight thousand pounds a year in landed estates. I wish to marry, and do not care a farthing whether my wife be rich or poor. She will lead an agreeable existence, will possess a mansion in the capital, a chateau in the country, horses and carriages, will pass six months in the year on my estate, three months in Paris, and three months at the watering-places. I have the honor to ask the hand of your daughter." This extraordinary speech threw the hosier and his wife into a state of stupefaction impossible to describe. Without at all noticing the effect he had produced, the count coolly continued: "As regards this offer, I have only one condition to



AUBURNDALE, MASSACHUSETTS.

impose. You will give up trade, sell your establishment, and leave the rest to me." The count's proposal was accepted, and the hosier's daughter became a countess.—*Reynolds's Miscellany* (London).

TO YOUNG MEN.

Whatever may be your choice of future occupation—whatever calling or profession you may select—there is certainly none more honorable than that of a farmer. The patriarch of the fields as he sits beside his cottage door when the toils of the day are over, feels an inward calm never known in the halls of pride. His labor yields him unpurchasable health and repose. I have observed, with more grief and pain than I can express, the visible tokens which appear in all directions, of a growing disposition to avoid agricultural pursuits and to rush into some of the overcrowded professions, because a corrupt and debasing fashion has thrown around them the tinsel of imaginary respectability. Hence the farmer, instead of preparing his child to follow in the path of usefulness he himself has trod, educates him for a sloth; labor is considered vulgar, to work is ungentle, the jack-plane is less respectable than the lawyer's green bag, the handles of the plow less dignified than the yardstick. Unfortunate infatuation! How melancholy is this delusion, which, unless it be checked by a wholesome reform in public opinion, will cover our country with wreck and ruin! This state of things is striking at the very foundation of our national greatness; it is upon agriculture that we mainly depend for our continued prosperity; and dark and evil will be the day when it falls into disrepute. What other pursuit offers so sure a guarantee of an honest independent family? Where else can we look but to the productions of the soil for safety of investment and for ample return? In commercial speculations all is chance and uncertainty, change and fluctuation, rise and fall. In the learned professions scarce one in ten makes enough to meet his incidental expenses; how then are we to account for this fatal misdirection of public opinion? The cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most virtuous, and they are tied to their country, and wedded to its liberty and interests by the most lasting bonds.—*Jefferson*.

STAMBOUL.

The streets of Stamboul are grave, solemn, almost monastic. No file of men with sandwich boards, no cripples on trenchers, no blind men and curs, no old women and dancing dogs, no barrel organs or white mice, no distressed mechanics or sham fits, with placards. "Don't bleed me—give me brandy and water," ready written, clenched in their stiff right hands; in fact, seldom anything amusing in the way of sham misery—by day frothing at the mouth with soft soap, and at night revelling on beefsteak suppers—but only here and there a poor, doubled up old hag, with ophthalmic eyes, crouched under a wall, with a cup like hand held out, as she chants verses from the Koran, in that horrible nasal monotone peculiar to the Turks. Oftener you meet the santon, rather mad—if you may



JESSE LOCKE'S HOUSE, WATERTOWN.

believe his eyes—begging for a dervish brotherhood; or a wandering fakir, with dirty elf locks, perhaps from India, in streaming robes, and with the usual wooden shoe (for alms) slung by a chain to his arm. His begging is so insolent and imperious that it reminds you of the old soldier in *Gil Blas*. Two causes keep down Turkish mendicancy; the first, the few wants of a Turk; the second, the charity of their richer men. Where a cake and a few figs are food for the day, where alms are largely given, and almsgiving forms a part of the religious creed, there cannot be much distress. Hence it is that the beggars bear away rather to the Frank side of the city, and haunt the bazaars and places where foolish and rich Perotes are wont to congregate.—*Turkish Life and Character*.

PUTTING THINGS.

To no man is tact in putting things more essential than to the clergyman. An injudicious and unskillful preacher may so put the doctrines which he sets forth as to make them appear revolting and absurd. It is a fearful thing to hear a stupid fellow preaching upon the doctrine of election. He may so put that doctrine that he shall fill every clever young lad who hears him with prejudices against Christianity, which may last through life. And in advising one's parishioners, especially in administering reproof where needful, let the parish priest, if he would do good, call into play all his tact. With the best intentions, through lack of skill in putting things, he may do great mischief. Let the calomel be concealed beneath the jelly. Not that I counsel sneakiness; that is worse than the most indiscreet honesty.

There is no need to put things like the dean immortalized by Pope, who, preaching in the Chapel Royal, said to his hearers that unless they led religious lives they would ultimately reach a place "which he would not mention in so polite an assembly." Nor will it be expedient to put things like the contemptible wretch who preaching before Louis XIV., said, *Nous mourrons tous*; then turning to the king, and bowing humbly, *presque tous*. And it is only in addressing quite exceptional congregations that it would now-a-days be regarded as a piece of proper respect for the mighty of the earth, were the preacher, in stating that all who heard him were sinners, to add, by the way of reservation, all who have less than a thousand a year.—*Country Parson*.

BIG WAVES.

When the great ocean is disturbed it forms large surface waves. In a gale, such waves have been more than once measured, and it is found that the extreme height from the top to the deepest depression of large storm waves has been nearly fifty feet, their length being from four hundred to six hundred yards, and their rate of motion through the water about half a mile a minute. Such waves, breaking over an obstacle of any kind, or mingling strangely with the clouded atmosphere raging above, are the wildest, grandest, and most terrible phenomena of nature. When they approach land they break up into much smaller bodies of water, but these

are often lifted by shoals and obstructed by rocks till they are thrown up in masses of many tons to a height of more than a hundred feet. The tidal wave is another phenomenon of water motion of a somewhat different kind, producing an alternate rise and fall of the water over all parts of the ocean every twelve hours. In addition to the true waves there are also many definite streams of water conveying large portions of the sea from one latitude to another, modifying the temperature of the adjacent land, and producing a mixture of the waters at the surface or at some depth which cannot but be extremely conducive to the general benefit of all living beings. Storm tides, or those waves which occasionally rush without any pause along narrow and confined seas, or up funnel-shaped inlets, have occasionally proved disastrous to a fearful extent. Thus it is recorded that upwards of one hundred thousand persons perished in the year 1232, and again in 1242, in this way, numerous complete villages and towns being washed away by a wave advancing from the North Sea over the low lands of Holland. Between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the ordinary spring tide rises to a height of a hundred feet, sweeping away the cattle feeding on the shores.—*London Journal*.

Popularity in politics is to see your name in large type posted to a fence. Somebody will inquire who you are, and when the first rain comes you will disappear.



FALLS OF BEAVER BROOK, BELMONT, MASS.

PLAYING SOLDIER.

The young Prince Imperial of France is a gay little bird. The following are some of the details of the *fête* given by him at the Tuileries, a few days back, to the *enfants de troupe* of the 1st division of infantry of the Imperial Guard: "The children, all of whom were in full uniform, with knapsacks and muskets, were drawn up in a line in the courtyard of the palace, and General Mellinet, who was in plain clothes, passed them in review. As the general was so occupied, the Prince Imperial, who was at one of the windows of the palace, manifested his delight by clapping his hands. A few seconds after, the emperor, leading the prince by the hand, came out, and their presence was greeted by the beating of drums and the acclamations of the little soldiers. Marshal Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, and some *aide-de-camp*, were in attendance on his majesty. The prince was in uniform with a sword; but at his request his musket and knapsack were brought from the palace, in order to be like the others. The emperor and the prince then passed down the line, and the children then proceeded to execute various movements, the bayonet exercise, etc., and in all they displayed remarkable precision and skill. Whilst these movements were going on the empress appeared, and her majesty regarded alternately with marked interest both the little soldiers and her son. As soon as the exercises were over the children piled arms, the imperial prince placing his musket with the others. After some repose the *enfants de troupe* were formed into a column, and filed off before the emperor and the prince, raising loud cries of 'Vive l'empereur! Vive l'impératrice! Vive le prince imperial!' They were then invited by the prince to a collation, which had been prepared in the palace, he taking two of them by the hand to show the way. After the feast the children marched off with drums beating and fifes playing."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S RING.

We found the other day, in turning over the leaves of an old German magazine, the following account of the way in which Peter Schrenzer, we wish his name was more pronounceable, who was made a general officer by the King of Prussia, came to his good fortune. At the battle of Prague, in which General Daun forced the king to raise the siege of the place, Frederick, in his retreat had his left wing thrown into disorder, which caused him to ride up at a gallop to remedy the disarray. His horse fell beside a wounded soldier, who, perceiving the king, said, "Sire, if you do not plant two or three pieces of cannon on this height, and an ambuscade in the defile below, your wing is lost." The soldier, as he spoke, pointed to the places he alluded to, which the king had not thought of. Frederick mused a moment or two, and after a brief interval of silence, drew a ring of little value from his finger, gave it to the soldier, and said to him, "If you recover, bring me this ring yourself." He left him immediately, and issued orders in accordance with the soldier's advice, and thus saved his wing. A month afterwards the soldier, having got well enough to walk, went to Frederick and presented the ring. The king gave him a captain's commission; and the new officer

behaved so well at the battle of Rosbach, that he was made major, and soon after lieutenant-colonel. At the affair of Dresden, the king, hesitating what to do, sent an *aide-de-camp* for Schrenzer. He asked his advice, followed it and was successful. This gave Schrenzer a regiment, and the rank of major-general. He was astonishingly cool in the midst of the greatest dangers. The king was very fond of him, and liked to joke him about the strength of his mind, and the vigor of his appetite, which was as marvellous as his bravery.

THE NECESSITY OF EXERCISE.

The benefit of exercise to those whose occupation does not lead them to make any physical exertion, cannot be too highly estimated. The body must undergo a certain amount of fatigue to preserve its natural strength, and maintain all the muscles and organs in proper vigor. This activity equalizes the circulation, and distributes the blood more effectually through every part. Cold feet, or a chill anywhere, shows that the circulation is languid there. The muscles, during exercise, press on the veins, and help forward the currents by quickening every vessel into activity. The valves of the heart are in this way aided in the work of sending on this stream, and relieved of a certain amount of labor. When exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much about this central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stitches, are evidences of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise, because they fancy they want breath, and feel weak, but the very effort would free the heart of this burden, by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease their breathing by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light, as the effect of equalized circulation and free action.—*Laws of Health.*

CARELESSNESS OF LITERATI.

We could never perceive what peculiar sources of inspiration to a literary person there could be in an unshorn beard, an open shirt-collar, or a neglected attire. These melancholy affectations are characteristic of anything but genius. With great good sense, Mrs. Hall remarks in one of her works—"I hope the reproach of slovenliness is passing away from literature, or rather I should say, from its professors. A well-organized mind cannot fail of being orderly in all things, and a mind that is not well organized can rarely inform or amuse, except by its absurdities. I never could fancy why a gentleman wrote best unshaven and in slippers, or how a lady improved her genius by neglecting that neatness of attire which is the outward and visible sign of a well-regulated mind and a comfortable home. I would earnestly entreat the young of my own sex, who possess, or imagine they are possessed of literary talent, carefully to avoid contracting slovenly, or even peculiar habits. Sir Walter Scott (blessings and honor to his name forever!) set a glorious example of simplicity and propriety in all things, that we ought to follow in gratitude and humility."



J. W. EDMONDS'S HOUSE, NEWTON CENTRE.

AN AUTHENTIC DOG STORY.

Sir Harry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the late earls of Litchfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with the least particular attention from his master, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any particular regard. One night, as his master was retiring to his chamber, attended by his *faithful* valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed him up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in his bedroom. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out, which, being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement could not check his intended labor of love, or rather, providential impulse; he returned again, and was more importunate than before to be let in. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of his tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodgings there. To save further trouble, but not from any partiality for his company, this indulgence was allowed. About the solemn hour of midnight the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from his sleep; the dog sprang from his covert, and, seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot! All was dark; and Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation,

in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff, roared for assistance. It was found to be the valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavored to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible. But the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, all raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate. The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed with the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated only by the instinctive attachment of the dog to his master, which seemed to have been directed on this occasion by the interference of Providence. How else could the poor animal know the meditated assassination? How else could he have learned to submit to injury and insult for his well-meant services, and finally seize and detain a person, who, it is probable, had shown him more kindness than his owner had ever done? It may be impossible to reason on such a topic, but the facts are indisputable. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, "More faithful than favored," are still to be seen at the family-seat at Ditchley, and are a lasting monument of the gratitude of the master, the ingratitude of the servant, and the fidelity of the dog.

God gives every bird its food but does not throw it into the nest.

GETTING OUT OF ONE'S SELF.

There is a strange propensity among men and women to escape from their own personality, and to pass themselves off for something very different from what nature intended them to be. We are apt to sneer at "self-satisfied" people, but really, there are so few self-satisfied people in the world, that for very rarity we ought to cherish them. This propensity is not acquired, but innate, and exhibits itself at a very early age. How fond children are of disguising themselves in the clothes of their playmates, or putting on grandfather's hat and boots, or grandmother's cap and spectacles! A children's fancy ball is the most joyous festival in life; the little creatures enter with such zest into their transformations. "Children of a larger growth," too, relish a masquerade more than any other kind of amusement. People are more anxious to seem than to be. It would be a happy world indeed, if the barques that navigate the ocean of life always sailed under their true colors; but too many of them are free rovers, with fifty flags in their lockers, ready to hoist any ensign upon occasion, and never prepared to give their true hail.

The futility of such disguises heightens their absurdity. In the long run a man's true character is sure to be discovered. The stoled hypocrite, the cowardly soldier, the sham patriot, the false philanthropist, are sure to have their masks torn from their faces, and their borrowed garments rent from their limbs. The "livery of Heaven" may for a while cover a number of sins, but sooner or later the plague spots will be disclosed to view. The evil spirit in a man displays itself when least expected, in spite of every precaution, like the imp in the German legend. A peasant was haunted by one of those little demons, night and day. Finally he bethought himself of a sure remedy. He would move to another cottage, and so baffle his persecutor. As the last load of furniture was moving off on the cart, the cover of a churn flew off, and out popped the head of his familiar demon. "I'm going too," was the unwelcome assurance of the unpleasant acquaintance. It is so with a man's personality, he cannot escape it.

We have spoken of cases of deliberate deception, of disguises used from motives of fraud and gain; but we are happy to believe that only a small fraction of the human race are interested impostors. The mass rather seek to impose upon themselves, not on others. There are hundreds of thousands of unhappy wretches who fancy that they are born poets, and waste oceans of ink and cords of paper in trying to convert an ungrateful world to their opinion. There are hundreds of thousands of empty-headed, idealists, stammering idiots, who, forgetting their natural qualifications, try to transform themselves into orators, and who dream nightly of the laurels of Demosthenes and Cicero. There are men without the first notion of color, form and taste, who try to persuade themselves and the public that they are Beau Brummels. There are men who cannot fire a gun without winking, who strut in the uniforms of brigadier-generals. We have seen more than one individual, designed by nature for a dashing cavalry officer, engaged in the peaceful occupation of selling tape, thread

and needles to smiling damsels. Liston, the actor, whose face was so comic that a sight of it always set the house in a roar, labored to his dying day under the impression that his legitimate line was the deepest tragedy; and he would have played Hamlet and Macbeth, if his manager had permitted.

The persistent effort of every man ought to be to discover the purpose for which nature intended him, but this, we admit, is the most difficult problem that is offered us for solution. To "know one's self" is the acme of knowledge. This knowledge rarely comes from within, almost always from without. The pressure of circumstances, the sharp contact of the pitiless world teaches it to us; but often, alas, the knowledge comes too late. In ordinary times hundreds of thousands play parts for which they are unfitted. In revolutionary times, when society is shaken to its foundation, the separate actors that compose it are finally jostled into their proper places. The son of a pastry cook becomes, like Murat, a warrior, a general of cavalry, and a king. The sub-lieutenant of artillery is heaved up by events into his position as master of the world. But in normal periods it is difficult to place the actors on the stage of life. "The square men get stuck in the round holes, and the round men are thrust into the square holes." To put the right man in the right place is the problem of every age, and the difficulty lies in the persistence of so many in trying to get away from themselves.

CHOOSING HUSBANDS.

When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred has she any choice? Does not the man, probably the last she would have chosen, select her? A lady writer says:—"I have been married many years; the match was considered a good one, suitable in every respect—age, position and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. I loved my husband when I married him, because, by unwearied assiduity, he had succeeded in gaining my affections; but had choice been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in his easy-chair, sleeping before the fire, a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of the many pockets of his shooting-coat, I cannot but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was for a clergyman; he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a lawyer, a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after walking, talking, and dancing and flirting, left me. Either of these would have been my 'choice'; but my present husband chose me, and therefore I married him. And this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance."—*Reynolds's Miscellany*.

WINTER.

Let winter come!—let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world and tempest-troubled deep!
Yet shall the smile of social love repay
With mental light the melancholy day.

CAMPBELL.

PRAYER-WHEEL IN INDIA.

The engraving on this page represents the interior of a Lama temple at Cashmere, India, with one of the famous "prayer-wheels," by operating which the poor devotees fancy they sufficiently propitiate their god. These wheels are about ten feet high by eight or ten in diameter, made of large rolls of cloth, on which the Lama faith is written, and enclosed in a wooden case painted all over with facetious and not very correct representations of gods, devils, etc. They turn on a pivot, and are pulled round by a strap in the

manner represented; the Lamas fancying themselves on the high road to heaven all the time, pulling day and night, and not having time in consequence to wash. Major Cunningham, in his admirable work on Ladak, more minutely describes this prayer-wheel, as he witnessed it in operation in that country:—The prayer-cylinder, or *manichhos khor* (the precious religious wheel), is a very ingenious instrument, and does great credit to the genius of the Thibetians. The body of the instrument is a metal cylinder about three inches in height, and from two to two and



A PRAYER-WHEEL AT CASHMERE, INDIA.

a half inches in diameter. The axis is prolonged below to form a handle. The cylinder is filled with rolls of printed prayers and charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned round. Every Lama carries a *chhos-chor*, which he keeps perpetually turning by a gentle motion of the hand, assisted by a cubical piece of iron fastened by a chain to the outside. As every revolution of a prayer is equivalent to its recitation, the *chhos khor* is a very ingenious instrument for multiplying the number of a man's prayers. * * * These instruments are found of all sizes, and in all positions. Cylinders about one foot in height are placed in rows around the temples, and are turned by the votaries before entering. Larger cylinders are found near villages, turned by water, which keeps them perpetually revolving.

THE UNION SCHOOL AT NILES, MICH.

We are indebted to Mr. C. M. Alward of Niles, Michigan, for a view of the handsome building from which our artists have prepared the accompanying engraving, and for the facts which we herewith append by way of description. The school system of the State of Michigan, though in its infancy, is exerting a powerful influence in moulding the social and moral character of its people, and in developing the vast resources of the country. In the extent and thoroughness of its course of instruction, and the liberality with which teachers are paid and school houses erected, Michigan may justly claim to stand foremost among the States of the Union, as she unquestionably does stand in the van of her western rivals in these respects. Union School Houses, on a scale that would astonish the most ardent New England advocates of the "Common School," are springing up as if by magic in every thriving village all over the State. In this enterprise the people of Niles claim, and are confessedly entitled to, a portion of the credit due those who engaged in it while it was yet but an experiment. The decided success of Union Schools throughout the State leaves no longer any room to doubt their practicability or usefulness. The village of Niles is situated in the western part of the State of Michigan, in the valley of the St. Joseph River, one of the finest streams in the whole West, and contains at present about four thousand inhabitants, and the number is constantly increasing. The streets are considerably elevated from the river, and well adorned with native forest trees, rendering the locality one of the most healthy and attractive. The surrounding country is very fertile, well timbered and well watered. The school building, of which our artist has furnished an admirable engraving, is 100 feet long, 48 feet wide, and three stories high. It is furnished throughout with Boston furniture, and warmed by two large furnaces, which work charmingly. The whole cost of building and grounds is but a trifle less than \$30,000. The building occupies a commanding view of the town and country, in the centre of a lot containing four acres. The lot is divided into three yards, two in the rear for play-grounds, and one in front, all of which are thickly shaded with large, beautiful forest trees—nature's own planting. The school is largely attended and well organized, being conducted in accordance with the most approved method of the best educators in this country. It is thoroughly classified in

every department, of which there are four, viz., primary, junior, senior and academic. An appropriate course of study has been devised and adopted in each department, and the student may there enjoy all the advantages of instruction in the modern and ancient languages, as well as the ordinary English course. This is a fair specimen of what the Western people are doing for their posterity and their country.

CHLOROFORM IN NEURALGIA.

The Edinburgh Medical Journal contains an account, by Dr. Little, of his successful mode of applying chloroform in neuralgia. Dr. L.'s mode of application is, to take a piece of lint a little less in size than the watch-glass to be used—which need not be more than two inches in diameter—putting it on the hollow side of the glass, pouring on it a few drops of chloroform sufficient to saturate it, and then applying it at once to the part affected, keeping the edges of the glass closely applied to the skin, by covering it with the hand for the purpose of keeping it in position, as well as of assisting the evaporation of the chloroform. This is done from five to ten minutes, according to the amount of irritation wished for. The patient during this time will complain of gradual increase of burning sensation—not so severe as that produced by a mustard sinapism—which reaches its height in five minutes. To insure the full operation of the remedy, it is necessary that the watch-glass be rather concave, that it be closely applied to the skin, and that the hand applied over it be sensibly warm. The immediate effect of the application is to remove all local pain in neuralgia.—*Lancet*.

MESSINA, ITALY.

The city of Messina, in Italy, with a population of 100,000, does not contain a single newspaper, but it has several theatres. The people have for many generations been so accustomed to tyranny that they now do not seem conscious of the value of their newly acquired freedom. The principal streets are without sidewalks, but are paved with flag-stones about two feet square, and are very dirty. The houses are white, roofed with red tiles, and cut up into many small rooms, those on the ground story being converted into poor, mean stores with little variety of goods, and that mostly of the coarsest English manufacture. The mechanics do not seem to have half learned their trade. The people cannot read. The wages received by young women for packing oranges—the principal trade of the place—is eight or ten cents a day in the busy season, and as beef averages fourteen cents a pound there is but little morality. Theft and assassinations abound. Schools are unknown, and all the beauty which nature has lavished upon the place cannot make it a desirable residence.

A DARING HIGHWAYMAN.

Dick Turpin, the famous highwayman, actually robbed the second Duke of Portland within his own park of Bulstrode. This daring feat he thus for a bet accomplished: The duke was driving into the domain in his carriage, accompanied by a few attendants on horseback. Turpin hastily rode up, having apparently a roll of paper in his hand, and pointing to it, he motioned the horsemen to stand aside for a moment.

Thinking he was a messenger of state, they did so, when Turpin, putting his head into the carriage, levelled the roll of paper at the duke's head, and his grace perceived it contained a loaded pistol. "Your life or your watch on the instant!" quietly said Turpin. The duke pulled the latter

from his fob and gave it to him. Turpin drew back with sundry bows and obeisances, as if receiving the duke's answer to an important despatch, then galloped off, and was on the high road out of reach before the duke could give the alarm to his followers.



THE UNION SCHOOL AT NILES, MICHIGAN.

[ORIGINAL.]

"REMEMBER AND FORGET."

BY GARRIE CALDERWOOD.

If, when thy days were saddest—
 When thy heart was near despair,
 One breathed for thee a word of hope,
 Or turned thy soul to prayer;
 If, when thy home was lowly,
 One true friend lingered there,
 O, write these things on memory's page,
 And each shall ever be
 A blessing when thy hours are dark—
 A talisman to thee.

If any have forgiven thee
 When thou 'gainst them hast erred;
 If any from the paths of sin
 Have e'er thy steps deterred;
 And if in one who evil seemed
 Some good you chanced to find,
 O, these are pleasant, pleasant things
 To ever bear in mind.

If those who to thy trusting heart
 Once noble seemed to be,
 Betray the trust and scorn the love
 That they've received from thee,
 O, trace it not on memory's page,
 Lest thou shouldst evil grow,
 Nor pity grief, since others smiled
 When came thy hour of woe.

If thou hast sought for others' good,
 And seemed to strive in vain;
 If back for earnest efforts given
 There came to thee but pain;
 If thy best thoughts and best resolves
 Have only met disdain;
 O, lest thy life lose earnest be,
 Turn from these ills away;
 And for a faithful, patient heart,
 Look up to Heaven and pray!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE OLD HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

OVER the way from my father's mansion stood a low, old-fashioned wooden house, looking strangely out of place among the smart, modern stone fronts and brick blocks that had sprung up all about it, like enterprising, tall, grown-up sons and daughters, head and shoulders above their little matronly, dumpy mother.

Day by day, sitting at the window of my study—a front room on the basement floor, which I had fitted up with my books, pictures, German pipes, office chairs and lounge—and pausing in my reading, I used to gaze upon that low, quaint house, and fall to wondering about its inmates and the air of silence which begirt it. No post-

man ever visited it in his daily rounds; no children played about the door which only opened at morning and night to give egress and ingress to a coarse, stout-built, middle-aged man, who came and went regularly, as to some daily toll, or, sometimes on sunny days, swung back, while a feeble, old, silver-haired man passed out with tottering steps supported by a staff; and if occasionally the faded green blinds opened, I only caught glimpses of a coarse-featured woman moving to and fro, or an aged one looking forth with dim eyes after the old man.

And so, for hours—with little sign of activity in the old house over the way, save the daily outgoing and incoming of the middle-aged man, the occasional walks of the aged one, the faces at the window, and the sluggish curl of the white smoke from the low-stacked, corpulent chimney—I sat and wove dreams about its dwellers. Who were they? Had they any relatives, or those who took interest in them? For no one ever visited there. Had those old walls ever echoed to children's laughter? Had that old man and woman dwelt there all their days, outliving their generation as the old house had its contemporaries in the encroaching, crowded city? And so I used to wonder, and build dreams, hour after hour.

Sometimes the bright sunlight, staining the window panes with a few chance crimson arrows, gave it a warm, cheerful aspect, and then I wove pleasant dreams about it and its occupants who had dwelt there in the long past; but oftener the dull gray gloom, and the air of silence and solitude which brooded over it, tinctured all my musings, till at length I never looked upon its walls but I said, involuntarily:

"It is like the house of which Longfellow writes in his 'Kavanah,' where blind Alice dwelt—'a great many persons have died there!'"

In February there came a long, driving snow-storm. The preceding weeks of clear winter weather, with the gaieties of the season, chiming sleigh bells, merry voices on the pave, concert, opera, and ball, had not left me many hours of quiet reading in my little study room, and so I had not be-towed the customary amount of thought upon the old house over the way; but, confined at home these days of storm—when it loomed darkly through the snowfall, when the pleasure parties dashed no more past in their exciting drives out "on the milldam," when the few pedestrians who were forced to encounter the drifting snow and sleet in their return from "down town" shiveringly hastened by, and, as the twilight fell, the streets were deserted altogether—then I used to watch the gray walls of

the old house through the shifting smoke-wreaths of my meerschaum, and wonder if the aged man and woman crouched closer over their hearth with scanty life-blood circling feebly in their veins; yet, Heaven is my witness that, in my own luxurious home, I never wove, amid my speculations of that old house, and its inmates, the possibility that the fire on that hearth burned low, or that, crouched there closer beside it than any dweller, were the two fiends that can never be wholly kept at bay from the poor in the great city every long, "hard winter"—Cold and Hunger!

And so, one day of the drifting snowstorm—when the twilight began to drape her folds over the triple hilled city, and the hoarse gale with icy breath rushed panting in from his long race over the milldam, then across the noble common, whose trees stood bare and shivering, and died away in the crooked streets and narrow courts, then gathered up its force to sweep down into the harbor and lay a sheeting of sleet and ice on every sail and spar and rope of the vessels sheltered there, ere it again rushed away on its wide, mad raid upon the cold, angry waters of the Atlantic—when, with a sense of security and ease, I had been lounging the hours away before my glowing coal fire, at length I tossed aside my pipe, drew the curtains, and went up into the drawing-room, where I was sure to find pleasant company.

I have not written of my cousin, Georgia Trenham, a tropic plant, transplanted for a season from the southland to a northern garden bed, to be again returned thither when the graces and beauties of cultivation should warrant, a period which, for the sake of the boy of twenty, fresh from the fostering arms of his alma mater at classic old Harvard, and who, in the presence of his little tropic-eyed cousin was tinging his day-dreams, not only with visions of the gray walls of the old house over the way, but with a soft and tender light *le couleur du rose*, he daily prayed might be lengthened into a sweet forever.

Only fourteen summers had glided, softly as winds that scented the magnolia groves or roved the broad, green savannahs of her distant home, over my Cousin Georgia's head; but her heart was "of mingled fire and dew," loving as a child's and thoughtful as a woman's. Rare Georgia Trenham! Standing

"Poised, with eager feet
Where child and woman meet,"

it needed no excuse for the confession which had resolved itself into a denser form than the smoke wreaths floating upward from my meerschaum at my lips during that afternoon, that I loved her!

And so I forgot the old house over the way, threw aside the volume of De Quincey's *Opium Eater* which lay unread upon my knee, wiped the amber mouthpiece of my pipe condensed from "the foam of the sea," and went up into the drawing-room.

My father was absent from the city, gathering up evidence for a legal case of some importance which was to come up shortly; my lady step-mother, who had taken a severe cold at the preceding evening's opera, was in her room; and the little tropic bird I hoped to find there was daintily nestled amid the crimson cushions of a great chair close beside the grate, and, beneath the light of a single gas burner was spoiling her eyes over a splendid purple and gold netted purse, whose stitches she was industriously counting.

"See how industrious I am," she exclaimed, as I entered. "I read Aunt Catherine to sleep, and then wanted to go down and knock at your door for you to come up and sing with me, but thought perhaps you wouldn't like to be disturbed at your reading. Wont you give me the name of being a very considerate young lady? But do you know that I am fifteen to-morrow, Cousin Everett? What are you going to give me for a birthday gift?" she asked, flashing her brilliant almond-shaped eyes up into my face.

"Georgia, I will bring a gift which you wont refuse," I replied, while I felt the crimson mounting to my temples, and yet I felt that I must speak then, "you will not be so cruel as to refuse it?" And the words were uttered imploringly as I caught at her little hand among the meshes of the gold and purple purse, for she stopped short, and looked into my face with a sort of quiet wonder.

"Refuse anything you give me, Everett! Why no, indeed! Why should I?" she asked.

"But when you know—when you see—that is, when I tell you," I stammered out; then, with sudden courage bolting into the subject, "Little Georgia, you are my cousin, but I love you more than that. I will give you my heart. Will you take it, and keep it, and some day in the future give me, in return for it, yourself?"

Georgia did not blush, or look shy and timid, but she withdrew her hand, gravely, saying:

"Cousin Everett, you are spoiling my purse," then went on with her netting. Presently, however, she laid it down, and said, quite dignified and womanly, and with a little dash of sarcasm, "Did you learn that at college? Or the other night at the play?" Then in a sweet, clear voice, with no trifling in its tones, "Everett, I don't know what made you say that to me to-night; but I wish you wouldn't talk so to me. If you

do, I shall be afraid you'll imagine I am a woman, and old enough to be thinking about love, and getting married, which papa says I shall not for these five years yet. And just think of it! You're going away in the spring to Europe and the German universities, and will find a hundred others to think of besides your little Cousin Georgia. So let's forget all this, and only be cousins now, and don't look so grave, dear Everett, for I do love you a little!" And she went to the piano, and in another moment was dashing off a brilliant popular song.

Music was Georgia's passion. I loved nothing better than to sit in my little basement study, and, shutting my eyes and listening to the clear, fresh, young voice overhead, fancy that I heard the songs of angels. She loved most old songs and ballads, by a strange contrariety, singing them after the wildest, gayest moods of changeful temperament; and the sweet strains of "Annie Laurie," "Bingen on the Rhine," or "Afton Water," sung in her tenderest tones, often brought the tears to my eyes. Then her mood varied, and dashing off into some of the wildest negro melodies, with their rich, rollicking choruses, so familiar to her childhood, she rendered the contrast so grotesque that often, ere the tears were dried, I found myself guilty of as many cachinnations as old Cæsar, the footman, who loitered in the hall, or the delighted "Lor' missy's singin' jess like they do on de ole plantation down in Georgy!" from the little black waiting-maid who had insisted upon accompanying her young mistress in her northern sojourn.

And, sitting there by the grate where Georgia had left me, with that kiss upon my cheek outliving her reply to my offer, which could hardly be construed into a denial, I listened to her clear voice echoing through my brain like as I have heard the sweet golden orioles singing forth their songs in the country in spring time; and I could have listened thus for hours, had not a tap come at the drawing-room door which then opened to admit the head of Irish 'Ann the cook, whose brougue broke the spell:

"Now jist be afther hushing, Miss Georgy, will ye, for a little minute. Sure, I sed, Masther Evrit, 'twasn't best to wake the mistress, but ask yez if ye wouldn't jist step down into the kitchen a bit and see about for yerself. The woman from the ould house 'cross the way has come over in the storm, and sez how the ould leddy, poor crathur, is takin' on hard about her ould man, an' it's more'n a wake since he jist went away intirely, most likely to his death, and there's not a soul to help her or hunt up the poor ould man amongst the drivin' storm! An' sure

it's the like of her as ought to git charity; and sez I, I'll jist step up to the young masther and tell the whole story. And now sure an' ye'll come down a bit, an' hear it yourself?" And the good woman's honest face glowed with true Celtic sympathy.

"Certainly, by all means. This surprises me!" I exclaimed, following Ann down, and Georgia's light step was close beside my own as I entered the kitchen.

The story of the woman who sat beside the kitchen range was, in substance, what Ann had related. Her husband, who was a stevedore on one of the city wharves, herself, and the old couple referred to, were the only occupants of the old house. One pleasant, but cold morning, nearly a week before, the old gentleman went out for his daily walk, but did not return at the usual hour. The day passed, night succeeded, and on the following morning he came not, and the old lady sat watching at her window.

"But why did you not take immediate measures for a search?" I asked, while Georgia, almost hushing her breath in interest, stood at my side.

"La, 'twasn't till the next night that I began to think much about it," answered the woman, stolidly, "and then my man, who comes home clean fagged out at night, said most likely the old gentleman had strolled off somewhere—his mind had been kind o' wanderin' of late—but would come back purty soon; and so we waited and waited, but these three or four more days have gone by, and he aint come, and the old lady, she sets kind o' stupefied like all day by the window, only rousin' up once in a while to look out as if she expected to see him comin' down the sidewalk leanin' on his cane, as he used to; and so I began to tell my man 'twasn't any kind o' use thinkin' he'd come back alive, for somethin' 'd happened to him 'fore now, and begged him to go and see somethin' about it. But yesterday it began to storm, and he said 'twouldn't make much difference if we waited till mornin', and this mornin' I thought, mabbe, 'twould clear off to-night, but 't don't seem much like it, and I began to get kind o' worried like, thinkin' o' the old gentleman, and the poor old lady settin' there now a moomin' and then so kind o' quiet; so I didn't know whst to do fust, but to come over here, and see if some of ye that had larnin' couldn't write a piece about it for the papers, or tell the perlice, or somebody, so that something can be done about it."

"You ought to have done this as soon as the man was missed," said I, sternly. "He was old and feeble—I have seen him often from my win-

dow—it is probable that he strayed away too far from his home, became bewildered in our winding streets, or perhaps wandered down to the wharves, and by a single misstep, fell into the docks. His wife is much to be pitied. Ann, fill a basket with provisions. I will go over with this woman and see her, and what can be done."

"And I will go too, Everett," said Georgia, hastening after me as I went up to the hall to put on my overcoat.

"No, no, my little enthusiast!" For her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkled with tears. "No, the snow is in drifts and whirling down furiously. In the morning we will get the sidewalks shovelled, but it is not prudent for you to go out to-night. I will do all I can for this poor woman, and send a message to the nearest police station for the officers to take the matter up." And so I left Georgia.

In a few moments, while the roar of the storm without alone was heard above the city, I stood beside the old lady who sat crouching over a scanty grate, and heard her sad story. Poor creature, all these days of desolation she had clung to the hope that Providence would send her "gude man" back; but now that hope was dying in her heart.

"Ay," and she shook her head with a groan of despair, and gave utterance to her lamentations in her own strong Scottish accent, "ay, young maister, I'm unco' 'feared my Johnnie'll nae come back ag'ea to me; I'm unco' 'feared he's gane lang ere noo. Ah, weel, weel!" And she rocked her poor old frame to and fro. "It's bitter hard to bear, but the gude Laird'll gin me strength. I dinna ken who'd a thought this, in the days o' lang syne, when we 'parted frae the auld countrie, an' set out for this new warld to airn our livin', an' Johnnie was sae unco' brave and likely! I canna bring me to ken it yet!" And she wept and moaned afresh, then, gazing into my face as for a gleam of hope, she said, imploringly, "Mabbe my auld mon has only strayed awa' a bit, and the morrow will bring him home to me agen?"

I could only comfort her as best I might with the assurance that everything should be done to discover her missing husband; and then, leaving a sum of money in the hands of the woman below, bade her see that the poor old lady suffered for nothing, returned to my home and to Georgia.

And later, in that luxuriant apartment where cold nor want can ever intrude, but where love and sunshine made the life of its inmates one long summer day, and my cousin's musical warblings only brought me dreams of paradise

and singing birds; there, while the warmth from the glowing grate pervaded the atmosphere, I fell into a reverie of that time in my future when, perchance, that voice should make the music of my life.

Suddenly Georgia left the piano and came and sat on the low seat at my feet. "Cousin Everett, of what are you thinking?" she asked, playing with my fingers and slipping up and down a seal ring I wore. "Of me, and of my birthday, and of the present you're going to give me, you know?" And she smiled archly and pouted very temptingly. "Or," and her face grew charmingly thoughtful and womanly with its expression of pity, "of that poor old woman, so lonely and sorrowful, over opposite? I shall go over the first thing in the morning, and there are two double eagles in my porte-monnaie up stairs that papa gave me to buy a new hat and scarf with this winter, and I don't need either, and I'll give the money to the old lady; she is poor, I dare say, and will want help now her 'auld Johnnie' is gone."

It was, doubtless, a forecasting of manly prudence which led me to suggest to my generous little cousin that it were better to deal her charity rather more sparingly upon her first visit to her needy neighbor; but the impulsive boy predominated in the hasty kiss I gave her. She looked so lovely, so beautiful, in her mood of pitying kindness.

"Be careful, Everett, or I shall get my birthday present twelve hours too early," she said, saucily, as I bade her good night, looking back and shaking her slender finger at me from the door.

Two months had passed, and the gentle April had come. In the country the trees were decked with robes of tender green; buds and blossoms trailed along the forest paths, and soft winds heralded the month of roses. In the city the pavements were bare and dry, the Common showed a faint carpet of verdure on its soft sward, and in the branches of the old elm opposite my window which the vandal march of innovation had spared, a pair of robins were building their nest, and twittering about their work all day long.

And never was the springtime more welcome to me, for the gliding weeks brought me nearer the goal of my wishes—in early April I was to leave my native land for the Old World. The climes I had so longed to behold should no more flit, phantom-like, through my brain; but, instead, invest themselves with a tangible presence and reality. Only one unpleasant thought, aside

from my natural regret at parting with my father, marred these joyous anticipations, and that, this farewell of years to my little Cousin Georgia, whose father was coming at about the period of my sailing, to take her to her southern home.

During these two months, since that severe February storm, the poor, lonely Scottish woman in the old house over the way had not been forgotten. Daily Georgia and I had visited her together, and my lady mother had sent her food, clothing and coal, of which she had been destitute; and an advertisement which I had caused to be inserted in the daily papers had met the eyes of those numerous philanthropists of our city, who came to the aid of the lonely woman, and busied themselves about discovering the fate of the missing man.

But all of no avail. Inquiries met with no satisfactory response; in the crowded city streets no one had marked the way of the feeble old man, or essayed to guide his wandering steps homeward; not the faintest clue could be obtained, and at length the poor old wife ceased altogether to hope for his return.

"Puir Johnnie! Puir laddie," she said, one day to Georgia, who, in pitying tones, had been comforting her as best she might, "he's gone! he's gone! I dinna hope to see him noo. The Laird's will be done. There, dinna look sae sorrowfu', dear young lassie. 'Twill nae be mony days at longest before auld Margaret will gang to meet him. Canna ye read me a chaipter frae the gude book, and the trouble will nae press sae sair upon me. 'Twill be unco' more precious than the victuals, and stuff ye bring me to wear." And, in a subdued, reverent voice, the child of affluence, sitting on a low stool at the feet of the poor aged woman, would read to her daily portions of that volume whose precepts are the only true wealth.

One day, unexpectedly, a week before I was to sail, my Uncle George Trenham came for his daughter. He was but my half uncle, the two brothers had had different fathers. Business had brought him to New York, and he had come on to us for his only child, the flower of his old age, whom he could spare no longer. And so hasty preparations were made; Mima eagerly packed her mistress's trunks, impatient for a return to "de ole home in Georgy," and one pleasant morning Georgia, attired for travelling, stood ready to bid me good-by.

"Take good care of my dear old lady, Everett," she said, "and when you go away put her into somebody else's hands. I went in to bid her good-by, and she felt so sorry at losing me. And, Everett, take care of yourself when you are

the other side of the ocean, and don't let those German gutturals so fill up your throat that you haven't room for your own English when you return. I shall want to see you then on a visit to the old plantation. Good-by!" And she put up a pair of crimson lips for my tasting.

"And for you, little cousin," I said, boldly, and with all the nonchalance of a young man just in the incipient stages of his majority and his first moustache, "take the best possible care of the present I bestowed upon you on your birthday. I leave it in your charge. And do not pack it away so closely with forgotten keepsakes that you cannot find it on my return. Now good-by, and God bless you (that was natural again), my darling Georgia!" And for a moment she was in my arms.

Then releasing her, I mechanically shook hands with my uncle; and, while the hackman strapped on the trunks, replied to the grinning "Good by, Massa Everett!" of the delighted Mima, and in another minute they were gone. Looking mechanically across the street, I saw the poor, lonely old Scotch woman's withered face pressed close against the window-pane, also gazing after the retreating carriage. Would they ever meet again? Or would the aged woman have gone to join her "puir Johnnie" before the "bonnie face" of the young "lassie" should smile upon us all once more? Or would any of us ever see our southern bird again? Who could tell? In the parting hour, who can name the time of re-union? I turned away and sought the seclusion of my little basement study room. The tobacco I smoked all that morning in my amber-mouthed meerschaum must have possessed stronger qualities than ordinarily, for often I found myself brushing a mist from my eyes.

"Dence take it!" I exclaimed, flinging the pipe to a table, "I will find a better meerschaum than this in Vienna, or never put one to my lips again!"

That day week I set foot on the steamer which bore me from India Wharf, and the old triple-hilled city, afar over the blue reach of waters to other shores.

Four years after, I again stood on a steamer's deck, homeward bound. All was over—the months of travel, the life of the university student, the intervals of cosmopolitan leisure, and now I was bearing back some acquired knowledge, developed tastes, and a wider experience, to my American home.

And what, all this time, of the faith I had pledged little Georgia Trenham? It had never

wavered. When I bivouacked with the German students, quaffed their wines, sang their rollicking songs and choruses, and studied in their universities, or gazed upon the golden piles staked at faro at Baden-Baden, one sweet, girlish face in its frame of jetty curls floated ever before me; when I sojourned in Paris, and encountered

"The gay grisette, whose fingers touch
Love's magic chords so well,"

the flash of one pair of diamond eyes slept in my heart and kept me pure and true; when I listened to the Italian girls' song, as they dreamily floated on starlit nights, in their gondolas on the lagunes of Venice, or the sweet, melancholy canticles "which are heard, during periods of devotion, resounding all night long around the Madonnas at the crossing of the streets," one sweet, clear, girlish voice rang softly through the corridors of memory—the face, the eyes, the voice, Georgia Trenham's!

In a month I stood again in the home of my boyhood. Little had changed there. My father still passed his days in his law office down town, busy with his clients and their interests; my lady step-mother still whiled away hers with her shopping at Hovey's, Chandler's and Warren's, and her evenings with the last new novel or the latest prima donna at the Howard. Both were glad to welcome their travelled son home again.

"Everett, are you not going south to pay your uncle and cousin a visit?" queried my mother one day shortly after my return. "Letters came from there recently, and their inquiries for you were quite particular. Georgia must be a belle and a beauty by this time. She gave promise of that when she was with us, I remember."

"Of the beauty, I believe, *ma chère mère*," I said, in reply, "but unless I sadly mistook my little cousin's nature, she would hardly aspire to the ambition of belleship."

"I used to fancy that you and Georgia might fall in love with each other one of these days," continued my mother, smilingly.

"Matchmaking? Eh, the feminine instinct is at work, then?" I said, carelessly. "But, mother mine, *l'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*." And I sauntered leisurely to the mantel. "I may, by-and-by, visit the South. By the way, this pair of vases I procured in Bohemia are exquisite. But pray," and I brightened up suddenly, "what became of the old Scotch lady in the old house over the way? I have not thought of her till this morning, when I noticed the workmen busy upon a new block going up

there. Did her 'pair Johnnie' ever come back?"

"No; but his body was found floating in the water near Cambridge Bridge, when the ice broke up, they recognized it by a tattered pocket-book, on which was marked his name. The old lady, poor thing! had been taken to the hospital about the same time, for she fell ill just after you sailed, and she failed rapidly after that, and died in the summer. Perhaps your father forgot to write to you, or mention that he had purchased the site of the old house, and that is his block going up there. They will be very desirable houses, and he thinks it will prove a profitable investment."

"So the poor old lady went to meet her 'sail Johnnie,' as she used to prophesy?" I mused. "Well, excuse me for an hour or so. I want to go down into my sanctum and enjoy a real old-fashioned smoke. I brought a superb meerschaum from Germany."

Sitting there, I projected my plans for the future, and a visit, which I speedily brought to fulfilment, for three months after found me in my uncle's southern plantation home. I need not write how hearty was the welcome I received. Any one that has tested southern hospitality will bear witness that no grudging spirit is evinced.

One pleasant August evening, standing in the garden made odorous by blossoming shrubs, magnolias, oleanders, and orange blossoms, and under a starlit sky, from the lips of my beautiful Cousin Georgia I sought my fate. Nor was it a hard one to which she sentenced me, for the gift I had bestowed upon her, nearly five years before in my northern home, had been right carefully treasured. The heart of the dark-eyed girl had followed her boy cousin over the sea in reward for the one he had given into her keeping, and now each retained the other's, glad of the exchange; and when I again returned North it was as the plighted husband of Georgia Trenham.

Two years of application at the profession of my father elapsed before I returned to claim her; then, with sorrow at the loss, Uncle George bestowed upon me his one pet bird, with the proviso that he should not be wholly parted from her. And so we spend our winters in her beautiful plantation home; and in the heated summer come north to this dear old Trimountain city, to which my heart is bound with many and strong chords.

A few years have passed since then; Georgia has grown somewhat quieter and matronly, for two children climb her knees, and call her "mother;" and I have given over German pipes

and meerschmanns to younger men, and am just now much interested in an important case, "Stanford *versus* Stanford," which my father, with whom I am associated, has taken up. To-day, looking over some papers on my little basement study table (for I still go to the old room when I desire to be alone) for a legal document I had brought up from the office and laid there last night, I came upon a faded gold and purple bead purse, which was Georgia's gift some years ago. Holding it awhile in my hand, it set me to thinking of the happy days of that winter she spent with us here, and of the birthday present I made her; and then, by association of ideas, I glanced over opposite, for it was on the night when she sat netting that purse that the summons came from the poor, lonely Scotch woman; but a stately block rears its stone front there now; and side by side in the city burial ground rest the hearts of "aunt Margaret" and "poor Johnnie," that once beat in *THE OLD HOUSE OVER THE WAY*.

THE FOOD THAT WE EAT.

It is told by a quaint old writer, that the Caribs, those cannibals of early West India history, used to declare "they could distinguish an Englishman when cooked, from any other, he was so rich and succulent." There can be no doubt that diet has a good deal to do in producing plumpness, and muscular strength also. The greater weight and vigor of the British have won for them many a battle-field, from Crecy and Agincourt, down to Waterloo and Inkermann; and the British, confessedly, are the best fed people in Europe. In our own country, the men of the mountains, or the border, are a peculiarly stalwart race; and the reason is, not merely that they live so much in the open air, but also because their food is so nutritious. Is it not worth our while to inquire what sort of diet it is that produces these results? Why is the Englishman stronger than the Frenchman? The solution is, that a judiciously mixed diet is more favorable to vigor and long life than one purely animal or vegetable; and that slightly oleaginous food is better fitted to give weight to the person and beauty to the form than one of a different character.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

BUSINESS.

After all, there is nothing like business for enabling us to get through our weary existence. The intellect cannot sustain its sunshine flight long; the flagging wings drop to the earth. Pleasure palls, and idleness is

"Many gathered miseries in one name."

But business gets over the hours without counting them. We may be very tired at the end, still it has brought the day to a close sooner than anything else.—*Jean Paul*.

Some quaint writer says that in the book of nature an eccentric man is — a dash.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE REGRET.

BY MISS SUSANNA F. MOORE.

If I had been his only love,
How blest my life would be;
But he weeps for her who early died,
Though wedded now to me.

He told me she was beautiful,
And good as she was fair;
Her smile was sunshine to his heart,
And still was lingering there.

He said her love was pure and deep,
Her temper sweet and mild;
And that she was all innocence,
And joyous as a child.

Ere one short year the vision fled
That never can return;
He weeps her still—his early bride,
And he'er will cease to mourn.

I know he loved her more than me—
He never told me so;
But, in his heart, I feel he bears
A silent weight of woe.

To me he is all tenderness,
Yet when I hear him sigh,
I know his thoughts are wandering
To days that are gone by.

If I had been his only love,
How blest my life would be;
But he weeps for her who early died,
Though wedded now to me.

[ORIGINAL.]

FLORENCE CHURCHILL.

BY A. M. STOWELL.

FLORENCE CHURCHILL! the name falls in soft, sweet and most musical syllables from the tongue, and one would be apt to imagine its wearer as something beyond the ordinary class of women. There is beauty, and is there not refinement, also, in that sweet name? Imagine then, a charming, spirited face, framed in curls of a dark brown, with eyes—sparkling and bright—of a clear gray, (gray eyes are intelligent!) and with red, ripe dewy lips that looked only fit to utter the sweetest music. Her dress? O, you must not expect that men know much of dress, but I will describe it as well as I can—the material, as least—for of cording and flouncing and puffing, I am wholly ignorant, and should be very likely to call one by another's name. But I do know that she wore a splendid silk dress, the color and texture being of a bright blue, just like my own cravat; and had it not been pre-

cisely like it, I should not have known that it was silk—so many new-fashioned names now-a-days! And, further, Florence Churchill wore turquoise bracelets and brooch—not ear-rings; no, her pretty little shell-like ears had always been kept safe from such barbaric fashions.

She had been sitting for the last half hour in a mood quite unusual for her. Her cheerful and happy smile was exchanged for one of deep thoughtfulness, and her eyes seemed restrained from tears, only by the sentiment of pride that lingered about the sweet red lips. She did not seem to cast a look upon the luxury that surrounded her, though sitting in an apartment that contained everything which could minister to comfort and convenience as well as magnificence. There were couches into whose downy depths, it was luxurious to nestle—chairs that invited to the indulgence of Eastern languor—mirrors, in which the graceful form was multiplied, and tables covered with the richest and costliest *bijouterie*.

Yet there she sat, tapping the little slippered foot impatiently—a quick and nervous movement of the eyelashes betraying strong emotion, and the thin nostril dilated like that of a spirited courser.

"To think," she exclaimed, "of his keeping me here, in such an atmosphere of wealth and luxury—to imbue me with tastes which belong only to those who can indulge them—leading me to believe myself possessed of sufficient wealth to gratify all those tastes which had become to me second nature—and then to turn me upon the world, penniless, with no resource before me but to minister to those with whom I have mingled as an equal. O, this is cruel! there is no excuse for such conduct!"

Florence was right. There was no excuse for Mr. Middleton, the guardian of her youth, and, as she had been taught to believe, of her wealth also. No one knew who were her parents. Mr. Middleton had brought her to Bedford as his ward; and as her guardian, he had kept her in his house and surrounded her with luxury. He had provided instructors for her, though in truth, her education had been more showy than solid; but her natural intelligence had supplied the deficiency.

We do not desire to picture Florence a perfect woman, for she was far from being so. She felt the same fretful impatience at being deceived that most others would have done; and her wrath at her deceiver was open and ample. She had never loved Mr. or Mrs. Middleton; but she respected them as she would any person standing in the same situation toward her. But when the former

plainly told her she had no expectations to be realized, and that she must go out and meet the world, in order to procure the maintenance which he had no longer the will to bestow upon her, she conceived a positive dislike to him. On the other hand, Mrs. Middleton seemed so genuinely sorry for her, that she wondered she had not liked her more.

There was a mystery somewhere. Mrs. Middleton did not dare to show her sympathy with Florence when her husband was by. It was only when he was absent that she would look at her with tears in her eyes, and say: "My poor child! would that I was permitted to help thee!"

Florence had breathed out her last complaints that night. When they were ended, she made a heroic resolve. She would go forth into the world and labor. Not to turn to account the accomplishments she had been all her life learning, and of which she had become heartily sick. No, she meditated a different way to act; and the next morning saw Florence in close conversation with her own dressmaker, a pretty, modest young woman who, with her mother resided in a small house, the principal apartment of which was her workroom.

"And do you really think, Miss Churchill," asked Mary Evans, "that you will not mind the ladies' seeing you at work upon their dresses?"

It was spoken in such a truly sympathetic tone, that Florence took heart and answered bravely:

"Yes, Miss Evans, I do think so. I am naturally independent in some things, although a great coward in others. I can meet Mrs. Calderwood and Miss Henderson."

"Enough, Miss Churchill," said Mary, laughing, in spite of her sorrowful sympathy. "If you can sit quietly at work, with those malicious eyes fixed upon you, I will insure you for all others."

And when all the arrangements were made, Florence called a carriage to take her trunks to Mrs. Evans's house, and going to Mrs. Middleton, she kissed her and bade her good by, thanking her for all her kindness. To her guardian, she said, simply:

"I have obeyed your orders, Mr. Middleton, and am prepared to labor.

He bowed.

"Have you obtained a school yet?"

"No, sir. A work-woman's employment is all I aim at."

"Florence!" cried Mrs. Middleton, "what can you mean?"

"I mean that I am engaged to work with Miss Evans the dressmaker. I shall board with her mother."

A flush, deeper than crimson, passed over Mr. Middleton's face.

"I will not permit you to do this," he said.
 "For your own sake, you shall not do this."

"For my own sake, Mr. Middleton! how long have you been thus tender of me? Besides, recollect that your guardianship is over, and I am now my own property. I wish you good morning."

And Florence entered the carriage, with really a lighter heart than she had known for some time. Contrary to her expectations, she endured the stares and exclamations of Mrs. Evans's customers with the greatest equanimity. She was never called upon to wait on them, for which she inwardly thanked good, considerate Mary Evans. It cost her no effort to sit in her low sewing-chair, her long brown curls falling around her face, and her taper fingers running swiftly along the bright, shining silks and soft muslins that were no whiter than were the little hands that held them. If she met curious glances here, she could pretend not to notice them. But if she were standing face to face, she could not avoid their looks, and it would take some time for her to bear them without coloring painfully.

So Mary Evans thought and said; and, good little thoughtful girl as she was, thus she acted. And when the day's work was over, the last teasing, fretful customer shut out, the tea-table set in the little back parlor with handsome cheerful Mrs. Evans at the head and Mary and herself at the sides, Florence almost thought she had only just begun to live, so pure and healthy was the discipline she was receiving—so true the happiness that came to her after her meritorious toil.

When the carriage was driven away with Florence, Mr. Middleton, shrinking from his wife's look of gentle reproach, went to his chamber, where he remained several hours. There was agony there, for there was guilt. The proud man, unable to bear the ruin of his own fortunes, brought on by unlawful speculations which proved mere baubles, had taken and afterwards squandered the means of his friend Ellesmere's orphan child who had been left to his care. Such care as the tiger gives the lamb!

Florence had amazed him by her spirit of independence. She had questioned him of her father—of her reputed fortune. He had answered slightly of the first, insultingly of the last. And now that she was immeasurably happier than himself, how could he bear to destroy her grand scheme of independence?

"Let her remain there!" he said at last.
 "Who will trouble himself about the concerns of a poor dressmaker?"

Still the remembrance of Archie Ellesmere came back, as in parting, by the cradle of his sleeping child, he had said, "Middleton, if I never return, be that child's father"—this remembrance clung to him now. How had he fulfilled that trust? By filching from her the inheritance of her father's property—by usury and grasping—O, it was a mean, contemptible affair, and no wonder that the man tried to crawl away from himself. His poor wife too—she knew not half his wrongs toward the orphan; but she knew far too much for her peace of mind; and this made her dread that it was not all. Many were the stolen moments that now found her by the side of Florence in Miss Evans's room, and great was the tenderness she seemed to feel for her; often begging to take something home to help in keeping her clothes in order, and parting from her always with affection such as one would give a child. For this, Florence was truly grateful. She did not know before, how much she esteemed her.

Florence was called out one day, to see a stranger who had inquired for her. Surprised at this she went into the little back parlor, where she found a gentleman waiting.

He was a man of perhaps fifty-five or sixty years of age—apparently a traveller, for his countenance seemed embrowned by the suns of foreign climes. There was something irresistible in his smile—for stranger as he was to Florence, he smiled very graciously when she entered. Asking her pardon for what might seem rudeness in a stranger, he desired her to tell him the particulars of her early life as far back as she could remember.

Won by his fatherly manner, she related all that she knew. Mr. Middleton had never reverted to the past in her presence; and therefore her early recollections had never been revived until now. As she went on, a light from the past seemed to bring out the faded colors of her memory, and at every new remembrance the stranger's cheek glowed and his eyes glistened.

"And there is no name that dwells on your mind?" he asked.

"None," she answered.

"None? Do you know the name of the town in which you lived—could you recall it if I were to speak it?"

"Perhaps."

He went on repeating name after name, but they elicited no sign in Florence.

"Do you imagine that you lived near a town called Ashfield?"

"Ashfield?" she said, musingly—"Ashfield—that must surely be the place, although Mr. Mid-

dleton always said that he brought me from Bedford. Ah, I remember now! It was Ashfield, and I remember too, that my name was not Florence but Bell!"

"Enough, my child," said the stranger, kindly, his voice thrilling through the heart of his listener; "enough; I am satisfied. Your name was Bell Liston. Your father and mother died; and your uncle, who now stands before you, was unfortunately absent at the time."

"My uncle!" Florence almost screamed out the words, so delighted was she at the thought of having the unknown luxury of a relation. And she allowed him to kiss her cheek.

"But, my child, I must give you my name and credentials, before you trust me too far."

"No, I trust you wholly. You are my uncle Murdock who used to take me on your knee."

"I am indeed. I returned home from a long sojourn in a distant clime. I had written hundreds of letters to your mother who was my only sister, and received no answer. Of course I felt myself forgotten. When at length, my wealth permitted me to return, I thought I would go to Ashfield at once, learn the truth, and, if my sister was not glad to see me, I would turn my back upon my native home forever. I found a stranger in the once familiar place. He knew nothing save that in the old churchyard, there was a monument to Sanford Liston and Margaret, his wife. You can imagine how I felt when I found they had been dead fifteen years! I had never known of a child being born to them; but chance brought me to a little cottage by the roadside, in the garden of which, I recognized the old negro who used to work for your father."

"Ah," exclaimed the delighted Florence, "I remember old Jupe!"

"It was indeed. Another proof of your identity with Bell Liston. Jupiter told me that Mr. Liston wearied with waiting for me to return and take care of his child, had entrusted her to a gentleman named Kingsbury, directing him to find me if possible, and charged him to place the child with me. Had he openly abided by this, all would have been well; but Jupiter said that this man had left town, taking you away with him, and selling the house on his own responsibility. No one felt authorized to dispute his right. Afterwards, Jupiter thought it over and tried to find the gentleman, but heard that he had changed his name. I examined the State records and found that fifteen years ago, one Philip Kingsbury had his name altered to Philip Middleton. This was pretty good testimony; but the man himself was yet to be found. No one knew his place of abode; but I ferreted it out, I will not

tell you by what incredible exertions. I came to this town, learned all I wanted to know, and came to you as I was directed. Mr. Kingsbury—alias Middleton, I have yet to settle with."

Kingsbury was arrested. Much of the property was already sunk—but Mr. Murdock cared little for that, so he had found his niece. A trial was appointed; but the culprit anticipated his sentence by shooting himself in his cell, the evening previous.

Poor Mrs. Kingsbury was almost in despair; but Florence and her uncle settled a pension upon her and made her life as comfortable as possible, feeling sure that she was not a willing party to the deception.

Mr. Murdock would not leave the town where Florence was so much liked. He sent for the delighted Jupiter to be his gardener, and Florence well remembered the honest old face she had known when a child. She did not neglect, in her prosperity, Mary Evans and her mother whom she cherished as her best friends.

CHINESE POMPOSITY.

The following is the literal copy of an invitation, from a Chinese of consequence to a foreigner, inviting him to a marriage feast. It is contained in a Canton paper: "To the great head of literature, venerable first-born, at his table of study. On the eighth day of the present moon, your younger brother is to be married. On the ninth, having cleansed the cups, on the tenth he will pour out wine, on which day he will presume to draw to his lowly abode the carriage of his friend. With him he will enjoy the pleasures of conversation, and receive from him instruction for the well regulation of the feast. To this he solicits the brilliant presence of his elder brother; and the elevation to which the influence of his glory will assist him to rise, who can conceive?"

A TEACHER'S ADVICE TO HIS BOYS.

Macklin gives the following as rules inculcated by Nicholson, his teacher: "Never offend or injure without making atonement; which he made us practise daily and hourly. If a strong boy forced a weak boy out of his seat of pre-eminence, and the weak boy complained, the strong boy was degraded and punished. This I have practised in love affairs. Where I have been injured in my love, I have not revenged or punished for it, though it was in my power. On the contrary, I have served the parties, from the regard I owed to the female, and never gave her a look, a word, or a hint of her desertion from me; but always treated her with the utmost respect and service, when in my power."

PURITY.

The right front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declares a life whose course hath been
Unsuited still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.—T. W. PARSONS.

[ORIGINAL.]

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM PITT HOWARD.

"At eventide there shall be light."

"LEAVE the house instantly! You are no son of mine from this time. I will not harbor one who has thus degraded himself, and disappointed me."

Hard words were these, from the lips of any one; still harder from those of a *father*.

Mr. John Phillips was a proud man—proud of himself, of his family, of the reputation he had acquired for honesty and upright dealing, and of the notice he received from people who were just a step farther up the ladder of fortune than himself. To increase his wealth and consequence, he had ground down his family to the most piti-ful and pinching straits in private, to atone for expenditures to meet the public gaze with a show of riches that honestly belonged to his wife and children for their ordinary comfort.

His eldest boy was placed in a store where there were many other clerks. Young Phillips's scanty clothing, his evident destitution of money even to withholding a penny from a poor child, when others gave freely, accorded ill with the reports of his father's wealth; and the lads some-times touched the sorest place in Samuel Phillips's heart, by reproaching him with sordidness. One day—a cold, wintry day—a little girl, shivering and pale, came into the store. Her wan, blue look touched his heart with pity. He had money in his hand, but it was not his own. How could he send her away? He thrust two glittering half dollars into her hand, and bade her go and buy some wood. The money, he thought, could be replaced; but he was watched by another lad who was glad of an opportunity to degrade him, and, when the cash sales were made up that night, young Carroll reported that the missing dollar was taken by Samuel Phillips.

The boy's blushes and confusion, as he tried to make an honest statement of the case, were taken for guilt; and a note to his father, which he was obliged to take home from his employer, distinctly told that Mr. Sampson no longer wished to employ a person in his store who had been guilty of stealing.

In his first passion, Mr. Phillips uttered the above words to his son. In vain he pleaded *why* he did it. Perhaps the excuse embodied more sin in his father's eyes, than the deed itself. To give a dollar to a beggar! What an enormity! And then, that John Phillips's son should

so outrage his father's good name! The man's pride was stronger than the parent's affection. Samuel took him at his word; and, that very night, in the cold and darkness, the boy set off, making his first step into the unknown future of his life.

Had his father but believed him, pointed out what was wrong in his act, and forgave it for its mixtures of good, his son might never have sinned again. His pride and cruelty sent him forth, a wanderer, distrusting all, holding in his heart a root of bitterness which might turn his whole life to gall.

When the family was roused to the conviction, the next morning, that Samuel Phillips was actually gone, Mr. Phillips tried to soothe the distressed mother with the thought that he had only disappeared for a time, and would soon be with them again, glad enough to return and ask pardon for his conduct. He did not tell her with what wild and unforgiving words he had driven him away!

Years passed away. No tidings came of the fugitive. The mother yearning for her first born, drooped and died; and the only remaining son soon afterward, was drowned. Two daughters married and went away, and Mr. Phillips was left alone. It is not possible that conscience did not sometimes bring back the image of that poor boy, as he stood trembling that night under the weight of his first crime. A crime, too, committed under the influence of the best feelings, and with full intention of repairing. But pride kept up his indignation against his son; and instead of pitying him for being a castaway, he only pitied himself for not being able to keep up the family name.

At last there came a day when even Mr. Phillips's proud spirit was crushed. More than the loss of wife and children, did this trial bow him to the earth. Loss after loss had come to him in his business, until at length, he was obliged to give up all into the hands of his creditors. He surrendered everything—house and household goods, not even taking the benefit which the law allowed him. Yet there were not wanting some among the injured, who openly asserted their belief that Mr. Phillips had actually saved money by the operation, and even cited his utter relinquishment of all visible property as a proof that he was remunerated by that which was unseen.

His friends forsook him; one by one dropping off, unable to vouch for his innocence. His health failed, and even, if it had not, he could not have witnessed the public sale which was now announced, of his household treasures.

He had tortured himself by throwing into his

creditors' hands even little trifling mementos of the past—literally leaving everything in his house, save his own clothing and his private desk, which, whatever others thought, contained little but family letters, and the miniature of a little child, with a curl of golden hair at the back of the locket. That child! O, if he could but now recall the past! If he had but spoken kindly and forgivingly, that child might now have been near to save his gray hairs from shame and disgrace.

There was, as we have said, a public sale. It comprised the store and household goods, and included a valuable horse, which Mrs. Phillips's failing health had induced him to buy, and which he would not part with after her death. The man had a tender spot in his heart after all! His first question, when the man who had been his clerk came into his solitary room at a boarding-house, the night after the sale, was:

"Who bought Fleetwood?"

"I did not know the man, sir. He was a stranger. There were many strangers there, and I did not learn the name of him who purchased the horse. He was in the house a good deal of the time, and I noticed that he bid for a number of things."

"I hope Fleetwood has a kind master," observed Mr. Phillips, after a pause.

The clerk was going, but returned, after a short parley with some one at the door.

"Here is a man, sir, who wishes you to meet him at the house you occupied, at half-past nine this evening."

"What can any one want of me *there*?" said Mr. Phillips, with an uneasy gesture.

"I cannot tell, sir. I did not know the man, but from the dim glance I had of him at the door, I should say it was the man who was bidding upon the house when I came away, and the same who bought Fleetwood."

"I must go, I suppose; yet, if he is a gentleman, I should hardly think he would expose me to the pain of going there."

Mr. Phillips walked to his own home with trembling steps. He looked old and feeble, like a man that had numbered twice his years. He reached the door that once opened to his familiar touch, and rang the bell. The woman who had so long kept his house opened it, and ushered him to the sitting-room, from which, years ago, he had ordered his boy from his sight forever.

This thought flashed into his mind, and was more vivid, from the circumstance of his own arm-chair being removed out of its ordinary place, and set in the middle of the room, and a

low chair directly in front of it, on which Samuel had leaned in passionate weeping. The boy, in his misery, on that night, had left his cap hanging on the corner of that low chair; and, as if to deepen the father's anguish to-night, a boy's cap hung there again. How well he remembered it! How he shook with the memories that rose up to his mind! His tearful eyes scarcely took in the figure of a noble-looking gentleman who now entered the room, and desired him to walk around the house. Every piece of furniture was in its old place. In his own chamber, the little arrangements of his dressing-table were precisely as they always were; and in a little bedroom beside it, were the two small beds in which his boys used to sleep.

He looked up at his conductor through his fast falling tears. Something in his face, in the bright, flashing eyes of the stranger went to his heart. They had returned to the sitting-room, and the stranger held his hand with a warm, loving clasp. He heard the words "This is all yours, dear father!" and then the two men sank together upon their knees, while the younger breathed out a fervent thanksgiving that he had been spared to comfort and console him in this hour of adverse fortune.

Stung with his father's cruel words, Samuel Phillips had deserted his home, and, driven almost to desperation, had wandered away from the places that knew him, to a far city. Providence raised up friends to the desolate boy. He found himself trusted, honored, respected; and at the death of one who had been as a father to him, he became wealthy. He saw the notice of the sale in a newspaper—hurried on to prevent it, and arrived only when it had already commenced.

He had heard of his mother's death, and from that time, he resolved never to return. But when he found that his father was in real distress, all was forgotten, save the thought that he might be in time to save him from open disgrace or actual want. Everything had fallen into his hands, for the by-standers saw that he was determined to possess all, and they gave way to his evident desire and ability to gratify it.

The reconciliation was complete. The pride of the father was subdued. Re-instated in his old home, his liabilities all met, and his business re-established, by the son whom he had banished, his heart melted to a child-like humility that was touching to behold. He has found that

"Nearest the Throne itself, must be
The footstool of humility."

Learning, like some wines, is apt to spoil, unless the bottle is filled to the cork.

[ORIGINAL.]

ASPIRING GENIUS.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

"I'll choose a trade," a senseless wight exclaims,
 "An easy one, to quickly fill my purse,
 That gives delight without hard labor's pains—
 I'll thus escape our father Adam's curse.

"Old 'Mother Earth' I do not care to till;
 'Twould spoil my hands so delicate and fine;
 But of the best I'd eat and drink my fill,
 Then puff away at a long fragrant pipe.

"A stove-pipe hat I'd place upon my head,
 Upon my hands I'd draw my white kid gloves;
 In shining boots my feet should proudly tread,
 My tailor's bills oo gently, like the doves.

"My trade (pebelan name) shall furnish me
 With ever; thing my senses shall demand;
 My cup of life o'erflow right merrily,
 And gold accumulate at my command."

He thought of this and that—discarded both;
 Then cast his thoughts o'er all earth's wide domains,
 And settled down at last in faith—
 Was sure, that he could prosper by his brains!

[ORIGINAL.]

LUCY HARTLEY.

A GUARDIAN'S STORY.

BY ESTHER S. KENNETH.

"GOOD-BY, and may God bless you, Allen!"

These were the last words I ever heard uttered by the dear lips of my lost love. Her hand trembled in mine for a moment, for a moment I looked into her white, tearful face, and then she turned from me and flitted away down the road. I did not stir from the spot where she had left me for hours. The moon came up and looked down upon me with a regal pity. I thought the stars looked like the eyes of angels sparkling with tears. I lifted up my arms and yearned for the great, calm sky—it seemed so far from sorrow. O, the memory of that night influenced my whole life.

I was sitting alone in a great arm-chair before my library fire one evening, and absently running my fingers through my hair which was streaked with gray, when a servant entered softly, and laid the evening's mail upon the table. I did not move or look up. The thought had come to me an hour before that it was upon just such a night, nearly thirty years ago, that I had lost my Laura. No sharp sorrow came with the thought—only a calm, sacred sadness. I had been true

to my lost love. The tender arms of no other woman had been clasped around my neck, no other lips had kissed freshness and joy into my heart. By the dying light I looked thoughtfully at my face and form reflected in the long mirror upon the opposite side of the room. I had been a handsome man in my younger days. My hair was bright and curling, and my cheeks fresh with health. I was the leader and life of the village frolics. How strange it all seemed to remember as a reality, when I had become so used to the pale, grave face reflected from my own!

People called me odd and eccentric. They thought it strange that I should choose to live alone in my great, rambling house by the river, with my housekeeper and servants, when I might exchange the companionship of my fire and my cat, for that of a beautiful wife and gay little children. I often noticed the bright, curious eyes of young girls watching me from over the way as I walked among my flowers in the garden, or wandered through my orchard with a pruning-knife in my hand. But they always seemed shy of me. Once a couple of young misses lingered a moment at the gate and looked longingly at a grape-vine swing beneath an old oak, but when I called to them from an arbor, to come in and see the garden, they started, and declined with gentle thanks as they tripped away. So I lived alone in my gray, vine-covered old house, and received no young company from one year's end to another, except when my gay young brother Leslie, who was at college, chose to spend his vacation with me. He was a handsome boy, and a good one, though a little wild. There was always a tender place for him in my heart, for he was the only relative I knew in the wide world, and I had had the care of him from his childhood. The thought of what my face had been made me think of his. It was almost time for me to see it again. His spring vacation was close at hand—perhaps quite, for it was nearly the middle of May. I thought how fast time passed.

"What are you dreaming of, brother Allen?"

I started, and looked up. The dear boy stood beside me with his jaunty bag in his hand, and his beautiful chestnut hair falling about his bright, young face. His clear, hazel eyes were full of a grave wonder.

"I was wishing for you, Leslie," I replied, as he bent down to kiss me.

He tossed his cap upon a sofa, and flinging himself down upon the hearth-rug at my feet, rested his arm on my knee, and commenced gazing thoughtfully into the fire. I did not disturb him, for I knew his mind too well. After a

while I lighted the gas which was within my reach, and commenced looking over my letters. There were perhaps half a dozen. Among them was a small, white envelope, directed in a flowing, graceful hand. With a feeling of curiosity I tore it open, and at sight of the contents uttered a cry of surprise. It was written by Laura Hartley!

It contained only a few words. She was poor, and friendless, and dying. Her husband had treated her unkindly, and she had not lived with him for years. She had a child. Would I make the last moments of her wretched life happy by promising to care for it when she was dead? It was a pitiful request. The paper was blistered with tears.

I covered my face with my hands, and pressed my lips hard together to keep back a great choking sob. Then I put my brother away, and rising, went to my desk and wrote an answer. I offered her a home with all the comforts a brother's tenderness could devise, and begged her to come to me.

I received no answer for a fortnight. Then a letter arrived written in a strange hand, informing me that my poor Laura was dead, and that the writer had been directed to send her child to me. Would I be good enough to meet the stage at the depot the next morning? I showed my brother the letter and talked with him about it. His quick sympathies were immediately all alive.

"The child's sex is not mentioned," he said, running his bright eyes over the epistle for the second time. "But of course it's a boy. What could you do with a little girl?"

"Probably," I said, absently, my mind full of old memories.

The next morning I awoke with a violent headache, and was unable to arise for some time, so that Leslie took the chaise and went to the depot in my stead. Sooner than I expected his return, I heard the sound of his footsteps in the hall, and rose from my easy chair to greet the new comer. Suddenly the door was flung open, and Leslie entered, leading by the hand a fair-faced girl of fourteen, with great, wistful brown eyes, and shining braids of pale golden hair.

"This is your guardian, Lucy," said Leslie, leading her towards me. How quickly children get acquainted, I thought.

As I took her little white hand, she glanced up at me with a look which made me start.

"You are very like your mother, dear. Do you think that you will be happy with me?" I said, in my blunt, old-fashioned way.

Her mouth quivered as she replied, and her voice was as sweet as a bird's.

"Yes, and I shall love you," she said, smiling with her eyes full of tears.

In the evening, after tea, we gathered about the fire in the library, and I drew my ward upon my knee, while Leslie sat at my feet, with his eyes raised to Lucy's face in ardent admiration. I was not obliged to question her much about her past life. She gave me her confidence freely. She told me about her mother—how much she had suffered, striving against poverty, and sickness, and the constant fear of being discovered in her retreat by her brutal husband. The young girl evidently had a great dread of her father. She shuddered as she spoke of him.

"I never wish to see him again," she said.

How well I remember that night. The rosy light from the coals in the open grate, playing over my brother's handsome, earnest face, and the shining braids of my ward's golden hair, the sound of her sweet voice, the touch of her slender arm about my neck, the thrill which went through my heart when her lips quivered while she talked of her mother,—it all comes back to me at this late day like a pleasant dream.

There had been a moment while I waited for the child's coming, in which I had experienced a selfish fear lest the highly prized quiet and serenity of my home would be disturbed by the new comer. I could not have entertained a more erroneous idea regarding her. She loved the dreary atmosphere of the old place as well as I did. Sitting at my window, I sometimes watched her for hours, wandering among the flowers in the garden and training the vines. She weeded the choicest beds with her own hands, tended the slips and cuttings with anxious eyes, nursed the weakly plants, and tamed all the birds about the place. It was not long before I began to wonder how I had ever managed to live without her. If I suffered with the headache, the magnetic touch of her soft hands cured me, if I was moody, she chatted pleasantly until I was in better spirits, she sang for me, and read for me, and managed me completely. She always kissed me at night. I grew to think that I slept sweeter, remembering the touch of her fresh, young lips upon my forehead.

Her coming to us made a great change in Leslie. He always spent his vacations at home, and became less headstrong and wilful. He excelled in studies which he had before been deficient in, and graduated with the highest honors. There was a decided improvement in him.

I mentioned this to Lucy one morning, and assured her that I thought it the work of her influence. It was her seventeenth birthday, (how well I remember how she looked!) and she sat

by the window in a dress of delicate, blue muslin, her white hands busy on some work for me. At my words she laughed, and said—"O, my dear guardian!" in a deprecatory way, but looking up and meeting my eye, instantly her smile fled, and her cheeks colored. Her hands trembled over her work for a moment, and then she threw it down and went hastily from the room.

I noticed a constant constraint in her manner towards Leslie after this, and it grieved me. It troubled me the more because I saw that he noticed it, and that it made him very unhappy. I had discovered his secret long before. He loved my pretty ward.

Matters stood in this way, when one evening I saw Lucy walking in the garden with a man. At first I thought her companion was Leslie, but a second glance convinced me that it was not. He was not only more heavily built, but apparently a much older person than my brother. I stood at my window for a long time, watching them as they passed to and fro in the starlight, puzzling myself constantly with unsatisfactory conjectures. The man opened the gate at last, and went out, and after watching him a few moments as he moved down the street, Lucy turned and walked up the path to the house. I waited anxiously for a long while, hoping she would come to tell me of her visitor, but she did not, and I paced my floor for hours in troubled thought.

At breakfast the next morning she avoided my eye, and seemed generally ill at ease. Her color came and went at every breath, and she started nervously at any sudden sound. As we rose from the table, Leslie said, carelessly:

"What time is it, Lucy?"

"I do not—I, I have not my watch with me," she stammered with such a confused face that we both looked at her in astonishment, observing which she left the room.

That evening when she came to kiss me good-night, I held her a moment and looked steadily into her face. Her dark eyes flashed suddenly open with a look of affright, and then with a burning blush upon her face, she struggled from me and left the room, forgetting the kiss. I was not only anxious and puzzled to account for her strange behaviour, but seriously alarmed. Yet I asked no questions, for I was satisfied that the matter, whatever it was, was something she wished to conceal from me, and I would make no attempt to force her confidence.

The days and weeks passed away, and no explanation of the affair was made. Gradually I ceased to trouble myself about it, for Lucy resumed her natural manner, and no other unusual

circumstance occurred to my knowledge. But I noticed that she never wore her watch as she used, and I wondered that she did not, for it was a birthday gift from me, and she had always professed to prize it very highly.

The winter came, and I was dozing upon a lounge before the fire one evening, while Lucy was reading at the table, and Leslie sat opposite her with his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon her face. The room was very still. Suddenly there came the sound of three sharp raps upon the window pane. The noise was very slight, so slight that Leslie did not notice it at all, yet very distinct and unmistakeable raps. Lucy turned as white as the blank pages of her book, but she did not move or raise her eyes. After a moment she rose and left the room. I was terribly excited. I could hardly refrain from following her. I heard the hall door shut softly, and then quick, light steps upon the snow of the garden walks. I paced the floor with my brain in a whirl for nearly an hour. At the end of that time she re-entered the room, coughing violently. Leslie had gone to bed, and we were alone together.

"Lucy," said I, sternly, "I shall not allow this again. If you have any friends you wish to see in private, invite them to the house."

As I finished speaking I turned towards the door, but she sprang after me and flung her arms about me, crying:

"Don't, don't! You will kill me!"

"And you will kill me!" I retorted, passionately. "What have I done, that you have lost faith in me? What are you doing, that you cannot trust me?"

"I have been trying to do for the best," she replied with a sob, sinking down on her knees before a chair, and hiding her face in her hands upon the seat—"I have been trying to stay with you, my guardian. That is all."

"What do you mean, child?" I exclaimed, a tenderness for her stronger than any I had felt before sweeping over my heart, as I raised her in my arms—"What prevents your staying with me? For Heaven's sake, explain this mystery!"

"I have tried to keep it from you, because I was so ashamed of him for one reason," she replied, "and because I was afraid you would see him and there would be a quarrel, for another. He is a bad man. If you angered him he would kill you, if he could."

"Who?"

"My father."

"He insists upon my leaving you, and returning to France with him, where he has been for the last five years," she went on.—"He has sold me!"

"Sold you?"

"He has gambled me away to my cousin, the son of his brother. Though unprincipled, he is strictly honest about his gambling debts, and has promised the fellow that I shall be his wife. He told me this one night some three months ago, surprising me in the garden for that purpose, and I bribed him with my watch to allow me to stay a few weeks longer. As he did not appear at the appointed time, I had begun to hope that I should not see him again, but to-night he has returned, and I must go with him."

I laughed scornfully.

"Don't you know that he cannot force you to this marriage?" I said.

"Allen Wharton, you do not know my father. I never knew him to fail in doing a thing he had set his heart on in my life. He is bold, unprincipled, and possessed of an iron will. I am but a straw in his grasp. As truly as you live and I am unmarried to-morrow night, he will have me on board a steamer bound for France."

"But you can choose me as your legal guardian, and I can prevent that."

"He would laugh in our faces. He has mocked at the law all his life. He would outwit you were you to place me under a thousand locks and keys. Even if you evade him for a few months it would be all you could do. I am almost of age. See here. What can I hope for from the owner of that?"

She took a small miniature case from her pocket, and handed it to me. It contained the face of a bad man, indeed. Bold, evil, dark and unflinching. The eyes were like those of a devil. The mouth seemed jeering even in its repose.

"Your cousin?"

"Is a thief, a liar, a gambler, a libertine, and a coward!"

I turned from her and commenced pacing the floor—my old habit when troubled. Suddenly my foot struck against my brother's cap which had fallen from a sofa. I stooped and picked it up.

"Lucy," said I, stepping before her, "you said if you were unmarried to-morrow night, your father would have you in his power. Will you not marry Leslie? You know that he loves you."

"Do you advise this?" she asked, looking at me earnestly.

I hesitated. Why did I? The marriage of my children, as I called them, had been my favorite plan a year before. What was I thinking of as I stood there looking at her—my heart beating like a weight of lead? I was slowly realizing that it would kill me to see Lucy married to my brother.

"No, I do not advise you to marry him unless you love him. If you do—" I could go no further.

"But I do not, my dear guardian; and I will never wrong him by becoming his wife!"

She said this firmly. The motive which induced me to utter my next words was incompressible to myself.

"But you acknowledge it to be your only choice. It is the better evil of the two. You cannot be unhappy as Leslie's wife, for—"

"Allen Wharton!" she exclaimed, imperiously, "you do not know what you are saying." Then almost transfiguring herself by her change of manner, she cried, "How can you urge me to this? O, how can you?"

Her glorious face intoxicated me, for I read her heart in it. I thought at that moment, I could and would have annihilated heaven if it had been between her and me. I caught her to my breast with wild, passionate kisses. There was no shame for herself or fear of me in the eyes I looked into. She dared say to me—"I love you, Allen," before I had spoken a word. She was mine—mine! I would have torn the man's heart from his breast who dared dispute it.

There was a quiet marriage ceremony in the dear old library by the gray morning light. A pale sunbeam stole in at the window, and glorified the white brow of my Lucy, as the words—"I pronounce you husband and wife," echoed through the silent room. A moment after, a bullet whizzed past my face and shattered the glass door of my cabinet. We sprang to the open window through which it had passed, but there was no one in sight. Probably it came from the hand of Lucy's father, whom we never saw or heard of after.

CATS FREE FROM HEADACHE.

It is quite wonderful to see a cat jump down heights. She never seems to hurt herself, or to get giddy with the fall; she always falls on her feet, and these are so beautifully padded that they seldom or never get broken. I never knew of a cat breaking its leg from an accident, but in one instance, and that was a French cat, which fell down stairs in the most stupid manner. Why does not the cat get a headache after her deep jumps? why does she not get concussion of the brain, as a man or dog would, if he performed a similar acrobatic feat? If we take down one of our dry cats' heads off the keeper's museum wall, and break it up, we shall see that it has a regular partition wall projecting from its sides, a good way inwards, toward the centre, so as to prevent the brain from suffering from concussion. This is, indeed, a beautiful contrivance, and shows an admirable internal structure, made in wonderful conformity with external form and nocturnal habits.—*Dr. Buckland.*

[ORIGINAL.]

NIGHT MUSINGS.

BY J. HOWARD WARR.

'Twas when the mystic spirit, night,
Had spread its gem-clad veil,
While thousand brilliant, bright-dyed orbs
Twined round its azure mail;

Beneath a vine-clad arbor's shade
I fondly sought repose
From earth and care's tumultuous throbs—
From earth and earth-light's woes.

I thought that I for weary years
Had toiled for dawning fame—
Had toiled far up the giddy heights
Of science' cloud-capped fane.

But there was in my weary soul
A sad, a strange unrest;
A secret throbbing of my heart
From out my toil-worn breast.

And then beneath fair Luna's rays,
And heaven's azure dome—
Which sparkled with ten thousand gems
Of heaven's eternal throne:

I thought, fair one, of thee, whose eyes
Outline the evening star
Which guides into the opening port
The toil-tossed mariner.

Thus could thy smiles be turned on me,
Forgot were all my care,
Intent to gaze upon thy face,
And find a "sesame" there.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY COINCIDENCE AND I.

BY GUSSIE LAURIE.

Yes, Hal Nickerson has donned the blue stocking, and is about to relate some of his wild adventures. Hang this pen! the ink is all over my fingers. But I'm in for 't, never mind the expense.

Do gentlemen ever wear blue stockings? I'm not quite sure of it. Now by the term *blue stocking*, don't suppose for an instant I mean that article the result of untold patience and musical clicking of needles. O, no! I am speaking metaphysically of—what? Why of persons who are much given to scribbles and long musings. Now I could never be induced to keep up a connected correspondence with any one, not even the most charming young lady in the world. I do really believe if the queen of England should solicit me most sincerely and humbly to write to her at least once a month, I should decline the

honor. In point of fact now understand me,—I am treating of *facts*—I would never hold a pen or look at a book, if such proceedings were compatible with the present state of society. In short, I am confoundedly lazy. I wonder if the young Baron Renfrew is as stupidly lazy as I! Everybody writes now-a-days, and so my sweet cousin Sallie has coaxed me into writing I hardly know what. One thing is certain, I shall mention her name quite often. I will not deny that while my pen is running so rapidly over these once spotless sheets, that I dream of renown—of a name made glorious by my literary labors, (labors—*whewh!*) of going to sleep some night and waking to find myself famous. Ha! ha! ha! Hal Nickerson an author!

Well, how shall I commence? Once upon a time? Or 'twas a calm still evening in the month of June? "Once upon a time" will do, but not the "calm, still evening in the month of June." For, so it happened, I, once upon a time was born, but 'twas in the morning in the chilly month of February. Now, I, not liking to visit strange countries alone, came into the world in company with a fine little fellow of about my own age, and just about my own size—eight pounds if I remember correctly. In short I am a *coincidence*. Some persons call us *twins*. I prefer the term *coincidences*.

Our first performance on the stage of human existence, was a duett from—mischief knows what opera! Dick—my coincidence—roared out lustily the base and I, most excruciatingly the falsetto. I think, on the whole, my first musical performance was the most successful; for, ever since, if I but make the attempt to raise my voice in songs of praise, the ladies place their little hands upon their ears, and "O, spare us, Hal!" while the gentlemen—Dick, my coincidence, in particular—say "Stop that, Hal! you are no singer."

Dick and I got along swimmingly with the measles and whooping-cough and all the *et-ceteras* of babyhood. I'm thankful for that, as 'twould be confoundedly ugly to have those diseases now. O, the mischief! handsome people have the measles twice. Hal, my fine fellow, look in the glass! Hal obeys. Hal is comforted. Not handsome enough for the measles, though all the ladies call me a fine fellow. I suspect, however, my impudence has something to do with that. One lady who shall here be nameless, had the audacity to call me "curious impertinent."

How far had I got along? As far as the measles. Well, our parents being wealthy, we were reared in great luxury. Dick my coincidence and I had each a beautiful Shetland po-

ny, of Lilliputian dimensions. My first ride was commenced in great glee, and ended in—the mud! Now the how this happened was this. My pony came to a sudden stand, and I, after cutting a pigeon's wing in the air, came down to search for something which I never found, owing probably to my imperfection of vision, or the thickness of the mud. However, as nurse said "bad beginnings made good endings," I flattered myself I am *some* on a horse now.

I had ever a weakness for the ladies. I was my cousin Sallie's torment even before I reached the dignity of jacket and trousers. One day she ran crying to my mother, saying:

"Auntie, Hal keeps kissin' me all the time, and I doesn't want him to." (The little telltale!)

"Poor little girl! Hal, my boy, you shouldn't trouble your little cousin. Come here, my son, you are sleepy. Nurse shall put you to bed."

"Pease ma, may tounsin Sallie go too? and may I have my rockin'-horse?"

As we grew older it was found necessary to employ a tutor. And a sorry life he must have had between two such scape-goats as Dick and I. In process of time our ponies were found to be too short for us, or that our lower limbs were too long for them; which it was you must decide. Accordingly they were exchanged for two splendid bays. O, the importance we gained by the acquisition! Our playhouse, hoops, balls, candies and oranges were thought of with disdain. We were men now. No longer cousin Sallie received our undivided attentions. But Nannie, Minnie, Dora, Daisie, and a host of charming girls came in for their share. Hours that should have been spent in study, were devoted to buggy-riding, equestrianism, boating, promenading, flirting, and so forth. I worshipped at each one's shrine successively. To-day I drank in the glorious beauty of Nannie's dreamy, midnight eyes. Yesterday bent lowly before the lovely Minnie; her eyes are divinely blue. Then Dora's superb form was my inspiration, and my tongue was loosened in her praise. To the latter I was more constant than to all the others. In fact I was *engaged* to her for the space of *two months*, never flirting with nor visiting any of the girls during the whole time. Her slippers I wore on my guard chain—dreamed over them at night. O, they were beautiful! So small! Little cupids slumbered in each. I got desperately out with her at last. We had a few hard words. She said, at parting:

"You'll *never* forget me."

"Indeed," I answered, "I'll never regret you."

Our engagement rings lay in fragments at our feet.

We used often to visit an aunt of ours who resided about twenty-five miles out from Cincinnati, our native city. There we had jolly, good times. Aunt Gertrude is a gay, happy woman. There is a heap of fun in her. Uncle John cares for nothing so much as to see his fat little wife happy; so every now and then they gather together quite a number of young folks, and the house is given over to them during their stay. The wilder they are the better it pleases Aunt Gerty and Uncle John. Aunt used to say to Dick and I:

"Boys, there is mischief in those eyes. Little funny smiles are continually chasing themselves over your faces. I love to see you happy. Do what you please in our house, *only don't get blue*." She did not refer to the afore-mentioned stock-ing! She has no idea that Hal, her crazy nephew has turned *blue* (*protem*).

O, she is a jewel of an aunt. Wont she shake her sides with laughter when she reads this article, and recognizes the well-remembered nonsense of old? Now the house used to be pretty well crowded at times. At one time, Minnie Blair, Nannie Grayton and Dora Gloster occupied a room adjoining the one appropriated to the use of Dick, Ned Chester, and myself. There is a door connecting the two, with a transom above. Our bed was placed against the door on the one side, and that of the girls on the other. By placing a chair on the bed we could reach the transom, but not look down into the room. One night we listened till the last sound had ceased, and were sure the girls were asleep. Dick suggested we should drop the cat down among them. Poor Tabby was purring quietly at the foot of our bed.

"You, Hal! what say to dropping the cat through the transom and frightening the girls?"

"That would be jolly good fun. What do you say, Ned?" said I, giving the sleepy fellow a poke in the ribs.

"Eh! what! the cat! anything, only don't disturb me."

"O, the mischief, Ned Chester! you're a stupid dolt. Here, Dick, put up the chair, and I'll drop the cat down."

Poor Tabby, not liking to be handled so roughly, gave me several severe reminders, whose lengthened scars I carried about with me for many days. However, I pushed her through, and we had the satisfaction of hearing such screaming and jumping as I never heard before.

"Just like Dick, I think. The impudent rascal!"

"Hal's work, I'll bet."

"We'll pay them sometime."

And such like ejaculations we heard to our heart's content. Of course our sleep was better for that. Their threats, however, were called to remembrance a few nights after. About a week after, we separated for the night in excellent spirits, having had a charming boat-ride by moonlight. I for one was quite elated, for Dora had promised me in her sweetest tones to be my own true love till death should us part. (This was before our falling out.) I suspect something of the kind had passed between Dick and Nannie, for I noticed upon his finger a ring, which had long been beautified by encircling the plump little finger of charming Nannie. Chester was over head and ears in love with Minnie, and she apparently reciprocated.

Hang this pen! I must get another. Excuse this interruption. Well, as I was saying, one night, not long after the *cat avalanche*, we were nicely tucked up in bed (no small matter, I assure you, where there's *three* concerned,) listening to the indistinct music of voices of the girls we loved (just then) so desperately, I became conscious of a sudden cessation of noise, after a smothered scream. I feared something had happened, and waited with breathless eagerness to hear what might follow. Presently a gentle tap was heard at the door leading from our room into the hall. Dick said:

"Who's there?"

"Me, Dick. O, do get up and open the door. There's somebody in the closet in our room."

Instantly we were up donning our unmentionables. I had recognized the voice of Dora. Quickly opening the door, we saw, by the flickering light of a nearly exhausted candle, the three girls, in *deshabille*, pale with fright, or *chalk*, clinging to each other.

"Courage, girls! we'll discover who it is."

"Yes, Dick! but do take something to defend yourself with," pleaded Nannie.

"O, if it should be a great ugly man," shudderingly spoke Minnie, as she handed the boot-jack to Chester, with which she charged her dear Ned to beat out the brains of the murderous wretch.

My Dora said never a word, but lifted her large eyes to mine, clasped her tiny hands around my arm. The eloquence of silence spoke from every lineament of her glorious face. We were now fully aroused. Seizing the tongs, I brandished them above my head, saying, "Come on, boys, I don't fear a dozen."

Surely any robber would have fled in dismay before such an array. I led the way, carrying my ponderous tongs with true military grandeur. Directly behind was Dick, with a chair raised

aloft. Ned Chester brought up the rear with his boot-jack clutched in both hands, ready to throw at a moment's warning.

Majestically we stalked through the hall, closely followed by the maids in white. How I missed the music of the fife and drum. I should have struck up "We won't go home till morning." Then with the tread of giants, we entered the sleeping-room of the graces. I did not stop to take an inventory of crinoline, tiny boots, and—no matter what! spread in elegant confusion about the room, but followed the direction of Dora, who pointed to the closet. We stopped to listen. Surely we heard a movement.

"Boys," said I, "let's keep together, so that when I open the door, he may not escape."

I took hold of the knob and pulled it gently. It resisted my efforts. I pulled harder, still it would not open.

"Boys, he's holding the door! Take hold with me!"

All at once the door came open—off its hinges, and down went we—out jumped, not the robber, but the same old cat, upsetting in her way a pail of water placed on a shelf by the mischievous girls, thus completely deluging us. Just imagine the pile! Three big fellows—one chair—boot-jack—tongs—water-pail and water. Tabby had taken to herself *Atalanta's* heels and had fled to parts unknown. If I did not invoke that honored (?) personage supposed to reside in Erebus, commonly called the *diable*, then my memory serves me falsely.

A joyous burst of laughter greeted our ears; and above all, the voices of Aunt Gerty and Uncle John, saying:

"What on earth are you doing down on the floor there, boys?"

"Pretty well, too, in the girls' room, frightening them most to death. Hal, what mean you?"

"Nothing more nor less than this. We are prostrating ourselves before your household deity, your miserable Tabby."

"Tabby? I see her not."

"The mischief, Aunt Gerty! your eyes just expose you. You helped the girls get this thing up, and you'd better believe we'll never forget."

Saying which, after picking ourselves up—tongs, boot-jack, chair, and *so forth*, we bowed ourselves, in a drenching condition, from the room. That was what Dick and I call a *catastrophe*. 'Twas not a circumstance to some of our scrapes, which, however proper they seemed at the time, will hardly do to write about.

One day, while sauntering down — Street, in my own city, fair Cincinnati, in company with Dick, we saw a crowd of noisy boys clustering

around some object of interest. We hastened our footsteps, and there saw a sight I never shall forget. I saw an angel then. Bending down, trying to raise a man from the gutter, where he had fallen in a state of beastly intoxication, was a young girl. Her hat had fallen back, disclosing a head of perfect proportions, covered with curls that glistened in the morning sunlight like purest gold. The little hands were not strong enough for her strange task, so turning her face towards us, she raised her lovely blue eyes, dewy with tears, and mutely pleaded for our aid.

"What can we do for you, young lady?"

"O, sirs! if you will—but I cannot ask you to touch such as he."

And again those fair arms were flung around the wretch, filthy with the mire of his loathsome resting-place. (The mischief! if I didn't wish they were around my own, instead.) No use. Her strength was naught, and burying her face in her hands, she wept. Could we look upon the tears of that fair young girl unmoved? A drove of boys, such as is often seen in our streets, was now rapidly approaching. Something must be done, and that soon. So, forgetful of satin and broadcloth, of dignity and station, my coincidence and I raised the man to his feet. The mischief! he could not stand. Must we let him back again, or call the police? The latter we determined upon.

"Ho! police!"

"Stay! he's my father. Will you send him to the watch-house? I will lead him home. Poor father!"

Wasn't she beautiful in her indignation!

"Hal, let's lead him home. Never mind if folks do see us."

"Agreed."

So, like two watch-house knights, one on either side, closely followed by the daughter, we led the inebriate in a by-street, as directed by her, then up a rickety flight of stairs into his miserable garret. Turning to leave, I surveyed the apartment. Neatness reigned supreme; poverty was subservient to it. She took our hands at parting, and pressed her pure lips upon them. My hand has never ceased to feel the pressure of that kiss. I met that girl several times after that, and I always felt that I was a better man for such meetings.

Hang the miserable state of society, when a rich fellow cannot be seen talking or walking with a poor girl without the finger of scandal being pointed at her, and jokes being uttered, I will not disgrace my paper by penning. I have had those unjust suspicions, but never again will utter them.

One time, having met this little friend of mine, Isadore Witherton, I turned about and walked some distance with her, beguiled into forgetfulness of time and space by her pleasing conversation. I passed several of my chums, who are, by the way, rather wild, but withal right good-hearted fellows. They winked slyly at me, and stared rather boldly at her. At the club that night they teased me and my "*millinery* girl."

"Here's to the health of Hal's little *millinery* girl," proposed Harry Golding.

I drained my glass, and thanked him for the favor, hoping the subject would be dropped there. Not so.

"I say, Hal, she's a pretty girl. Introduce us when 'tis convenient," laughingly said Lieutenant Peck.

"When I introduce her to such you, you'll know it," I replied.

"Ha! ha! ha! Hal's caught at last—desperately in love with a *millinery* girl. Good joke! good joke!" said Charlie Gardiner.

"Hope you don't mean to marry her," smilingly interposed Lieutenant Peck.

"What will your papa and mama say to such a daughter?" said Harry Golding.

I rose in anger.

"Gentlemen, we have been friends a long time. But do you *dare* utter scandal about, or even mention her name at this club, and I, Hal Nickerson, will never meet you here again. She is a *milliner*. I honor her for it. Once her father was as wealthy and as much respected as are either of our parents. Liquor brought him to the gutter, and his sweet daughter, reared in luxury, is obliged to work, not alone for her own support, but for the man who calls her daughter. I respect her. I have not aspired to love her. She is too pure for any of us. I would scorn to make this explanation to any but you. We have been boys together. We are travelling the same way her father travelled. Shall we pause ere we have descended to his level, or shall we go on?"

Simultaneously the young men arose. Dick extended his hand to me and said:

"Hal, I for one will promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors for the space of one year, at the expiration of which time, I hope to renew the pledge in the presence of you all. Who will be with me?"

"I will, I will, I will," was heard from them all. (The mischief was to pay with my eyes, just then.) We grasped each other's hands, and read in each other's eyes the noble resolve. Thus the little milliner of Cincinnati was the indirect means of reforming the club. I saw her not again for many months. I learned soon after,

her father having died, she had gone East. I hoped to Massachusetts.

One day our tutor, after having had a long conference with my father, came to us and said :

"Young gentlemen! It is with deep sorrow (here he drew out his handkerchief) that I now inform you henceforth you are to be no longer under my instruction. (Here he applied the handkerchief to his eyes.) I have come to the conclusion, my dear Dick, that you are fully prepared to enter college; and I have recommended Harvard. What shall I say to you, Hal? If the necessary qualifications to enter college were these, viz., that the young man should be able to play a good game of billiards, drive a fast horse, flirt scientifically, there would be no doubt in my mind that you would enter with high honors."

"Thank you, sir."

"But unfortunately for you, President Felton and associates have no fancy for such things. On the contrary, they prefer that the applicant should know more of *Greek* than horses, more of *Geometry* than billiards, and more of *Latin* than young ladies."

"The blighted heathen!" groaned I.

"Now Hal," continued my worthy tutor, taking out his gold snuff-box—a present from the coincidences—"my only hope is in your tact, for, Hal, you have a keen intellect, a ready wit. You are *rather* indolent."

"Say rather, I am confoundedly lazy."

"O, Hal! you are ever the same. Ever ready to shoulder all the blame. *Mas vale saber que haber*. Hal, you are a noble fellow; but just such fellows are in great danger of being spoiled. They are always the pets of society. And now, Hal, don't remember hard words I may have uttered to you. Duty dictated them, not the heart. *Deus vobiscum*."

The mischief! Tute was a fine old chap. I shall never see him more. He has long since been gathered to his fathers. Peace to his ashes.

And so we came to Harvard. And to make a long story short, Dick entered in fine style. Not a single condition. While I barely got in with a long list of conditions to make up during the month of August. It was thought advisable to remain East during the summer, under the care of a tutor, a young theological student. We engaged board in the family of Doctor Deadman, of E—, a beautiful New England village. The family consisted of the doctor, his wife, two daughters and a little son. The doctor is a fine, gentlemanly fellow, seemingly not over forty-five. His wife is a short, plump little woman, ever on the move, always cheerful. She was quite a mother to us. I shall ever remember that couple

kindly. The daughters—what shall I say of them? The elder of the two did not strike me, at first, very favorably. I thought her quite too saucy. I like Gus now. She is true-hearted, and though no beauty, her good temper, clear, ringing laugh, makes her at times seem even pretty. She is my senior by several years. I used to call her Charles, Arthur, Augustus, Adolphus, preferring that simple appellation to the more complicated one of Gusie. Her sister is much like her in character. She, however, is a perfect little beauty. She was quite a flirt, but now her flirting days are over. Lottie is married now. I know her husband well. We were soon on capital terms with the two. As soon as our lessons were recited, we used to go in search of the girls; then our war of words would commence. We used to quarrel peaceably. That is, we were always good friends, but ever ready to play all sorts of jokes upon each other. When we left for Harvard we felt sincere sorrow at parting. I gave Gus, as the strongest token of my regard, my meerschaum which I had been coloring for several weeks.

At last our student life at Harvard had fairly commenced. Everything was so strange, so different from the free and easy life I had been accustomed to, that at times, I was confoundedly blue. The first year nothing of interest transpired, save the petty annoyances, which the sophs place in the way of the freshmen. The second year the fun commenced. Yes, this is my second year at college, and we students are having glorious times, or should have, if the Faculty would let us alone. I am writing in my student room. The walls are adorned with meerschaums; great ones, long ones, stubbed ones. Some in their coverings of kid, some unprotected, exposed to the cruel changes of weather. Some gaily ornamented with ribbons, others Quaker-like in their simplicity. And then the elegant mouth-pieces! you should see them. In many a nook slumbers some trophy of our midnight pranks. A huge, gilded clock, dumb from its birth, leans in grim silence on the mantel-shelf. O, could it speak, it might tell of its old rusty crase, left bare and desolate—say "This is not my legitimate resting-place." But "dead men tell no tales," neither do dumb clocks reveal secrets. We hazed one young fellow in the freshmen class this fall. Jolly, wasn't it glorious fun!

He thought he knew all the world and a little more. Said he had known more of mathematics than any of the professors, since he was a babe. His boasting was perfectly awful! We determined to take the wind out of him. I invited

him to my rooms. He looked flattered, but recollecting his dignity, said :

"Well, Nickerson, I think I will. You see I like your looks. I'm rather particular whom I chum with."

I bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"What night will you come?" said Dick.

"Let me see. To day is Monday. To-night I'm engaged to call on some young ladies. Yes, to-morrow night I will come."

The lying freshman. He had no lady friends in Cambridge. I expressed my surprise.

"What, going to call on the young ladies?"

"O, yes. I like to flirt just a little. I know it is wrong to raise hopes which can never be realized: but the ladies do pet me and tease me so, that I can refuse them nothing."

The next evening brought young Wiggins. He found a room full, many of whom I introduced under a fictitious name.

I.—"Mr. Wiggins, shall I introduce you to my friend, Jones."

Jones.—(Real name Wight.) "Ah! happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Wiston."

Wiggins.—"Wiggins is my name."

Jones.—"Ah! yes, Thompson! I understand. My name is J-o-h-n-e-s, not J-o-n-e-s."

I.—"Mr. Wiggins—Mr. Jackson. (Real name Swinton.)

Jackson.—"I am honored by this introduction, Mr. Wilkins."

Wiggins.—"W-i-g-g-i-n-s."

Jackson.—"O, beg pardon, Mr. Wij-jins. Smoke? Have a meerschaum?"

(Instantly a dozen meerschaums were handed to Wiggins.)

Wiggins.—"No, gentlemen, I thank you."

(Upon this we all gathered around Wiggins and puffed the smoke in the poor fellow's face.)

Jackson.—"Going to join the what d'y call it—society?"

Wiggins.—"No. You see I cannot. They wont let me."

Jackson.—"Lucky for you! 'Tis a mighty mean affair."

I.—"Mr. Wiggins, I have not as yet introduced you to my friend Plankman. Allow me. Mr. Plankman—Mr. Wiggins."

Plankman.—"Ah, how are ye, Winkle? Right glad to meet you."

Wiggins.—"Mr. Jackson, how about that society?"

Jackson.—"Why, you see, Mr. Wij-jins, if you don't agree with the president, they just put you out. I was expelled for daring to think Lincoln might possibly travel up salt river."

Wiggins. "Isn't this a free country? Have

not our fathers fought, bled and died for—Gentlemen, my blood boils with indignation. There is talent enough in this room for a society of our own."

All.—"Good, good. You shall be president."

Jackson.—(Aside, but loud enough to be heard by all.)

"Websterian brow!"

Dick.—"Gigantic intellect!"

All.—"A speech, a speech!"

Wiggins.—"Gentlemen, I do love to speak sometimes—but I feel a little unwell. Wont some of you open the window?"

I.—"Goodness! would you have us freeze?"

Wiggins.—"Yes, gentlemen, I love to speak for my dear country; in the praise of those principles I cherish more dearly than my own life. I am a Republican. I proudly look forward to that day, when, in the words of little Johnny Hickman, 'honest old Abe shall take his place in the White House.' Some water, pray. (I rang for Scipio, our little boot-black and ordered a glass of water.) Yes, the south may secede, and—" (here he arose to give an extra flourish, caught his coat and tore it slightly.)

Plankman.—"That's too bad. Too much eloquence for your cloth. But here's a needle and some thread to mend it."

Wiggins.—"O, don't trouble yourself!"

Dick.—"Yes, Plankman, you do the thing up brown."

Plankman.—"Certainly, only you must wet the thread for the needle."

Wiggins.—"That I will do." (Accordingly he opened wide his huge mouth, when Plankman thrust the thread nearly down his throat. In withdrawing, some of the saliva fell upon his hand. Dropping the needle and thread, and putting on an injured look, he demanded:)

Plankman.—"Do you mean to insult me? I know not what the others think. I consider it the same as spitting in my face."

Wiggins.—"O, no insult was intended."

Plankman.—"Very well! let's have your coat."

Wiggins.—"That's white thread, and my coat is black."

Plankman.—"Why, so it is. Strange I should make that mistake. But here is some black."

(Hereupon he mended the coat quite nicely, but instead of cutting, he purposely pulled it to break the strong thread, thus puckering the rent till it made an unseemly bunch.)

I.—"So then you are a Republican? You go for Lincoln, whose mother is a woman?"

(Here Scipio, after his unnecessarily long stay, entered with a glass of water, which he passed to

Dick, who passed it to Wiggins. That darkey of ours is a great specimen of humanity. His head is large, covered with the tightest of curls. His skin is very black, forming a rich background for the whites of his great eyes. His lips would make a comfortable seat for a moderate sized boy; and when he feels particularly good, they project most grandly. Occasionally their pale red is relieved by a tolerable show of ivory. His arms have the appearance of being put on "hind side first," as Scipio says. They play about like little fins upon a fish. His waist is very long. It is a matter of much wonder to us students how he ever digests his victuals. Indeed he runs greatly to *waist*. Quite a digression.)

I.—"Did you notice that darkey of ours?"

Wiggins.—"I saw one of the downtrodden race."

I.—"Let me prove to you Lincoln is a nigger."

Wiggins.—"How? No insult to Lincoln."

I.—"O, no! Lincoln's mother is a woman?"

Wiggins.—"Of course."

I.—"Scipio's mother is a woman?"

Wiggins.—"Yes."

I.—"Then if Lincoln's mother is a woman, and Scipio's mother is a woman, and Scipio is a darkey, consequently Lincoln is a darkey."

Wiggins.—"Then you're a nigger!"

I.—(Rising in great pretended rage) "What! do you mean to insult me? I'll have satisfaction. Heenan's teacher was my teacher. I can make the shoulder thrusts as well as he. I can hit you in the eye—"

Jackson.—"O, stop! no fighting. Wiggins he's a desperate fellow when his blood is up. Just ask his pardon."

Wiggins.—"I won't. I didn't insult him."

"I have not fought a duel since I came East. I am thirsting for your blood. Which shall it be—pistols or swords?"

Wiggins.—"I—I—I—I—don't approve of fighting. I—I—ask your pardon."

I.—"Well, I don't know as I care to have your blood on my hands—so here's my hand."

(Here the smoke and fright together had made Wiggins quite sick.)

Wiggins.—"Gentlemen, I would be glad to stay with you longer, but—I feel—quite sick." (He rushed to the door.)

All.—"Winkle! Wiston! Thompson!"

Wiggins.—"Good evening!"

Jackson.—"How about that society?"

Wiggins.—"O meet at my room Wednesday night."

(We caught him by the arms, and puffed the smoke in his face.)

All.—"Have a meerschaum? Winkle, I say, have a meerschaum?"

He jerked himself away, and rushed down stairs in perfect desperation. Poor fellow! many tricks we played upon him before all the green was off. It is not to be supposed during this long stay east, not a thought of the little milliner of Cincinnati intruded itself upon my lonely hours. No, indeed! I never went into the city of Boston without lingering before the showy windows of the milliners' shops along Washington Street, in the hope of seeing the sweet face of Isadore, peering out from amid the wealth of flowers and ribbons. One day, I fancied I saw her step from an elegant carriage with footman and coachman in livery, and enter Warren's. Only one glimpse did I have of her face, and that seemed like Isie's. But the costly surroundings was not like the little milliner I knew, and I turned away satisfied my search was unended.

About this time the Prince of Wales was making a great stir this side of the Atlantic. I venerate the noble woman it is his privilege to call by the endearing name of mother. When we shall have graduated, Dick and I will spend several years in Europe; and it will be my greatest pleasure to render homage to that pattern woman and model wife, Queen Victoria. Who can but respect the son of such a woman! I for one, will love him for his mother.

Yes, I hope to spend many years in Europe. That is not the best of it. Listen! I am not going alone. Who can be going with me? My coincidence, of course. And so it happens, a lady will travel with him—a little Mrs. Dick, our old friend, Nannie.

Am I to be that unhappy third—always near when never wanted? Hang me, if I travel that way. No, I am to take with me the sweetest little wife—a bewitching Mrs. Hal—the darling little milliner. Would you like to know how this can be, seeing as yet I have not told you I have found her? The how is this. The prince quite turned the hearts of us students. For was he not to honor us with a call? We must go to the ball, anyhow. And go we did. Splendor of splendors! I cannot tell you much about it, but will refer you to the papers, Boston Journal, Herald, and a host of others. I will only say I met my Isie there, and that we recognized each at sight. Dick says she was one of the most elegantly attired ladies there. The mischief, if I care! Isie is a jewel of herself.

I called on Isie a few days after; found her in a splendid mansion, the pet of an old uncle, who, upon hearing of his brother's death and the destitution of his niece, sent for her to make it her home henceforth with him. Now if there is anything on my mind I must let it out. I said to

Isie, therefore, during that first call, after a short preamble :

"Isadore, will you marry Hal Nickerson?"

"I will," she said.

Said I, "Shall we be married directly after I leave Harvard, so that we two can travel with Dick and Nannie?"

"As you please, noble Hal." (Bless her!)

And now, cousin Sallie, have I fulfilled your desires? You certainly ought to be very grateful to lazy Hal, for the unwonted exertion of writing so many pages.

Lector benevole this is only for my cousin, so if you please, and if you don't please, spare your criticisms.

FROST MUSIC.

I was once belated in Canada on a fine winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake, when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. For some time I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain. I thought of the pine forest which was not far off; but the tone was not harp-like, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached—and then it seemed to be miles away in a moment; and again it moaned, as if under my very feet. It was, in fact, almost under my feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there had made air-holes, for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence, but they would come out with an explosion, when, in some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would blow up, and make a crash and a racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me, and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my very heart thrill again.—*Once a Week*.

HOME COURTESIES.

A correspondent gives us this experience:—"I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I have made my home in the course of about nine years, there were only three or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark! Not over three or four happy homes in twenty, and the cause so manifest and so easily remedied! Ah, in the "small voice courtesies of life," what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much happiness or disquietude may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.—*Life Illustrated*.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL PHYSICIAN.

The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Traveler* relates the following:—A story is told upon Rayer, the eminent physician of Paris. He was called in six weeks ago to attend a sick child. The child—it was the only child of wealthy parents—recovered its health. A few days after Rayer had discontinued his visits, the mother of the little invalid called on the doctor. She said: "My dear doctor, there are services rendered in this world, for which money cannot pay. I know not how we could adequately reward you for your kindness and attention and skill to poor Ernest. And I have thought that perhaps you would be good enough to accept this little *porte monnaie*—a mere trifle—but which I embroidered."

"*Porte monnaie!*" roughly replied the doctor. "Medicine, madame, is not a sentimental profession. When we are called in to visit sick people, we want their dues and not their gratitude. Gratitude—humbug! I'd like to see gratitude make the pot boil, and I have not only to make my pot boil, but I have got a horse to feed, madame, and a driver to pay, madame, and daughters to portion, madame—and gratitude wont aid me to do any of these things. Money is what is required—money, madame—yes, money."

The lady was, as you may well imagine, confounded by this burst of indignant talent, and she could only stammer, "But—doctor—what is your fee?"

"My fee is two thousand francs—and I tell you, madame, there is no use screaming about it. I will not take one sou less."

The lady did not scream. She quietly opened the *porte monnaie* "I embroidered," unrolled the five bank notes in it, gave two to the doctor, placed the other three in the *porte monnaie*, and the latter in her pocket, and bowed profoundly, "Good morning, Doctor," and made her exit.

PORTUGUESE WOMEN.

The position of woman in Portuguese countries brings one nearer to that Oriental type from which modern society has been diverging. In the lowest classes, one daughter is often decreed by the parents to be brought up like a lady, and for this every sacrifice has to be made. Her robust sisters go barefooted to the wells for water; they go miles unprotected into the lonely mountains; no social ambition, no genteel helplessness for them. But Mariquinha is taught to read, write and sew; she is as carefully looked after as if the world wished to steal her; she wears shoes and stockings and an embroidered handkerchief, and a hooded cloak, and she never steps outside the door alone. You meet her pale and demure, plodding along to mass with her mother. The sisters will marry laborers and fishermen; Mariquinha will marry a small shoekeeper or the mate of a vessel, or else die single. It is not very pleasant for the girl in the meantime; she is neither healthy nor happy; but "let us be genteel or die."—*Lancet*.

EVERGREENS.

The evergreen stern winter's power decides,
Like hope, that in misfortune's storm abides.

ANONYMOUS.

[ORIGINAL.]

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

BY J. W. VAN NAMER.

The moonlight quivers on the flowering hill,
On the kingly river and humble rill;
On the tall and ever-wooding forest trees,
On the tiny shrub, bowing meekly in the breeze.
It shines on palace, cottage, hut and hall,
It sheds its beams of love alike on all;
It brightly kisses every dancing wave,
And pours its baptism on the silent grave.

The moonlight beams for me has many charms:
'Tis then I rest from this world's cold alarms;
'Tis then I love to silent sit and muse;
'Tis then the bonds of earth I fain would loose;
'Tis then I strive to pierce the midnight gloom,
And look into the land beyond the tomb;
'Tis then I love to watch the pale moonbeam
Gild the clear surface of the rippling stream.

There is much that is beautiful in this land of ours—
The lofty hills, the dales, the fragrant flowers,
The gorgeous sunsets flashed from autumn skies,
The bright stars with gentle angel eyes,
The wide-spread ocean rocked to fabled sleep,
A thousand treasures hid in nature's keep;
But O, I love the moonlight our blessed Father gave,
To shine a glimpse of heaven upon the lowly grave!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GARNET RING.

BY M. LINDSAY.

DURING the first year of my practice as an attorney, clients and cases were so few with me, that I found it an agreeable change from the dullness of an almost unfurnished and unfrequented back office, to visit the court rooms, where I not only became familiar with the usages, arts and means of success employed by skilful lawyers, but where I could see human nature in its perplexities and struggles, its feebleness and power, exciting in me an interest and sympathy that the drama has never equalled.

One freezing morning during the first week of December, my office having been wholly innocent for the season of all artificial warmth or means of warmth, was too cold and cheerless to be endured any longer. It was enough to quench the light of hope and fire of courage in the most hot-headed and enthusiastic young man, so I determined to leave it for a while. I took down from its hook my old overcoat, the ever ready and unflinching friend of two or three winters, which, regardless of its dignity as an outsider, had never shrunk from the duties of frock-coat, dressing-gown, sick-gown and bedclothes. But alas! on this fireless cold morning, when it would

have been so grateful to my poor heart and poorer purse to have found it transformed into one of the thickest beavers, fur-lined and fur-trimmed, invincible to the fiercest northwester, it looked to me, spite of my old attachment to it, and my gratitude for its services, it looked quite *used up*, brown and rusty, thin and threadbare; its collar sadly soiled, its button-holes rent, its buttons lonesome, no two standing together. And worse—the once friendly garment was to my gloomy and suspicious eyes—a traitor. Would it not tell to every one who should see it, the secrets I most wished to hide? those which might bring my final ruin? Would it not tell that I was poor and unsuccessful, that I had no business and no immediate prospect of any? that I had no acquirements and abilities which the world needed; not enough even to enable me to take care of myself? The once good friend seemed anything but a friend now, and it must not go with me this morning. But then if it stayed at home, its absence would tell my tale the same as its presence. I was in despair. What could I do? What was there for me but poverty, neglect and mortification? I hurried away to the police court-room, where turbulent and uncontrollable distress makes us forget the suffering that can be hidden; where the hopeless and frantic agony of crime makes us feel ourselves fortunate in innocence, however else unfortunate.

As I entered, a girl was put on trial for larceny; a common case, as that stated: yet I saw something in my first glance at her, that made me forget lack of clients, cheerless office and tell-tale overcoat. She was about eighteen; fair and fresh-looking; with soft light hair brushed neatly over her ears; large blue eyes, the lids very much swollen by crying; and small, unmarked features. She was clad in a dark blue merino dress and a plain white collar. I cannot clearly explain what it was in her that so interested me. The inner life has an expression outward that is more easily recognized than described, and it was probably this. I felt that there was undoubtedly something wrong in the case; that decent looking young person, so neat and proper in dress, without any tawdriness or ornament, did not belong in a prisoner's dock; ought not to be there.

I watched her and watched the trial. The clerk read the indictment. The girl stood up and heard herself, Selina White, charged with stealing a shawl and dress, the property of one Mary Wilson. The tears rolling in streams down her cheeks, and her voice scarcely audible from emotion, she pleaded "not guilty."

The first witness was the police-man who ar-

rested her. His testimony amounted to nothing more than that he had found the clothes alleged to have been stolen in a carpet-bag marked with the prisoner's name, and claimed by her. The prisoner ceased weeping when this witness was called, and kept her eyes steadily fixed upon him. She was told by the judge, whose sympathy she had evidently enlisted, that it was proper for her to ask any questions bearing on the case, and I now perceived that she had no one to defend her, or give her special advice and aid. She availed herself of the privilege with which the judge had made her acquainted, and endeavored to draw from the officer the admission that she had shown more surprise when the stolen articles were found in her carpet-bag than any one else present, but in this she failed. He was altogether incommunicative and evasive in his answers to her.

One Mary Wilson testified to the loss of some clothes which she described; some garments were shown her which she identified. In answer to questions she stated that they had been lying in a trunk; that she had not laid eyes on them for three months or more till she found them in the prisoner's carpet-bag, and that one Mary Murray had suggested her looking there for them.

Mary Murray was now called. She was a very bold girl, showy in dress and airy in manners. Her fingers were loaded with cheap rings, the most conspicuous of which was a large garnet. While the stolen garments were being shown, I had observed a young man crowd as far forward as he could get to look at them. My eyes happened to be on him when he first caught sight of the witness's rings, and the expression which then covered his face excited my interest scarcely less than that of the prisoner had done. I approached him and inquired, "Do you know anything of this case?"

"Not much," he answered, coloring deeply.

"Do you know *anything*?"

"Well—yes—some things," he answered.

"If it is anything that can be brought to bear in favor of the prisoner tell me forthwith," I said, "for she is an innocent looking girl, and I am afraid things will go hard with her."

"She never stole them things," he said.

"They were found in her possession; that is strong legal proof, and I am afraid it will decide the case against her."

"Are you a lawyer?" he asked.

I answered that I was.

"Are you *her* lawyer?"

"I am now going to offer to defend her; if you can tell me anything, I warn you that there is not a moment to lose."

"Well, then, some of the same fuzz and trimmings that's on them stolen clothes is on this girl here on the stand."

"Is that so? Are you sure?"

"Sure as can be."

"Well, that's something, or may be."

"Then I know that big ring on her fore-finger as well as I know my hand."

"Do you?"

"I'd swear to it."

"Well, we'll give you a chance to. What is your name?"

"Miles Allen."

"Keep on hand where you are, and we'll take care of this poor girl, if we can."

I sent up a line to the judge, in which I offered to defend the prisoner. He announced this fact, I took a seat beside her, and the trial went on. The interview with Allen and the note to the judge had prevented me from hearing much of Mary Murray's testimony; but the prisoner seemed to have lost nothing of it. She questioned her closely as to their personal relations, and from the answers she drew out, it was evident that Selina's pretty face had excited considerable admiration in a young man who boarded at Mrs. Wilson's, and whom Mary Murray chose to consider her beau; that Mary had shown ill-will towards Selina on making this discovery, and made some slanderous remarks concerning her, and had even uttered a few threats for her warning. I permitted the prisoner to elicit these facts without interruption, and I must acknowledge she did it with a tact which surprised me, and which I could ascribe only to strong woman-wit quickened and urged on by the extremity of her circumstances. Mary Murray was leaving, when I detained her for further examination.

"Have you any employment?" I inquired.

She answered in the affirmative.

"What is it?"

"Cap-making."

"Who is your employer?"

This she told.

"Do you work at the shop, or at your own lodgings?"

"Sometimes at the shop, and sometimes at my lodgings."

"Where have you worked during the last week?"

"At my lodgings."

"What is the work upon which you have been employed?"

"Caps."

"Yes; but what kind of caps?"

"Plush."

"Of what color?"

"Mostly brown."

"Was that bit of brown plush now hanging to your shawl-fringe, trimmed from the cape?"

The witness did not answer, but impatiently catching up the end of her shawl, shook off the shred.

I turned to the judge. "Will your honor direct that that shred be secured? I shall have something to do with it."

It was picked up and handed to the clerk.

Mary Murray was still on the stand. I resumed my questions to her. "You board in the same house with Selina White?"

"Yes."

"Is your room near hers?"

"No, hers is in the attic, and mine is a chamber over a back tea-room."

"Was Selina ever in your room?" I had learned one or two facts from Selina before I put the last question.

"No; she never was; I never had anything to do with her."

"Were you ever in Selina's room?"

"Not while she had it; except the day the police-man searched it."

"Did you then handle the clothes found in the carpet-bag?"

"No; the police-man allowed no one to touch them."

"When did you last see Mrs. Wilson wear the detain dress that has been shown here?"

"I can't tell exactly; not for some months."

"Has it been in your room among the plush cape to your knowledge?"

"No sir."

Mary Murray was dismissed.

I now called Miles Allen. At mention of this name, the little girl at my side started forward as if she had received an electric shock, then sank back and held her hands tightly together as if she was struggling with some powerful feeling. She looked steadily at this witness as she had done at those who preceded him, but her color kept coming and going, and she was excited and anxious. Miles Allen answered to his name and employment; he was a carpenter; came from New Jersey; had been here about six months.

"Do you know the prisoner?" I asked.

The girl's eyes were full of tears, but there was a look of hope, almost of triumph, on her face as he bluntly answered, "Yes, sir, I do."

"Where did you know her?"

"Where we both came from, in New Jersey."

"How long have you known her?"

"Ever since she was born. And I know her too well to believe myself, or let anybody else believe she's a thief."

"Never mind your opinion of her character now," said the judge. "Do you know anything about the present case?"

"I know as much as this; that there's the same fuzz on the clothes they say Selina stole, as was hanging to that gay girl's shawl."

"Do you know the witness, Mary Murray?" I asked.

"No. I hope not."

"Do you know the ring she wore on her finger this morning?"

"Yes sir," with an emphasis, was the answer.

"What do you know about it?"

"I owned that ring once myself, and Selina White owns it now, for I give it to her, and she aint the girl to give it away."

"How did you recognize it?"

"Because I did. I'd know it anywhere as soon as I'd set my eyes on't; but if you're a mind to, I'll tell you how *anybody* may know that that ring don't belong to the girl that's got it. Inside on't you'll find my name 'Miles Allen' pretty plain and a little something else besides, per'aps."

"Have you anything further to tell us with regard to this case?"

"Only that the gay girl proved plain that she never know'd or loved Selina enough to make her give her the ring, and so I'd like to ask how'd she get it? and then who's the thief after all?"

"Those points will be settled at a proper time," said the judge, and at my request he ordered Mary Murray to be re-called. She appeared, quite red with anger. I examined her as to where she obtained the garnet ring, and as I anticipated received only unsatisfactory and contradictory answers. The judge requested her to remove it from her finger. She refused. An officer in attendance soon relieved her of the ornament which he handed up to the bench. The judge looked at it carefully, and then read from the inside, "Miles Allen. To the girl I love best."

There was a general titter through the courtroom. I glanced at Miles. He was smiling and blushing, but showed no shame or embarrassment. It was plain that he thought it no unmanly thing to give a ring to the girl he loved best, and he was not unwilling to have it known that the pretty, modest-looking Selina White was that girl, though she was now in the prisoner's dock on trial as a boarding-house thief.

"Now," said the judge, turning to the clerk, "I think we will look at those stolen clothes again." They were produced, and on being examined, there was found fastened to some bead trimming which ornamented the dress, a bit of

brown plush, the same in shade and fabric with that the clerk had secured. In the meantime an officer had returned from Mary Murray's lodgings (where he had gone at my suggestion) with a brown plush cap, which she had lately finished, and on comparison it was found that its material was the same with the shreds before in court.

The testimony was now all in, and I rose to make the defence. I went over the evidence and showed that there was nothing against the prisoner but the one fact of possession, always a strong one, I admitted, but in this case outweighed by the too apparent malice and guilt of the girl Murray, who had not only hated and plotted to ruin her, but had stolen from her herself. In proof of this, I alluded to her jealousy, her threats, and her too great readiness in throwing suspicion upon Selina; I dwelt upon the circumstance that a bit of plush which appeared to be a cutting from Mary Murray's work was found upon the stolen dress although it had been packed away for a long time previous to being found in the prisoner's possession. It had not been shown that Selina White ever had any plush or had ever been in Mary Murray's room to obtain it. "Then how," I asked, "did this detective shred find an opportunity to fasten itself upon the dress in a sudden transit from its owner's trunk to a stranger's travelling-bag? Perhaps," I suggested, "Mary Murray might tell us. She had a similar shred attached to her shawl, and is it not possible, nay probable, that she could tell how and where its fellow became attached to the trimming of the stolen dress? Might it not have been caught in a temporary lodgment in her room, or by contact with her own clothes? How else?" In view of all the circumstances proved, it was easier to believe that Mary Murray had stolen the clothes and then put them in Selina White's carpet-bag in order to ruin her and get her out of her way, than that Selina had stolen them.

I then touched upon the garnet ring, showing that it undoubtedly belonged to the prisoner, and had been taken from her carpet-bag when the stolen articles had been deposited there, and ended with a few words of appeal to the conscience and sympathy of the judge, intended to produce its effect on the spectators rather than the person addressed. The judge whispered a moment with one of the officers near him; then rose and pronounced Selina White innocent of the charge preferred against her. There was a loud burst of applause. I took Selina's little cold hand in mine and told her she had better leave with me at once. We had but just reached the door when Miles Allen joined us, shaking hands and laugh-

ing and talking so fast that one could hardly understand him. I learned this, however, that he and Selina loved each other too well to be far separated; that Selina had come to get work near Miles at his suggestion; that, owing to a series of blunders not so easily explained as frequently met with, she had failed to find him on her arrival, but that certain of meeting him soon she had spent her time in looking for employment till she was arrested for theft and lodged in jail. Miles declared himself to have been surprised beyond expression, so much even as to have been suspicious of his mental state, when on going to the court-room to make complaint of some wrong done to himself, he saw the very "girl he loved best" in the dock on trial.

But the lovers were happy now. And so was I, notwithstanding my old overcoat. I don't know whether or not Miles Allen noticed that I was thinly clad and that spite of a strong effort of will, I showed great sensitiveness to the cold on reaching the outer air, but this I know, that the warm-hearted fellow gave into my hand (I don't say *paid* for of course I never charged him or Selina anything) he gave me the price of one of the very best overcoats I ever wore, within a week of the time when I first met him in the police court-room.

There may be some who are desirous to know whatever more I can tell them about the garnet ring. I will therefore add, that soon after the trial I have described, the morning papers reported Mary Murray to have been convicted of stealing a ring and fined twenty dollars, failing to pay which, she was sent to jail.

And this, further. No longer ago than last summer, I met Miles Allen on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, leading a fine little boy who looked the very image of Selina White as when I first saw her. Leaning on Miles's right arm was Selina herself, and what was curious, on her little left hand which clung to the strong, muscular arm, was the identical garnet ring that had proved her innocence. Perhaps she was proud of it, and desirous of having it seen and admired; perhaps it was so large it might have torn or misshaped her glove. At any rate, whatever her reason for so doing may have been, she wore it in plain sight, and I knew it as well as Miles Allen swore he did, long years before.

THE SEASONS.

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the key fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say:
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

SONG.

BY EDWARD J. HOWE.

Come, dearest, the moonbeams are playing
O'er valley, and mountain, and plain;
Come, dearest, my sorrow allaying,
We'll wander together again.

O, can you still doubt my affection,
Still refuse to dispel my annoy;
To replace my heart's deepest dejection
With bliss and indwelling joy?

I think of thee, dear, when awaking,
The sun's silver sheen doth illumine;
When storms around me are breaking,
And the heavens are darkened with gloom.

I love thee, dear angel, more fondly
Than cherub or seraph can love;
I love thee, dear Sallie, thee only—
My angel, my darling, my dove.

O, scorn not my heart's true affection;
I love—how charming that line!
My solace in every dejection—
O, that your love were but mine!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PERILS OF A NIGHT.

A TALE OF 1777.

BY FRANCIS A. COMPTON.

AUNT BESSIE was an inveterate story teller. Her tales all of them good, acquired an additional interest to us from the knowledge that they were for the most part actual experiences, gleaned either from her own life, which had been a strangely adventurous one, or the private history of some of her nearest friends. The following Revolutionary reminiscence, commenced in an abrupt manner which had grown to be habitual, she related to us many years ago, in nearly the following words:

"For more than an hour all had been bustle and confusion. Cattle were driven off, boxes packed, furniture brought out, wagons loaded, and all the hurry and commotion incident to the sudden flight of half a score of peaceably-inclined families from as many uncomfortable log-houses situated in the nearly unbroken wilderness of northern New York, reigned throughout our little settlement.

"A short time before, unwelcome news had been received. A messenger had arrived from Burton Lodge, a small fort half a mile away to the north, so called from the officers who com-

manded it, with the intelligence that General Burgoyne and his army had at last arrived in the vicinity, and that scouting parties of Tories and Indians were being constantly sent out, committing all sorts of cruelties and depredations, and we might at any moment be surprised and attacked by them. An invitation was sent at the same time by Captain Barton for us to remove as soon as possible to the fort, for greater security, and that our men might be in a better situation to defend us, than while scattered so far apart.

"Consequently, as the plan was considered worthy of attention, all was bustle and preparation. At last, after a wearisome delay, which seemed an age to my impatient spirit, everything was got ready. We all started together, Uncle Will, Cousin Philip, Katie, Jennie, and myself, with our neighbors and friends about us, and the loaded wagons and teamsters following closely behind. The distance was very short, but I am sure it appeared almost endless to us all, at least it did to me, and I never was so glad as when we reached the fort. The insecurity of our situation frightened me, and I am sure I was not the only one of our number who felt some emotions of dread while thinking of the perils which encompassed us.

"We were expected, and our reception was quite cordial. Willing hands assisted us to alight from our conveyances, and helped us to stow away the baggage we had brought, so that in half an hour we had all gathered in one of the larger upper rooms. It was not expected that we should converse much. We thought too deeply for that!

"Hours passed on, and as no enemy made its appearance, things went along quietly enough until after sunset. Then I stationed myself at one of the windows, to be ready to act upon any emergency which might occur. The prospect spread out before me was a richly diversified one of hill, valley, meadow, and water, while away to the south the roofs of the houses we had deserted, were plainly to be discerned. I could not but admire this view, notwithstanding the pre-occupied state I was in.

"Another thing added considerably to the grandeur of the scene. Dark, heavy clouds were sailing rapidly overhead, forming themselves into all sorts of fantastic shapes as they shot athwart the sky, while a long line of inky blackness extended for some distance above the horizon where the sun had just disappeared. The view was rendered more beautiful and sublime by its diversity, but I was soon recalled from the contemplation of the changes which were so rapidly taking

place around me, by something of far more importance to myself, and to those I loved.

"I had made a fortunate discovery for the welfare of us all. Upon the summit and sides of an abrupt hill, not more than twenty rods away to the left, a quantity of logs was lying, which had been cut some time before, and allowed to remain. Some sudden movement at last fixed my attention upon this spot in particular. I possessed considerable penetration in those days, and I had not been on the watch five minutes before I could have sworn that a particular portion of the logs, which extended from the summit of the hill to near the base, had moved from their first resting place. Half an hour before I should have cried out at the discovery. Then I merely called Philip to my side.

"Our foes are coming," I said to him, quietly. "Do you see those logs on the hill yonder? Every one of them conceals the form of an enemy!"

"Impossible! What do you mean, Bessie?" he asked, staring at me in dismay.

"Look! See for yourself if they are in the same spot they were half an hour since. I may be mistaken—but you will know!"

"He looked at them steadily and earnestly for a moment.

"You are right, Bessie," he answered, at last. "You have made a discovery which not a single man in the garrison would have done."

"He pressed my hands with sudden warmth between his own.

"I am proud of your penetration and courage," he continued. "They do honor to all your friends and those who love you, as well as to yourself."

"He would have said more in the same strain, but I stopped him, and merely telling me to continue to use the same discretion with which I had proved myself gifted, he turned away to speak with Captain Burton. As quickly and noiselessly as possible, our companions were made acquainted with the new peril which threatened us, and preparations commenced to meet it in a proper and worthy manner.

"As might be expected, the announcement caused some disturbance among the more timid of the women and children, but it was soon quelled, and all proved themselves to be worthy the stations they held as wives and offspring of soldiers. The men stopped every now and then to speak an encouraging word, as they went about their duties, which served to keep up our spirits somewhat. Half an hour passed, and it had grown to be quite dark. I still stood at the window, when I saw a man spring suddenly out

from behind the nearest log, and ascend a tree, probably to reconnoitre. The thick foliage entirely concealed him from view for a while, then a sudden gust of wind parted the branches so that I could very plainly distinguish him. It was an Indian!

"Captain Burton passed me just then. I touched his arm.

"Do not expose yourself in view of that tree, yonder, sir," I said.

"Why, have the devils got there so soon?" he asked, with sudden eagerness.

"Yes. An Indian has just concealed himself in the branches."

"An Indian! I suspected the red fiends were about from the caution of their movements! What do you say, boys—shall I fire into him, or wait, and give them the first chance?"

"Yes, yes! fire away, and let them see we are not to be caught napping!" were the ready answers that came from the men. It was all the brave captain wished, and turning to a loop-hole which commanded a view of the spot, he raised his rifle. Again the wind parted the branches, as if in compliance with his wishes, leaving the form of the Indian fully exposed. For one moment his eye glanced along the barrel, and then a sharp report succeeded, followed almost immediately by a shrill cry of pain and rage. His aim had been a sure one, and the soul of the Indian went out to join those already in the happy hunting grounds.

"An almost unearthly silence followed, but it was of short duration. Then a terrible sound, that made many hearts quail, rose on the evening air, the horrid war-cry of the Indians! The struggle had begun! From every side dark forms arose, faintly discernible by the waning light, and in less than half an hour, more than three hundred blood-thirsty savages had gathered before the illy-defended garrison. An hour of unceasing terror followed. Shot upon shot was fired in upon us, bravely answered by the reports of the rifles of our own party, the men having stationed themselves at every convenient loop-hole, prepared to defend families, friends and property with their lives.

"At last the enemy ceased firing, and a man, plainly discernible by the aid of the torches he carried, bearing a white flag, approached the gate of the lodge alone. It was a white man, and I uttered an exclamation of joy on becoming acquainted with the fact, but my emotions of self-congratulation and delight were soon at an end, when I observed the serious expression of Philip's face.

"Do not be too hopeful, Bessie," he said.

'The rude savages of these wilds would show us far more mercy than some of our white brothers.'

"Do you think he would do us harm?" I asked quickly.

"I certainly cannot expect that he means us well, at least judging from what has just transpired. I suspect he must be either an Englishman or a tory, and consequently one of our worst enemies."

"The result proved the correctness of his surmise. The man halted at a convenient distance, and called, in good English, for the surrender of the lodge in the name of his Britannic majesty. The demand was listened to by our men in derision.

"You don't come in proper trim to expect that," was the reply of our gallant captain. 'Had you brought twice as many of those howling redskins with you, our answer would have been the same!'

"The man stopped, and seemed to be thinking deeply for some moments. At last he called in a tone that was meant to be conciliatory:

"Surrender at once, and it shall fare better with you! I promise you, in that case, the protection of the British governor, and the security of your lives and property. Our terms are easy, only swear allegiance to the British crown."

"A murmur of scorn and indignation ran from mouth to mouth among the men. Captain Burton was the most excited by it. He clatched his rifle nervously, as he sprang to the nearest loophole.

"We don't know your King George," he cried tauntingly, 'and if he wants us, he must come for us! You don't catch us relying upon his promises or yours, or those of any of your detestable kind!'

"Then prepare yourself as well as possible for the result of your refusal," was the angry retort, 'for you shall yet live to repent it!'

"He moved hastily away, and the firing was resumed with increased diligence. Thus it went on for nearly an hour. Then I noticed that the captain suddenly began to grow restless, and appear ill at ease. At last he called two or three of his most trusty men aside. I was near enough to them to catch their words.

"I do not wish to alarm you unnecessarily," he said, 'but I think our position is beginning to become dangerous. I do not fear those howling devils without, so long as we have proper means of defence, but this will not be for many hours. There is scarcely a horn of powder left in the last keg!'

"His companions were silent for a moment, in astonishment and dismay.

"That's bad, certainly, captain," spoke Jim Robinson, the eldest of them. 'There's plenty of it in the cellar at my house, if we could only get to it! I came in such a hurry, it was left behind.'

"It will be impossible for any one to leave the fort undiscovered in quest of it, I suppose. Well, we will do what we can with the little we have at hand, and then decide upon our course. If the contest is continued much longer, the security of us all will depend upon being able to gain possession of it, however."

"They turned away, and again took their part in the contest which was raging. But what I had heard was enough to decide me. I sought out cousin Jennie immediately.

"Now," I said, in a low, earnest tone, which decided her at once, 'I have formed a sudden plan which I am determined to carry out. You must not raise a single objection, for all you can say will be useless. I am going to leave the fort! Now what I require of you, is to descend to the rear with me, where no one will be liable to see us, and take away the ladder after I have reached the ground. Not a word, now, for I must go, I tell you! Perhaps the safety of us all depends upon it! The men are already out of powder. I know where there is some, and shall endeavor to obtain it. Come!'

"I believe I really frightened her into submission, for she obeyed me passively. I had hardly reached the ground, however, before a shout from the men I had just left, informed me that I had been seen, though not recognized. I did not stop to learn the extent of the discovery, but crept along in the shadow a short distance, and then fled as fast as my weary limbs would carry me. I had not fully realized the consequences of my mad project, until fairly on the way. Then I could not return. The thought of the savage foes by whom I was surrounded, made me sick at heart, but I could hear their cries upon the opposite side of the fort, and I hoped by being cautious and silent in my movements, and keeping in the shade of the forest, to be enabled to elude them.

"I knew well where to find the hut of Robinson, for I had been there many times before, and, though situated nearly half a mile away, I was but very few moments in performing the journey. I entered the house without difficulty, and found a candle in the kitchen, which I lighted to assist me in the search. With this I descended to the cellar, and then, after a careful selection, took possession of a couple of small kegs which I thought I could carry. With my prizes I again ascended to the kitchen. Here my good fortune

seemed to desert me, for I had hardly reached this spot and extinguished the candle, before I heard steps approaching, and the guarded tones of two or more men just outside.

"My first thought was to yield quietly, without a word or struggle, for I felt assured these could be no friends of mine. But love of life was yet altogether too strong within me. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I placed myself behind the door, so that it opened directly upon me, and stood trembling there until I saw it pushed back, entirely concealing me from view, and heard three or four men enter. They groped about the room a few moments, and at last found the candle, which they lighted.

"'Let's search the cellar first,' said one of the men. 'If old Robinson left anything valuable here, he'd be sure to stow it away in some such place!'

"His companions appeared to approve of the same course, and much to my relief, they descended the stairs together. When they were fairly out of sight, I felt that I had no time to lose, and hastily catching up the powder, I sprang noiselessly from the house. I ran with all the speed my trembling limbs would afford me, towards the fort, where I could still hear the occasional report of fire-arms. I had not proceeded far, however, before I was brought to a sudden stop. A tall, dark form rose in the path before me! It was too late to turn aside, and I could only sink to the ground in utter terror and despair. But this lasted only a moment, for a hand was placed softly upon my head, and a voice I well remembered, asked:

"'Is it indeed you, darling, out in this wild place?'

"'Philip—Philip—I am so glad you have come!' I could only sob, in reply.

"'You were very foolish to depart upon such an errand as this,' he said, 'but I will not scold you! you deserve too much praise for the motive which prompted you for that!'

"'But I've got the powder—I've got the powder—here it is, Philip—under my shawl!' I cried, earnestly.

"He pressed me with sudden warmth to his heart.

"'Bless you! God bless you, my Bessie!' he spoke, hoarsely. 'You deserve a great reward for this! Though it is still very uncertain whether we shall ever again reach our friends alive, and though you must have perished had I not so soon discovered your absence, and the reason, still I cannot help saying you have done a great and noble action!'

"He raised me in his strong arms as he said

this, and turned towards the fort. The journey was mostly performed in silence, for our hearts were full—we felt no inclination to speak. Long enough before we reached our destination, the clouds which at first had looked dark and lowering above us, suddenly parted, and the full moon shone pleasantly down upon us, and lighted up our pathway. This rendered our situation so much the more alarming. Nevertheless, we understood our position, perfectly. We were surrounded by enemies, we might be surprised at any moment; everything was in favor of our foes, even the new-born beauty and brightness of the night, and we were two weak creatures at the most, illly enabled to defend ourselves, yet we would not entirely despair.

"The firing had ceased, and we hardly knew in whose hands we might find the fort, still we pressed on eagerly. After awhile we came fully in view of it, and then at once comprehended the true state of affairs. The savages and their inciters had only retired to deliberate, and were grouped together a little beyond gun-shot from the fort. Philip thought a moment, and then asked:

"'Are you yet strong and brave, Bessie? Can you attempt a great feat?'

"'You can only try me,' I endeavored to say, energetically.

"'I will! There, give me your hand! Now our lives depend upon our speed! We must reach that fort, yonder, before we attract the attention of our enemies, or we are lost!' he said, earnestly.

"The distance was not very great, for we stood in the nearest shade to it which would conceal us, and summoning all the strength and resolution possible, at a sign from Philip we sped forward with lightning-like rapidity. One hundred yards were gained—two—the distance half accomplished—when suddenly we heard the yells of the savages at the right. We were discovered! We would not pause to look around, but on, on, we sped—faster—faster—every nerve was strained, every exertion put forth, life or death was at the issue, and you may well believe no effort was spared! Shot after shot was fired at us, hatchet after hatchet went whizzing past, still we kept on, undismayed and unharmed! Our foes were just behind us, we were almost in their power, but the gate was reached at last—opened suddenly by our friends, who had been on the watch—and then I sank forward, faint and dizzy from exertion, and fell senseless into the arms which were extended to receive me. But we, and all our friends in the fort were saved!"

[ORIGINAL.]

"PASSING AWAY."

BY G. H. M.

Where'er my eyes on earth I cast,
Where'er my footsteps stray,
One solemn thought still fills my breast:
All these shall pass away.

First man, God's greatest work,
The creature of a day,
For whom this shining world was made,
Soon, soon shall pass away.

The budding flowers we see around,
All bright in spring's array,
Cold winter's chilling winds destroy,
And thus they pass away.

The granite rocks, which aye have stood,
Washed by the ocean's spray,
Massive, and great, and seated deep:
E'en these shall pass away.

The giant oaks our forests throng,
With age grown strong and gray,
Receive the universal fate,
And also pass away.

Old Ocean's self shall yield at last
To Time's restless sway;
Though roaring now with conscious might,
He, too, must pass away.

The very earth on which we tread,
With age shall know decay;
The heavens above, with sun and moon,
All, all shall pass away.

An ancient king relief did seek,
To ease his mind in pain;
And also when good fortune smiled,
Excess of joy restrain.

A learned philosopher he sought,
His troubles to allay,
Who told his king to keep in mind
"This, too, must pass away."

Thenceforth on all his palace walls,
Where'er his eyes might stray,
Was writ, in characters of gold,
"This, too, must pass away."

And ever after o'er his soul
It held a soothing power;
It modified his greatest joys,
And cheered the darkest hour.

O, blinded man, why wilt thou yet
Thy work of faith delay?
Prepare to join that heavenly land,
Where none shall pass away.

For hope across the darkest path
Has flung a heavenly ray,
As with this onward march of time
We pass to endless day.

[ORIGINAL.]

JENNIE DORN.

BY M. A. AVERY.

SHE came at last, after many pressing invitations, the young friend whose presence Janet Day had longed for more than anything else, since she returned home from the seminary six months before, and after a joyous welcome, she took her up to her room, and left her to dress, and wash off the traces of her dusty journey, while she ran down to hurry the dinner, and communicate the glad intelligence to the household.

The young guest, meantime, with her usual alacrity, and disregard of the many niceties of the toilet, that occupy the time and attention of so many of her sex, had changed her dress in a twinkling, doused her pretty face in the wash bowl, gave her curls a toss, and was on her way down stairs, to see the wonders of a place of which Janet had told her so much, when her footsteps were suddenly arrested by these words, in a deep manly voice in the lower hall:

"Who did you say, Janet?"

"Jennie Dorn, Hermon, my dearest friend and chum, from the seminary!" and the tones were very glad and joyous.

"What, that silly little flirt of whom you and Grace Selwyn have talked so much since your return?"

"Nobody else, I assure you, sir; but, don't for pity's sake, put on that dolorous face, or call my little Jennie a flirt, either."

"But what else is she, if what you have both told me of her is the truth, Janet?"

"What else? A lively, frolicsome girl, like your humble servant, sir, who likes a beau occasionally, wants to get some fun out of life, and don't believe in always wearing a grave face, stepping by rule or playing propriety and decorum."

"So I thought. Just the sort of girl to be an unfit associate for my wild sister. I am sorry she has come, Janet."

"Sorry she has come! my best, brightest, merriest, truest-hearted little friend. O, you inhospitable fellow! I shall cry with vexation after all the pains I have taken to get her here—all I have said to her in your praise—if you do not give her a warm welcome."

"But what did you want to praise me to her, for?"

"I've half a mind not to tell you, but believe I will out of spite. I love her so well that I wanted her sometime to be my sister, and your wife. But when I showed your miniature to

her, and she, without knowing who it was, said the original must be an awful homely fellow, I must needs praise your many perfections and good qualities, and say that you would be just the one for her."

"Well?" And the tone was sufficiently dissatisfied.

"You needn't look so sour about it, for she don't want you, and when I told her your age, she said she would as soon think of marrying her grandfather as such a homely old fellow as that. She don't know now that it was your picture, for I would not tell her after that, and she will be surprised enough when she sees you. Of one thing you may be pretty sure, brother, that she will never fall in love with the dissatisfied face you now wear."

"I hope not, certainly, for I am no more in love with her light, hoydenish character than she is with my homely face."

"I hope she'll make your heart ache, out of revenge for your severe judgment of her. Yes, I hope the little witch will captivate my sometimes good and affectionate, but at present surly brother."

"And I hope she'll save herself the trouble of trying to do so, for I should as soon think of being captivated by the antics of a monkey, which I suppose are about as sensible."

"If you don't find yourself mistaken in Jennie's character I won't guess again. You've listened to the rigmarole of Grace, who owes her a spite, and that silly jackanapes, Harry North, till you think Jennie and I were a couple of sad scapegraces at school, when in truth, she at least, in spite of her wildness, always had the best lessons of any one, and was one of its greatest ornaments."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, of a truth; and to be serious, now, you won't go to having an odd fit, and treat my guest disrespectfully, will you, Hermon?"

"Did you ever know me to do it, Janet? I hope I know what belongs to good manners better. But there is no necessity for extra attentions on my part, and I hope her visit will be a short one."

"I have asked her to spend a month with me, and that I am sure is little enough."

"A month!" ejaculated the voice, in a tone of dismay. "In half that time the house will be upside down, and Mrs. Bloom in hysterics."

"I'll risk Mrs. Bloom and you too, for that matter. All I fear is that she will die here of ennui and homesickness, with such gruff hospitality as you seem inclined to extend to her. I'll not ask anybody here again very soon, see if I do."

"There, now, don't go into a pet, darling. You know that I have always cordially welcomed your young friends. I only feared, from what I had heard, that this one was an uneuitable companion for one of your gay temperament. I will make the best of it, however, if you'll promise not to be led away by her hoydenish example."

"You won't catch me making any such promise, Hermon." And Janet's voice died away in the distance just as the bright young face of her guest disappeared from the landing at the head of the stairs.

It would be impossible to describe the emotions that swept over that young girl's heart as she listened spell-bound to the above conversation. She had no thought of playing the eaves-dropper, and did so only from surprise, and inability to move on when the voices first fell upon her ear; and it was only when they were hushed that the power to do so came back to her.

"O, I wish I had never come here," she sobbed, as she ran back to her room, threw herself upon the sofa, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. After indulging in a hearty cry, she raised her head, and exclaimed, as she dashed away the tears, "O, I wish I could leave here instantly! But here I am landed, with my baggage; the stage won't be along again till day after to-morrow, father is travelling out west, and the house shut up at home, and I must stay perforce, or march off somewhere on foot and alone. I've half a mind to do it, though, just to show my appreciation of this surly gentleman's hospitality. But what would Janet say, after I had promised her such a long visit? I should have to tell her the truth, but I should hate to, awfully. Poor girl, I pity her to be shut up in this lonely place, with such a churlish wretch, such a musty, crusty old bachelor. I believe I should hang myself if like her I was obliged to stay with him for life."

Up and down, up and down the room paced the young lady, the vehemence of her passion dying gradually away, and the hot flush fading from her face, as she reflected upon her unexpected reception, till at last she regained something of her usual composure.

"Poor, poor Janet!" she murmured at last, "I believe I will stay a few days after all, out of pity to you, and to spite him, ugly old torment that he is, the original of that ill-looking picture, too. Hopes I shall save myself the trouble of trying to captivate him with my monkey antics. Humph! But I'd as soon think of captivating a bear. But hold, wouldn't it be fun, though, to bring the old fellow down from his stilts, and

see him make a fool of himself? I never should have thought of it, though, if he hadn't put the idea in my head." And in spite of her wounded pride, she laughed quite merrily. "I declare I've half a mind to try it just for sport; but we'll see, Mr. Lofty, whether you're worth the trouble. You needn't flatter yourself, though, that silly little flirts, who can captivate, are to be caught by sour old curmudgeons like you."

Now the reader must not suppose our heroine a little ninny, with but two ideas in her head—namely, love and matrimony—for she had a good many, and she really came out to Wellspring without the most distant idea of trying to captivate the ancient bachelor brother of her friend whom she had always hitherto regarded from that friend's description, as a real good, kind-hearted, fatherly sort of a personage, who was ready to pet and indulge young people in all their whims and fancies.

Having never known the fostering care of a fond and judicious mother, and petted and indulged from infancy by a fond father, whose only child she was, it was no wonder if our little lady had grown up somewhat wild, thoughtless and frolicsome, with quite a strong propensity to have her own way when she could get it. But at heart, in reality, a more generous, kind-hearted creature never existed, or one who could more easily be guided aright by those she esteemed and loved.

Of course it was not without some trepidation that she descended to the dining-room with Janet, and was presented to the ogre brother, whom she now dreaded to meet; nor did the first glimpse of his proud, calm face heighten her prepossessions in his favor.

In truth, however, Hermon Day was not such a brute as she had imagined him. Deceived and disappointed by the wiles of a heartless coquette in early life, he had taken a disgust to the sex, and partly withdrawing himself from a society that highly appreciated his fine talents and gentlemanly manners, as well as his great wealth, he had gone to his country seat, shut himself up with his books, and became such a devotee to science and literature, that the uproar Janet and her young friends sometimes made—as he feared, from the reports he had heard of Jennie, would now be the case—sadly jarred upon his nerves, upset long trains of thought, and woefully interfered with his favorite fine-spun theories. Such being the case, studious people would be very ready to excuse his fault-finding, though others might not, as did the young lady herself when she came to understand him. But studious re-
cluse though he was, and like a piece of ma-

chinery revolving in one continued round of ideas, the sight of that young, bright, frank, ingenuous face at once disarmed him of his prejudices, made him unbend from his dignity in spite of himself, and try his best to make his young guest feel at home.

But Miss Jennie's memory of animadversions was too fresh for her to feel at ease in his society, and for a week she was as reserved and dignified in his presence as the most fastidious gentleman could desire, though out of it she would assume her real character.

At the end of the week she spoke of returning home; but Janet was indignant at the thought, and would not hear a word to it. They were in the parlor at the time, with Hermon apparently engaged with a book at a distant window, and when a few moments later Janet left the room for something, he came over to where she sat and said:

"Are you homesick, Miss Dorn, away from the noise and bustle of city life?"

"Not exactly. I love the country, and am never tired of roaming over its pleasant fields, or through its dark and silent forests, or of sitting by its murmuring brooks in the bright summer days."

"Why then do you wish to leave us so soon?"

"I thought my visit was already as long as might be agreeable to—to—you, sir." And a wave of bright crimson swept over cheek and brow as she said it.

"Shall I tell you why you thought so?"

"You do not know."

"Miss Jennie, let us be frank with each other, for once. I had heard you misrepresented, received a false impression of your character, and was unjust and illiberal to you in a conversation with my sister soon after your arrival, and I think a report of it in some way reached your ears, to judge by your evident dislike and avoidance of me. You believed that you were an unwelcome visitor, and the memory of my harsh words cast a shadow over all your enjoyments. But when I tell you that a sight of your frank and truthful face removed my prejudices, changed my opinions, and made me truly sorry for my fault-finding, and that I really feel your worth, and nobleness, will you not forgive the pain it must have cost you?"

"Yes, but you will readily suppose that I thought my reception very flattering, when I tell you that I inadvertently heard the whole conversation—flirt, hoyden, picture, monkey and all." And for the first time Jennie laughed to think of her much-abused character.

"Try and forget it," he said, with a look of annoyance. "It was unworthy of me, and I am heartily ashamed of it. But above all, my dear young lady, do not leave us till we are better friends. Janet is lonely here, and wants you to stay with her, and now that I know you are a good, pure-hearted girl, I shall be delighted to welcome and keep you as long as I can. Will you stay?"

"Are you sure our mirth and mischief will not annoy one of your studious habits?"

"No, Miss Jennie. Your united presence in the house is as cheerful and pleasant as a gleam of sunshine among deep shadows."

"But you have seen only the Sunday side of my character as yet, Mr. Day."

"You think so, Miss Jennie; but I am not deceived. I have heard playful wit and ringing laughter more than once during the week, and I like you none the less for it. And if you conclude to stay, I shall stipulate that you put on the everyday character at once, without fear that I shall restrain you."

"Well, upon those conditions I think I will stay," said she, smiling, "and perhaps till you are tired of me."

Both parties were immensely relieved by this conversation, though as yet the most friendly relations were not established between them. By degrees, however, her shyness of him vanished, and she assumed her real character, which to him, at least, was exceedingly charming and loveable, and the communion of ideas thus established was really beneficial to both. It did him good to unbend his mind from his severer studies, and interest himself in the pursuits of his gay young associates, whose bright, fresh thoughts were a never-failing source of amusement to him, when he chose to enjoy it, and who, invisibly led by his guiding intellect, soon began to interest themselves in his own graver pursuits, and even adopted a systematic course of reading, and became his pupils at stated hours, much to their own profit and advantage.

Previous to this, however, he had seemed to think it a very great bore to pay the young ladies all the attention hospitality seemed to require. He rode, and walked and sailed with them, and did all in his power to promote their pleasure, for which he was rewarded by Janet's delighted thanks, and Jennie's friendly confidence. This pleasant domestic intercourse was at last broken in upon by the arrival of a party of guests, friends of the family, from the city, among whom was Miss Hatkins, the identical young lady who in earlier life had come so near capturing his heart and purse.

He had been strongly fascinated by her beauty and accomplishments seven years before, and but for her coquetry would have tendered her his heart and hand; and now, perhaps, she might have lured him back by her dissimulation, but for the bright young face, glad voice, and joyous laughter of the little blue-eyed fairy who had so unconsciously crept into her old place in his heart.

From the first, Miss Hatkins hated her, and felt instinctively that she was her most dangerous rival; but she soon found that all her arts and misrepresentations of others could not win him back to herself.

There were several gay young gentlemen in the party, who were joined almost every day by others from the neighborhood, and Janet and her young friends improved the opportunity to dance and flirt to their heart's content.

Hermon knew at last by his indifference to Miss Hatkins, and the jealous pangs that assailed him when others paid devoted attentions to Jennie Dorn, what was the true state of his feelings; but what had he, with his plain face, gathered years, jaded heart, and hair streaked with silver, to offer that would weigh for a moment in the scale of her youthful judgment, against the youth, beauty and talents that were offered at her shrine? Really nothing.

All the guests departed at last, but Jennie, and she was expecting her dear father to come for her every day, when news came of his sudden death. He had been killed by a frightful railroad disaster, and the news came upon her with such sudden and crushing force as almost to take away her young life. Hermon and Janet consoled her as well as they could, and went home with her to attend the funeral; after which, at her earnest request, he became her guardian, and as she had no near friends, by their united invitation she went home with them to reside till her majority.

She mourned long and deeply for her lost father; but youth is ever buoyant, and like the bent reed raises its bowed head when the storm has passed over, and in the earnest sympathy and kindness of her new friends, the poor girl found consolation.

Months, and even years passed away, and Hermon for their sakes spent the winters in the city, and the summers partly in visiting new scenes, that they might have the benefit of society and pleasant associations, and both were now alike distinguished for their beauty and talents, as well as their wealth, with plenty of lovers sighing around them.

Janet came to a decision, however, when the

heart of one recreant Harry North was offered her, and she was about to become his bride, while Hermon, older now, and still graver, looked on with seeming indifference, though his heart was still filled with secret but passionate longings for what he never hoped to possess.

One day when preparations were making for Janet's marriage, he happened to be alone in the library with Jennie, while Janet had gone out shopping, and after talking of it awhile, he said, after an awkward pause:

"Jennie, it is a long time since you made me a confidant in your love affairs; but I conclude, from the reports I hear, that you are about to be married yourself. If so, why not make a double wedding of it?"

"For good reasons," said Jennie, with a rising color, "for I am not about to marry, and perhaps never shall."

"What, I thought Dean Hazelton—"

"Is not the man upon whom I could bestow a priceless gift. He lacks principle."

"Indeed, you surprise me! But Richard Selwyn surely—"

"Wants a rich wife, but makes his avarice quite as conspicuous as his admiration, in spite of his fulsome but heartless professions."

"Will you tell me then who is the favored cavalier?"

"No one. I try and treat them all alike."

"No one? That is hardly possible. Few girls arrive at your age without a preference for some one."

"And if it is for one who does not return it, what then?"

"That can hardly be your case, Jennie," he said, with a glance of surprise, "for if I mistake not, your choice is almost unlimited."

"You may be mistaken," said Jennie, with a laugh and blush, and then, as if to hide her confusion, she continued, "but it seems to me, Mr. Day, that you are unusually anxious to get rid of me, now that Janet is about to leave you."

"Do not believe it, Jennie."

"Well, perhaps I had better go, for many reasons, though not in the way you proposed," said she, musingly.

"Look at me, Jennie," he said, as he eagerly caught her hand, while a deep flush mounted to his cheek and brow. "Does not your woman's heart divine that with you goes all the sunshine of my life?"

She raised her eyes to his with one quick, startled glance, and then dropped them to the floor, while her face became suffused with blushes.

"Were I ten years younger, I would plead as

for my life for you to stay with me forever, as it is, perhaps it is better for us both to part," said he, sorrowfully.

"Are you sure?" The words came unbidden to Jennie's lips.

"Sure? Of course I am. I know that it would be impossible for you, young, rich and beautiful as you are, to love one as old, grave and plain as I am."

"Not more impossible, perhaps, than for one as wise, and good, and noble as yourself, to love a vain little trifler like me," she murmured.

"You are not a vain trifler, but a true and noble woman. I feel your worth and nobleness, and it will be like death to me to resign you to another. Yet I desire your happiness above all else, and to the best of my power will assist you to obtain it if you will tell me how. If you have a secret preference for any one—"

"I have none that would take me away from—here, but I must go—" She broke down here, and rising suddenly she turned away to hide the tears that would come in spite of her self-control.

A sudden light flashed over Hermon's brain, so bright, so dazzling as almost to take away his senses; and rising with beaming eyes, flushed cheeks, and a heart swelling with emotion, he followed her, and taking her hand as she was about to leave the room, he said:

"Jennie, dear Jennie, come back, will you not? You were ever frank and truthful; be so now, and relieve me of this terrible suspense. You say that you have no preference that would take you away from me; will you be as candid in telling me whether you do or can love me well enough to stay with me for life?"

The blue eyes were raised for an instant to his dark beaming ones, and re-assured by their kind, loving glances, she murmured:

"Yes, Hermon, I desire no better home, no greater happiness."

"And you will be my wife, dear Jennie, the partner of my joys and sorrows?"

"If only thus I may stay with you."

"But do you not feel it a sacrifice? You do not, you cannot love me as well as you would a younger and handsomer man," said he, doubtingly.

"If you think so, we had better part here and now."

"No, no, dear Jennie. After one such bright glimpse of a new world of happiness I cannot give you up—unless—unless there is one you love better, of whose sentiments, perhaps, you are uncertain—"

"There is nothing of the kind, Hermon. But

I will be frank with you. I have had my little, brief fancies—and who has not?—and I have appeared very gay and thoughtless to you; but in truth, ever since I came under your roof, and found out your worth, and goodness, you have, I cannot tell why, become my standard of all excellence, and come between me and all other passionate loves. You were plain, I acknowledge that I thought so once; you were much older and wiser, and I believed cared nothing for me, and yet I found no one to compare with you in intellect, generous kindness, or that subtle power of attraction that constantly drew me to you, and away from all other entanglements. You were my constant companion—you attended us everywhere—if you could not approve you bore our follies patiently. You became father, brother, mentor, and guardian, all in one, with constant and unvarying kindness, and at last I gave you unsought, unreturned, as I believed, the love all others had sought in vain."

"Thank God for the priceless gift, darling, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. All I have silently suffered for years at the thought of one day losing you forever, but enhances the joy of the present moment."

"Why, what on earth does this mean? I should like to know," exclaimed Janet, as she burst into the room at that moment.

Jennie colored violently, and tried to release herself from the arm that was surrounding her, but it only clasped her the closer, as he said:

"It means, Janet, that you and Harry are not the only happy lovers in the world."

"Lovers! Jennie don't love you, Hermon. She is fooling you if she told you so. Why she can choose from a score of handsome fellows."

"I know that very well," he said, with a fond look at Jennie's blushing face, "nevertheless, she is to be my wife."

"She said once she would as soon marry her grandfather, and I believe it."

"That was before she saw me; she has changed her mind since then, Janet."

"And you yours," laughed Janet. "If I don't mistake, you called her pretty names, once, and were wonderfully afraid she would captivate you by her monkey antics."

"A truce to all unpleasant memories in this hour, Janet. But what say you to a double wedding in the family?"

"Jennie, do you really love this dear, good, patient, homely brother of mine well enough to marry him?"

"Yes, I think I do," said Jennie, blushing.

"Then I congratulate you both, and will hold up both hands for the double wedding," said

Janet, more seriously, "and God grant both unions may be happy ones!" And so they were.

A GENEROUS CRIMINAL.

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived next morning, before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat, and for concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father was walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay their rent. "You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without any means to provide for them." The convict listened to his tale with tears of sympathy, and then said, "I will give you means. I have just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner, is entitled to the reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?" "Forty francs," answered the father. "Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body; I will follow you to the city; they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back." "No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener; "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing." The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and deliver himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle, the father yielded, and taking the prisoner by the arm, led him to the city, and to the mayor's office. Everybody was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young man; but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But, after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release.—*Paris Presse*.

AN ENIGMA.

Round about what is, says Longfellow, lies a whole mysterious world of what might be—a psychological romance of possibilities and things that do not happen. By going out a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend at a corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some great occasion of good or avoid some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma, but the one word, "Providence."

[ORIGINAL.]

NIGHT IN WINTER.

BY WILLIE WARR.

'Tis night on the highlands, the lowlands and plains;
 The winds, like dark demons, rush over the hills,
 Their wild, unearthly shrieks and laugh are echoed
 Over the mountains, across the frozen rills.
 Dark, sombre-looking clouds float in the dull blue skies,
 O'er all the earth a shroud of pure and spotless white
 now lies.

The frost-king sits upon his throne
 Of vapory clouds, which are swiftly blown
 Along by the cold and fearless winds,
 That love to do homage to their king.

The trees that skirt the mountain brow
 Are decked with icy jewels now,
 And flakes of feathery snow.
 A few short months ago
 Their branches wore a robe of green—
 Bright emerald green;
 And ripening fruit, so temptingly,
 Hung between the leaves.

The moon looks coldly down
 Upon the snowy earth,
 Through steel-blue clouds:
 Many a scene of mirth
 And revelry she sees;
 Many a fireless hearth,

And homes made desolate by disease.
 Perchance she sees loved forms arrayed
 In garments for the grave;
 And hears the cry of dying men—
 "Lord, pity me, and save
 Me from the fearful doom
 That now awaits my soul!"

But still her look is cold—
 Ay, bitter cold!
 The frost-king holds his revel,
 The miser o'er his gold
 Sits through the long, long night,
 With little fire, without a light;
 And thus the night wears away,
 And dawns another wintry day.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SWITZER'S DAUGHTER.

BY JEROME MEYER.

THE morning rose bright and cheerful over a little Swiss cottage lying in the very shadow of the Alpine hills. It seemed almost a mockery—that brilliant sunshine—for within that low home there lay two invalids, the earthly sum of whose existence seemed fast drawing to a close. Albert Keller and his wife were stretched on two little beds of straw, looking at each other with eyes that beamed with fondness and affection, though soon to close in the film of death. Between the

two beds that stood but one or two feet apart, knelt a young girl who seemed scarcely past her childhood. She was very pale; for, although she had never before seen the approach of the destroyer, she knew, intuitively, that her parents both lay under its dreary shadow.

The mother had long been fading away with consumption. She had no pain—but her life was going gradually out, until she became so thin and ethereal, that one might look to see her resolving into the elements without the process of dying—a vapor curling away into kindred mists.

Keller had watched her decay with a breaking heart. She had been all in all to him—the bride of his youth, the partner of his manhood. Why need she die? She was still young—only thirty-four—and had never, thanks to his watchful care, been subjected to labor or fatigue. She had only stayed in the little hut, taken care of her one quiet, womanly little child, and prepared the simple meals which alone he could afford, the easily-cooked boiled bread and milk which foraged their usual repast.

But his poor Bertha came of a consumptive race, and the poison lurked within her from her birth. She was doomed, just as her mother and sisters had been. Keller worked, as cheerfully as he might, for trifling wages, at a place at some little distance, where goat skins were cured. He hurried home each night, expecting almost to find Bertha worse—perhaps dead. But she clung to life, and kept up for her child's sake, until the poor emaciated frame could no longer support itself. One night Keller did not come. The shadows of evening hung over hill and valley, and brought terror and dismay to the poor feeble wife. She besought little Ida to go out into the glen; to call him in the sweet voice which he loved so well to hear. Afraid to leave her mother alone, Ida was at length obliged to yield to her entreaty, and she followed the narrow pathway by which her father always came home. Half way up the hill, she stumbled over something. She stooped over it, and by the pale starlight, she saw that it was her father's body. A shriek half rose to her lips, but she remembered the poor invalid at home, and suppressed it. With a woman's presence of mind, she stepped aside to one of the little rills that watered the valley below, and brought her hands full of the sparkling drops, bathing his lips, his forehead, his hands. A groan announced that he still lived, but a darker liquid than the water was oozing from his temple. Hastily the girl tore a portion of her frock and bound it tightly around his head; and when he was fully able to talk with her, she

led him slowly and carefully down the hill to his home. He had stumbled and fallen in his haste to get home, and had struck his head upon a sharp pointed stone. An inch further, and he had died there alone. As it was, he was terribly injured. He lay stupified all night, while his poor wife thought he only slept from fatigue; for neither he nor Ida told her what a fearful wound he had received. The child summoned what aid she could command, and a neighbor went to the next village for a doctor. He came, examined his wound and shook his head.

"Are you his daughter?" he asked, kindly, and tenderly, of Ida. She tremblingly answered, as if with a presentiment of what he was about to say.

"Then, my child, you have nothing to do but to wait. Give him water as often as you please. I am sorry I can tell you nothing more."

She understood him. She knew, the quiet little maiden, that she was on the verge of a double loss, for the father could not live, and the pale shadow in the other little bed would not survive him. All day the bright sun shone in upon that group; upon the man's bandaged head, the woman's thin, transparent hands, and the child alternately waiting on each, or kneeling between them.

Often the brown, labor-stained hand and the poor, pale one would meet together on the light brown tresses of the kneeling maiden, and both the feeble voices would murmur a prayer together for the child about to become desolate. Many were the offers of assistance from kind neighbors, but Ida wished these sacred hours to be consecrated by herself alone. She would fain catch each word and treasure it as addressed to her only. When twilight veiled all things in a gray, misty atmosphere, Keller stretched forth his hand to his wife.

"Bertha," he said, in a firmer voice than he had yet spoken, "I shall not long be separated from you, but O, may God protect our child."

"Amen!" was softly responded from the other bed.

With a hushed and holy awe, Ida knelt down and pressed a hand of each. The evening hours went on. The pale starlight, and at midnight the moon came up gloriously and looked in at the silent scene. All was still, and the child thought they slept. Then the moonbeams reached their faces. They were white and cold. The death angel had not even fluttered his wings to break the silence!

"We are going away to America," said a kind, cheery voice, speaking to the desolate child,

a few weeks after this scene. "We hear pleasant accounts from two or three who went last year to the Wisconsin prairies; and Guillaume told me to ask you if you would not like to join us. He says you shall have a home with us as long as we have one, both for your own sake and that of your parents."

Ida was bewildered, for she knew so little of life beyond the mountains that bounded her daily view. But Guillaume and his wife had been very kind, and she would be lonelier than ever without them; so after a little more explanation, and reading the letter of the emigrants, she acceded to their wishes. She had no home, for sickness had swallowed up all but enough to pay the funeral expenses, simple as they were. So, on a morning as bright as that which witnessed her great sorrow, Ida found herself with a party of Swiss and Germans travelling by railway to Paris from Strasbourg. Here, they commenced a journey on foot across the city, to the Havre railway station. And now came the still-recurring, never-ending variety of Parisian sight-seeing. Unconscious that their own quaint attire was as much an object of interest as any of the gay shows were to them, they trudged along the boulevards and through the most crowded thoroughfares, stopping to gaze eagerly upon the shop windows, and almost forgetting in their excitement, that they were not quite at their journey's end.

Longer and more eagerly did poor Ida gaze at a picture which caught her eye, of a little Swiss valley, that seemed at once to take her back to her own little home. She strained her eyes over the shoulders of a group of little boys who were pointing it out to some over-dressed girls—their sisters, perhaps—and the *bonne* who accompanied them. It was a new picture, she judged, by their enthusiasm, although she could not understand a word they said. She got nearer at last, and O, Heaven! it was indeed her own dear home! Somebody had seen it and sketched it; and there was the spring and the pet goat, and there too was her own father coming down the hill, and her own mother, in her white cap and apron, sitting at the door, and there too was Ida, with her eyes shaded by her hand, looking upward as if listening to the coming step.

O, if she could but possess that picture! Forgetting that she could not make the master of the shop understand her, she rushed eagerly in to beg the picture, little knowing what a fruitless request it might be. It was the beautiful picture room of Goupil and Vibert; and one of the proprietors stood near the door. To him she preferred her request, and he referred her to another

by pointing to a young man who was at that moment placing the picture itself in a better light, by adjusting the drapery above it. Happily, he understood her language, and her excited manner, her quaint dress and her demand to know the price of the new painting, all interested him. He drew her aside from observation, and on hearing her native tongue, she forgot her companions, forgot everything, while he was talking. He soon convinced her that the picture could not be hers, but to console her evident sorrow, he drew from a large portfolio, an engraving taken from it, and colored to the life. This was within her means, although it fairly ran away with the whole of her scanty property. With the possession of this treasure, the remembrance of her companions came upon her, and she rushed from the shop to find them.

Up and down the long street she ran, nervous and bewildered, vainly asking the passers-by for information, until, worn out with terror and fatigue, she heard a clock strike five! At five the train was to leave for Havre! The last sound scarcely struck on the poor girl's ear before she fell.

In Paris, crowded as are the streets, no one falls unnoticed. In a few moments a group had collected, several carriages had stopped, and finally, a lady had descended from hers and stood over the beautiful but apparently dead girl. She had fallen nearly opposite the shop where she had bought the fatal treasure that had worked all this woe; and the young clerk, recognizing her, went out and gave the lady all the information he knew. The roll was still lying by her side, in corroboration of what he said, and the lady, yielding to a benevolent impulse, desired him to enter the carriage, into which she ordered her servants to lift the stranger.

Medical aid was summoned to restore her, and the first face she saw was that of the young clerk. It seemed like that of a friend. It was all explained through him to the kind lady, but it was all too late to find her companions. They must be far on their way to Havre, and the ship was to sail for America the next morning! How would her absence at such a time be accounted for? Another wild rush of thoughts seemed to overthrow her reason. Delirium and fever that lasted many weeks succeeded; and the hearts of the kind strangers were sorely saddened as they listened to her ravings of the mountain rills, the sweet vale where she lived, and the father and mother who had left her. Touched by her beauty, her helplessness and her desolation, her protectress, Madame Pinard, who was a rich and childless widow, decided to adopt her; and dur-

ing her illness, she watched over her as if she were her own child.

Ida recovered, after a long and terrible fever. She was grateful and affectionate; and her whole heart that was not given to the dead, was bestowed upon Madame Pinard. Masters and teachers were employed to give her all the advantages that Paris afforded of education. Her beauty bloomed afresh, and the little Swiss girl, as Madame's protegee, was courted and caressed as much as the wildest ambition of a Parisian belle could have desired. All this incense did not spoil Ida Keller, who now wrote Pinard to her name and came out confessedly the adopted daughter of one to whom the blessing of children had been denied.

Madame's first purchase was the painting through which she had found a daughter. It occupied a conspicuous place among her pictures, and to Ida herself was the subject of a true and earnest delight.

Second only to her adopted mother, in the estimation of the beautiful Ida, was the young clerk of Goupil and Vibert. He had been the interpreter of her wild fancies as she lay ill, and of her grateful and affectionate expressions as she recovered her senses. And, although the highest and loftiest titles that Parisian society affords have been laid at her feet, she prefers to wait until Henri Thaboureur can offer her a home. Together they will then visit the dear Swiss valley, and afterwards they will endeavor to find, among the prairies of the western world, the friends and neighbors who lost her in the streets of Paris.

GREEDY FELLOWS.

A Burman is not very particular in his food; he will eat almost anything. Mr. Lanciego told me that, on one of these visits, his followers observed him eating some cheese, and in prowling about the ship they presently came upon what they took to be a similar delicacy, but which, to their grief, turned out to be a bar of yellow soap. They did not discover their mistake, nor discontinue their attacks upon it, until their mouths were foaming with the lather, and in utter astonishment at their master's predilection for such nastiness.—*Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah.*

LIFE.

Jean Paul has a quaint thought on life. He says:—"A spirit on high flings us into this life, and then counts thirty, forty, seventy or eighty, as we do when we roll a stone down an abyss, and by the time he has counted thus far, he hears our final, sullen plunge into the grave." Elsewhere he says:—"Life, like the olive, is a bitter fruit; but when submitted to hard pressure, yields a sweet oil."

[ORIGINAL.]

AWAY TO THY HOME IN THE GLADE.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

Away to thy home in the glade,
 For the track of the red man is there;
 And thy wife listens faint and dismayed,
 As their war-cry rings out on the air;

While thy children have ceased from their play,
 And are shrieking in helpless affright;
 O, why did their father delay,
 While the savage had come with the night?

And well might the rose-tinted cheek,
 In that perilous hour grow pale;
 And well might those helpless ones shriek,
 As the war-whoop is filling the vale.

Then turn from the buffalo chase,
 And fly to thy home in the glen,
 Or the scalps of thy loved ones will grace
 The wigwams of demon-like men.

Ho! swift bear me onward, good steed,
 There is death in the steps of delay;
 Fall me not in the hour of need,
 We must come with the dawn of the day.

The wild savage foe little deemed
 The horse and his rider were there;
 Of the rifle's sure aim never dreamed,
 Till its bullet had sped through the air.

And then over the prairie they flee,
 Like the wind or the wolf-hunted deer;
 And thy loved ones are saved unto thee,
 Though the angel of death had been near.

Then turn to the One in the skies,
 Who the hand of the spoiler hath stayed;
 And let prayers of thanksgiving arise
 From the hearth of thy home in the glade.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY MISTAKE.

BY GEORGIE C. LYMAN.

"Miss WINNIFRED, your sister wants you in the library."

Dolly dashed this announcement into my room and then slammed the door and dashed down stairs again.

"O dear! what now?" said I, to myself, as I closed "The Woman in White," just where Hartright and Count Fosco face each other alone at midnight. "I do wish I ever could have a half hour to read in peace."

This being an ill-humored speech, the reader will be quite right if he takes it for granted that I was in a very unamiable mood. In truth I had been openly ill-tempered all the forenoon, having, as my sister Lydia expressed it, gotten up wrong in the morning.

"Lydia is always wanting me to do some disagreeable thing or other," I muttered, looking at a very sulky face that was reflected in the mirror, as I arranged my hair. I have here to observe that this was not only a very unreasonable remark, but an exceedingly untrue one, for never was a self-willed orphan girl of eighteen more tenderly cared for than was I by my elder sister.

I fastened my hair in a great heavy coil at the back of my head, pushed it back carelessly from my face, and went down to the library. In an easy chair on one side of the fireplace sat Lydia; in a rocker on the other side was a young gentleman.

"My sister, Mr. Langdon," said Lydia, carelessly. "Why, Winnifred, child, what have you been doing to yourself?"

As I advanced she drew me hastily down to an ottoman at her side and commenced re-arranging my hair. My face burned hotly as I sat silent beneath her hands, for while I half rebelled at her unceremonious manner of treating me before a stranger, I realized that the handsome eyes of that stranger were fixed steadily upon me.

"There, Fred," said my sister, putting her hand beneath my chin and raising my flushed face, "that is better. Now go to the piano. Mark wants to hear you play."

I obeyed quickly, glad of anything which would take me from beneath that fire of criticizing glances. Secretly, too, I was greatly incensed. I was angry with Lydia for calling me down for the purpose of showing me off before a stranger as if I were a child—a handsome stranger, too, probably not six years my senior. Nor was my anger diminished by observing an intelligent glance flash between my companions—my sister's look betraying an expression of arch inquiry, her visitor's, pleasant approval. Of course I did not play well; under the circumstances I would not have done myself justice if I could. At last I rose from the piano, trembling from head to foot.

"She does n't play very well to-day," said Lydia, carelessly. "Please hand me that book, Fred."

"Allow me to disagree with you," said the gentleman, courteously. "I think the young lady's execution remarkably good."

Young lady! He didn't consider me a child, and that made the matter still more unbearable. My face was all ablaze with an otherwise undisplayed passion as I turned to my sister.

"Miss Lydia," said I, adopting an air which was a cross between the submission of a well-trained servant and the dependance of a child,—
 "may I be excused, now?"

A slight color stained my sister's face as she turned and looked at me in surprise. The gentleman stared at me, also.

"Of course you are not obliged to stay unless you wish, Winnifred," said Lydia.

With a ceremonious bow I turned and walked from the room without a word. When I had reached my room I flung myself upon the bed in a passion of crying. In five minutes I had almost worked myself into a fever. At last I was exhausted. The heat of my passion seemed to burn up my tears, and I lay silent, with swollen eyelids, and an aching, painfully active brain.

What had Lydia meant by treating me so? I asked myself. Who was this Mr. Mark Langdon? Why was I thus exhibited before him, and my personal appearance and musical accomplishments paraded for his opinion? Evidently he was an intimate friend of Lydia's, she called him by his Christian name, and treated him familiarly. Probably he was some one whose acquaintance she had made during the three years I had been at school. I lay silently thinking of all this for a while with my eyes still wet and my face hot and flushed. At last an idea flashed suddenly upon me which instantly dispelled my bewilderment, while it sent a painful rush of blood to my heart. At last I believed I had comprehended my sister's intentions. She anticipated making a match between Mr. Langdon and myself. She had selected her friend for my husband.

Instantly I was trembling with excitement. Springing from the bed I commenced pacing the floor with rapid steps.

"A pretty plot!" I muttered. "How lucky that I discovered it! Now they will not guide me in leading strings as they probably otherwise would have done. I will not be bargained off like a piece of furniture to a bidder of my sister's selection. I don't want to be married, anyway, and I would never marry that Mark Langdon if I changed my mind to-morrow, and knew I never should have another suitor during lifetime."

In fact, I had worked myself into a fine passion, and only waited an opportunity to overwhelm my intriguing sister and her handsome accomplice with my indignation and scorn. In truth, I took advantage of an occasional pause before the mirror to practise a particularly haughty and repellant expression of countenance, which I believed would come in requisition when matters had become a little further advanced. I would show them that I was to have a voice in the matrimonial disposal of myself, I thought. Lydia would find a difficulty which she had not anticipated in marrying me off, at will.

By dinner time there were no traces of tears upon my face, though my eyelids were sore and swollen with my long crying, and mentally bracing myself for a conflict, if one should occur, I went steadily to the dining-room when the bell rang. As I had half expected, Mr. Langdon was with my sister at the table. Both looked up as I entered. Without speaking, I advanced and seated myself, but to my surprise, no notice was taken of my silence and reserved demeanor. Only once Lydia looked at me with anything like curiosity, but she did not address me, or oblige me to speak. She was looking unusually well in a tasteful dress, and her face was more richly colored than I ever remembered to have seen it before. As for Mr. Langdon, I could not but admire his intelligence, and the charm of his conversational powers. Half a dozen times I found myself smiling at his jokes, and more than once glanced askant at his handsome face as he talked. I hesitated a moment when we arose from the table, wishing that my resolves did not oblige me to retire immediately, but a glance from my sister aroused my late feelings in some degree, and I quickly left the room and re-entered my chamber. There I comforted myself for my self-imposed solitude, with the assurance that I had commenced my designed course remarkably well.

At tea I again met Mr. Langdon, and then for the first time realized that he was on a visit of several days at our house, and consequently I should be obliged to meet him very often. After looking at the matter in the light of these circumstances, I was obliged to alter my plans. He should not force me to imprison myself in my chamber for a week to come, that I might avoid him. I would go into the parlor, as usual, and oblige my adversaries to understand my sentiments by my manner. So far, I was compelled to acknowledge they seemed to trouble themselves very little about my feelings, but I believed this to be one of the plans for the better accomplishment of their ends. They would change their tactics before long, and then I should triumph in my consistency and firmness, I thought.

This belief was furthermore strengthened by observing the frequent and somewhat uneasy glances which Mr. Langdon cast at me as I sat silently by the parlor fire with my book. Also by the words of my sister as we sat alone a few moments before tea while Mr. Langdon was in his room.

"Are you well, Fred?" she asked, putting back the smooth, dark hair from her face which I observed to be remarkably animated of late.

"Yes, certainly," I replied, briefly.

"I thought you looked rather grave, and have appeared silent and moody of late," she said, carelessly. "How do you like Mark?"

The hot blood rushed to my face in spite of myself.

"Your friend, Mr. Langdon, appears to be a very gentlemanly person," I answered, after a pause, and with an air which I tried hard to make appear indifferent.

She laughed.

"Why, what has come over you, Fred?" she cried. "How strangely you reply to my questions. I shall be obliged to look into your late remarkable conduct, and discover the solution to be—what? Not that you have fallen in love with Mark, surely;—eh?"

Ah, she was trying me, was she? I considered a haughty silence my best course, and adopted it. She looked at me with what I considered an affected expression of bewilderment, but Mr. Langdon entered the room at that moment and she said no more.

After tea, just before the lights were brought, I stole away to the recess of a window, and shrinking behind the flowing curtain, shut myself in from the outer room. Lydia and her friend, who were in an adjoining apartment at the time re-entered the parlor a moment after, and seated themselves by a table.

"Where is your little sister, Lydia?" I heard Mr. Langdon say, and instantly I realized that I had unwittingly placed myself in the position of a listener, to any conversation which might be carried on. While my heart was beating heavily with the excitement of this discovery, my sister replied:

"Gone to her room, I presume."

"Is she shy of strangers? Why does she avoid me so? I cannot get a chance to see what color her eyes are."

"She was rather timid when she was a child—before she went away to school, but I supposed she had outgrown it, though she appears not to have done so," I heard Lydia say. "To tell the truth, Mark, I have attributed her reserve to another reason. I am afraid she has taken a dislike to you."

"Why should she? What reason have I given her?"

"Perhaps you have admired her too much over the top of your newspaper," my sister remarked, laughing. "Confess, now, that you think her pretty, and are desperately in love with her."

"Beautiful as a Hebe! and as for being in love with her, you know—"

I did not hear the rest of the remark, for a servant who had entered with coals, commenced

rattling them into the grate, and when she had gone they began talking of something else.

At the first opportunity I escaped from the room and fled to my chamber. Once there, and not knowing what else to do, I commenced crying. I cried myself weary, and then sat listlessly by the window trying to think why I was so very miserable. Somehow I felt outraged and imposed upon, but when I tried to define the person who had ill-treated me I was bewildered. I was growing dimly conscious of the existence of a mistake somewhere, when the door of my room opened and my sister came in.

"All alone in the dark, Fred?" she said, coming towards me. "Why don't you come down stairs with us? How strangely you act of late!"

I was well aware of it, as well as slightly ashamed of my conduct, for somehow I had lately become convinced that however much Mr. Langdon might admire my pretty face and musical accomplishments, the idea that he had the serious and long planned intention of marrying me was all a myth.

"Winnifred, dear," said Lydia, sitting down beside me, "I have something to say to you. I wish you wouldn't treat Mark as you do."

I sat silent in the darkness.

"Because you do not do yourself justice for one reason," my sister went on. "I had depended on your liking each other and being the best of friends before he came, but you are so silent, and appear so grave and unnatural, that you repel him and pain me."

She paused an instant for me to reply, but I said nothing. I was bewildered by her words, and hesitated whether to seek refuge with my old belief or my tears.

"I am prejudiced in his favor, of course, but really I cannot see what cause you can find to dislike him. Only be a little more amiable, Winnifred, and you will find him the kindest brother in the world."

"Brother!" I replied, involuntarily.

"Yes. He used to appear quite rejoiced in the prospect of gaining a little sister as well as a wife after we were married, and was always making pleasant plans for us three, but really, you confound him with your behaviour. Now I wish you would appear more like yourself before him, Fred, and even try to love him a little for my sake. Wont you promise me, dear?"

I did promise. When she had gone down I rested my burning face upon my hands and mentally repeated these lines:

"But afterwards she did repent,
And said that it was needless;
And vowed she nevermore would do
Anything so heedless."

[ORIGINAL.]

ASLEEP ON HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

A mother was borne to the churchyard old,
 'Neath a drooping willow's shade;
 And sad was the knell the church-bell tolled,
 As there her pale form they laid.

But none there were of the weeping band
 Knew aught of the wild despair,
 Or felt the dread chill of death's cold hand,
 Save the boy who lingered there.

Closer he crept to his mother's side,
 And the teardrops fell like rain;
 For never again in the world so wide
 Would he find her like again.

Then forth he went from the sacred spot
 Full many a mile away:
 In other scenes where her form was not,
 To toll through the weary day.

He missed his mother's cheering smile,
 And her ever tender care,
 And he missed her soft white hand, the while,
 As it smoothed his golden hair.

Cold, bitter words, in fierce anger given,
 Fell harsh on the orphan's ear;
 And away from the wound with anguish driven,
 He fled in his grief and fear.

Still on he went, with weary feet,
 Where his only refuge lay,
 Thinking the while that her voice so sweet
 Was guiding the doubtful way.

With tear-stained cheek, 'neath the moon's clear light,
 Where the willow branches wave,
 They found the poor orphan boy that night,
 Asleep on his mother's grave!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MERCHANT'S DREAM:

—OR,—

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

BY JOHN ROSE DIX,

AUTHOR OF "PEN AND INK SKETCHES," ETC.

A GREAT while ago, several hundred years at least, there lived in Cairo a rich merchant whose name was Abdallah. He was commonly called Abdallah the rich, and sometimes Abdallah the miserly. From boyhood almost he had been engaged in business, and always successfully. Shift as it might, the wind was always favorable to some of his ships, and ventures which ruined other merchants, overflowed his coffers with gold. The blue Mediterranean reflected the gleam of his smiles. Nile, the father of rivers, was shadowed by the swarthy faces of slaves who

rowed his boats, and the burning sands of the desert were trampled by the feet of his caravans. His emissaries were known in the bazaars of Delhi and Damascus, in the spicy forests of Ceylon, and among the pearl divers of the far Indian seas. They even traded, it was said, with the natives of Timbuctoo, that mysterious city whose existence has been so often denied. Abdallah, however, had never quitted Cairo, the city of his birth. He knew too well the dangers and hardships of travel to think of exposing his precious person to them. He had but to name a place to his agents, and say, "Go there," and they went.

His bazaars were in different parts of the city, but his house, like that of every good Turk, was in the Turkish Quarters. Save the arch over the door, which was elaborately carved, and illuminated with gold letters—a text from the Koran—there was nothing about the outside of the house to stamp its owner a wealthy man. Inside, however, it was apparent, and all was rich and beautiful.

Like many other mean and selfish men, Abdallah was at heart, sensual and luxurious. His floors were carpeted with the richest stuffs of the East, brilliant in dye, and soft as flowers to the feet. Truly it was an enchanted place, that garden and house, and worthy of a better master than Abdallah.

Here Abdallah dwelt year after year. No one shared his enjoyments save his daughter Zuleika, and she only when he was away. There was not much happiness in the house where Abdallah was, he was so selfish and exacting. It was impossible to please him. He thought of no one but himself and his own gains and losses. He had a wonderful head for accounts, and could reckon untold sums by instinct. He knew to a fraction how much every debtor owed him, and how much it cost just to keep the life in his slaves. When the business of the day was over, and he had smoked his bubbling pipe, and quaffed his cup of Greek wine, he used to shut himself up in his room and gloat over his gold.

Such was the man Abdallah, and such his mode of life up to the morning when our story begins. Having a new scheme of gain on that morning, he rose earlier than usual, performed his customary ablutions, and prepared to depart for the market-place. Before setting forth he allotted the day's work to his servants and slaves, then he charged his daughter Zuleika not to leave the house during his absence; and finally, after he had made everybody as miserable as he could, he departed, and the door was barred behind him.

It was still early in Cairo, and but few of the better class of citizens had yet risen. The streets were filled with the poorer sort, and the short turn that Abdallah took to the marketplace led him among their dwellings. He had but little time for observation, so intent was he in hatching his schemes, but he could not help seeing the filth and misery which surrounded him. The houses were in a ruinous and tumble-down condition; many of them without windows and doors, mere hovels, and their dwellers were in perfect keeping—lean, sallow and ragged.

Few of the men were at home, for the day being a festival promised abundant alms; but he saw the women in the miserable rooms, and troops of squalid children. One among the number arrested the sight of Abdallah, she was so much like his own child, Zuleika. She was just her height, although her figure was frailer; had the same black hair adorned with seguinis; and the same lustrous large eyes and long eyelashes. Zuleika, however, lacked the mingled mirth and melancholy of her counterfeit; nor was she ever seen, like her, at the balcony unveiled. The likeness puzzled Abdallah; but he knew that Zuleika was safe at home, and his schemes came into his head again, so he passed on and forgot it.

He had now reached a better portion of the city although he was still in the Beggars' Quarter. He stopped in the Public Square, and gazed about him. His vision was bounded on all sides by the white walls of the city, and the fringe of palms overlooking it. The heart of Abdallah was glad within him, he hardly knew why, and he went on his way with a lighter and firmer step. To say that he was depressed by the Beggars' Quarters, or that he pitied its unfortunate dwellers, would show but little knowledge of a nature like his. Still he felt happy in leaving them behind him, and in comparing his condition with theirs.

He drew near the market place in which his bazaars were held, when he was accosted by a beggar.

"I am poor," said the beggar; "it is two days now since I tasted food."

"What is that to me?" inquired the merchant.

"Abdallah, the rich, I am poor and hungry, and I demand alms from thee!"

Abdallah started back amazed. He was not accustomed to demands, besides, he had never before been mimicked as he was by the beggar; for the voice of the latter was an exact echo of his own. Nor did the imitation stop at his voice—form, gesture, gait, everything relating to Abdallah was reproduced with strange fidelity.

It was as if he saw himself in a mirror, or stood beside himself in a dream.

There was a difference, though, between the beggar's garments and those of Abdallah. The merchant was dressed as became his station and wealth; the beggar was clad in rags which failed to hide his leanness, and he supported himself on a long staff. His face was thin and ghastly, and his eyes that burned with an unnatural lustre, were deeply sunken in their sockets. He was like Abdallah, and yet unlike; looking not so much as Abdallah did, as Abdallah might, should he, by any chance, become a beggar.

"Abdallah, the miserly," said the beggar, "you are rolling in abundance, while I am starving with want. Help me, or I die!"

"You are mistaken in thinking me rich," said the covetous merchant. "True, I have the reputation of wealth, but everybody knows the uncertainty of a merchant's business. To-day he is rich, to-morrow poor. But admitting that I am rich, my money is my own. I owe it entirely to my own exertions, and not to others. I cannot help you, so let me pass."

"But I am dying," persisted the beggar.

"Again, I say, what is that to me?"

"Listen to me, Abdallah," said the excited beggar, shaking his skinny fingers in the face of the merchant. "Listen to me, hard-hearted man. You refuse me, your fellow-man, bread, and you arrogate to yourself your good fortune. These are deadly sins, and must be atoned for. God gave you prosperity. He can give you adversity as well. And he does—from this hour there is a spell upon you."

The merchant turned away in wrath, and was about to smite the beggar, when he saw the captain of the sultan's guard approaching in the distance. In spite of himself he shuddered and turned pale.

"The curse is beginning to work, Abdallah," said the beggar, tauntingly; but Abdallah was too much troubled to hear him. He ran over in his mind all his late business transactions, to see how far the worst had infringed the law; wondered which of his many agents was most likely to betray him, and whether, if the worst came to the worst, he could manage to escape with life.

"Perhaps I may escape even now," said he, to himself. But no, the guard was too close. "Besides," he reasoned, "if I attempt flight, it will seem to confirm suspicion." But he could not have flown had he tried, for his feet were rooted to the ground.

He was a grim-looking fellow, the captain of the guard, and his manner of arresting Abdallah was not calculated to set the latter at ease. He

drew his long sword with one hand, and clutched the merchant by the wrist with the other, while the soldiers sprang upon him from the opposite side, and pinioned his arms behind him. He was then marched off in the direction of the sultan's palace. As might have been expected, his arrest drew together a crowd. First and foremost came the rabble from the Beggars' Quarters; children who broke off their plays to revile him, women who ran to see if it was their lovers or husbands; and numbers of the beggar men whom the news had already reached.

Among others was the girl who looked so much like Zuleika now. She had lustrous eyes, long lashes and dark hair, adorned with sequins, but her face was haggard with sensuality and distorted with indecent mirth. She was no more like Zuleika—the pure and beautiful Zuleika—than a wandering comet is like the moon, the silver Eden of night.

"This is marvellous, this change," thought Abdallah; and the beggar coming into his mind he turned his head to see if the beggar was changed also; and lo, he had vanished.

The guard and their prisoner had now reached the sultan's palace. It was a holiday in Cairo, and the square was filled with soldiers. The gates were thrown open, and the sultan came forth to judgment. The commander of the faithful was mounted on a superb Arab barb, whose neck arched proudly, and whose step disdained the earth. His turban was covered with jewels, and it shone like a constellation under his gaudy plume. His caftan was green, the sacred color, but his sash was deep red. It was an ominous color with the commander of the faithful, for it generally betokened the shedding of blood. So his court approached him with terror, kissing his robe and feet, and even the ground before him. "Long live the shereef! May Allah prolong his days!"

Casting his eyes over the prostrate crowd, the Commander of the Faithful saw Abdallah kneeling in the custody of the captain of the guard. He summoned the latter, and as he drew near, dragging the helpless culprit, beckoned to the executioners. Behold Abdallah between them in front of the sultan!

"We have heard of this man," said the Commander of the Faithful. "Does any one here know him? It is said that he is rich, very rich. It is also said that his riches are ill gotten. If he has wronged any here, even a slave, let the wronged man step forth and accuse him. By the beard of my father, he shall have justice!"

The words of the sultan passed from mouth to mouth till they reached the ears of a merchant

who was passing the palace. Emboldened by the sultan's permission, he accused Abdallah:

"Commander of the Faithful, the merchant Abdallah owes me five purses of gold, which he refuses to pay. He came to me one day, accompanied by a strange merchant, who he said was his friend, and who wished to purchase sandalwood and gums. I sold him five purses worth, Abdallah agreeing to pay for the same in case his friend did not. Twelve moons have passed since then, and I have not seen the merchant, neither will Abdallah pay the debt."

"Your case is hard," said the sultan, "but we cannot help you. The law will do you justice if you prove your claims. We give you a purse of gold that you may prosecute it freely."

The next accuser was one of the mamelukes. "Commander of the Faithful, this shopkeeper lately sold me a sword for a true Damascus blade. I paid him his price without higgling, and went forth to battle with the enemies of the prophet. A boy whom I could have slain with the wind of a good scimitar, engaged me, and snapping my sword, gave me this ugly gash on the cheek. I have no sword now. Here is the hilt of my famous Damascus blade," and he threw it at the feet of the sultan's barb, "give me another, master, and I will punish the lying shopkeeper."

"You are a brave fellow, mameluke," said the sultan, unbuckling his own sword, and handing it to the soldier; "wear this and smite the Giaours. Leave the shopkeeper to us."

The soldier fell back in the ranks, and the sultan made a sign to the slave with the bow-string, who seized Abdallah and prepared to strangle him.

The next accuser was one of the desert sheikhs. "Seven years ago," he said, "there was a famine among my people. The tidings reached Cairo, and this dog sent his agents among us, loaded with corn, not to relieve us of our wants, but to rob us of our flocks and herds. He built granaries in our midst, and tortured us with the sight of food which we were not rich enough to buy. We implored the assistance of other merchants, and many attempted to help us, but he drove them all from the field, some by bribery, and some by underselling, till, at last no one would venture against him. The souls of our dead cry for justice, justice on the corn-selling dog!"

"We, too, have a cause of complaint," said the Commander of the Faithful, after a dozen or two had finished accusing Abdallah. "This jewel," and he plucked one from his turban, "was sold us by the merchant for a pure diamond, and it turns out to be a bit of glass. We gave him a

thousand purses for what is not worth a piastre. To punish him for this cheat, we confiscate his estates for the prophet's treasury, and we seize his daughter for the imperial harem. As for the wretch himself, he shall become a slave. We give him to your tribe," said the sultan, turning to the desert sheikh. "It is just that he should suffer even as he has made others. The dog is no longer Abdallah the merchant, but Abdallah the slave. God is great!"

"Long life to the shereef! May God prolong his days!"

The sultan shook the reins of his barb, and rode down the square, accompanied by his bashaws and sheikhs. The mamelukes and black troops remained together with Abdallah and the executioner. There was no danger now in insulting him, and they made the most of the opportunity. The mamelukes began by robbing him of everything valuable. One snatched his turban, another his sash, a third his jewel-bilted dagger, and a fourth the purse which he vainly endeavored to conceal; the rest, meanwhile, rode around him and pricked him with the points of their long spears. He was then handed over to the soldiers, and buffeted about till his bones ached. When the sheikh returned for his slave, he found him in a sorry plight, for he was covered with blood and bruises, and his garments were torn to tatters. Could his counterfeit, and second self, the beggar, have seen him then, even he must have pitied him, he was so ragged and forlorn.

It pleased the sheikh to ride through Cairo before he departed for the desert, and the whim seized him to make Abdallah lead his camel. The slave walked before his master, sullen and slow, the string of the camel slack in his hand, and his eyes fixed on the ground. Turn which way he would, he was blasted with the sight of human faces. Men of all ranks and conditions rejoiced at the sight of his abasement. Children climbed up arches and gateways to get a glimpse of him; citizens pointed him out to strangers, and veiled women peered at him from latticed balconies. Many of his debtors were present, and merry enough they were, too. It was not every day that they could pay their debts so easily!

After travelling the principal streets of the city, passing squares, markets and bazaars, the sheikh halted to make way for a procession. First came a file of soldiers, laden with swords and daggers, and armfuls of sashes and shawls; then a row of black slaves, each with a jar of gold or jewels on his head; and lastly, the head eunuch, leading a veiled girl, who trembled under her veil! The heart of the slave sank within

him. It was the spoil of his own bazaars which the sultan had just seized, and his own child Zuleika, on her way to the royal harem! A mist swam before the eyes of the wretched man; he staggered a step, and fell senseless in the dust.

When he came to himself, he was travelling with the caravan, for the tribe whose slave he had become, were journeying back to the desert. The sheikh was at their head, and Abdallah led his camel over the sand.

An ocean of yellow sand stretched away on all sides, till it reached the edge of the horizon. Not a tree or a plant was to be seen anywhere, not even a blade of grass. The road was frequently strewn with bones, the skeletons of men and camels, some of whom were overwhelmed by whirling clouds of sand, while others must have perished from starvation.

One skeleton in particular impressed Abdallah, and made him thoughtful for a long time. It lay in advance of the multitude, and beside it was a broken water cruse. He picked up a fragment of the vessel, and saw its owner's name engraved under the name of the potter. The dead man was one of his own agents, a trusty Egyptian, who started on a long journey for him and never returned. "He met his fate in the desert," thought Abdallah; "he was starved to death that I might increase my gains. I remember now that his wife told me this, but I feigned to think it false, and refused her a single piastre. I am punished now, for I am in the desert myself. Allah forbid that his fate should be mine!"

He cast his eyes over the sea of rolling sand, and sighed aloud. Up to this time, and it was now the second day of his journey, he had made no complaint; but now his limbs began to fail him from excessive weakness. The hot sand burned his tender feet, the waste of flint into which the caravan had come, cut him to the very bone, and his steps were marked with blood.

In the afternoon the caravan halted at a well and pitched their tents for the night. The valley was a mere gully, the bed of some ancient river, and the well a pit of brackish water. A stunted palm rustled in the burning air, and a few brave tufts of grass disputed the supremacy of the place. It was a dreary sand, but it seemed a garden to the weary Abdallah.

The camels were fed and tethered for the night; the sheikh and his sons sat cross-legged in the tent, and related marvellous tales; the slaves huddled together and sang strange songs to wild tunes and tongues; but Abdallah stood alone in the shade of the palm. His first impulse was flight, but a glance at his swollen feet con-

vinced him of its utter folly. Had he needed anything else to deter him, he could have found it in the hyena tracks which surrounded the valley.

He threw himself under the stunted palm and strove to forget the change in his fortunes. He was no longer Abdallah the slave, nor Abdallah the merchant, but Abdallah the man—a man alone with Nature.

The stars were out by thousands, sparkling in the deep blue sky, and the moon lifted her head above the rim of the desert. The first news that Abdallah had of her presence, was a long ray of light which she shot full in his eyes. He turned his head aside, and it glinted on the surface of the well. A second followed it, and discovered what the dusk had for some time concealed, the dark faces of the slaves as they sang their wild songs. Then Abdallah saw the white tent of the sheikh, and the group of tethered camels, and then the stretch of desert beyond.

There was something in the moonlight that made everything it shone upon beautiful, even the stern old sheikh who came to the door of his tent to watch the slaves. It softened the heart of Abdallah, and filled him with tender and dreamy thoughts. He remembered how often he had seen it shining on the mosques and domes of Cairo, and how it flooded the walls of his garden, and skipped from the walls of his beloved kiosk. Then his fancy wandered, as a moonlight fancy will, to the ruinous old houses, and he saw the Beggars' Quarter as it was on the previous morning. The houses were old still, with walls and stories leaning to a fall, yet their decay seemed in some degree repaired, for the chinks and door-windows were closed, he knew not how, while the windows were curtained with white.

"If the moonlight does so much for the beggars' houses," thought Abdallah, "what might not human kindness do for the beggars?" It was a manly thought, and it ennobled him while it grieved him. He pondered over his past life, his narrow selfishness and blindness, and giving himself up to the influences around, was initiated into the mysteries of Nature. And the first thing that the universal mother taught him was, that nothing exists for itself alone. He saw, in thought, the moon and stars shining upon the earth, and the earth baring her brow to receive their light, give her own in return. The land gradually crumbled to the sea on one side of the world, while the sea as gradually withdrew its waters from the land on the other. The clouds covered the mountains with snow, the snow melted and formed rivers, the rivers with mist

fed the clouds, and the clouds turned into snow and again covered the mountains. The dew crept into the heart of the flowers, and the flowers breathed their fragrance to the falling dew. Innumerable were the examples of Nature, that it is necessary to give as well as to receive. Yes, and even to give when there is no hope of receiving in return. "The desert, for instance," thought Abdallah, "what can the sun hope to gain by shining on its rocks and billows of sand? For leagues there is no living thing save now and then a scorpion, or a straggling blade of grass. Yet the sun shines as generously there as in the gardens of Cashmere, and the stars and the queenly moon brighten the solitude with their smiles. And the great God of the heavens, the infinite and everlasting Allah, who made and overlooks the worlds, of what avail to him are the prayers and the lives of the holiest even? Yet the hands of the great Father are always stretched out with blessings and bounties, and his ears are always open to the cries of his children. I have not performed my part," said Abdallah, sadly, "as God and Nature perform theirs; but from this hour I will amend my life. I have not fallen in vain, since I have learned to fulfil my duty. God is great!"

He rose from his seat beside the palm and walked to the edge of the valley, where he saw a stunted colocynth growing alone in the sand. Curiosity impelled him to view it closer, and he hastened to it, though it grew in the midst of the hyena tracks. Stooping on his hands and knees, he brushed the sand from it and found it was dying from want of moisture. Its leaves were shrivelled with the heat, and the poor melon which it strove to shelter was fairly wilted on the stem. It was a worthless plant at best; so bitter that no animal could eat it; but its forlorn condition touched the heart of Abdallah, and retracing his steps to the well he proceeded to water it, using for the purpose a fragment of the broken vessel he had found in the desert. This done, he crept among the camels, and was soon fast asleep.

The caravan rose at dawn, and resumed their march. The first good deed Abdallah did repaid him well, for the colocynth was green and fresh. It waved its leaves to him at parting, and the shine of its yellow melon was brighter than gold.

About noon they were startled by a mirage. It was the first Abdallah had ever seen, and he greatly marvelled thereat. It grew up from the sand suddenly, and assumed the shape of a band of roving Bedouins, a tribe of desert robbers, mounted on flying stallions, and armed with long spears, which they brandished furiously.

Then it became the house of Abdallah, a perfect picture of his lost mansion in Cairo. Like that its walls were striped with red; its balconies shaded the street; the fountain played in its kiosk, and a mock Zuleika walked in the shade of its unreal trees.

Its third change was into the Beggars' Quarter, which seemed more wretched, even if that were possible, than when Abdallah saw it last. Some of the houses had fairly tumbled down, and the squalid wretches had multiplied in every room. Parents had strangled their children, and were weeping for them; children had grown up, and were beating their parents; and the girl with seguin in her hair—she was stone-dead in the street.

Then the mirage surrounded Abdallah, and became the very square in which he was stopped by the beggar. He stared down the long streets, and saw the white walls of the city, and the fringes of palm trees overlooking it. Gardens and grain fields barred the north; on the south and west came the Nile, alive with glowing sails. The surrounding hills were flooded with light, and the mosques and minarets blazed with rosy flames. It was too like Cairo not to be Cairo itself. Abdallah rubbed his eyes like one awaking from a dream, and found to his great joy that he had not stirred from the square. The beggar still stood before him, holding out his hands for alms, and in the distance was the sultan's guard! Hardly a moment had elapsed, and yet Abdallah had passed through so many changes of fortune. It was like the prophet living in the seventh heaven seventy thousand years while a drop of water was falling from his pitcher to the ground.

"I have not dreamed in vain," said the thankful and humbled merchant, "for I have learned to perform my duty. Here, my brother, is alms for thee." And he gave the beggar a piece of gold. "Depart in peace, and be happy. For me, I will go and pray. God is great! By the grace of God I am Abdallah the merchant, and not Abdallah the slave!"

FILIAL REVERENCE OF THE TURKS.

A beautiful feature in the character of the Turks, is their reverence and respect for the author of their being. Their wives' advice and reprimand is unheeded: their words are *bosh*—nothing; but their mother is an oracle; she is consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and deference, honored to her latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret beyond the grave. "My wives die, and I can replace them," says the Osmanli; "my children perish, and others may be born to me; but who shall restore to me the mother who has passed away, and who is seen no more?"

WHAT A VOLCANO CAN DO.

Cotopaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 3000 feet above its crater, while in 1744 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of a thousand feet wide made deposits of 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which in 1737 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,600,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1794, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1679, *Ætna* poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface, and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scorice formed the Monte Rossi, near Nicolisi, a cone two miles in circumference, and 4000 feet high. The stream thrown out by *Ætna* in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard per day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lavas of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, were not thoroughly cooled and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scorice and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain, while in 1660 *Ætna* disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has thrown its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2000 feet above its summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block of 109 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles of surface, and out of a population of 12,000 souls only twenty escaped.—*London Journal*.

FEMALE COURTSHIP IN ROME.

The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty and virtue impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady who takes a liking to a foreigner, does not cast her eyes down when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man's, "Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiment, and asks, "Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, "Yes, dear." The happy medium between American and Roman courtship appears to us the best. We hate excessive coyness, but do not like too much familiarity. What Maryatt—his opinion we have published—has said of American women in regard to mock modesty is too true.—*Tourist's Letter*.

DEATH IN YOUTH.

My brother's dead! He was a man to raise
The eagle Greatness in its flight, and wear
Its feather in his casque. He's dead—he died
Young, as the great will die, as summer dies,
By drought and its own fevers burned to death.
BARRY CORNWALL

[ORIGINAL.]

THEY TELL ME I AM DYING.

BY WALTER BOYD.

They tell me I am dying,
Fading day by day;
That health and hope are passing—
Passing from me away.
They tell me I must slumber
Within the silent tomb;
That soon above my head
The rose will brightly bloom,
And shed a sweet perfume.

They tell me I am dying,
My cheeks are very pale;
That my eyes are dull and lifeless,
And my frame begins to fall;
That soon I'll leave forever
This world of pain and care,
And wander in the land
Of rest and peace, where
Blossom flowers rare.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PROMISED KISS.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"House full? Why, how much company have you, Louise?"

Mrs. Louise Ansley, our pretty little hostess, who was on her knees before my trunk, engaged in admiring my embroideries while she chatted, turned immediately to my sister.

"My dear Julia, we are actually crammed," said she. "There hasn't been such a summer rush for 'The Maples' since I can remember. First came the Athertons and Wilsons; then Hattie Lorthrup and her sister; then Harry Vernon, Charlie Wayne, Fred Lawton and his pretty little cousin, and consequently her ardent admirer, Mr. Maynard. I thought we were certainly full, and James was just saying, last night, that we couldn't possibly accommodate another one, when a carriage drove up, and out sprang Roy Cheston. I—"

"Roy Cheston?" said I, my face flushing.

"Roy Cheston?" exclaimed my elder sister, Gertrude, who was tumbling over the contents of her trunk in search of an undersleeve. "O, I'm delighted!"

"He's the best catch in New York, Louise," said Julia.

"Well, of course he had come to spend the summer, and James was just as glad to see him as if there wasn't a soul in the house, and we had whole suits of rooms; but I was at my wits' ends for a place to put him in. But at last I

remembered what a good little soul you are, Mattie, and so ventured to let him have the chamber I had reserved for you. You won't think it an imposition, will you, dear?"

"No indeed. I shall get along very well with Julia," said I.

"It's very good of you. He's just from Europe," continued Louise. "O, what a love of a berth, Mattie!—and has brought home a French valet who is almost as handsome as his master, and who is turning the head of every maid in the house, from my French cook Marie, to little Dolly. So delightful as it is to hear them talk French—master and man! Mattie, where did you ever find this perfect trimming?"

"I haven't seen him for nearly five years," said Gertrude; "but used to be desperately in love with him. Such handsome eyes as he had!"

"He is worth half a million besides his house and grays, which is much more to the purpose," said Julia, whose twenty-six summers had brought her to appreciate the practical part of life. "Louise, dear, please put my rouge on. I'm horribly pale, and my hand trembles so. Mattie, you homely, little, brown thing, what are you dreaming about?"

I got up from the floor where I had been sitting for the last fifteen minutes, with my hair about my shoulders, and went to the mirror. I did not want them to see what a bright color there was upon my cheeks.

My sisters were dressed in a few moments more and went down stairs with Louise. When the sound of their voices had died away I dropped the comb, and throwing myself upon the carpet by a chair, fell to dreaming.

Five years before—it did not seem so long—I had seen Roy Cheston, and for the only time in my life. It was on the night of a party given at my father's house, in honor of my sister Gertrude's eighteenth birthday. Little more than a year before I had lost my dear mother, and the idea of a crowd of gay people thronging the room where she had rested in her coffin on that last, sad day, filled my childish heart with grief and indignation. But no one minded me. I knelt there by the window of my little room, which was in a wing of the house and overlooked the piazzas of the main building—my face wet with tears and the most wretched feeling I had ever felt lingering around me. Suddenly a light from the parlors streamed out broadly upon the darkness, as some one drew the window drapery aside, and an instant after two persons stepped out upon the piazza. It was my sister Gertrude and a gentleman. I could hear their words plainly as they passed back and forth.

They talked carelessly and gaily about a great many things, some of which I could understand and some I could not. At last I was startled by the words of my sister's companion.

"What is that?" he said.

"What? What do you mean, Mr. Cheston?"

"I thought I caught a glimpse of a child's face at that window," replied the gentleman. "And if I am not mistaken it was wet with tears."

I drew back quickly with a beating heart, but I heard my sister say:

"O, it's Mattie, my little sister, I suppose. The child is averse to our giving this party to-night—declares that it is sacrilege, and that we are all heartless and forgetful of my mother. Of course the idea is very absurd, you must know, but no one could make her believe it, and she has shut herself up in her room and cried all day."

Gertrude had told the truth. These were just the facts of the case. If her words had called forth a smile from her companion, I should have hated him forever, but peeping carefully from behind the curtain, I saw his face as he passed by the lighted windows, and it was as grave and gentle as I could have wished. He made Gertrude no reply.

A few moments after, they stepped through the window into the parlor again. Leaning back into my old place I dropped my head into my arms and fell to thinking, but not of my troubles. Suddenly I was startled by hearing my name called. After a moment's bewildered hesitation, I leaned forward and looked out. Mr. Cheston was standing alone upon the piazza.

"Wont you come down a moment?" he said, smiling at my frightened face. "I want to talk with you."

Springing up, I left my room and tripping lightly down stairs, stepped through the hall window upon the piazza, and stood before him with a beating heart. He took my hand, and stooping down looked kindly into my face.

"What have you been crying for?" he said, gently.

"You know," I replied, laconically.

He smiled.

"So I do, little Mattie, and I called you down because I wished to tell you that I don't think you foolish at all, as the others do, and that I'm very sorry for you."

I allowed him to kiss me, which was a liberty I should indignantly have resented under any other circumstances.

"In a few months I am going away across the ocean, and shall be gone several years," he said,

after a pause, during which he looked keenly but kindly into my downcast face. "When I come back, you will be a young lady, Mattie."

"I know it," said I. "And I'm very sorry for it."

"For what reason?"

"Because I don't like young ladies."

"Why not?"

"They are so foolish. They talk about dresses, and gentlemen, and parties all the time, and are always the crossest people in the world to me."

The idea that Mr. Cheston was laughing at me, flashed into my mind as I finished speaking, but glancing up quickly into his face, I saw that it was unusually grave.

"Your opinion of your sex is not a very flattering one, however truthful it may be," he said.

"Do you believe all young ladies are like these whom you see every day?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think it necessary that they should be?"

"No, sir, for I don't think my mother was such a young lady."

"Don't you think that you could grow up to be a sensible, useful woman if you were to try?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you try?"

"I will."

"And I hope you may succeed, my dear Mattie, both for your sake and my own. Now I must leave you. Will you kiss me good-by?"

I astonished myself very much by the act, when I pressed my lips to his, as he bent down. Something in my face attracted his attention a moment after, and he laughed.

"You're a queer little thing," he said. "What would you tell me if I were to ask you if you liked me?"

"The truth, of course."

"Then I'll spare your blushes, you remarkable morsel of womanhood. Mattie?"

"Sir?"

"Will you kiss me when I come back?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will be a young lady then, remember."

"But I shall be myself just the same."

"So you will. I shall hold you to your promise. Remember it. Now good-by."

He turned away as some one came upon the piazza, and I sprang through the hall window, and flew back to my room. And this was the scene I was thinking over as I sat upon the floor of my room at the beautiful country-seat of the Ansleys—a girl of seventeen, dark, plain, shy, and sensitive.

"Mattie, what for mercy's sake are you doing that you are not dressed yet? It's most tea-time," said my sister Julia, dashing into the room for something, and stopping short as her eyes fell upon me. "Have you been asleep?"

"No," said I, sullenly, getting up and going to the mirror.

"O, you queer child! Now hurry. You'll find me in the parlor if you ever get ready to come down," and out she swept.

I think there are few persons in the world who can understand what I suffered when I entered the room where Mr. Cheston was. Everything was a blank to me as I crossed to the window where my sisters sat. I realized nothing in existence but the heavy pulsations of my heart, which seemed as if they would beat out my life. When I came to the use of my senses I was sitting by good Mrs. Wilson, who was always kind to me, and whom I sometimes thought I loved better than either Julia or Gertrude.

"You did not expect to see so many people, dear, and was frightened," she said, with a smile on her kind, motherly face. "I saw it the moment you opened the door."

I answered only with a glance, and slipped my hand into hers.

"Mrs. Wilson," said my sister Gertrude, "if Mr. Cheston comes this way again I want you to take Mattie round to the other side of you. You will, wont you?"

"No, my dear; that's very ungenerous of you. I shall warn Mr. Cheston that you have serious designs on him."

"I don't see the necessity of warning a person against a danger of which they are already aware," snapped a young lady with very black eyes who stood behind the sofa on which we sat.

Gertrude turned round with a crimson face.

"What is the subject of discussion? Wont you admit me to your confidence, ladies!" said a familiar voice so near my ear that I started in affright. The black-eyed young lady slipped aside to give Mr. Cheston a place near us.

Several persons were presented to him, I among others. He gave me no particular attention, and took a chair beside Gertrude.

"Didn't you inquire what we were talking about, Mr. Cheston!" said the black-eyed young lady.

"I believe I had the audacity," he replied, smiling. But the smile was very different from the one I remembered to have seen upon his face.

"We were speaking of kisses," said Gertrude, quickly, with a saucy smile. "And Hattie here declared that she didn't believe you cared for them."

I started. I had never before heard my sister utter a deliberate falsehood.

"I am very sorry that Miss Hattie thinks me so indifferent to the most perfect luxury in life," he replied, glancing up at her.

"Victory, Hattie! Mr. Cheston *does* believe in kisses," cried Gertrude, with a smile whose brightness dazzled the eyes so that but two of us saw the hidden malice.

I think Miss Hattie was about making an attempt to struggle out of the position into which my sister had thrust her, but Louise Anslie, who had sauntered up a moment before, exclaimed:

"O, Mr. Cheston! don't you remember that you once attended a forfeit party and wore the most disgusted face I ever saw in my life, all the evening."

"But, Mrs. Anslie, that was because I consider forfeits a sacrilege of the caress. It is converting the beautiful into the useful, and utterly ruining its peculiar value by so doing. I regret, however, that my face betrayed my feelings. I assure you that the rudeness was not intentional."

"Mr. Cheston is apparently unconscious that several ladies are looking at him very admiringly," said a low voice near me.

I turned around. It was Mr. Maynard, who was in a fever of jealousy because Rose Lawton's bright eyes were fixed upon the gentleman in question.

"Take care, Mr. Cheston," cried Gertrude. "I'm afraid you don't know what you are bringing upon yourself. Having declared yourself so much in favor of the 'most perfect luxury in life,' we young ladies may have you quite at our mercy. According to your assertion, I doubt if you could resist the reward of a kiss from a pretty girl who might be suing for a favor. Could you?"

"Yes."

"How so?"

"Because a kiss given in that way would be of little value."

"I consider that a very unkind speech, coming as it does from the lips of a man who is well aware that kisses are a lady's favorite bribe," replied Gertrude, flushed, but laughing. "It is a most ungallant speech. Mr. Cheston, you must stand trial for punishment."

"I will make it short by choosing Rose Lawton for my judge," he replied, laughing, and glancing up into the smiling eyes of the little beauty.

"Your chastisement shall be to confess whom you kissed last," she replied, gaily.

"That is not fair," he said.

"Why?"

"Because the lady is present, and the punishment would fall rather upon her than me."

They burst into a merry laugh.

"Well, then you can tell whom you intend to kiss next," said Rosa.

"That will not do, either. I should never be able to put my intentions into effect."

"Do you keep an account of your kisses as you do of your expenses, Cheston?" called out Mr. Maynard.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Cheston, quietly.

"Now I have it!" cried Rose Lawton. "You shall tell us how many ladies you have kissed during the last five years."

"I will do so, on condition that my word shall not be doubted," he answered, gravely.

"We will believe you, certainly. Now listen, good folks."

"Not one," said Mr. Cheston, quietly.

Everybody looked astonished.

"O, Mr. Cheston, you amaze us!" cried Rose.

"Roy is probably faithful to some fair lady who favored him sometime before," said Mr. Anselie, who had been listening quietly, for a few moments.

"Exactly," said that gentleman, rising with a bow, and turning away to some one who called him impatiently.

Such significant glances and exclamations of wonder as were circulated through the group after his departure!

"And what are you thinking of, little mouse?" said Mrs. Wilson, bending towards me. "Your cheeks are as red as roses."

She would have been overwhelmed with astonishment if I had told her. Three weeks passed, and Mr. Cheston and I were on no more intimate terms than we had been on that first evening. We rarely met except at the table or in the parlor of an evening, and he seldom addressed me when we did meet. By degrees I overcame my shyness and sensitiveness regarding him. He had forgotten the romantic incident of my childhood which had always had such a charm for me, I thought, and wondered at myself for ever supposing that he had remembered it beyond the moment. It made me a little sad to know that all my pleasant thoughts concerning it were castles in the air, and slightly humiliating, taken in connection with his polite indifference to me, to know that those thoughts were so many. But I said to myself, after the manner of Esther Summerson: "Mattie, it has been a very good lesson for you, you foolish, little dreamer."

Mr. Cheston was a great lion among the party at "The Maples." The ladies all liked him; the gentlemen were jealous of him while they

strove to imitate him. Gertrude declared privately, that she was seriously in love with him. Everybody talked of him; everybody admired him, either secretly or openly. One evening as I was passing by Mrs. Anselie's chamber, she called me.

"Mattie," said she, as I entered, "my cook has left me. She has gone off with Mr. Cheston's Louie."

"Gone! Where?"

"Why, eloped, you little simpleton," exclaimed Gertrude, who was sitting on the foot of the bed, laughing immoderately. "O, dear! I never heard of anything so ridiculous in my life!"

"That is all she will say to me, and James gone, and I half crazy for advice," said Louise, half laughing and half crying. "Mattie, what shall I do? How am I to get breakfast for all those people? I don't know the first thing about cooking, any more than the chamber-maid or Dolly. O, to think that the ungrateful girl should serve me so!" And my pretty friend threw herself upon a lounge and burst into a passion of desperate tears.

"Don't feel so badly, Louise," said I, trying to soothe her. "I promise you that I'll cook the breakfast and help you to find another servant before dinner."

"You cook!" exclaimed Gertrude.

Louise looked at me in doubt and astonishment, from behind her handkerchief.

"I'll do the best I can," said I, beginning to realize the responsibility I had taken upon myself, but determined to brave it out. "I will get up early, so as to have time for all necessary delays and experiments. But you must promise to keep the servants out of the kitchen, Louise, I do not feel capable of undergoing the ordeal of their criticisms."

"I don't envy you your position, Mattie," sneered Gertrude. "Fancy Mr. Cheston making wry faces over your biscuits in the morning."

"I think it would best serve Mr. Cheston to be as undemonstrable as any one in the house," said I, indignantly. "If it hadn't been for his man, Louise wouldn't have lost her cook."

"Whew! perhaps you think Mr. Cheston ought to be responsible for the breakfast?"

"He is as much called on as I. And the best he can do under the circumstances, is to quietly receive the necessary and consequent evils."

An hour afterwards we were all in the parlor. Suddenly my attention was attracted by the exclamation of a group who stood at one of the windows. Among them were Gertrude, Louise Anselie and Mr. Cheston. I listened, and heard Gertrude say:

"And Mattie thinks you ought to be responsible for the breakfast as well as Louise, whose coadjutor she is."

Louise, looking up, caught my eye, and beckoned to me.

"I want to say to you that I consider your view of the matter a very sensible one, Miss Mattie," said Mr. Cheston, smiling. "And that I feel myself called upon to help you get breakfast in the morning."

The group burst into exclamations of wonder and amazement.

"I should be very glad of your assistance, Mr. Cheston," I replied, quietly.

Everybody laughed, and declared the matter a good joke, and I thought some of the ladies regarded me with envy when Mr. Cheston deserted them to compare notes with me. He could make the fire and boil the eggs and coffee, he said, and I thought I could make the biscuit and broil the steak. He declared that we should get along nicely.

The next morning I was awake at dawn, and in a few moments after was up and dressed. I brushed my hair smoothly behind my ears, tied an apron over my gingham morning-dress, and proceeded, not with a very stout heart, I confess, to the kitchen. But at the sight of Mr. Cheston, kneeling before the stove, his white hands soiled with smut, and the linen apron of his quondam valet tied over his rich dressing-gown, I burst into a merry laugh.

That morning's experience was a strange one, and also a happy one. The most ridiculous things happened, and were received in the best possible spirits. Once I gave Mr. Cheston a pan to sprinkle with flour while I went to the pantry to search for a biscuit-cutter, and as I was gone some ten minutes, and he in his zeal to obey me and be of all possible use, continued his employment until I returned, the consequence was that the pan was half full of flour and the dredging-box nearly empty. Then we let the fire go out in the midst of our operations, broke some eggs, and burnt our fingers taking hold of the things which we had no idea were hot. The fat beef-steak caught fire and flamed almost to the ceiling, nearly frightening us out of our wits, and the coffee boiled over upon the stove.

But by eight o'clock we came out bravely, and served up breakfast in fine style. I was a bit nervous when the meal commenced, lest some blunder should be discovered, but nothing of the kind occurred, and the affair went off in grand order. Before dinner Louise was provided with a professed cook.

After that Mr. Cheston and I became the best

possible friends. Gravely courteous as he was to others, he now always met me with a familiar demeanor and words of friendly pleasantry.

Gradually the summer wore away. Several of our party returned to the city, and one clear September morning Mr. Cheston informed Mr. Ansley at the breakfast-table, that he should be obliged to return to New York the next morning. It frightened me to know how shocked and pained I was, and at my first opportunity I rose and left the room.

That evening when the parlors were deserted of the few that remained of the gay company, and I could hear their voices far down the moonlit road, I strolled into the dark, silent rooms, and sank upon a cushioned window-seat. Instantly some one started up in the dusky light and coming forward sat down beside me. It was Mr. Cheston.

"Mattie," said he, "I intend going away before six o'clock in the morning, and shall probably not see you again." I did not reply.

"Haven't I a right to ask for a good-by kiss?"

The light was not so dim but that I could see a laughing light in his eyes.

"You have the right which the promise of a child gives you, I suppose," I replied, a little annoyed by his light manner. It was so little for him to say good-by to me. It was so much for me to say good-by to him.

"A child in years you were, Mattie, but more of a woman at heart than thousands twice your age. Do you know that you made a conquest of me, little one, when you kissed me upon the piazza in the darkness, that night?"

"A conquest?"

"I carried that kiss away across the ocean with me. I loved the remembrance of it as I did my life. I would not have parted with it for millions, for it was a sweet hope on which hung all my light of the future. The lips of no other woman have pressed to mine since. I said to myself that until I kissed another your kiss remained. Do you understand?"

My eyes were full of tears, but I tried to smile.

"You were a sweet child, Mattie, and have grown into a sweet woman—such a woman as I have been waiting to find that I might marry. Now I ask you for that promised kiss, and if you give it to me I shall take it for granted that you give me yourself with it."

He was sure of what I had never acknowledged to myself—my love for him. I felt it in the confident clasp of his arm—I saw it in the confident glances of his eyes, and content that he should read the heart of which he was so certainly the master, I acted my simple self and kissed him.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BIRDS

THAT HAVE VISITED WILLIE AND ME.

BY M. T. CALDON.

"'Tis exceedingly fine," said I, closing the book,
Somewhat bitterly glancing around, with a look
Between wistful and rueful—"this Prince and his Bird,
Which could grant every wish of his master's he heard;
With his wonderful notes steal from sadness its harm,
And the hot hands of Pain by his magic disarm.
If the thing could be real, sure Willie and I
Have good cause to implore he might hitherward fly!"

As I said it, once more my poor feverish head
In the pillows I settled, so heard not the tread
Of such footstep as flitting scarce stirr'd the spray,
And though daylight, unmeet for sprite, brown'd or day,
(You will wonder, no doubt, yet the truth I indite)
Lo, the bird I had asked was there plain in my sight!
Ah, such wonderful answer had Willie and I,
For we each had a bird at our call to reply.

How they looked, do you ask?—It is hard to be told:
'Twas the pet of the prince, had a plumage of gold,
With the orb of a diamond sparkling and bright—
O, I know that it shone not with kindlier light
Than the pitying eyes of the minst'ring twain,
Who beguiled from us both so much wearisome pain.
We are humble and meek—are wee Willie and I:
Nor expect by gay plumage our birds to decry.

For the bird of the prince not a word could I own,
Though his fine plumes were tinsel, unworthy the throne;
But of ours can I safely and truly declare,
'Neath their sober disguise sparkle jewels most fair:
The pure Gold of Affection, the Pearl of Content,
With the diamond beam of Benevolence blent.
Such dear visitors are they, sure Willie and I,
We may never again Eastern fable deny.

From the eastward they came, to the East they depart,
But at call of our need close beside us they start;
On their errand of mercy unflinching and brave,
Than a host of pretenders more potent to save.
So we smile at thee now, O proud prince of the tale!
Well thy wonderful bird in our presence may quail;
Ours are gentle and kind, one exceedingly frank,
Such as hearts, not the tongue, must endeavor to thank.
Are there any who knew them like Willie and I?
Quite a hint have we given—the moral apply.

[ORIGINAL.]

OLD MAIDS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THERE are those in the world who appear to have the strongest sympathy for every class of persons save one. They are benevolent, pitying, kind and encouraging. Their affections are brought out by thousands of little circumstances, that prove their title to being called true sympathizers. But, as I said, to one class of persons—certainly the most lonely and pitiable, in many

instances, they shut up their hearts, turn the key, and refuse them entrance—I mean those, who, from early disappointment, have suffered their "affections to run to waste."

How much that is ludicrous and jesting is applied to the single sisterhood! And why? Simply because the members composing that sisterhood have been so unfortunate as to lose by death or desertion, those to whom their young hearts were united, perhaps in bonds as near and dear as ever were cemented by wedlock.

Or, it may be although some may sneer at the supposition that, endowed by nature with a more sensitive spirit, or a more discriminating judgment, or a more exquisite taste, than many others, no one may have come quite up to the ideal which they have formed in their early years, and which type they cannot degrade by accepting one less perfect.

To a woman of such refinement, it is rather too much to expect of her, that she should carry her ideal—great and noble and spiritual as she may have believed it—into the village church, and baptize it by the name of Jones or Spriggins, merely because Jones or Spriggins may have offered to maintain her for life!

No—believe me, there are women who would die, sooner than alter the resemblance of the ideal husband whom they have carried in their hearts for years, and whom they perhaps still believe is waiting and watching for them, and who will step forth, even at the latest hour, to bless their patient hearts!

And if the many hours of anxious hope, the repeated disappointments, the brief glimpses of the coming man, which proved only to be his shadow flitting on the wall as he passed to take another to his heart, if these go to make up the fretful repinings, the stern hardness, and the terrible bitterness which we sometimes ascribe exclusively to "old maids," is there a heart that cannot take the painful lesson home, and believe that it is not the fault of temper so much as circumstances? On the street of a distant city, I used sometimes to meet a pale, haggard looking woman, around whose thin form a shawl was tightly wound, as if to stop the tumultuous beatings of a heart that had found "in all this cold and hollow world, no fount of deep, strong, deathless love," such as she might have poured from her own soul.

Her slender figure, pale cheeks, sunken eyes, and still more, the air and step with which she threaded the streets, as if she had no part nor lot with the gay crowd which were continually pushing her frail form aside, all excited my curiosity, and one day I chanced upon a friend who knew

her well, and could relate to me her sad history. I call it sad, because it is sad that the heart and affections of any human being, who forms a link in the social scale, should be thrown back upon them, and the link severed.

Helen Drummond, at fifteen, was one of the most beautiful girls who graced the large and flourishing town of Ackerville. Nature had given her a graceful form, a sweet, changeful face, alike beautiful when glowing with smiles or wet with tears, a heart soft, loving and affectionate, going eagerly forth to meet the offered love of another, and lavishing its free gifts wherever it listed. Fortune was not niggardly to Helen, and education had completed what nature began, making her accomplished and highly cultivated.

No one, therefore, entered society with brighter or fairer prospects than Helen. Life seemed opening upon her like a fairy tale, with all the glitter and gorgeousness of its rarest gifts. Like the Persian roses, it had the art of being pressed with all its rich wealth of aroma into a small compass, and when the vial was broken, the odor was drowned in the tears of its owner, while only the memory of its sweetness lingered to tell that there had been a glorious perfume.

Two years Helen floated on the topmost wave of social life, sought, admired, nay loved. If she grew giddy with the homage and adulation she received, it was not strange, for Helen was human, and a woman! She did indeed exult, but it was with a feeling of joyful pride, that she could thus draw hearts towards her—not the cold, unloving, selfish ambition of a coquette's spirit.

She rejoiced in her capacities for loving and receiving love, just as a bird delights in giving forth song, and with as little reprehensible feeling. She had just closed her school life, and had begun to mingle more thoroughly with social companions; and on her seventeenth birthday she received all her friends at a large party. The enjoyment of the evening was to her intense. She was in the full tide of her young, joyous nature, and every tone of her voice, every movement, betrayed the fulness of her eager appreciation of the scene which she had conjured up around her—herself the presiding priestess.

The night was nearly over, and the company was fast retiring, when Helen, who was leaning carelessly upon a sideboard in the refreshment room, suddenly saw and felt a flame of fire rising above her head. Instantly she was clasped in the arms of a gentleman who had seen the accident, and after a brief struggle with her nervousness, she fainted. There were no deep burns, but the soft beauty of her cheek and neck was gone forever. A fever ensued, destroying the

brilliance of her eyes, and thinning her beautiful hair. Helen Drummond's day of beauty had fled.

True—but the talents she had cultivated, the intellect which made her superior to the common herd, the accomplishments in which she excelled, the great mind and the great heart, these were the same, and yet, unaccompanied by her former loveliness, they were but half appreciated.

They who had crowded about her in other days, now stood aloof. The voice of praise came seldom now, to ears which once drank in the full sweetness of its honeyed words. She sat alone evening after evening, in her lonely room, and heard the music of sleighbells, and the voices of those who once thought no party complete except Helen was at its head. And this saddened and distressed her. She was so young, to find her popularity such a mere idle breath as it had proved! The experience was such as people are often called upon to undergo, but then *her* hour of triumph had been so brief! It was so hard to find that her young life was but a bubble on the stream where she had floated so securely!

And so she went on, from year to year, bearing about with her an aching heart, and sorrows all the more severe because incommunicable, until wrinkles came into the face where laughing dimples once showed their beautiful indentations. Not the cheek of the aged, but those premature seams which we know are fixed there by the hand of care alone.

Notwithstanding all that Helen had suffered, she had a heart that was painfully alive to all suffering in others, and although her fortunes had changed since the death of her parents, and she had become dependent almost entirely for support on her own exertions, she yet had many opportunities for dispensing her benevolence.

Among the many objects that came under observation, who needed kindly sympathy, none interested her more than a poor German music teacher, who taught his art in a family where she visited, the only acquaintances whom she cared to preserve from the wreck of her former days.

Very sad indeed were the sighs that came from the bosom of poor Leopold Hertz, as he sat waiting for the young and careless pupil who had not, as yet, learned the full value of his precious time; and as no note of sorrow ever appealed in vain to Helen Drummond, she was touched and affected inexpressibly, by these evidences of a grief that could not be repressed, and one day, she ventured to ask the reason of his distress.

In broken language he told her of his poverty, of his wife's severe illness, of his neglected children, and of the poor home which his utmost efforts were scarcely sufficient to support for them.

It was enough. He had opened up the fountain of Helen's strong, unutterable sympathy, given her an object to expend it upon, and, in reality, was as great a benefactor to her, in his unconscious gift, as she afterwards was to him.

Taking his address, she promised to visit his family, and with thanks and tears, and with gesticulations so profuse and varied, as would have seemed ludicrous to any one but Helen, he parted with her with such reverence as one might give to an angel.

Helen stopped not for deliberation, but turned her steps towards that part of the town where the music teacher's family resided. She was shocked to find in what a wretched locality he had fixed his abode. It was in a miserable, dirty street, made still dirtier and more miserable, by the spring rains which had washed the blackened streaks from the roofs, only to stain with them the windows and walls of the houses. The children belonging to these houses were playing about half immersed in the muddy pools which were standing at every corner, and with clothes that bore evidences of many a hardly-fought struggle by "flood and field."

Among the group was a little fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, herself as dirty and neglected as the rest, but with a soft, childish beauty in those eyes, which struck the imagination of Helen as the sweetest she had ever seen.

"That must be poor Leopold's child," she said, and without stopping for any more inquiries, she took the child's soiled hand and told her to show her to her mother. Wonderfully, little Bertha looked up, but seeing nothing to fear in Helen's face, subdued as it was to pity and compassion for the little one, she led the way to a room in one of the worst of the bad looking houses.

As she opened the door she beheld a sight that called forth all her sympathies. On a poor bed lay a woman whose sunken countenance and unnaturally bright eyes told her truly the nature of her sickness. A cradle held a sleeping infant, while here and there were scattered implements of household use, mingled with broken and spoiled articles of taste and show.

Helen sighed, as she saw in one corner a harp and piano, blending so incongruously with the rest of the miserable appointments of the room, but she did not give herself time to think of these. Approaching the bed, she took the pale, thin hand that lay outside the quilt, and said, simply, "I have come to nurse you to-day. I know your husband, and I will try to make you feel better."

In an hour, the room was restored to a better

state. The bed was made up freshly, a clean suit of clothes which she had brought with her, was put on the invalid, some curtains were fitted to the windows, the wash tubs and kettles disappeared into a low shed beside the room, and an air of cleanliness and greater comfort took the place of the squalid appearance it had presented. It was now nearly noon, and Helen stepped into the next street, for a comfortable dinner, from a restaurateur's, which she placed upon a table, against the return of Leopold.

He came in with a wondering look. In the dimness of the room he scarcely recognized his new acquaintance, but when he did, it was with a delight, compared with which his ecstasy of the morning was tame. His poor wife could not, from very feebleness, express herself as he did, but she looked grateful and happy, and little Bertha was already on terms of affectionate intimacy with her new friend. Helen, pitying them as she did, had not felt so happy for a long while, for she had found something on which to bestow her measureless love.

Present and temporary relief she did not stop at. In less than a week, the family was removed through her means, to a clean, quiet boarding-house, twelve new scholars were obtained, for whom a separate room was taken, so as not to annoy the sick wife, and a good careful woman was hired to take charge of her and her children, and all this by Helen's direct instrumentality.

As she looked round upon the quiet, shaded room, with its clean curtains, and the nice quilt which she had provided, and the many little comforts so necessary to the invalid, she felt that she had not lived altogether in vain. She sat for hours, when Leopold was absent, by the bed of the sufferer, fashioning new garments for Bertha, and the infant, Herman, and pleasing her artistic eye with the beauty of the children, now redeemed from rags and dirt.

In the midst of this employment, so congenial to her generous disposition, she was called from town, to attend to some important business. She took an affectionate leave of the sufferer, and in a few hours was on her way, never to behold her again. Circumstances both painful and unexpected prevented her return, and it was not until poor Bertha Hertz had lain for several months in the grave, that she visited once more the spot where her gentle charities had soothed and comforted the dying woman.

On the very next day after her return, she met Leopold. He smiled and wept alternately, behaving more like a child than she had ever seen him; told her of Bertha's death, and his own loneliness, and in his broken and imperfect lan-

guage, besought her to love him, now that he had no one to love or care for him.

Helen's heart was troubled. She did not love Leopold, for he was not of her grade of mind or intellect, but she remembered the two sweet children, and she felt that she *could* love them, and that she could take care of the father for their sake; and almost without a moment's reflection, she promised to be his wife.

And with the speed of many-winged gossip, the story flew far and wide, that Helen Drummond—proud, sensitive, self-contained in that pride and sensitiveness as she was, was about to marry the music teacher. To what interminable talks among the Joneses and Sprigginses did this lead! How many incidents of Helen's life did it bring up afresh for idle curiosity to fatten on! How many things were uttered that would have stung Helen's proud heart into madness! all excusable in any person to say of *her*, for was she not a sour and disappointed old maid? and had she not laid traps for the poor innocent and ignorant music teacher, to induce him to take off that terrible stigma? Poor Helen!

"Ah, I hear you are going to be married, Mr. Hertz," said Arabella Linton, when Leopold made his next visit to his pupil; "but I did not believe it," she added, "for I knew you would not marry that old maid, Miss Drummond. Why, mama says it would be a great sacrifice for you."

Leopold murmured a few indistinct words, half disclaiming, half assenting; and went to the next house, where Miss Redford, a stout, "strong minded" hoyden, had been counting the moments that would bring Mr. Hertz should arrive. He had that very clinging, dependent nature which she wished to attach to herself. She had no objection to the man being the "weaker vessel," in her matrimonial scheme, and she had fixed her eye on Leopold, from the day she had first noticed the mourning badge upon his hat.

Her youth was not yet dying out. Life promised many years to her yet, before she could be equally called by the opprobrious name by which Helen Drummond was called; but apart from this, she really had a fancy for her handsome music teacher, and knowing that with such a man she could easily manage to be "upper-crust," resolved to appropriate him to herself.

Only that morning, she had heard the astounding news of his engagement to Helen Drummond, and with a malice which could only be born of an unprincipled disregard of all moral obligations, she invented a story of Helen's youth, and binding Leopold to secrecy, she told him

such a marriage would ruin his prospects forever. Leopold heard and trembled. Weak-minded, vacillating, unstable, tenderly alive to the fond blandishments of Miss Redford, and contrasting her still youthful appearance with poor Helen's faded and haggard look, and her habitual sadness of demeanor, he wavered and changed and tampered with Helen's generous and self-sacrificing heart, until her indignation was fairly roused, and she bade him leave her forever.

Cowardly and feeble, he shrunk from this exhibition of temper in one whom he had deemed so gentle, and made some effort to recover her lost esteem. In vain! Helen was now as inexorable as she had been yielding, and with a feeling of utter hatred in her soul for every being of which he was the type, she motioned him to leave her, with an air of determination that showed she intended it should be forever!

Do we bear sorrow any better when it returns upon us twice? Helen did not answer that question, for scorn was so mixed up with this second casting back of her heart upon itself, that she had little care to analyze her own emotions. All that she knew was this—that she was one separated—not from any fault of her own—but by the inexorable fiat of society, from her part in the drama of life, and this, while her longings and aspirations after happiness and affection were deeper and stronger than in her earlier youth.

All that she had known, all that she had tasted of a brighter life, had been lost to her by the decrees of fate, and not by any swerving, on her part, from the path of rectitude—not by any wrong done to society through her. Nature had been kind to her, but fate had subverted that kindness, and society was driving the iron deeper and deeper into her soul.

It is not to be supposed that such thoughts and remembrances could find place in Helen's heart, without leaving some bitterness there, and herein is the very essence of that which we ascribe to the class where Helen must be placed. Unwillingly do we assign her a place there. Unwillingly do we dispense with those noble and generous emotions that would so beautify and fertilize the garden of home—but which, thrown back like weeds on the heart, like them wither and die.

For awhile, Helen sank under this last shock, into a state of pitiable desolation. Her fine temper became injured, her talents were neglected, her mind became clouded, and her judgment faulty. Now, indeed, had the too sensitive spirit avenged its wrongs upon the too sensitive body, and Helen stood, a mournful wreck of both.

As day succeeded to day, however, she gradually came up from this state into a calmer and

more peaceful one. This chastening of the spirit had done its work for her in another way. It had not restored her happiness—but it gave her glimpses of inward peace such as she never knew before. She had grown tired of wrestling and struggling with the world, and she retired within herself, not to count her scars received in the conflict, but to ascertain through the din and smoke of the battle, how much of her had escaped unscathed, and what she had really lost.

She had lost Leopold Hertz, but to her judgment, now grown wiser, she believed she might count it as a small loss. She was not like Miss Redford. She needed a *protector*, not a feeble, dependent character like his. She needed one to whom she could look up. In all her speculations upon the destiny of married life, she had ever placed woman in the attitude of reverence. It would have been simply ridiculous for her to have placed herself in this attitude towards Leopold. His nature was so inferior to hers. It would have been as if an angel should do reverence to a mortal—for such was the difference between her strength and Leopold's weakness, that the comparison is not an irreverent one.

"Old maid" as she was, and embittered as that sweet disposition had been, by sneers and taunts and witless jests, there was the angelic principle of woman's better nature still within her, waiting for the hand that should seek to draw it forth.

It is said in Ulloa's voyages, that the cold was so intense, that the spirits retreated to the centre of the bottles, forming a column of actual fire which burned the lips of those who tasted it. Helen's heart was not in this intensely fiery state, but it was true that her affections had been so frozen by the outward coldness of the world, that they lay all the more concentrated and ardent, because they were enclosed in that very ice.

"Will you tell me who that lady is?" said Colonel Waldo, to his friend, after listening to one of those fervent "talks" which Helen Drummond now seldom indulged in, but which, in hours of more than ordinary excitement, she was betrayed into by some partial friend.

"That is Miss Drummond," answered his friend. "She looks well to-night. She is a woman of strong talent, but usually keeps silence in an assembly like this. I found that Judge Edwards was baiting her just now, hoping to rouse her into conversation, and he has fairly waked her up. Look at that thin cheek! how it glows with the strength of her emotions! What a glorious woman she would be if she were only handsome!"

"Tastes differ," said the colonel. "To my mind, she is the handsomest woman in this assemblage. Look at that thin, dilating nostril! How it expands as she talks! Look at the long, slender throat, and the queenly air of the head. Then compare her with these vapid red and white beauties around her. Compare her with that Miss Redford to whom you introduced me just now, with the little bowing ape of a foreigner clinging to her protecting arm. I tell you, Barton, you have not studied woman as I have, or you would learn that there is no omnipotent charm in the mere tincture of the skin. Introduce me to Miss Drummond, if you please."

There is a gathering of carriages around the church of St. Stephen, and many feet are treading its ancient floor. Around the altar stands a bridal group. The bridegroom is a noble-looking man, with a calm, intellectual look, and an air which would seem to promise protection and kindness to all womankind. By his side stands a thin, shadowy figure, and as you look closer, you will see the faint remnants of beauty in a face, which on this occasion is lighted up from its usual paleness, to a soft, subdued tint. As she responds to the marriage rite, she looks up reverently to the eyes that look upon her with pride, because the owner of the eyes knows, that if beauty of face is absent, the more beautiful soul has at last been awakened to new hopes and more fervent love, by the warm affection which he has breathed upon it.

Even Miss Redford is hushed into silence here, and by her side Leopold Hertz looks down from the gallery, with a bewildered look, as if he had lost something which was leaving his sight forever.

How strange, that the very persons who only last week passed Helen Drummond in the street with a bare recognition, are now flocking in crowds to call on the elegant Mrs. Waldo, who leaves so soon, her devoted friends at the north, to take possession of her beautiful southern home! All but Leopold! He does not dare to risk that proud look which he feels would annihilate his half-grown spirit. Soon Miss Redford takes him under her protection, but she may rest assured that while she stands with him at the altar, he will breathe a sigh that he had not been true to Helen Drummond.

BRIGHT MOMENTS.

There are moments of life that we never forget,
When brighten and brighten as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.
PERCIVAL.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

Reluctantly I bade adieu
To one I loved so well;
The tear that glistened in thine eye
Told more than words can tell.

Days, months and years have rolled away
Since the last parting hour;
Yet memory lingers o'er the scene
With a sweet magic power.

Hast thou forgot those happy hours
We passed in social glee?
When we rambled in the rural glen,
With spirits gay and free?

I miss e'en now thy placid smile,
That made my heart rejoice;
Yet more I miss the soothing tones
And music of thy voice.

And often, in the evening hour,
When friends together meet:
When converse cheers the social hour,
And wit and mirth we greet.

And well do I remember, too,
The parting promise given;
And hast thou kept the sacred pledge?
'Twas registered in heaven!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LOST DREAM OF ROMANCE.

BY KATE LINTON.

THE day was very warm—even to sultriness—and the low-hung clouds in the west betokened a thunder-storm. We had been riding all day in an old-fashioned ark of a stage, clumsy and lumbering as those vehicles usually are. About four in the afternoon, the storm came on. It was terrific, but glorious. Never had I seen its equal for sublimity and grandeur. When, at length, it cleared, I found myself in my uncle's front yard, with the trees and shrubbery dashing the great rain-drops over me, and my little cousin Helen winding her pretty white arms around my waist. When I call Helen Clifford little, I do not mean that she was a child. She was full eighteen, but fashioned after the pattern of Walter Scott's Fenella, and, like her, passionately fond of dressing in green.

I record this visit, because it embodies the only bit of romance in my prosy life. I who had so longed for some adventure, something which would throw a romantic coloring over the dull stupidity which I had found—was destined here,

in Linn Dale, to experience an event which I shall never forget. I was a silly girl, who had read romance enough to spoil me for actual, practical life, had I not been fortunately rescued from it just as it was getting too late. My escape was one of those railroad incidents, where the train dashes by the very ears of the horse.

Helen led me to my chamber. Her father and mother, not expecting me, had seized the first moment of returning sunshine to ride out, but would be back to tea.

"But Fred is at home!" she exclaimed. "Think how fortunate! You have never seen him, cousin Kate, have you?"

I had not. By one of those chances which sometimes happen to near relations, I had always missed Fred at his home, and had always been absent when he visited mine. I went down to the parlor when I had ridden myself of my travel stains, and was introduced. Fred was a young man who would answer for a cousin, but not at all to my taste for a hero. He had fine eyes, it was true, but his hair neither waved nor curled, and his height was not commanding. Having ascertained this, I became quite easy and natural, satisfied that he could never be concocted into a character of romance. My uncle and aunt soon arrived, and were very cordial.

I pass over the first six weeks of my stay. By the end of that time I found cousin Fred sincerely attached to me. I was not mean enough to exult in this fact, and can sincerely say that I was sorry to know it; for I could not renounce my precocious notions of a lover, and Fred, alas! was very commonplace. At least, I thought so; since he did not wear a moustache, nor play on a guitar, nor write poetry—in short, he did nothing like the heroes of my beloved books.

It was in a very straightforward, plain speech, that Fred asked me to be his wife, but emotion gave a flush to his somewhat homely face, and I thought what a pity it was that I could not love him. For the moment, I even regretted my own sentiments in regard to marrying, and wished I could lower my ideas to the level of this plain, practical, common-sense farmer, for such had Fred decided to become. His father had given him the fine farm which he thought himself now too old, and perhaps too rich to manage, and Fred was eager to accept his life work at so easy a rate.

It was soon known in the family that I had rejected Fred, and the fact occasioned much astonishment from them all. Helen, or Fenella, as I usually called her, was troubled, and almost angry. How could I refuse Fred—the kindest, sweetest-tempered, best man in the world? she

asked. She would not have believed it; and now that it was forced upon her mind, she was ashamed of me. I told her how I felt, and she declared it was the merest nonsense in the world. Helen, pretty little fairy that she was, had not a spice of romance about her. I told her so, and she expressed delight that I thought so. "She had no desire," she said, "to go round the world after a creature of romance, a hero such as Cherubina Willoughby was in search of."

She should never find any one like Fred, but he was her highest standard, from which she expected to fall short. Well, her other brother, William—very different to Fred—was coming home soon, and perhaps he would suit me. He was in college, and picked up a good many notions which his father was sorry to have him entertain.

I thought a good deal of William's return. I had seen him when a boy, and had liked his appreciation of my reading. We had read romances together, sitting hand in hand in a summer-house in my father's garden, and I remembered with a thrill of delight how earnestly he had wished that he was old enough to run away with me!

He came at last—William and a college friend—young Herbert Cavendish. William was now far plainer than Fred; but O, how magnificent was the young southerner. I lost my heart at once, for he brought a guitar, and played such soul-moving melodies, that it took the very breath away to listen. True, they were only simple melodies after all, but then he had written new words to them all, so that one who had never heard them before would never have imagined that they were first sung by the negroes in his father's cotton fields, accompanied by the banjo!

He was not slow in finding out my tastes; and he availed himself of the knowledge to perfection. He made love to me in the most winning way imaginable; and I, in return, acquainted him how nearly I had become Fred's wife. He sighed over the sacrifice it would have been to marry one so commonplace as Fred; and painted the romantic life that we would enjoy together. His college term was now up. He was not going to study a profession. His father was too rich to allow him to do that. And thus he held me in a pleasant dream of future happiness.

Helen could not endure the visitor. He had tried to play with her as with a child. It sorely tried her dignity, for Helen, though so small, was very queenly—the queen of the fairies, I called her. She gave unequivocal signs of her contempt for my lover, which, of course, I resented.

The time drew to a close, to which Cavendish had restricted his visit. Not a word had yet been said to my uncle, nor had he proposed to consult my father, but I was not displeased with this. I felt that my Herbert's love was above all conventional rules. But when the time came, and we had but one more evening to spend together, I was perfectly overcome with grief at the parting. Herbert drew me to the summer-house, and there unfolded his proposal. He was to marry me secretly, because he feared that his father would not consent to a match where there was such a disparity of fortune. He had understood from William, he said, that my father could not settle but a very few thousand dollars.

"William mistakes," I cried. "Papa has often spoken of thirty thousand." Herbert started, and it was light enough where we stood for me to see a strange sparkle in his eye. I attributed it to pleasure at finding that it was nearer his own, and the thought that his rich father might condescend to accept a bride for his son, who was not absolutely portionless.

"So that will obviate the necessity of so hurried and secret a marriage," said I.

"Dearest, no!" was his reply. "Even that sum is so far below what my father expects, that there is no chance of his consenting."

I was completely taken down in my estimation of myself and my father. What a mine of wealth old Mr. Cavendish must possess to look upon thirty thousand dollars as a mere bagatelle—a thing not worthy to be mentioned! How should I feel in entering such a family? I said this to my enraptured lover, who persisted in the idea that, although to ask consent beforehand, would be ruinous, yet there would be no difficulty in obtaining pardon afterwards.

I was very unhappy and wept on Herbert's shoulder—sincerely wishing that some unforeseen, but for me, fortunate calamity might deprive his father of his property; in which case I thought it possible that his son could exist on the small sum I had named, with a prospect of still more in future. But I shuddered when I thought that I had been contemplating the contingency of my father's death—for without that, I could expect nothing more.

All this time Herbert was pleading, and I was blaming myself for my reluctance, fearing that he would take it as a proof that I did not love him. He wound up by a burst of tender rapture that I hardly knew how to resist, and indeed I might have yielded, had not a crushing of the leaves of the shrubbery made us both start. There was a pause—and then my father and uncle, followed by my two cousins, stood before us.

They had evidently heard all that had passed, for William said, laughing, "You put too fine a point upon it, Cavendish, when you spoke of your father's riches. You forgot, my boy, how he scolded you for extravagance last year in college. Our New England fathers are not half so severe. But pardon me! This is my uncle, Harry Clifford, Kate's father—and you will have to ask his consent if not your own father's."

I had nestled close to my father, whose arm I held fast. I was trembling like a leaf. "Here, Fred," said he, "take Kate back to the house. I will settle with this young gentleman myself. I wish to ask him a few questions before William, who knows more of him, after all, than any of us."

I never knew what passed. Not a word was ever said to me, nor was Herbert Cavendish's name mentioned before me. My father paid a hurried visit, staying only one day. Contrary to my expectations, he did not take me home with him. I entreated to go, so thoroughly ashamed was I of the events of the past night. I would have gladly buried my feelings in my own heart, at home in my chamber, but he thought it better for me to stay there. Helen was my good friend now. She was so kind and attentive, and sought to make me so much at ease, that I loved her more than ever, even if she had laughed at Herbert Cavendish.

For the very reason that my adventure was never talked about, it lost its importance. I grew to be neither much mortified nor ashamed of it. I had not felt a spark of love for my suitor since he had so wretchedly tried to deceive me. Romantic as I was, I loved truth and honor; and the want of it in any man would have shocked and repelled me. How could I have borne to live with one whose nobleness I had suspected?

William went away to study a profession. I remembered that my lover was too rich for this! The night before he went, I took a long walk with him, during which he talked, for the first time, of Herbert Cavendish. He blamed himself for introducing him to his family. He was poor, and, being a pleasant companion, he had thoughtlessly invited him home. Probably, he said, had I not been there, he would have tried his arts upon Helen, but in the course of conversation, Herbert had had the address to find out the amount of property owned by William's father and mine. Finding they were nearly equal, he had probably calculated that Helen would have only a third as much as myself, as I was an only child. His anxiety about his father consenting to receive a daughter with so small a fortune! His real anxiety lay with my father.

They had discovered his schemes from a letter which he had partly written and had then torn, and probably dropped on the stairs. My uncle had found it and shown it to his sons—hence the visit of my father. They thought it best to send for him, not knowing that I might not resist any other authority.

O, dear! my bit of romance! How violently, rudely was it ended! William went away and the life of the house seemed to have vanished. Fred was always in such low spirits! And now little Helen was going to be married! Not to a rich man, but to a good one—a farmer, like Fred, and Helen was blushing over her bridal finery, just come home, when Fred came in and was curiously inspecting it.

"Nothing green! Why, we shall not know you, Fenella!" said Fred, adopting the name I had given her. "What a happy look she has!"

"O, Fred, darling!" said the little creature, putting her small hands in his, now embrowned by toil like a farmer's, "I *should* be happy, if you and Kate—"

He put his brown hand before her lips. "Hush, dear," he said, "I have asked her once, and she said no. There is no appeal from that, you know."

"And what if Kate should say *yes*?" I asked, trembling, and without looking up. There was a pause so awful that I was about to run away; but a hand was placed on my arm, and a voice whispering in my ear, "Kate, Kate! beware how you trifle with a heart that loves you!"

To that heart I suffered myself to be taken, trembling and tearful; and since that hour I have never sighed for the lost dreams of romance.

THE BUMP OF DESTRUCTIVENESS.

Getting shot is a fate that inevitably befalls any rare or strange bird that may happen to visit this country. Even a stray parrot runs a great risk if it should escape into the rural districts, as can be unwillingly testified by many a sorrowing and bereaved parrot-owner. So far does this cruel and abominable custom go, that I have known a paroquet to be shot by a farmer, though it had escaped from a house in the same little village. The destructive propensity is truly developed to a wonderful extent in some persons, who quite justify the sarcastic foreigner in his remark that a heavenly day always inspires an Englishman with a desire to go out and kill something.—*Boutle's Natural History*.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

From heaven fair beings come at night,
To watch o'er mortals while they sleep;
Angels are they, whose sole delight
It is to comfort those who weep.
How softly on the dreamer's head
They lay their soft and snow-white hands!
One smile!—then, in a moment fled,
They melt away to happier lands.—JOHN WILSON.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

Education is cheap in the empire. Such stereotyped knowledge as protection retains in the Central Land, unchanged and unimproved, is widely diffused; and where there are so many to teach, it cannot be very costly to be taught. China swarms with schoolmasters. Most hamlets in the south, and every large village in the ruder north, have a school of primary instruction. These village schools are not at the charge of government. The masters lead rather a precarious life, boarding alternately with the different farmers and substantial householders, and bartering lessons for rice and samshu. The viceroy may, if he sees fit, bestow some small subsidy out of the provincial treasury upon the village schools, and sometimes an endowed pagoda serves for the seminary, in which case the Buddhist priests undertake the duty of rudimentary teaching, receiving a money payment, seldom exceeding a few sapecks, from the parents of each little scholar. Poorly paid as these schoolmasters are, they are not useless, since a surprising number of even the poorest Chinese are competent to read and write. Then comes the normal school, the expenses of which government defrays, and in which the curriculum turns entirely upon the studies requisite for passing the official examination. Every *chef lieu*, or capital of a province, called "Fou" by the Chinese, has a large seminary of this nature, where many masters are employed, under the vigilance of an inspector of education. In second-class towns, called technically "teheon," there is a smaller school, presided over by a sub-inspector. The third order of walled cities, classed under the head of "tsien," contain a minor establishment, with two or more tutors, who are in due time promoted to the central schools. To these normal institutions resort the prize pupils of the village instructors, as well as those luckier Chinese whose parents have been able to hire private teachers of more extensive attainments. The normal schools impart a knowledge of the sacred books, the rites, as they style the ceremonial rules which regulate every action from the cradle to the coffin, the Confucian Apophthegms, the history of all the dynasties, and the polite art of writing. It is perfectly possible for a diligent youth to go straight from the normal school to the board of examiners, to pass creditably, and come forth qualified for the petty posts under the imperial system, for tide-waiterships, and collectorships of salt-excise, and such small deer of office. But if he wishes to mount the higher rounds of the gilded ladder—if he cherishes visions of gold and silver dragons flashing from his embroidered vest, of peacock plumage and gaudy silken banderols drooping on his brocaded shoulders—if he hopes that the proud button of plain red coral will sprout one day on his silken cap—he must go further afield. Peking contains a kind of university, in which a student may go through a course of the sciences gratuitously, or nearly so, and if he hopes to be a viceroy, a criminal inspector, a prefect or a censor, he must take another journey, and repair to the university of Moukden, in Mantchooria, where he must devote himself to the acquisition of Tartar speech and the careful study of Mongol peculiarities. He then returns to China Proper, and puts him-

self under the tutelage of a poet. He has never far to seek for one. There are plenty of lazy or disappointed sons of song, who have failed to pass their own "great go" or second examination, and who are willing to earn a few silver ounces by teaching the way to the Pierian spring. To write sonnets, odes, ephithalamiums, elegies, and so forth, is absolutely necessary in China, at least to one who aspires to the highest grades of the literary aristocracy.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

MORNING.

The best part of the day for most purposes, is in a great measure lost by most persons. There is no question of it. It is either lost in sleep—between sleeping and waking—feeble efforts to rise—buttoning up the toilet, or in a state of trifling indecision what to take hold of first. Let habit have its due influence in the case, and there can be no doubt but that early morning is the most advantageous time for effort of any kind, physical or mental. What an important part of most people's lives is lost! So Walter Scott's evidence to anything which relates to experience in great performance will be taken without reserve. He says, "When I got over any knotty difficulty in a story, or have had in former times a passage in a poem, it has always been when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. This is so much the case, that I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself when I am at a loss, 'we shall have it at six o'clock to-morrow morning.' If I have forgotten a circumstance, or a name, or a copy of verses, it is the same thing. I think the first hour of the morning is favorable to bodily strength. Among other feats, when I was a young man I was able to lift a smith's anvil by what is called the *horn*! but I could only do this before breakfast, and required my whole strength undiminished by the least exertion."—*Kneeland*.

FUNERAL IN VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

When a man dies his body is laid upon a raised platform or couch, erected in the middle of his lodge. Here it is left for nine days to be seen and visited by his tribe; upon the tenth a funeral pile is erected and a great gathering of friendly tribes and families takes place. The corpse is laid upon the top of the pile, the wife or wives of the deceased lying alongside; here she must remain until the presiding medicine-man permits her to rise, which permission is seldom accorded until she is terribly burned. Even now her trials are not over; she must collect some of the oily matter which exudes from the burning flesh, and rub it over her own body, and if the limbs (as is frequently the case) of the body contract from the heat, it is her duty to keep them straight, and all this in a blazing fire of gumwood. Should the wretched woman get through all this alive, she has to collect any remnants of charred bones and, tying them in a bundle, carry them upon her back, day and night, for three years, at the end of which time she is free to take a second husband—a trial I should scarcely imagine likely to find many brave enough to attempt.—*Tourist's Journal*.

By preparing for the worst, you may often compass the best.

The Florist.

The huds are swelling in the hedge,
And in the vales the bluebirds sing;
And though the gale may rudely blow,
It breathes a perfume of the spring.—LANCASTER.

Pests of the Garden.

Insects, and snails, and slugs, are the terror of all gardeners, and the destruction they effect in some seasons in small gardens is almost beyond the bounds of credulity. Birds comparatively do little injury—indeed the soft-billed kinds do good. The blackbird and the thrush, the robin and the sparrow, though they devour a portion of the fruits, destroy insects also. All birds may indeed be safely encouraged in small gardens near towns, as they do much more good than injury; and a few cherries and currants are a cheap price to pay for their delightful songs.

Season Work.

It is pleasant to be able once more to work out of doors, if even for two or three hours. It is time now to attend to your garden walks, to rake them, add fresh gravel, and trim the borders. If you have a hotbed—and this is indispensable, unless you choose to be dependent on the florist—you may now sow dahlia seeds, balsams and cocks-purs, and such tender annuals as require an early start. Potted hyacinths and tulips may now be plunged in the borders. Stocks and china asters should be sown in a slight hotbed.

Anemones.

All the numerous and splendid kinds of these plants which are met with in gardens, spring from three species, viz., anemone coronaria, the garland or poppy anemone, the sepals of which are white, with a red ring round the centre inside the flower, and the sepals rounded at the tip; anemone stallata or pavonina, the sepals of which are purplish, and of one color throughout; and the anemone hortensis, the sepals of which are pointed and purplish, with a white centre.

The Aphis.

An objection to growing plants in rooms is the great difficulty of keeping them free from insects: particularly the aphis or green fly, and the kind of mite (acarus telarius) commonly called the red spider. Fumigating them generally destroys them. Washing with a syringe and abundance of water is, however, probably a better mode, as it has often been observed that neither the green fly nor the red spider will ever infest a plant that is frequently syringed.

Hedychium.

Garland-flower. Large reed-like looking plants with splendid flowers, but which are only suitable for large places, as they require the heat of a stove and a great deal of room to flower well. They are natives of the East Indies. Hedychium coronarium has large white flowers, exceedingly fragrant. All kinds require rich light soil, and are increased by dividing the roots.

Garden Walks.

In the management of garden walks all extraneous matter, including weeds, should be carefully removed from the surface. Weeds must be pulled up by hand; watering the walks with brine will destroy the microscopic weeds and also kill worms. Medford gravel is the best material to make paths of.

Yucca.

The yucca, of which there are some twenty or more species and varieties in cultivation, is a remarkable genus of ornamental plants, all, we believe, natives of the United States—some from the north, some west, and some south—though the name is South American. Some varieties are shrubby, and among these the *gloriosa*, *superba* and *serrulata*, which are usually kept in greenhouses, attain the height of eight or ten feet, assuming a palm-like form, a round clean stem, surmounted by a mass of long-pointed foliage. When they are in bloom they are at once remarkable and beautiful—the flowers, which are bell-shaped, being produced on pyramidal spikes four or five feet high. We have seen plants with upwards of two hundred flowers all open at the same time. The low-growing herbaceous sorts are better adapted to outdoor culture at the north than the shrubby ones, which cannot endure the cold. The *filamentosa*, *flaccida*, *angustifolia*, and some others, are quite hardy without protection, and when planted in large beds on lawns are very effective. These are propagated from seeds and suckers, and are rather tardy in blooming, but they are worth waiting for.

Cypripedium Fairieanum.

Fairy's Ladies Slipper. Most of our readers have no doubt seen this beautiful indigenous species of ladies slipper. They may not know, however, that the genus is one of the most known and prized of what are called "terrestrial orchids"—that is, orchideous plants that are grown in the earth, instead of blocks of wood suspended in the air, and designated as "aerials." This *fairieanum* was introduced into England some two or three years ago from the East Indies, and is quoted in the English catalogues yet at \$25 per plant. It bears transplanting, and by cultivation grows more richly colored. It is well worth the little care it requires, growing in deep shade beneath trees where other plants would languish.

Hanging or Climbing Plants for Vases.

There are many beautiful trailing or climbing plants, which, suspended in baskets or vases in the plant-room or parlor, make elegant ornaments. *Lobelia gracilis* is one of the prettiest plants we know for this purpose. When covered, as it will be when proper care is taken of it, with its profusion of elegant blue flowers, it is confessed to be a charming ornament. The *Neremburgias* are neat, beautiful plants for this purpose. The *Torenia Asiatica* is also beautiful, both with white flowers. The *Lysimachia Nummularia*, a strictly hanging plant, is of the easiest culture; and with its bright yellow flowers, pretty foliage and graceful habit, is deservedly a great favorite.

Trilliums.

These are tuberous-rooted plants, generally with dark brown or reddish flowers, exceedingly rich in appearance. There is a velvet softness in the petals, which adds to the effect of the colors. They are all natives of this continent, and should be grown in shady places, in sandy peat, kept moist.

Camellias.

Camellias are commonly cultivated in sandy loam and peat, and this soil is perhaps the best for them when they are grown in pots; but when they are planted out in a conservatory, or the open ground, they will thrive exceedingly well in sandy loam, mixed with rotten dung or leaf-mould.

The Housewife.

Wax Candles.

Wax candles are neither dipped in the melted wax, like the common dip candle, nor are they cast in moulds, like the mould candle. The material possesses some peculiar qualities which will not allow of either of these processes. These wax candles are made by hanging the wicks all round a hoop in a fixed position, pouring melted wax down from the top of each, repeating until the required thickness has been attained, after which each candle is rolled until it is perfectly smooth and of equal circumference, shaped at the top, and cut even at the bottom.

Portable Ice-House.

Two casks, one six or seven inches longer and wider than the other; into the largest put charcoal powder about three or four inches deep; then place the smaller cask on this, and fill up the vacancy between the two with charcoal powder, and drive it down tight; arrange a double cover and fill it in the same way; then bore a hole one inch in diameter through the bottoms of the two casks, and insert a wooden pipe to let the water run out; lastly, put it in the coldest place possible.

Gruels.

Have ready a pint of boiling water, and mix three large spoonfuls of finely sifted oatmeal, rye or Indian, in cold water; pour it into the skillet while the water boils; let it boil eight or ten minutes. Throw in a large handful of raisins to boil, if the patient is well enough to bear them. When put in a bowl, add a little salt, white sugar and nutmeg.

Apple Tapioca.

Pare, core and quarter eight apples; take one-half tablespoonful of tapioca which has been soaked all night in water; put in one-half teaspoon of white sugar and flour; put the tapioca so mixed in a stewpan, and let it simmer ten minutes; then put in the apples, and simmer ten minutes more. When cold, there will be a jelly round the apples.

Sauce Aristocratique.

Green walnut juice, one part; anebovies, one part; cloves, mace and pimento bruised, one drachm of each to every pound of juice. Boil and strain, then to every pint add one pint of vinegar, half a pint of port wine, quarter of a pint of soy, and a few shallots. Let the whole stand a few days, and decant the clear liquor.

Cold Slaw.

Yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of cream, a small teaspoonful of mustard, a little salt, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. If cream is not used, put in a small lump of butter rubbed in a little flour. Cut the cabbage very fine, heat the mixture, and pour it on hot.

Cream Custard.

Mix a pint of cream with one of milk, five beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of flour and three of sugar. Add nutmeg to the taste, and bake the custards in cups or pie-plates in a quick oven.

To destroy Flies.

Cold green tea, very strong, and sweetened with sugar, when set about in saucers, attracts flies and destroys them.

Scalloped Oysters.

Wash your oysters well in their own liquor, then put some of them into scallop shells or a deep dish, strew over them a few bread crumbs, with some seasoning, such as you prefer, and spread some butter over them; then add another layer of oysters; then of bread crumbs, etc., and when the dish or shells are full enough, spread some butter over the top, and put them into an oven to brown.

Oil of Jasmin.

Take an iron plate, on this place a cotton cloth imbued with olive oil, then a layer of flowers, then a cloth, and lastly an iron plate; repeat the series as convenient, and change the flowers for fresh ones until a proper scent is imparted; then apply pressure, collect the oil in glass bottles, and let it rest until fine; lastly, pour off the clear

Decoction of Peruvian Bark.

Peruvian bark, bruised, one ounce; cold water, one pint. Boil together for ten minutes, then add half an ounce of Virginia snake-root, and two drachms of orange-peel, bruised. Keep the infusion near the fire for half an hour, in a close vessel. A wineglassful may be taken every hour.

Good Yeast.

Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and half an ounce of salt, in two gallons of water for an hour. When nearly cold bottle and cork it closely. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours, and one pint will make eighteen pounds of bread.

Kitchen Odors.

The unpleasant odors from boiling ham, cabbages, etc., is completely corrected by throwing whole red peppers into the pot—at the same time that the flavor of the food is improved. Pieces of charcoal will produce the same effect.

Cure for the Earache.

Prepare a mixture of oil of sweet almonds and laudanum, and put it into the ear; or, apply a small poultice, in which is put a raw chopped clove of garlic; or, roast a small onion, and put as much of the inside into the ear as you conveniently can.

Gentian-Root Infusion.

Gentian-root, half an ounce; orange-peel, pounded, two drachms; hot water, one pint. Let these stand an hour. This will be found useful in debility of the digestive organs. A wineglassful may be given every two or three hours.

Nice Light Buns.

One pound of flour, six ounces of butter, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, quarter of a pound of sugar; beat the yolk of an egg separately, half a gill of milk, and a few drops of essence of lemon; bake immediately.

Ice Cream.

Any preserved fruit, five pounds; cream, one gallon; juice of six lemons, sugar to sweeten. Pass the whole through a sieve, then put it into the freezing-pot, and work it until frozen.

Tapioca Jelly.

Tapioca, one pound; water, six pints. Put them together over night, next morning boil quite clear and of a proper consistence, then flavor to taste.

Frozen Apples.

It is stated by those who have had the advantage of experience, that if apples which have been frozen are thawed in the dark they are uninjured; but if in the light, they very soon become unfit for use. We should suppose the same result would most likely appear if the experiment were tried with potatoes. It is a very simple one, and certainly worth the trouble, as at the present season potatoes are extremely valuable as an article of food.

The Throat.

Families would do well to keep always at home a box of *Brown's Bronchial Troches*, a simple but most marvelously efficacious specific for affections of the throat, affording prompt relief in cases of coughs, colds, bronchial troubles, etc. Singers and public speakers will find them also excellent to clear the voice and render articulation wonderfully easy. Suited to all ages and sexes. Sold by all druggists.

A Hot-Bed in the Kitchen.

A peck measure, an old box or earthen pot, may be filled with proper soil, and tomatoes, lettuce, radishes, cabbages and other edibles, started successfully without the cost of anything but a little pleasant care; and the pleasure of seeing them burst into life and grow will repay all this, to say nothing of the fun of eating them. Will the women see that this is done?

Peat.

This substance is exceedingly valuable in gardening; indeed, some plants, like the rhododendrons, can hardly be raised without. Peat-bog consists entirely of vegetable matter, decayed by being saturated with moisture, but which requires to be decomposed, or mixed with some earthy matter, to render it fit for vegetation.

Chapped Hands.

A correspondent sends us the following sure recipe for the cure of chapped hands:—Dissolve three cents' worth of clarified beeswax in three cents' worth of pure sweet oil, by heating over a moderate fire. Apply at night before retiring. If desirable, it can be scented.

Wheat Meal Crisps.

Mix the meal with water, cold, warm or hot, into a stiff dough; roll it out as thin as possible, and cut into small narrow pieces or strips, and bake in a quick oven. These are excellent for sour stomachs and irritable bowels.

Stewed Prunes.

Stew them very gently in a small quantity of water till the stones slip out. Physicians consider them safe nourishment in fevers.

Raisin Cake.

One and a half cup of cream, one cup of butter, three eggs, one and a half cup of sugar, one pound of raisins, cloves, cinnamon, and one teaspoon of soda.

To destroy Insects on Shrubs, etc.

Tie up some flowers of sulphur in a piece of gauze, and dust the plants with it.

Flowers and Shrubs in a Bed-Room.

Flowers and Shrubs should be excluded from a bed chamber.

Blanco Mange.

One ounce of isinglass, a quarter of a pound of sugar, two laurel leaves, one ounce of bitter almonds, and eight or ten sweet ones, pounded. Boil three pints of new milk, and pour on it in a basin, and cover up to dissolve; when convenient, put it on to boil three quarters of an hour; keep stirring all the time; then strain off through a muslin, and stir it until the steam is all gone off. Let it stand till nearly cold before it is poured into moulds, which must be well wetted with cold water.

Poison.

If a person swallows poison deliberately, or by chance, instead of breaking out into multitudinous and incoherent exclamations, despatch some one for the doctor; meanwhile, run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in anything that is handy, put into it a teaspoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, stir it an instant, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open—then down with the mixture, and in a second or two up will come the poison.

To dye Crimson.

Take two ounces of gum arabic, and for every pound of silk, two ounces of cochineal, and one-third of an ounce of agaric, and one ounce of turmeric; mix, and put them into your copper, and when they begin to boil, and the gum is dissolved, put your silk in; let it boil two hours, and then it is dyed. Wash it slightly, and dry it in the shade.

Chocolate Drops.

Reduce two ounces of chocolate to fine powder by scraping, and add it to one and a half or two pounds of finely powdered sugar; moisten the paste with clean water, and heat it over a fire until it runs smooth, and will not spread too much when dropped out; then drop it regularly on a smooth plate.

A certain Cure for Warts.

Steep in vinegar the inner rind of a lemon for twenty-four hours, and apply it to the wart. The lemon must not remain on more than three hours, and should be applied fresh every day. To apply acetic acid with a camel's hair brush is still better.

Scalding Milk Vessels.

Be careful to scald every vessel which has contained milk, having previously let it stand for some time filled with cold water, and never let any other liquid be put into it till it has undergone this process, or whatever you put in will be spoiled.

Corn Batter Bread.

Take six teaspoonful of flour and three of corn meal, with a little salt; sift them, and make a thin batter with four eggs and a sufficient quantity of milk; bake in small pans in a quick oven.

Pickled Oysters.

Boil the oysters in their own liquor until they look plump, then take them out and strain the liquor; add to it wine, vinegar and pepper to your taste, and pour it over the oysters.

Moths.

To drive away moths from clothes, wrap up some yellow or turpentine soap in paper; or place an open bottle containing spirits of turpentine in the wardrobe.

Curious Matters.

A wonderful Well.

Some two years since, Mr. Gray, proprietor of the Aurora (La.) Hotel, sank an artesian well upon his premises to the depth of seventy-nine feet, finding a copious supply of water. About eight months since, sounds of roaring, as of the fall of a distant cascade, were heard in the well. These sounds continue to be heard at regular intervals, and are at times very loud and boisterous. Every other day, about midnight, the sounds commence, and continue for twelve hours, and have been known to be so violent as to awaken persons sleeping in the house. A person, who has recently visited this well, tells us that the roaring resembles the troubled, boiling, foaming sounds, to be heard at a little distance from Niagara Falls. It would seem that this singular phenomenon is worthy of a scientific investigation, that its cause may, if possible, be fully discovered. It is now the opinion of some that the sounds are caused by a subterranean cascade, but why they are intermittent seems mysterious. A singular feature connected with the matter is, that at the time the roaring is heard, the water from the well is warmer than when all is quiet.

The Effects of Tobacco.

There is now living in the county jail in Morgantown, Va., a young female, who is a singular instance of the evil effect of tobacco. She was brought to the jail for safe keeping, somewhat more than a year ago, hopelessly crazed by the inordinate use of tobacco in all its forms, and was for a long time closely confined and prevented from using the "weed." She, however, became so much more wild and unmanageable, that after a time it was determined to allow her, as an experiment, a limited quantity of tobacco. Under this treatment she became speedily quite docile and easily managed, and has now for some time been engaged in doing house-work at the jail and in the family of the jailor, being looked upon as quite harmless, though it is understood that there is no hope of her ultimate recovery. She is only twenty-one, and by no means repulsive in personal appearance—or would not be, if she were to let tobacco alone. She chews a considerable amount of tobacco daily, and smokes cigars whenever she can get them, as they are not furnished to her.

A conjugal Helper.

The Milwaukee Press tells the following:—Hon Charles Caverno, the representative of Milwaukee, is constantly attended by his lady in all his legislative labors. She sits by his side at his desk during all the sessions and recesses of the assembly, busily engaged in writing, etc., never leaving him for a moment. We learn that she also meets with him in his labors on the different committees—the judiciary and the committee on banks—of which he is a member. Upon inquiry we are told that he is compelled to have an assistant to both read and write for him, on account of the personal injuries he received a few weeks before the session.

A strange Coincidence.

Lately, at Hempstead, L. I., a valued canary died, belonging to a lady, whose eldest child soon sickened and died, too; a second canary was bought, which soon died as the first, and the remaining child followed the other to the grave; again a third canary was purchased, it died like the two others, and soon the childless mother had to mourn the death of her husband.

Small Creatures.

Among the papers published in costly style by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is one on the microscopic plants and animals, which live on and in the human body. It describes quite a number of insects. The animal which produces the disease called Itch, is illustrated by an engraving half an inch in diameter, which shows not only the ugly little fellow's body and legs, but his very toes, although the animal himself is entirely invisible to the naked eye. When Lieutenant Berryman was sounding the ocean preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding line brought up mud, which on being dried, became a powder so fine that on rubbing it between the thumb and finger it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope, it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had a living animal.

A Sparrow caught by an Oyster.

The Birmingham Daily Post narrates the following incident which occurred on the premises of Mr. Potter, fishmonger, Dale-end, Birmingham, England:—"A neighbor passing through the yard, observed a sparrow fluttering in a frantic manner on the top of a heap of oyster shells, as though struggling to release himself from the unpleasant detention. He found that the leg of the poor bird had been caught firmly in the grip of a young oyster which was attached to the outside of one of the discarded shells. He at once took his prisoner into Mr Potter's shop, where the singular bird-trap was opened with a knife, and the bird released. It is supposed that the oyster had opened its pearly jaw for air, and that the feathered wanderer, whilst hopping merrily past, accidentally, but too surely, 'put his foot in it.'"

Singular Case of Disease.

Emma Jane Cooper, who died at Dover, Vt., lately, at the age of fourteen years, was at the age of eleven as large as girls usually are for her years. About that time the growth of her body was arrested from deficient nutrition, but the development of her mental powers continued until her decease. What occasioned this lack of sufficient nutrition was more than her physicians were able to discover. The amount of food she was able to consume gradually diminished, until for nearly a year she had been unable to take any solid food, and for three months previous to her death she lived on two spoonfuls of buttermilk or whey per day. She died of emaciation—and so reduced was her body, that it weighed only thirty-nine pounds.

Rats with Bills.

Mr. Carl Kleinman, of St. Louis, lately deposited \$300 in Missouri bank bills in his cellar. This he thought would be safer than a bank, and he let the money rest until the other day, when he proceeded to examine it. His astonishment was great when he found the bag in which he had wrapped it empty—and it was still greater when he found his money in fragments, and used to adorn some rat nests near by. After gazing mournfully at the remnants for a few minutes, he procured assistance and caught every rat in the cellar.

A mute Family.

There is said to be a family at Halifax Centre, Vermont, consisting of a father 86 years of age, two sons and two daughters, all of the children being deaf, dumb and blind, and yet they manage to carry on their farm, gaining a respectable living therefrom.

Life in frozen Fish.

It is well known that several species of fish may be frozen quite stiff, carried several miles, and when put into cold water they will revive. Several artificial ponds have been stocked with fish carried from a distance in a frozen state; and yet it is stated that the celebrated Dr. John Hunter, having tried several experiments to restore frozen fish, always failed to do so. A recent French experimenter in this line states that he has discovered the reason of this. He asserts that the tissue of fish and frogs may be frozen and the creatures may be restored to activity; but if the hearts become ice-chilled, they never can be re-animated.

A hard Customer.

Rarey had a tough time with a little iron-gray horse in New York, recently. Instead of his usual twenty minutes *enfi, vidi, vici*, he was compelled to fight more than an hour for victory. Some twenty or thirty times did Rarey attempt to strap up his left foreleg, but the exceedingly potent objections made by the iron-gray to his completing the operation were vigorously effective. After an hour and a quarter's continuance of the struggle, Rarey finally conquered, having given the audience the finest exhibition of his power and resolution.

Shirts highly natural.

The highest trees in South America produce shirts! "We saw on the slope of the Cerra Doida," says M. Humboldt, "shirt-trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment, which resembles a sack of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts in the rainy season; they have the form of a poncho."

Colored Rain.

The savans are puzzling themselves about several showers of rain of a reddish hue at Siena, in Tuscany, three of which occurred on the 28th of December last, and others on the 31st of the same month and the 1st of January. The fall of this rain was confined to a limited portion of the town, and fell every time in the same locality. Its color was at no time deeper than weak wine and water. An analysis showed that the color must be owing to some solution, as no sediment was deposited by the water.

A queer Law.

In 1787, the town of Eastham, in Massachusetts, voted that every housekeeper should kill twelve blackbirds and three crows, which did damage to the corn—a vote which was annually renewed for some years. And in 1795, it was further voted that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds and three crows while he remained single; and, as a penalty for not doing it, he should not be married until he obeyed the order.

Curious Custom.

In the canton of Basle, in Switzerland, there is a law which compels every newly-married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two more on the birth of every child. They are planted on commons, frequently near the high road, and the greater part of them being fruit trees, are at once both useful and ornamental. The number planted is said to amount to ten thousand annually.

Wonderful Escape from Death.

Jub. N. Sherman, third mate of the whaler Mary Ann, of Fairhaven, Mass., relates the following escape from death, which recently happened to him. The whale struck the boat and threw him right across the monster's mouth, so that both legs were in its mouth, and then went down with him. Fortunately the whale soon came up so the man could breathe—in the meantime he had extricated one of his legs—but the whale immediately went down again, carrying Mr. Sherman down the second time. Mr. Sherman then thought of his sheath-knife, which he used upon the whale's under jaw, causing it to let go its hold, when Mr. Sherman arose to the surface of the water, about a ship's length from the boat, and he was rescued, nearly exhausted, by seizing him by the hair of the head as he was sinking. On examination he found himself minus his pants, and with a hole in one leg large enough to receive an egg.

A giant Bird.

Dr. George Bennett, a naturalist, who has lately published an account of his twenty-two years' residence in Australia, gives a description of the grandest of all Australian birds, the jabiru, or gigantic crane. It grows to be five feet high, and is so rare, that the doctor had seen but four skins of the birds during his residence there. It is very graceful, has large and brilliant eyes, a beautiful metallic brilliancy of plumage, and is easily domesticated.

Habits of Spiders.

A celebrated entomologist, who has made a special study of the structure and habits of spiders, states that there is not a single authentic case on record of a person being killed or seriously injured by the bite of a spider; all the stories about the fatal bite of the famous tarantula being simply fables. These insects are, however, exceedingly ferocious in their fights with each other; their duels invariably ending in the death of one of the combatants.

A Curiosity.

A live Pennsylvania elk in these latter days is a sight which cannot be witnessed at any time. The only animal of this species now known to exist is in the possession of Simon Nagle, of Marietta, and a noble beast it is. Its weight is full six hundred pounds, and it carries a magnificent pair of antlers. Although it was captured some years since, after a six days' chase, it is still as spirited as when it roamed the wilds of its native forest.

A veritable Mermaid.

One of these creatures is said to have been brought to Brooklyn, which was caught on the coast of Japan. It is about 28 inches in length from the hips down—it is a fish closely resembling a shad. The upper parts of the body and head resemble a monkey, and are covered with brown hair. It has long arms with five webbed fingers of the same length on each hand. It has been embalmed, and is in a good state of preservation.

A curious Combat.

The Rouen Journals relate an extraordinary event. Two cows in a meadow at Sept-Meules engaged in a fierce combat, and at the last the smaller one tossed her adversary right over a hedge, causing her to fall into a deep marl-pit. It was not until after three hours' labor that the cow could be got out, and the only injury she had sustained was a broken horn.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

The courtship and marriage of this English nobleman belong to the "Romance of the Peerage." Travelling in Greece, when a young man, he was attacked by a dangerous fever. Sir E. Lyons, then British minister at Athens, had the young nobleman removed to the embassy, where he found an affectionate and devoted nurse in Sir Edmund's youngest daughter, then in her seventeenth year. With returning health and strength the young patient drank in delicious draughts of a potion prepared by the cunning "archer-god." When the young heir to the ducal house sought an interview with Sir Edmund, that high-minded and honorable papa refused to sanction his suit. Sir Edmund did more—he immediately wrote the parents of his guest, expressing his regret at what had occurred, and his conviction that the heir of the great house of Norfolk ought to find a consort in a nobler and older family than his own. He added that the young traveller was now well enough to be removed from Athens, and suggested that arrangements should be immediately made for his return home. The parents of the young man highly approved of Sir Edmund's conduct, the patient returned to England, and it was hoped that time and absence would do the rest. But the lover displayed a noble constancy, and found means to overcome the objections of his family to the marriage, which was accordingly solemnized in 1839, the bridegroom being then in his twenty-fourth year, and the bride only eighteen. The union has been a happy one, has been blessed by offspring, and the eldest son, now in his thirteenth year, is Duke of Norfolk.

SENSIBLE TREATMENT.—Nursing, diet and good care are the rules in the Paris hospitals, instead of the drenching, bleeding and cupping so long used as remedies.

PRODIGIOUS.—A Cincinnati editor says that he has many a time seen a man on skates jump twenty-four feet. Lucky he didn't say yards, for then we would not have believed him!

PLAYING CARDS.—Half a million packs of cards are made annually in London.

EFFECT OF FRIGHT.

A correspondent of the Medical Times, having asked for authentic instances of the hair becoming gray in one night, Dr. D. P. Parry, Staff Surgeon at Aldershot, writes the following very remarkable account of a case which he says he made a memorandum of shortly after the occurrence: "On Friday, February 19th, 1859, the column under General Franks, in the south of Oude, was engaged with a rebel force at the village of Chamba, and several prisoners were taken. One of them, a sepoy of the Bengal army, was brought before the authorities for examination, and I, being present, had an opportunity of watching from the commencement the fact I am about to record. Divested of his uniform, and stripped completely naked, he was surrounded by the soldiers, and then first apparently became alive to the danger of his position; he trembled violently, intense horror and despair were depicted on his countenance, and although he answered questions addressed to him, he seemed almost stupefied with fear; while actually under observation, within the space of half an hour, his hair became gray on every portion of his head, it having been, when first seen by us, the glossy jet black of the Bengalee—aged about fifty-four. The attention of the bystanders was first attracted by the sergeant, whose prisoner he was, exclaiming: 'He is turning gray!' and I, with several other persons, watched its progress. Gradually but decidedly the change went on, and a uniform grayish color was completed within the period above named."

RELIGION.—Religion is not a thing which spends itself. It is like a river which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls in to the ocean of eternity.

MARRIAGE.—The bridegroom and bride give each other their hands at the altar, as prize-fighters in England shake hands before they begin to fight.

UNFOUNDED FEARS.—False fears bring true vexations; the imaginary grievances of our life are more than the real ones.

GOING AHEAD.

"Go ahead!" is our national motto. There is no such forcible mode of expression in any other language. The French "*En avant!*" and the German "*Vorwärts!*" have not half the significance. Like Squeer's pupils, the Yankee learns the phrase and then "goes and does it." The reluctant are pushed on by the crowd behind them, on pain of being trampled under foot, and the whole column moves resistless. It is one incessant tramp! tramp! tramp! A forest stands in the path—it is levelled by the living mass as by a tornado. A river intervenes—it is bridged in the twinkling of an eye. A mountain rears its granite mass against the sky—it is tunnelled. Is it desirable to obtain a correct bird's eye representation of a city? A couple of Yankees go up in a balloon, hang out a camera from the basket, and the work is done. If human hands cannot accomplish a job, human heads invent the machines that will do it. Is a Mexican fortress to be stormed? The volunteers are mustered, the magic "Go ahead!" is uttered, down goes the Mexican eagle, and up flies the "Bar-tangled Spanner" in its place.

Are we going ahead too fast? There are millions of acres of public lands to be occupied and tilled, and it will be long before the watchword is unnecessary. There are yet remote regions to be opened to trade, and the merchant catches his inspiration from "Go ahead!" It sounds in the ear of the American student as he glances over the long array of volumes he must master before he can claim the palm of scholarship. It is heard by the architect who has to pile stone upon stone till the cornice crowns the ninth story of the commercial palace he has designed. Old Croesus hears it when he has reached his original stint of a million, and pushes on in the hope of doubling his stakes. And here lies a fatal mistake, not knowing when to stop. Human machinery was never designed to exhibit the phenomenon of perpetual motion. There comes a time when the levers will not act, when the springs are rusty, when the boiler plates are worn thin, and steam must be shut off or an explosion will follow. There is a time when "superfluous lags the veteran on the stage," and it is time for him to "lay up in lavender." We Americans are always striving to obtain and never waiting to enjoy. Very few men will give up till they are about to take leave of the world altogether. They cannot conceive of happiness as associated with the suspension of business and repose. We imagine a retired grocer to be the most uncomfortable of human beings. We knew one who could only be sustained by keep-

ing up the illusion that he was still a tradesman, tending counter in his pantry, and retailing sugar, butter, molasses, flour, ginger bread, honey, walnuts, raisins, lamp oil and sugar candy to his wife and children. An English half-pay officer had his servant wake him every morning to tell him it was time to dress for parade, that he might have the luxury of replying, "You scoundrel! I've retired from the service and can sleep as long as I please." This would be no luxury to a retired American officer. It would fill him with anguish to reflect that he had no longer to don his regimentals and exercise the "awkward squad" in the "goose step." Every now and then we read in the newspapers of some respectable old gentleman rising half an hour before breakfast, retiring to his barn and suspending himself from a beam in the hayloft by a pair of reins until life is extinct. The Bunsby of an editor who records the fact invariably adds, "No cause can be assigned for such an act, as the deceased was in easy circumstances." *That* was the cause, stupid!—"easy circumstances!"—can't you see it? Nothing makes a Yankee so uneasy as easy circumstances. How can a man go ahead when he has gone ahead? American convicts are very apt to die in prison. They can't "go ahead"—the four walls are insuperable impediments. Not always, however—there are more escapes from prison in America than in any other country. Not that the prisons are any weaker—we build them of granite and iron—but "where there's a will there's a way," and even in spite of the shackles of guilt, the go-ahead-iveness of the Yankee drives him in some cases through stone walls, even. We all know the legend of the Dutchman who was carried round the world by his cork leg, the movement of which was "a compound of clockwork and steam." That was a fatal invention to Mynheer Von Clam. A Yankee would have rejoiced. It would have saved him coach fares, and railroad and steamboat expenses, and he would have contrived some kind of a brake to stop his course long enough to trade notions, where he circumnavigated the globe, and made money into the bargain. In short, in spite of its abuses, "Go ahead!" is a talisman by which the greatest marvels are accomplished.

MR. SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNACLE.—The London papers state that this edifice is nearly finished. Its cost will be \$150,000, of which \$100,000 was gained by subscription.

TOO BAD.—Why is a hungry brown dog like a man who bakes bread? Because he is a *bay-cur*, and *kneads* something to eat.

THE CHINESE THEATRE.

The Chinese are passionately fond of theatrical amusements. The imperial government encourages this species of exhibition in every possible way, though its generosity does not, as with the Romans, go to the extent of paying the expenses of free performances. They do not build a theatre, but allow one to be erected anywhere, on the squares or in the streets by means of subscriptions collected among the people. Theatres (sing song) rise as if by magic. They are commenced in the morning and are ready by night. The bamboo cane is admirably fitted for this sort of structure; it bends, but does not break.

The profession of an actor is considered degrading—players are beyond the pale of the law. They form companies of ten or twelve each, and wander from town to town, stopping wherever there is a demand for their services. They make an engagement, for such money paid in advance, for a certain number of days or weeks, with the people of certain quarters or streets, as well as with mandarins, or private individuals, who on some great occasion, such as a festival, a fine harvest, the success of a commercial speculation, the birth of a son, the cessation of wind and rain, wish to regale their fellow-citizens and acquire a reputation for generosity.

The Chinese get along very well without scenery. The actor supplies it, after having his name and quality announced, by stating that he is in a palace, a garden or a wood. The spectator is satisfied, and his imagination completes the illusion. In a certain play a general receives an order to go and fight the rebels; immediately he goes through the movements of a cavalier mounting a horse, runs three or four times round the stage, tucking up his long robe which interferes with his motions, then stops, all out of breath, and announces, in the midst of a terrible crash of gongs and trumpets, that the enemy has yielded without daring to encounter him.

The plot of the piece is no more complicated than the accessories. But, on the other hand, the dresses are of rare splendor, and are particularly interesting to Europeans, because they are historical, and show fashions which only exist in old engravings. The spectacle goes on without interruption day and night; when one play is ended another begins. As for the spectators, they are always in open air, and very numerous. Each one takes up the most comfortable place he can find; some place themselves in trees, others bestride a wall, others cling to the foremost part of the stage. They eat, drink, smoke and gossip. If they are pleased, they remain; if dis-

satisfied, they go away. They do not applaud, and they never manifest their displeasure by hissing. They must be a hard audience to play to.

ANECDOTE OF TAMBERLIK.

The following is stated to be the origin of Mr. Tamberlik's famous "*ut sharp*," which was worth so much to him. He is by birth a Roman, but his family is of Polish origin. He stuttered badly when he was a child, and his family destined him to slumber in the stalls of the church. He ran away from the theological seminary and entered the army. Discovering one day that he had a splendid *tenor's* voice, he quitted the army and took Guglielmi (a son of the celebrated Guglielmi) for his singing-master, under whom he made such progress that he was soon engaged at the San Carlo; he and Fraschina (who was several years older) sharing between them the *tenor's* parts—Fraschini singing the *forte*, and Tamberlik the *tenorino*. Being wretchedly paid at this opera-house, he quitted Italy for Spain, where he obtained an excellent engagement at Barcelona. One day, while rehearsing a new part in which he was to appear that evening, he lost his voice. Nevertheless, there was no such thing as closing the opera-house or changing the piece; for the court had commanded the opera and the performance. "Then, if you can't sing, bawl," exclaimed the orchestra, upon Tamberlik's saying, "By Jove! I cannot sing!" "Bawl," continued the leader of the orchestra; "I'll give you the pitch!" and he knocked the piano as hard as he could. All at once, Tamberlik, the *tenorino*, who never sang anything but the softest, sweetest melodies, thundered "*do sharp*," in clear, bell-tongued tones. His fortune was made; a new "*star*" rose above the lyre horizon.

QUALIFICATIONS.—In China a man must become a poet before he is eligible to any office. What a bore it must be to the appointing powers! It is bad enough to have to read an office-seeker's "papers," but to have to read his verses, and decide on their merit must be excruciating.

SPECULATION.—A countryman was seen staring at the signs in Albany, when a pert clerk asked him if he wished to buy some gape-seed. "No, I don't want none," was the reply; "I am looking at this little town—I talk of buying it."

PARISIAN COURAGE.—As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrol," said she, "don't be afraid."

A LONDON PLAYHOUSE.

A special correspondent of the London Post has been exploring the most poverty-stricken parts of the great metropolis, and serves up the result of his discoveries in a series of papers called "London Horrors." In one of his letters he says: "The New Cut does not differ much from Shoreditch, or Chapel Street, Somers Town, and it may be shortly described as a succession of groves. There are groves of stiff, cheap clothing, groves of hardware, groves of flabby-looking meat, groves of boots, and groves of haberdashery; with the stalls of costermongers, filled with fish and vegetables lining the gutters. There are plenty of ginshops, and a few cheap bakers, and at one corner stands the Victoria Theatre, formerly called the Coburg. It is a large, well-built house, and has been celebrated, in its time, for good acting; but it is now one of the 'three-penny theatres,' giving a very coarse kind of drama, suited to its audiences. The fittings are faded, the walls are smeared with greasy dirt, the pit floor is muddy and half covered with orange peel and broken bottles, and the whole place is a little cleaner than the courts and alleys at its back, but nothing more. The audience are worth looking at, and on the night of a popular drama, such as 'Oliver Twist' or 'Jack Sheppard,' the gallery presents a most extraordinary picture. Half the evil, low-bred, lowering faces in London are wedged in twelve hundred deep, perspiring, watchful, silent. Every man is in his yellow shirt sleeves, every woman has her battered bonnet in her lap. The yell when Bill Sykes murders Nancy is like the roar of a thousand wild beasts, and they show their disapprobation of the act, and their approbation of the actor, by cursing him in no measured terms. I once heard an eminent performer say that he looked upon hisses as applause when he played Iago; and if he played it at the Victoria Theatre, earnestly and powerfully, he would stand a chance of being spit upon and pelted. The most daring star' never ventures to appear at this dramatic temple."

FINANCIAL.—It is a queer fact that everybody is out of money at the same time. Who ever undertook to borrow ten dollars, without finding all his acquaintances had "a little note to take up?"

CONVERSATION.—Conversation ought to be mental music, in which diversity of thought in the unity of humanity makes harmony for the soul.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.

One of the most healthful and invigorating recreations in which the sex can indulge at this season, is that of riding on horseback, and truly glad are we to see that it is becoming more and more fashionable in these parts. For once, the insatiate goddess, who rules supreme in the female world, is on the side of health and happiness. A very little experience, truly, says a contemporary, will enable a lady to ride gracefully, elegantly, and with confidence—and what sight is more charming than a lady neatly attired, well-mounted, and riding with a firm seat? The fascinating elegancies of the boudoir or drawing-room, the refinement and polish of the ball room, with the soft and ravishing looks exchanged in the giddy mazes of the whirling waltz, are as nothing to it. In this country, the habit of using equestrian exercise by ladies has never been much in vogue until of late years, but now it is becoming fashionable, and we hope to see all our American ladies elegant horsewomen. Our ladies walk but little, ride but seldom, and transform themselves into mere hot-house exotics, and, gradually weakening their constitutions, leave behind them in their children a still more feeble generation. An abundance of healthy exercise, riding or walking, and plenty of the fresh, pure air of heaven, taken in large doses, from early youth up, would make American women the fairest of the fair.

FLATTERY.—There is a proverb, that "comparisons are odious." But this is only the case when rivals are compared, and when hatred and jealousy may be induced. What is more pleasing than a pretty simile? What more agreeable to the party concerned, than to tell an ugly woman that she resembles a beauty?

EARLY DEATH.—Blessed is he who dies in the flower of youth; it is as if he had risen, from the midst of a feast before he was intoxicated.

GOOD LOOKS.—Personal beauty is a letter of recommendation written by the hand of divinity but not unfrequently dishonored by the bearer.

HAPPINESS.—Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

TAKING CARE.—We are told to "take care," but most of us have too much of it for our comfort already.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.—Cutting a hog into pieces and then "caring" it.

A TALK ABOUT TALKING.

How few people there are who converse well; how few have cultivated conversation as an important social art! We have plenty of orators, but scarcely any talkers; and for a very good reason—oratory and conversation are as different as writing and speaking. An orator is a monopolist, he has the field entirely to himself, there is nothing to check the flow of his ideas; he selects his subject and can carry out its consideration to its fullest extent. But your talker must expect opposition; he must change his theme often, he must be prompt at repartee, he must think like lightning, and the right word must be ever ready in the right place. As a people, we are all haranguers. We are nothing if we are not allowed to be lengthy in discourse. We are like those generals who can fight a regular pitched battle on a great scale, but are nothing in an encounter of small swords. We disdain as trivial the cultivation of the light colloquial graces; yet nobody can be always "orating;" he must sometimes descend to small talk, and when we come down from our stilts, we make sad hobbling walk. We have seen distinguished orators, famous rhetoricians, ponderous logicians, floored in an attempt to entertain a social circle. Such humming and hawing, hesitating, stumbling and repetition would kill a man dead in five minutes in continental society abroad, where people are trained to talk glibly from childhood. We believe Hazlitt somewhere says that a stage-coachman is more than a match for the smartest senior wrangler that ever carried off the honors of Oxford.

The conversation of authors is proverbially stupid. Were you ever at a literary party? Nobody ever goes more than once. You anticipate a "feast of reason," and you come away without an additional idea in your head. You expect to cram your note-book with brilliant sayings, and you find nothing absolutely worth journalizing. The great Greek professor tells you that the weather is unpleasant; that the spring is forward; that the riding is getting dusty, and that it would be better if we could have some rain. You find the wittiest author of the day a very shy bird. Catch him throwing away any of his literary pearls. He is afraid of having his ideas repeated in anticipation of his next magazine article; and, besides, his rival is present, and he is a notorious pilferer. But there is Corinne, the great transcendental blue-stockings. You prepare to ascend with her into the seventh heaven of poetry and sentiment. But, alas, you find that Corinne is hungry and thirsty like any other mortal. If you acquire her con-

fidence she will impart to you a desire for some more oyster pie, and a fresh supply of green seal. You become unpleasantly conscious of her unplatonic affection for boned turkey, and a witness of her unsentimental flirtation with sandwiches. There's the celebrated editor; but if you want to get at his ideas, you must subscribe to his paper, he only comes to the party, like Corinne, to eat and drink. We don't have "aesthetic teas" here, we feed our lions and they mutely eat. But here's a famous actor. He is voluble enough, in all conscience; but those jokes and funny phrases, have you not heard them all in the farces of Morton, delivered with the accompaniment of facial contortions and costume, inadmissible in a polite saloon? You laughed at them then, now they fall on your ear, "flat, stale and unprofitable."

Mr. Marvel is one of our social bores. He is a dealer in exclamations. The point of his talk is only an exclamation point. He never says anything but "Wonderful! Astonishing! Prodigious! Extraordinary! I declare! You surprise me! You shock me! Is it possible!" There is the interrogative talker: "So Jenkins is married, is he? Hey? Going to move out of town, are you? Have you seen Morvillor's landscape? Like it? Hey?" Then there are the contradictory talkers. Let your opinions to-day be to the letter what theirs were yesterday, they will instantly run an opposition train to yours, upset you on the mudbank of their own opinions, and leave you, sprawling and bespattered, to get up as you can. When you have run them to a stand on one point, and they find you are fixed on agreeing with them, and they cannot object to the matter of your opinions, they have still a resource left in objecting to your manner of uttering them. You speak unaffectedly, and they censure you for mediocrity, a bald plainness, and want of spirit and animation.

In short, it is very plain that we need, in our seminaries of learning, professorships of conversation. It is not that we do not know what to say, but how to say it; we lack not matter, but manner. We hold that conversation is as much an art as oratory, and needs a proper course of training and discipline. Unless a great social reform is effected, we must continue to bore each other to the end of the chapter, social intercourse will cease, men will become morose, thousands will set up for hermits, and tongues will rust for want of use. We must learn to talk, or give up speech as a nuisance.

INJUSTICE.—The injustice from which a man has most to fear is his own.

OLD CLOTHES.

There is a vast deal more in a suit of old clothes than superficial people are apt to imagine, for a long-worn garment infallibly acquires something of the personality of the wearer. Old hats and coats have an expressive individuality, and even old boots are not to be despised. When Bombastes Furioso hangs up his boots on the tree with the proud legend:

"Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face,"

he is preparing to resist a personal indignity with the true spirit of a chivalrous gentleman. The groundlings always laugh when this threat is uttered, but for our part the feeling it elicits is too deep for mirth. Mark Anthony moves the Roman populace to tears when he exhibits the mantle of Julius Cæsar rent by the assassins' daggers, and pathetically recalls the "summer evening in his tent" "when first he put it on."

"That day he overcame the Nevill."

We always object to the giving away of old clothes. It is a heartless surrendering of tender or sublime associations. Shall the blue swallow-tail, with bright buttons, in which you led the blushing Araminta to the hymeneal altar deck the broad shoulders of a Canadian gipsy, or a sturdy beggar? Shall the victorious boots with which you kicked the ruffian Wormwood down the back stairs be worn by a fellow who has no *sole*? Shall the uniform in which, when new, you led the Bungtown Invincibles through the horrors of the shamfight in Huckleberry Pasture, become the property of a Jew? Rather reserve it for your funeral garment—rather let it perish by the moth and the worm. We have a collection of old clothes in our garret large enough to stock a dozen shops in Brattle Street. They are not all garments that we have worn—many of them are family heir-looms. There is our great-grandmother's wedding dress of brocade, with the high-heeled blue satin shoes in which, after the ceremony, she danced the minuet with old General Bullion, who had served in the old French war. These dresses form an eloquent commentary on the old family pictures, and aid us materially to form true conceptions of our past history.

Did you ever, dear reader, meditate upon the philosophy of an old clothes shop? It is exceedingly edifying. If you have a sharp eye you can track the evidence of ownership through a whole row of garments, and some of these series may present a wholesome moral lesson. You see here the suit that Cornelius Flasher wore when he commenced the life of a man about town, just

after the death of his rich old uncle Croesus Buffer, who left him all his bank stock and real estate. Then there is the green cut-away with bronze buttons that he sported when he fell into the hands of the jockeys. These appear to have been discarded when they were almost as good as new. The next suit was evidently "spouted" when he had "gone to the dogs." It tells a sad story. There are stains and patches on it, and it yet exhales a faint odor of ancient potations. It is faded as much by punchlight as by sunlight. And there is an old napless hat beside it—truly a battered, rakish, disreputable tile that has done duty as a *hod* many a time and oft. And there are some faded, consumptive feeling garments that tell a painful story of destitution. And there, more painfully suggestive yet, are little children's dresses and shoes. Why were they sold? Were the owners dead, and were these little relics disposed of through the agonizing pressure of necessity? Or were they living, and did a drunken father sell them for the purpose of ministering to his infernal appetite for drink? You see there is more in an old clothes shop than was ever dreamed of in your philosophy; and when you next stroll through Brattle Street you may put our hints in practice, if you are given to such speculations.

CATARRH.—A form of chronic throat disease, consisting in inflammation, which begins behind and a little above the palate, and extends up into the nose. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have proved very efficacious in this troublesome complaint. No sufferer from catarrh should be without them.

FORGIVENESS.—There is a beautiful lesson in the following lines by the Persian poet, Sadi:

"The sandal tree perfumes, when riven,
The axe that laid it low;
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe."

A CURIOUS TREE.—There is a tree in Williamstown, Mass., which, standing on the spot where three States join, draws nourishment from Massachusetts, New York and Vermont.

INDUSTRY.—Honest industry is, after all, man's only sure dependence for the double blessing of a contented mind and a comfortable livelihood.

A FALSE-HOOD.—On being shown a portrait of himself, very unlike the original, Hood said that the artist had perpetrated a false-Hood.

Foreign Miscellany.

The levy of French soldiers is to be 50,000 greater this year than it was in 1860.

Suicides have of late been extraordinarily numerous in Paris and the neighborhood.

The expenses of setting up a telegraph line in England is from \$300 to \$350 per mile.

Austria is raising a loan of 30,000,000 florins, in anticipation of taxes that are coming due.

There is a Bible in the library of the University of Gottingen written on 5476 palm-leaves.

In Russia, the average number of persons exiled to Siberia yearly is about 9500, exclusive of the women and children that accompany them.

The French Emperor has purchased Prince Solतिकoff's famous collection of mediæval arms and armor.

A piece of land was recently sold in London at the rate of \$1,900,000 per acre, sufficient to cover it with silver equal to half a dollar in thickness.

Nana Sahib is alive after all. He is encamped with a few followers in Thibet, just beyond the Nepal frontier, and in a country over which Jung Bahadoor can claim no supremacy.

An ingenious dandy conceals his baldness in Paris, by having a complete set of thirty-one wigs, each longer-haired than the other; at the end of the month he has his hair cut, by beginning again at No. 1.

An English paper says, that in punching the eyeholes of needles by hand, children, who are the operators, acquire such a dexterity as to be able to punch a human hair, and thread it with another for the amusement of visitors.

There are companies in France formed to secure the exoneration from conscription by the payment of money. The profit to the company is in the accumulation of funds during the intervals of the various levies.

In the Danish theatres the gas-lights in the audience part of the house are turned down during the acts, and the stage alone is illuminated. This adds greatly to the effect of scenes and costumes. It has an effect, also, upon the treasury.

The Paris courts value a young lady's teeth at £320. An English governess was recently knocked down by a carriage, and by the accident lost all her front teeth. She brought an action of damages, and the tribunal awarded the above amount.

In every corner of some parts of Germany, each female, from the maid-servant to the mistress, has a spinning-wheel; and there is no good housewife in Bohemia who would not consider herself disgraced if she did not spin within her establishment all the linen articles necessary for her household.

A new writing apparatus for the blind has been invented by the Rev. Mr. Wardlaw of Scotland, originally for his own use. The hand and pen are kept at work on the same line, but the paper moves upward at the proper distance as each line is completed, by a slight touch from the left hand.

The attempts made in Australia to introduce salmon have proved failures.

A Turkish bath has been constructed for the use of the patients in the Cork Lunatic Asylum.

A bishop in England has set the fashion of wearing beard and moustaches.

A tri-centennial celebration of Shakspeare's birthday will be held in England in April, 1864.

The wealthy Miss Burdett Coutts has been erecting handsome dwellings for the London poor.

An actress, aged 90, died lately in an English poor-house, her very name having died out.

Macgregor Laird, the African explorer, recently died in England. He published a "Narrative of an Expedition up the River Niger," in 1837.

A German at Frankfort-on-the-Rhine, a short time since, ate twenty-nine bologna sausages. By this feat he won a large wager, and placed himself in the hands of the undertaker.

The London Times is fairly amazed at the last census returns of the United States. It opens its eyes in astonishment, says nothing like such growth has ever been witnessed in Europe, and considers the statistics "astounding."

In his labors for the improvement of the French capital, Napoleon III. is building himself a monument which will survive revolutions and dynastic changes, and long associate his name with the most beautiful city in the world.

The number of steamers navigating the canals and rivers in Russia in 1859 was 358, of which 185 belonged to different companies, 170 to private persons, and three to the Ministry of Marine.

A French philosopher predicts that the accumulation of ice at the south pole will eventually tip up the earth, bringing new continents to light and deluging the old. The Frenchman announces that this unfortunate event will take place five thousand years hence.

A new fashion in ladies' stockings has come out in England. They are woolen or cotton, but are parti-colored, as red and white, red and black, mauve and gray. When harmonizing in color with the dress, the effect is said to be very pretty.

A large carp was caught recently in a pond of the chateau of La Beauviere, near Bethune (Pas-de-Calais), France; and in the side of its head were two gold rings, on one of which was engraved (the characters, however, having become somewhat illegible) *Isure de Blerville, 1704*.

Mr. Bright says there are a million able-bodied laboring men who cultivate the soil of England and Wales, and their average wages (and it is much higher than in Ireland) is ten shillings sterling, equal to \$2.40 per week, or forty cents a day upon which to support themselves and their families.

An interesting discovery has been made at Trikali, near Corinth. It consists of an antique bronze vase containing 9170 coins in excellent preservation. The most modern of them date from the time of the Achaian League, 280 years before the Christian era. The vase has been presented to the Queen of Greece, who takes great interest in ancient art.

Record of the Times.

There are living in Newbury, Vt., thirteen men 80 years old, and one or two over 90.

There are seven thousand seven hundred veins in an inch of mother of pearl.

The human heart, in a life of 60 years, beats two thousand million of times.

The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says the tallest woman in England is Westminster Abbey.

200,000 bushels of peanuts are raised for export near Scott's Hill, South Carolina.

More than half the convicts in our state prison are under 26 years of age.

An intelligent young Chinaman, clerk in a tea store at St. Louis, was lately married to a pretty young American girl.

A child of Mr. Edward Colver, residing in Newark, N. J., died recently, from eating lucifer matches.

Among the Romans the gift of a ring was a badge of liberation from slavery. Married people can best explain whether it is so among the moderns.

There is a family of five brothers and sisters all living in one neighborhood in the town of Waterford, Vermont, whose united ages are 378 years. The oldest is 80 and the youngest 72 years.

The police officers of West Troy have adopted a new way to gain information about crimes committed; they take the prisoners out of jail, get them shamefully drunk, and then pump them.

A pickpocket is said to have been doing a good business on the lines of railroad out West, by getting into a car, refusing to pay his fare, and picking the conductor's pocket as he is putting him off.

Mr. Sheffield, a well known business man in New Haven, recently sent a note to a tenant of his, saying: "Dear Sir: On account of the hard times, your rent will be reduced \$200 for the next two years." A truly generous action.

Sounding boards over church pulpits are again coming into vogue in New York. One has recently been placed in Rev. Dr. Bellows's church and another in Trinity church, while other churches are considering the subject.

The official census returns show the population of California to have been 375,000. The population of San Francisco is between 57,000 and 58,000. Complaints are made that the census was imperfectly taken, and that the real population of the State is not less the 600,000.

A singular circumstance occurred recently at Hull, England. A child ten weeks old, had been left in the cradle by the servant girl. Some time afterwards the child was heard crying, and on going into the room it was found that a rabbit had eaten off two of its fingers on one hand and a finger and thumb on the other.

Paper neck-ties have been invented, printed in imitation of silk and gingham with such exactness as to defy detection, save on close inspection. With the advantage of this new invention the "Beau Brummels" of the present age can sport a "stunning tie" as often as their time or inclination will permit.

No less than \$1,560,000 are invested in bee culture in Ohio.

A cow in Taunton has favored its owner with a calf born with two heads and three tails.

It is stated that five printers occupy the pulpits of five churches in Portsmouth, Va.

One farmer in Illinois sold 2500 head of cattle last fall, yielding him \$75,000.

In Mexico children are carried to the grave garlanded with bright flowers.

The Turks say women have no souls, and prove it by their treatment of them.

A vagabond minstrel melted the heart of a Chicago judge by playing "Dixie."

A young couple at Erie were lately married for a joke, and find it a sad one.

Two ounces of salt a day given to a hog improves him greatly.

There is a physician in Newburyport who has attended at the births of three thousand children.

It is said that the venders of lottery policies in New York draw, from the poor of the city, over \$200,000 per annum.

Daniel Hillman of New Haven will make a figure in the world. He has invented a machine which will cut out 100,000 slate pencils a day.

A countryman mistook a church at Springfield, Mass., recently, for the Probate Court, and was savage that the office was closed during business hours.

The placing of pieces of rattan in ordinary brooms to expand the brush is said to be an economical improvement just introduced, which is likely to be generally adopted.

The Oxford Maine Democrat says that in two families in the town of Woodstock, all the children have died from diphtheria; one family lost five, another three.

A patent money drawer gave the alarm to a grocer at Lewiston, Maine, a few days ago, while he was in the cellar, leaving an acquaintance in his store. The "friend" owned up to the act of trying the till.

California has 400 saw-mills, erected at the cost of \$2,500,000. One half are propelled by steam, the remainder by water. They cut, annually, 500,000,000 feet of lumber, the value of which is \$15,000,000.

A high-souled employer, Edward Harris, a successful woolen manufacturer, at Woonsocket, R. I., has made it a practice, for several years, to add a dollar of his own, to every dollar his work-people invest in the savings bank.

An ice machine, Harrison's invention, is at work in London, producing, with a ten-horse engine, eight thousand pounds of ice in twenty-four hours, at the total expense of \$2.50 per ton, which is said to be a hundred per cent. cheaper than imported ice.

About four years since, a swarm of bees left the hive of Thomas Macy, in Nantucket, and located themselves in the garret of Mrs. Elizabeth Swain, on Milk Street. One day lately, Mrs. S. had a portion of the floor taken up, when, to her surprise, she became aware of the bees, and the fact that she was the owner of about forty pounds of honey.

Merry-Making.

A water-cure physician is D. D.—Doctor of dive-in-ity.

Black swans and prudent lovers are great rarities in this world.

Why is a ship's crew like a bomb-shell? Because, when discharged, they go on a *bust*.

An artist is not as strong as a horse, but he can draw a larger object.

Marriageable ladies should make a point of frequenting the opera, where they are sure to have *overtures*.

Why should not a railroad car be made to answer for damage done to baggage as well as a stage-coach? Because it has no *tongue*.

A friend of ours, who is afflicted with temporary deafness, consoles himself by the belief that nothing is going on worth hearing.

Somebody asking in what attitude a statue of General Jackson was to be represented, was answered: "Taking the responsibility of course."

It has been decided that a blind black man, in a dark cellar, with a dark lantern, looking for a blind black cat, constitutes a very dark transaction.

A lady, expressing a wish—in the presence of her son, a boy of five years—that she had something to read that she had never read before, the boy exclaimed: "Take your Bible, mother?"

A boozy fellow was observed, the other day, driving a "porker," holding on to his tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying ge-hography.

A very pious old gentleman told his sons not to go, under any circumstances, a-fishing on the Sabbath; but, if they did, by all means to bring home the fish.

In New York they are peddling hot lemonade. Nor'Wester of the Boston Post suggests, that for an unemployed man there is no aid equal to lemon-ade.

An Irishman, who was engaged at a drain, had his pickaxe raised in the air just as the clock struck twelve, determined to work no more till after dinner, let go the pickaxe and left it hanging there.

An old soaker being found in a gutter one wet night, the water making a clean breach over him from head to foot, was asked by a passer what he was doing there, "O," said he, "I agreed to meet a man here."

Two passengers were conversing in a railway carriage about music. One gentleman asked the other, who appeared rather simple, "Do you know the 'Barber of Seville'?" "No," the latter replied; "I always shave myself."

At a recent fashionable ball in Nottingham, a lady who was annoyed by the dust exclaimed: "Pray keep your mouth shut, my dear Evelina, or you'll certainly be turned into an hour glass."

One day, at a farm-house, a wag saw an old gobler trying to eat the strings of some night-caps that lay on the ground to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I call introducing cotton into Turkey."

What sea separates Boston from Lynn?—Chel-sea.

Motto for corn-gatherers: "Lend me your ears."

What did Adam first plant in the garden of Eden? His foot.

When a cat drinks rum, you may look out for a rum-pus.

What color is it that contains several? An umber (*a number*).

Who lets one sit on his shoulders shall have him presently sit on his head.

Why is ice in a thaw like philanthropy? Because it *gives* in all directions.

Fun is worth more than phyaic, and whoever invents or discovers a new supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

The proprietor of a bone-mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

A man once observed that milestones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

A little fellow one day non-plussed his mother by making the following inquiry: "Mother, if a man is a mister, aint a woman a mistery?"

A wag being asked the name of the inventor of butter stamps, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

In the olden time they counted seven wise men. Now, take men at their own value, and you wont find half that number of fools.

Never flirt with a young widow who calls you by your Christian name the second time you meet her, unless you have quite made up your mind to the worst.

Instead of retaliating upon the man who calls you a villain, a liar, or a thief, coolly inform him that you have not sufficient confidence in his veracity to believe him.

A good question for a debating society. Which is the most delightful operation: "To kiss a fair woman on a dark night, or a dark woman on a fair night?"

A red nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits? "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt it."

A BRILLIANT PAPER!


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M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,
BOSTON.

The Man who drew the Elephant.



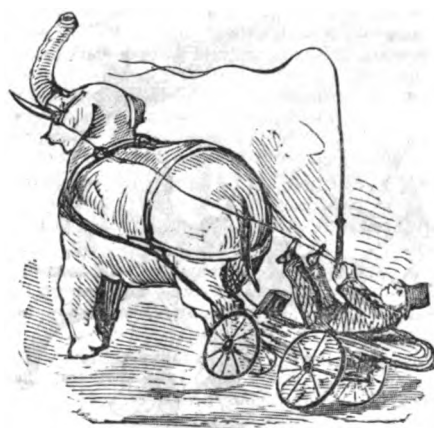
Mr. Sap Green, a pupil of Mr. Agassiz, eagerly purchases a ticket in an elephant-raffle—a sight of the noble animal exhilarating him to enthusiasm.



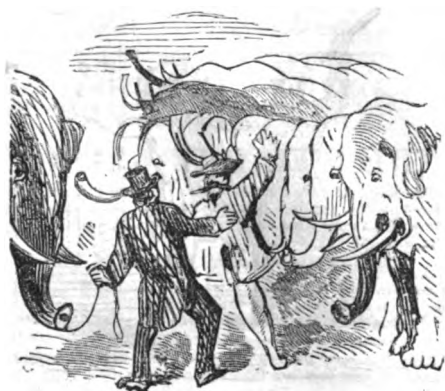
He is the winner of the prize, and "treats the crowd" according to the established usages of similar occasions.



Mr. Green mounts his acquisition, and is escorted to his lodgings by a large body of police, to prevent the possibility of a popular emeute.



Attempts to drive him in a buggy, but finds the "critter" a little too unmanageable, and quite too large.



Attempts to sell him to the proprietor of a menagerie. No go—elephants a drug—two dozen now on hand.



The wretched Mr. Green is obliged to lodge his unwieldy prize in his own neatly-furnished bachelor apartments,

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Finding himself in close quarters, the elephant finds the need of exercise. Tosses his owner, just by way of a "flyer."



Mr. Green starves himself, and is reduced to rags, by the necessity of satisfying the voracity of that unconscionable elephant.



Furious, hungry and desperate, the elephant breaks down the walls of Green's boarding-house, and succeeds in effecting his escape.



He "runs a muck" in the street, and the whole population turns out to attempt his capture and destroy him.



The victims of the insane animal's blind fury are carried by on shutters and hand-barrow.



Mr. Green is arrested on criminal and civil suits—damages, \$75,000; possibility—a death by suspension:

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.—No. 6.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1861.

WHOLE No. 78.

SCENES ON THE HUDSON RIVER.



THE six representations which illustrate the present article, were expressly engraved for us, and depict places on the shores of the romantic Hudson, the Rhine of America, which possess more or less interest from historical associations. The first of these pictures represents a locality near Tarrytown—Sleepy Hollow—immortalized by the gifted pen of

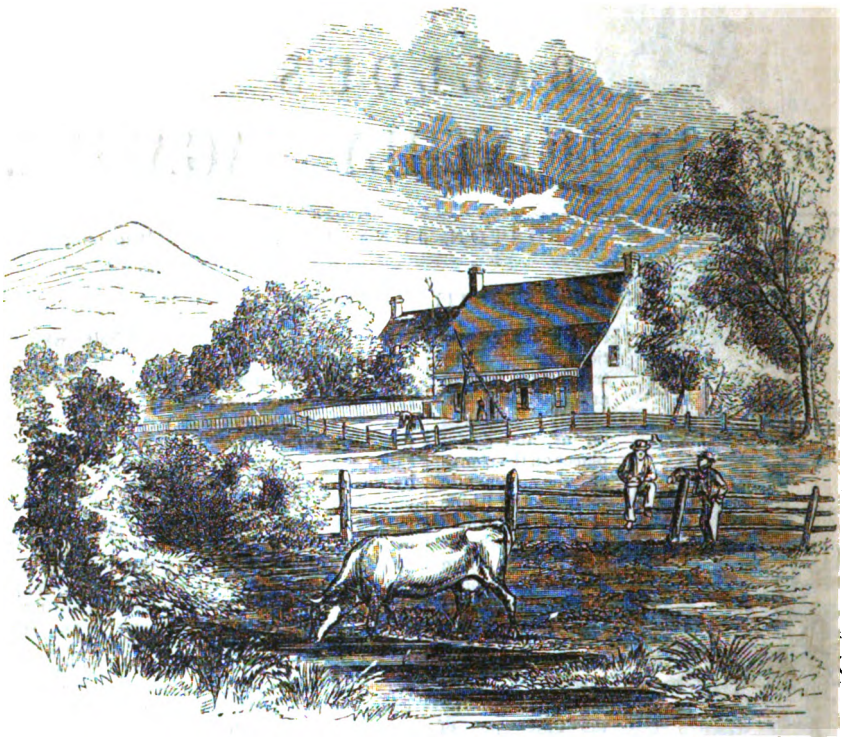
grand-daughter of John De Windt, who then occupied it. It is situated near the road from Sneedens Landing, within a few rods of its junction with the main street of the village. It is a very antique looking structure, and, unlike the "76 stone house," remains in nearly the same state of preservation, excepting damage by the elements, as it was when Washington occupied it. In the front, the date of its erection (1700) is wrought in the wall by an arrangement of bricks. The room occupied by the chief contains a fine specimen of those old-fashioned fire-places, which are so rarely met in the present day, and are so valuable and interesting.

The next picture delineates Van Wart's monument. It stands in the Presbyterian churchyard at Greenburgh, on the Saw-mill River. Van Wart was one of the three yeomen who captured Andre. He was an officer of the church here for many years, and the people of

Washington Irving. It would be "gilding refined gold" to attempt to describe a scene which Irving has rendered classical, and we content ourselves with giving a sketch of the bridge which spans the little stream. The next engraving represents Washington's headquarters near Tappan, N. Y. When Washington was at Tappan, he had his headquarters at a stone house now occupied by the family of Samuel S. Verbrück, whose wife is the



SLEEPY HOLLOW, NEAR TARRYTOWN, N. Y.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, TAPPAN, NEW YORK.

Westchester county erected this monument over his remains. On the 11th of June, 1829, its completion was celebrated by the usual ceremonies on such occasions. It bears the following inscriptions:

"Here repose the mortal remains of Isaac Van Wart, an elder in the Greenburgh Church, who died on the 23d of May, 1828, in the 69th year of age. Having lived the life, he died the death, of the Christian."

"The citizens of the county of Westchester erected this tomb in testimony of the high sense they entertained for the virtuous and patriotic conduct of their fellow-citizen, as a memorial sacred to public gratitude."

"*Vincit amor Patriæ.* Nearly half a century before this monument was built, the conscript fathers of America had, in the senate chamber, voted that Isaac Van Wart was a faithful patriot, one in whom the love of country was invincible, and this tomb bears testimony that the record is true."

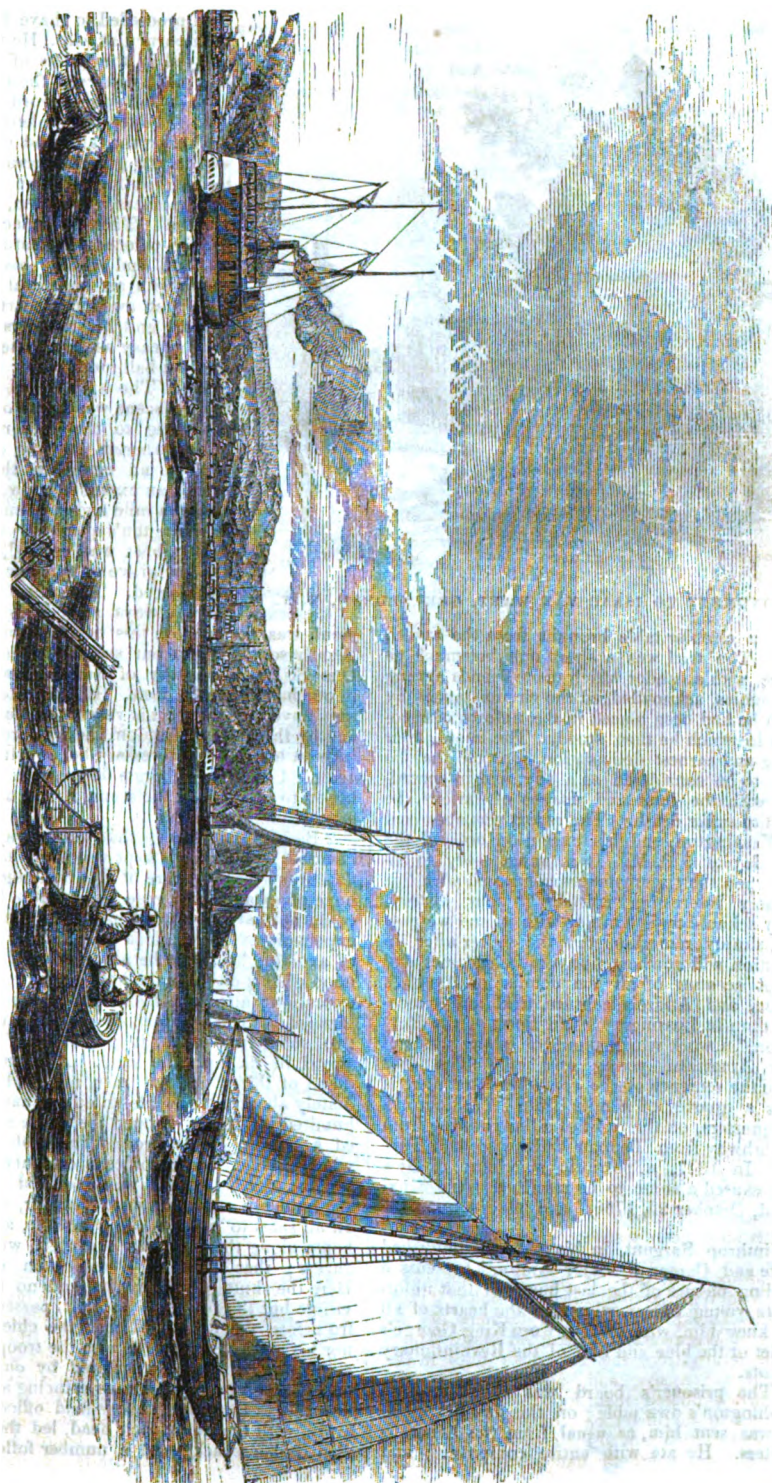
"*Fidelity.* On the 23d of September, 1780, Isaac Van Wart, accompanied by John Paulding and David Williams, all farmers of the county of Westchester, intercepted Major Andre on his return from the American lines, in the character of a spy, and, notwithstanding the large bribes offered them for his release, nobly disdained to sacrifice their country for gold, secured and carried him to the commanding officer of the district, where the dangerous and traitor-

ous conspiracy of Arnold was brought to light, the insidious designs of the enemy baffled, the American army saved, and our beloved country free."

After Andre's capture at Tarrytown, and Arnold's flight, the former was conducted to West Point, and on the 28th of September, was sent by barge to Stony Point, and thence by land under an escort to Tappan, where the army then lay. He was placed in a small room in the northwest corner of an old stone house which is represented upon page 509. Its appearance has been materially changed since, but enough remains to make it an object of interest. The room in which Andre was confined was kept intact for nearly fifty years, when the then proprietor altered and enlarged the entire rear portion into a *dall-room*, boasting, as Lossing says, that he "had received a whole dollar for the lock that fastened up Major Andrew." The house is in different hands now, and the visitor is received with courtesy and attention.

Andre's trial took place in the old Dutch church of Tappan, which was torn down some twenty-two years since, and a larger one of brick erected on its site. Its floor was the ground, and the congregation took their seats with them. A gentleman of Sing-Sing informed us that an ancestor of his had peeped into the windows of the old church during the trial, and remembered well the appearance of the board of general officers, as they sat in chairs on the ground

THE RAILROAD PIER, PIERMONT AND NYACK, FROM DOBBS'S FERRY.





MONUMENT TO ISAAC VAN WART, GREENBURGH, N. Y.

about a circular table brought from the tavern near. The trial was a short one, inasmuch as Andre, with a candor which made friends among his enemies, acknowledged the circumstances by which he had been placed in the unfortunate position in which he then stood. The board, after a long and earnest deliberation, reported that he ought to be considered as a spy, and in accordance with the laws and usages of nations, he ought to suffer death. The report was approved by Washington, and his execution ordered the next day at 5 P. M. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the circumstances connected with this intensely interesting episode in our history. Every school-boy is familiar with it, and we pass it by, simply remarking that the seeker after information will nowhere find a more succinct and perfect account of all the details of Arnold's treason, and Andre's capture, trial and execution, than in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," a work which should be in the hands of every American, young and old. The spot where the sentence of the court was executed is about a quarter of a mile from Washington's headquarters, on the right of a line running from the highway from Tappan Village to Old Tappan. In 1847, a patriotic merchant of New York caused a stone to be inscribed "Andre executed, October 2d, 1780," and placed upon the spot.

Winthrop Sargent, in his recently published "Life and Career of Major Andre," presents a thrilling picture of the last hours of that unfortunate young officer, who won the hearts of all who knew him, whether they wore King George's scarlet or the blue and buff of the Revolutionary patriots.

"The prisoner's board was supplied from Washington's own table; on this day his breakfast was sent him, as usual, from the general's quarters. He ate with entire composure, and

then proceeded to shave and dress with particular care. He was fully arrayed in the habits of his rank and profession, with the exception of sash and spurs, sword and gorget. The toilet completed, he laid his hat on the table and cheerfully said to the guard-officers deputed to lead him forth, 'I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you.' Though his face was of deadly paleness, its features were tranquil and calm; his beauty shone with an unnatural distinctness that awed the hearts of the vulgar, and his manners and air were as easy as though he was going to a ball-room rather than the grave. The spot fixed for the closing scene was in an open field belonging to the owner of the house wherein he was detained, and on an eminence that commands an extended view. It was within a mile and in open sight of Washington's quarters. Here the lofty gibbet was erected, and the shallow grave of three or four feet was dug. The office of hang-

man, always an odious employment, was perhaps on this occasion more than usually so. None of our soldiers undertook it. One Strickland, a tory of Ramapo valley, was in our hands at the time. His threatened fate may have been hard; his years were not many; and by the price of freedom he was procured to take on himself the necessary but revolting character. Under an elaborate disguise, he probably hoped to go through the scene, if not unnoticed, at least unknown.

"Besides the officers that were always in the chamber, six sentinels kept watch by night and day over every aperture of the building; and if hope of escape every rose in Andre's breast, it could not have developed into even the vaguest expectation. To the idea of suicide as a means of avoiding his doom he never descended. The noon of this day was the hour appointed for his execution; and at half an hour before the cortège set forth, Andre walked arm-in-arm between two subalterns—each, it is said, with a drawn sword in the opposite hand. A captain's command of thirty or forty men marched immediately about these, while an outer guard of five hundred infantry environed the whole and formed a hollow square around the gibbet, within which no one save the officers on duty and the provost-marshal's men were suffered to enter. An immense multitude was, however, assembled on all sides to witness the spectacle, and every house along the way was thronged with eager gazers; that only of Washington excepted. Here the shutters were drawn, and no man was visible but the two sentries that passed to and fro before the door. Neither the chief himself nor his staff were present with the troops; a circumstance which was declared by our people, and assented to by Andre, as evincing a laudable decorum. But almost every field officer in our army, with Greene at their head, led the procession on horseback; and a number followed the

prisoner on foot, while the outer guard, stretching in single file on either side and in front and rear, prevented the concourse from crowding in. In addition to all those who came from the country-side, it is unlikely that many of the army

who could contrive to be present, missed the sight. Every eye was fixed on the prisoner, and every face wore such an aspect of melancholy and gloom, that the impression produced on some of our officers was not only affecting but awful.

HOUSE IN WHICH ANDER WAS CONFINED, TAPPAN, NEW YORK.



"Keeping pace with the melancholy notes of the dead march, the procession marched along, no member of it apparently less troubled than he whose conduct was its cause, and whose death was its object. In the beautiful orientalism of Sir William Jones, 'he dying only smiled while all around him grieved.' His heart told him that a life honorably spent in the pursuit of glory would not leave his name to be enrolled among those of the ignoble or guilty many, and his face bespoke the serenity of an approved and undismayed conscience. From time to time, as he caught the eye of an acquaintance, and especially to the officers of the court of inquiry, he tendered the customary civilities of recognition, and received their acknowledgments with composure and grace. It seems that up to this moment he was persuaded that he was not to be hanged, but to be shot to death, and the inner guard in attendance he took to be the firing party detailed for the occasion. Not till the troops turned suddenly, at a right angle with the course they had hitherto followed, and the gallows rose right before him, was he undeceived. In the very moment of wheeling with his escort, his eye rested on the ill-omened tree, and he recoiled and paused. 'Why this emotion, sir?' asked Smith, who held one of his arms. 'I am reconciled to my fate,' said Andre, clenching his fist and convulsively moving his arm, 'but not to the mode of it!' 'It is unavoidable, sir,' was the reply. He beckoned Tallmadge, and inquired anxiously if he was not to be shot; "must I die in this manner?" Being told that it was so ordered, 'How hard is my fate!' he cried; 'but it will soon be over.'

"Ascending the hillside, the prisoner was brought to the gibbet, while the outer guard secured the ceremony from interruption. During the brief preparations, his manner was nervous and restless—uneasily rolling a pebble to and fro beneath the ball of his foot, and the gland of his throat sinking and swelling as though he choked with emotion. His servant, who had followed him to this point, now burst forth with loud weeping and lamentation, and Andre for a little while turned aside and privately conversed with him. He shook hands with Tallmadge, who withdrew. A baggage wagon was driven beneath the cross-tree, into which he leaped lightly but with visible loathing, and throwing his hat aside, removed his stock, opened his shirt collar, and snatching the rope from the clumsy hangman, himself adjusted it about his neck. He could not conceal his disgust at these features of his fate; but it was expressed in manner rather than language. Then he bound his handkerchief over his eyes.

"[The order of execution was loudly and impressively read by our Adjutant-General Scammel, who at its conclusion informed Andre he might speak, if he had anything to say. Lifting his bandage a moment from his eyes, he bowed courteously to Greene and the attending officers, and said, with firmness and dignity, 'All I request of you, gentlemen, is that you will bear witness to the world that I die like a brave man. His last words, murmured in an undertone, were, 'It will be but a momentary pang!'

"Everything seemed now ready, when the commanding officer on duty suddenly cried out, 'His arms must be tied.' The hangman with a

piece of cord, laid hold of him to perform this order, but recoiling from his touch, Andre vehemently struck away the man's hand, and drew another handkerchief from his pocket, with which the elbows were loosely plumed behind his back. The signal was given, the wagon rolled swiftly away, and almost in the same instant he ceased to exist. The height of the gibbet, the length of the cord, and the sudden shock as he was jerked from the coffin-lid on which he stood, produced immediate death."

Our last engraving in this series is a general view of Tarrytown from the Hudson River. Tarrytown, which is about six miles above Dobbs's Ferry, is a place containing many points of interest and attraction. Like many others—we had almost said all—of the towns on the river, it disappoints the visitor upon his first arrival. The original settlement appears to have been made immediately on the shore, at the foot of the range of hills which lends such beauty to the scenery of the eastern shore. Leaving the collection of antique-looking buildings which surround the depot, and climbing a steep and circuitous road to a semi-plateau at an elevation of about a hundred feet or more from the shore, the visitor is struck with the rural beauties of the town, which bears a strong resemblance to many of the New England towns and villages. The dwellings lie scattered over the face of the hills, most of them with handsome door-yards, and many of them—the residences of persons doing business in New York—with handsome gardens and ornamental grounds attached. The site of the town was originally occupied as an Indian village called Alipconck, or the "Place of Elms." In 1680 the Dutch settled here, and called it "Tarwe-town," or "Wheat town," which has since been simplified into Tarrytown—although Diederich Knickerbocker says the name was given it by the Dutch housewives of the back country, from the propensity of their husbands to tarry about the taverns on market days.

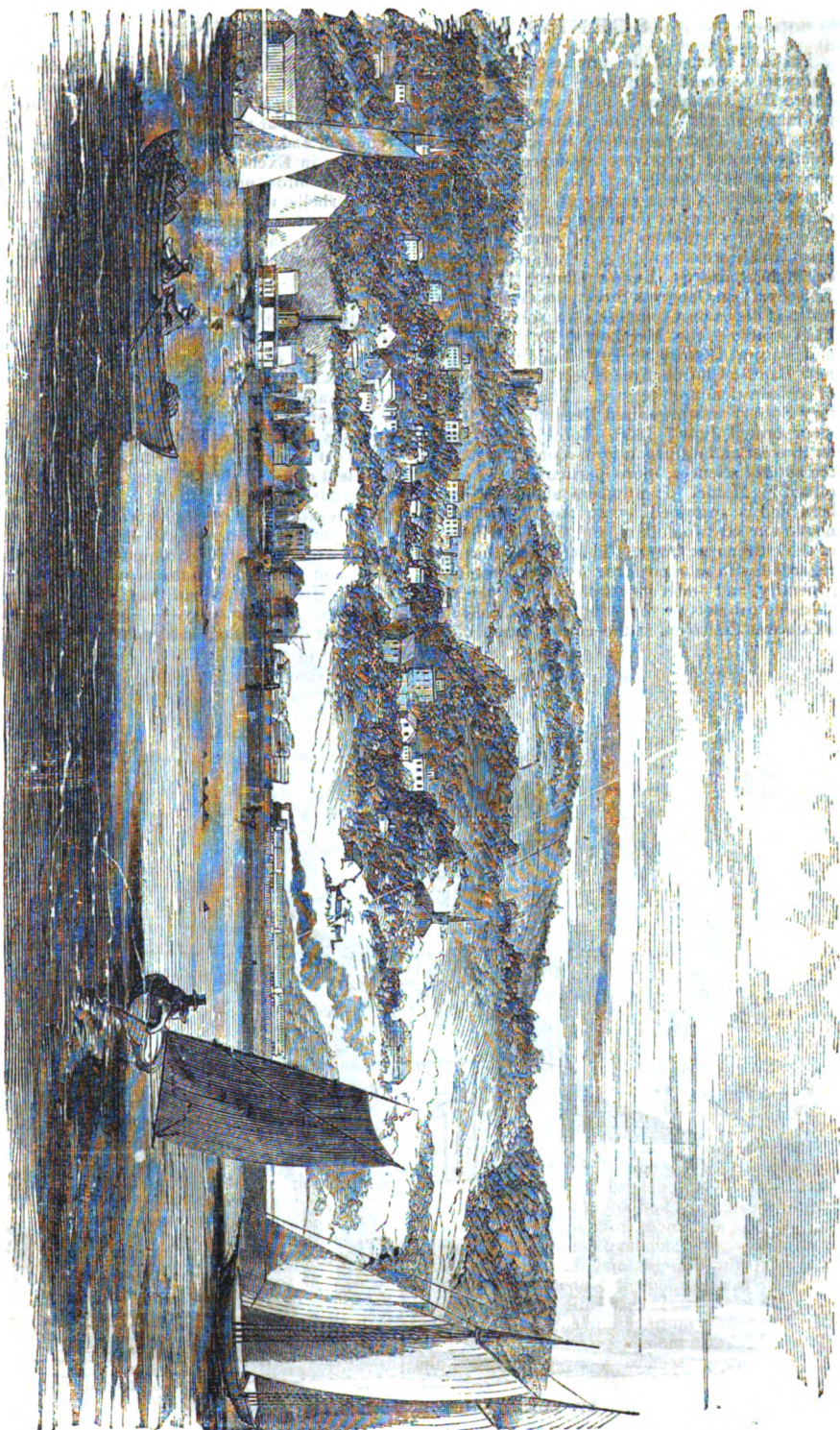
The scenery of the Hudson River and its banks is a rich volume of nature, the leaves of which might be turned for years without exhausting their interest.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Raleigh flung his laced jacket into a puddle, and for his reward he got a proud queen's favor. A village apothecary had the good fortune to be visiting the State apartments at the pavilion when George the Fourth was seized with a fit. He bled him, brought him back to consciousness, and made him laugh by his genial and quaint humor. The king took a fancy to him, named him his physician, and made his fortune. I have often heard it remarked by men who have seen much of life, that nobody, not one, goes through this world without two or three such opportunities presenting themselves. The careless, the indolent, the unobservant, and the idle, either fail to remark, or are too slow to profit by them. The sharp fellows on the contrary, see in each incident all that they need to lead them to success.—*A Day's Ride.*

A man in the finest suit of clothes is often a shabbier fellow than another dressed in rags.

VIEW OF TARRYTOWN, FROM THE HUDSON RIVER.



SCENES IN PORTLAND, MAINE.

Portland is one of the prettiest cities on the Atlantic seaboard. Situated at the head of Casco Bay, the approach to it by water, through the many islands that gem its harbor, is remarkably fine. That portion of the city which is chiefly devoted to private residences, will compare with any locality on the continent. The houses exhibit a great variety of domestic architecture, and many of them are costly and superb. The new city buildings are of vast extent and great architectural building. Our accompanying engravings, are St. Luke's Church (Protestant Episcopal) on Congress Street, the Grand Trunk railroad depot on Commercial, a solid and well built structure, the Merchants' Exchange Bank and Natural History Society's buildings, and the new Baptist Church, Free Street, a fine specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. The Natural History Society was organized December 29, 1843; incorporated, June 7, 1850. Its object is to create an interest and diffuse information in regard to the *natural sciences*, more particularly as exemplified in Maine. It numbers about 300 members, and is sustained by an annual assessment not to exceed two dollars, and the contributions of the citizens at large. This society has been regarded with marked favor by the community generally, and under its auspices one of the most valuable cabinets in the country was collected, which was destroyed in the conflagration of the

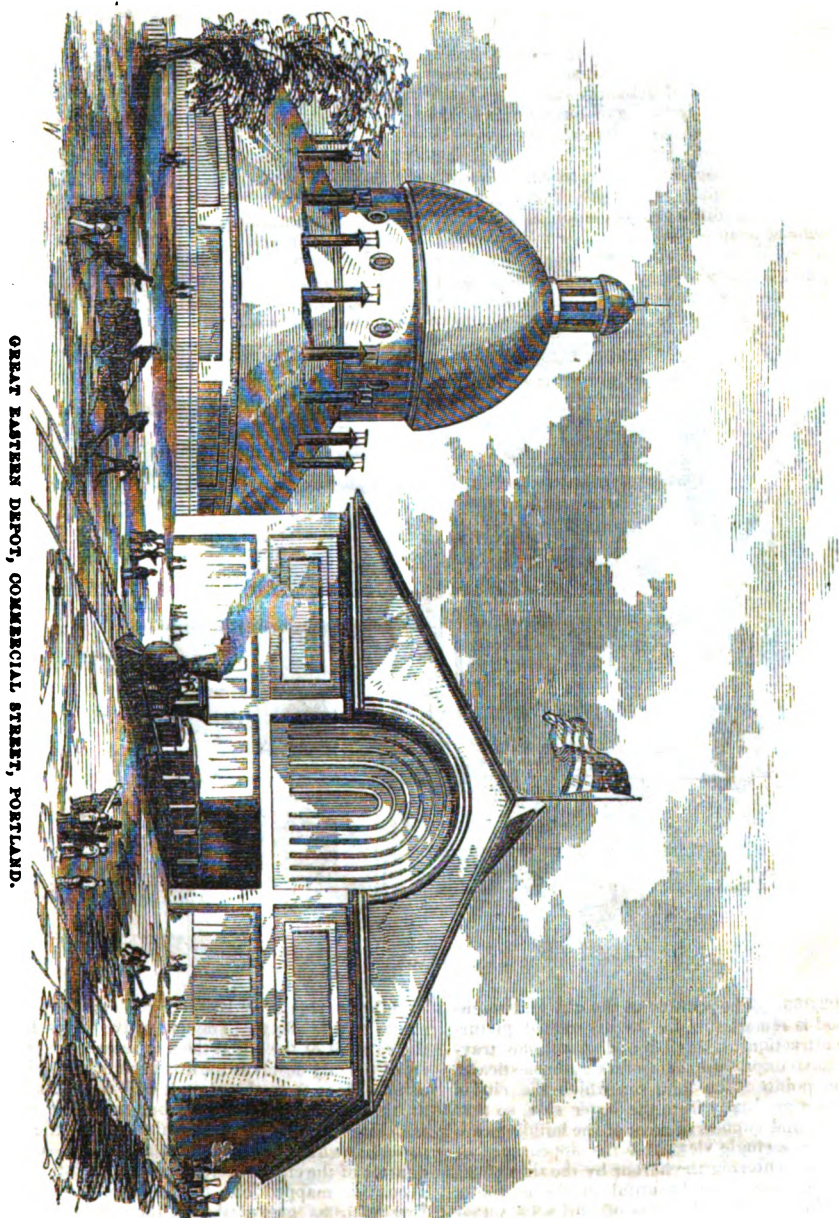
Exchange Building, where it was deposited, in January, 1853. From this catastrophe it will probably take a number of years for the society to recover; but the cabinet is now rapidly being renewed, and the rooms in the present fire-proof building in Exchange Street are filled with specimens of birds, principally those found in the State, shells, minerals and geological specimens, reptiles, etc. Portland is beautifully situated on Casco Bay, on a narrow peninsula of land projecting from the west shore. This tongue of land is three miles in length from east to west, rising to each extremity, so that the appearance of the city is remarkably fine as it is approached from the seaward. The harbor is one of the best on the Atlantic coast, and what is of great importance, it is never frozen in winter. The principal entrance lies between the main land, on the southwest, and House Island, on the southeast, and it is defended by Fort Preble on the former, and Fort Scammel on the latter. The city is well laid out, and the buildings, chiefly of brick, are handsome. Many of the streets are noted for their elegance. Congress Street follows the ridge of the peninsula for nearly its entire length. The number of shade-trees, computed at three thousand, add very much to the beautiful appearance of the streets. Portland has sometimes been styled the "Forest City." There are no fewer than four distinct and independent lines of rail-



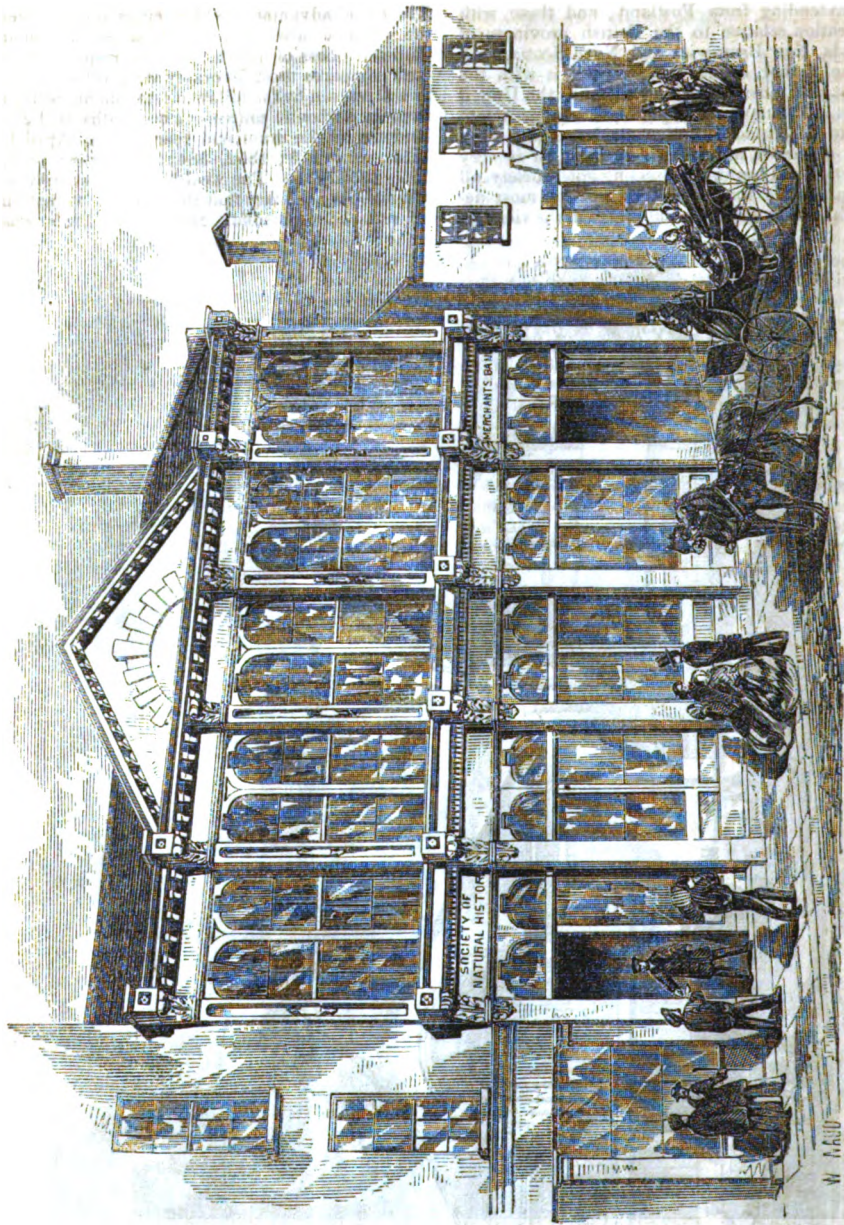
ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, PORTLAND, MAINE.

way extending from Portland; and these, with its location relative to the British provinces of Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with its fine harbor, cannot fail to rank it with the largest and most flourishing cities of the United States. It is now the depot of a regular steam line to Liverpool. For a residence, and as a place of resort, apart from business, it is very attractive and healthy, possessing good society, all the appliances for mental culture, and most delightful drives and watering-places in the vicinity.

The social advantages which cities possess over the country are often overbalanced by their destructiveness of health. In this respect, Portland compares most favorably with other cities, as will be seen by the following statement, derived from an authentic source. The deaths in Portland during the municipal year ending April 1, 1851, were 418; 1852, 384; 1853, 428; 1854, 556; 1855, 631. The wealth of the city may be measured by the fact that the assessed valuation of real and personal estates for 1855 was



GREAT EASTERN DEPOT, COMMERCIAL STREET, PORTLAND.



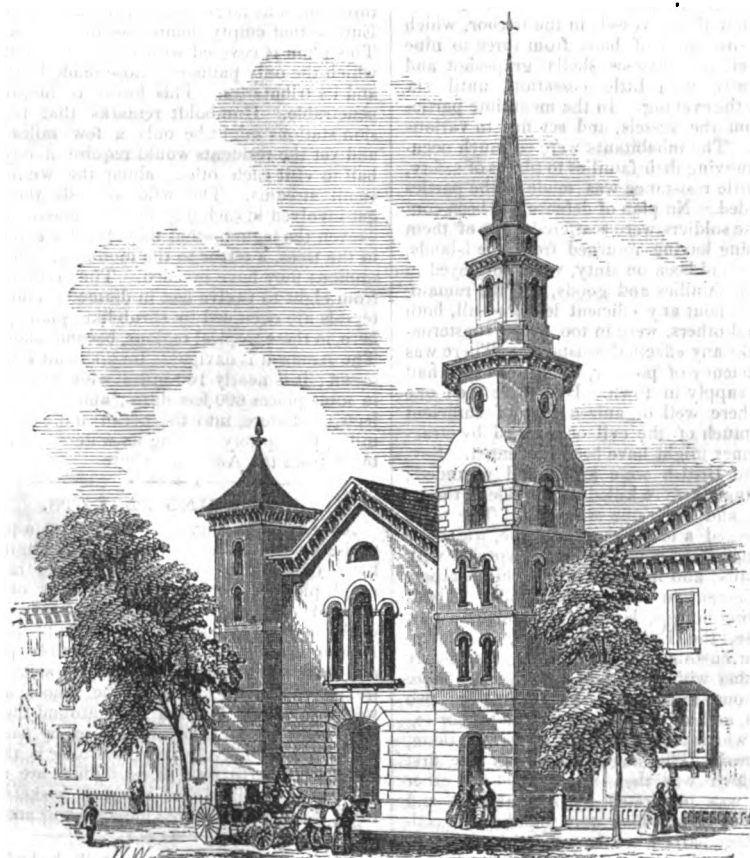
MERCHANTS' BANK AND NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY'S BUILDING, PORTLAND, MAINE.

\$20,502,363. The scenery of the city and neighborhood is remarkable for its diversified picturesque attractions. English and American travellers have expressed themselves enthusiastically on this point. The land on which the city is built rises gradually from the water side, so that the roofs and cupolas of most of the buildings are in sight at a single view, and the appearance of the city on entering the harbor by the ship channel is imposing and beautiful in the extreme, suggesting the idea of a city of thrice its actual extent. From Cape Elizabeth, and from the

Westbrook side of "Back Cove," the city also shows to fine effect. The extensive views from the summit of the hill at the northeastern extremity of the city deserves the attention of the visitor, as also those from the summit of Bramhall's Hill at the western extremity; but the most commanding views may be obtained from the tall tower known as the "Observatory," in the eastern quarter of the city. Here the whole region round about lies mapped out to the beholder—Casco Bay with its green islands, the ocean dashing against the rocky barriers of Cape Elizabeth, the

harbor with its shipping and the forts which command its entrance, the village of Cape Elizabeth, the whole city, every roof and spire, and the numerous towns, ridges and streams of the interior, sweeping away to the base of the White Mountains, eighty miles distant. An excellent telescope is mounted in the cupola. At either extremity of Portland is a promenade one hundred and fifty feet in width, lined with young and thrifty shade-trees. These promenades are graded into three sections, two for walking, and the other for riding; and the succession of views developed in passing around them is scarcely less beautiful than those from the observatory. Portland has its historic fame. In the early occupancy of this section it was often the scene of desperate strife between the settlers and the Indians and the French, during which the place was twice destroyed; and on the 18th of October, 1775, it was bombarded by an English fleet under the command of Capt. Mowatt, and almost entirely laid in ashes. On the 5th of September, 1813, was fought off the harbor the sanguinary engagement between the British man-of-war brig Boxer and the American brig Enterprise, which resulted in the capture of the former, not, however without a fearful loss of life, Captain Blythe,

of the Boxer, and the American captain, Burroughs, being both killed. The ashes of these naval heroes now repose side by side in the Eastern Cemetery, their graves being marked by appropriate monuments. The gallant Commodore Preble, who commanded the American squadron at Tripoli, in 1804, is also buried here. The Indian name of Portland was Machigonne. The peninsula on which it stands was settled in 1632, George Cleves and Richard Tucker being the first occupants. Until 1786, it formed a part of Falmouth, and in that year it was set off and organized as a distinct corporation. Falmouth was destroyed by the Indians in 1690. The people of Falmouth distinguished themselves greatly during the revolutionary war, by their spirited efforts in the cause of liberty, and they suffered in consequence. They sent off a company of men to join the provincial army as soon as they heard the news of the battle of Lexington. A British expedition, commanded by Capt. Mowatt, of the Royal Navy, consisting of two ships, two schooners and a bomb sloop, arrived at Falmouth, October, 16, 1776, to demand the surrender of their cannon, small arms and ammunition by the inhabitants, under a threat of burning the town in case of their refusal. These terms were commu-



NEW BAPTIST CHURCH, FREE STREET, PORTLAND.

nicated by Captain Mowatt to a committee of citizens, who waited on him on board his ship. Mr. William Willis, the historian of Portland, thus relates what followed: "On reaching the shore they found an anxious multitude assembled at the town-house, to whom they repeated the result of their conference. The town, without hesitation, disapproved of the terms; but, in order to gain time for the removal of the women and children, and sick, with as much property as possible, they sent off in the evening eight small arms, and informed the captain that they would have a meeting early in the morning, and give a definite reply to his proposal by eight o'clock. The meeting was held, and the inhabitants, with a firmness and courage worthy of all praise and a better fate, while the loaded cannon were pointed towards them, resolutely rejected a proposition which carried with it the abject terms of surrendering their arms to save their property. The same committee was appointed to convey their determination, and were instructed to occupy as much time as possible on board. But so impatient was Mowatt to begin the work of destruction, that the committee at half past eight o'clock were requested to go on shore, and only half an hour allowed them to escape from the coming storm. At nine o'clock the firing commenced from all the vessels in the harbor, which kept up a discharge of balls from three to nine pounds weight, carcasses, shells, grapeshot and musket balls, with little cessation, until six o'clock in the evening. In the meantime parties landed from the vessels, and set fire to various buildings. The inhabitants were so much occupied in removing their families to places of safety, that but little resistance was made to the parties which landed. No plan of defence had been concerted; the soldiers were scattered, part of them that morning having returned from the islands, where they had been on duty, were employed in saving their families and goods, and the remainder were without any efficient leaders—all, both soldiers and others, were in too great consternation to make any effectual resistance. There was also a deficiency of powder, there not being half an hour's supply in town. Had there been one company here well organized and of sufficient coolness, much of the evil occasioned by straggling marines might have been prevented. Several of the British were killed and wounded; none fortunately were killed on the side of the inhabitants, and only one wounded. The town soon presented a broad sheet of flame, which, as the buildings were made of wood, spread with great rapidity, and involved all the thickest part of the settlement in one common ruin. About 136 dwelling-houses, besides a handsome new court-house, the Episcopal church, the town-house, the custom-house, a fire engine nearly new, together with barns and almost every store and warehouse in town, all the wharves but two short ones, and all the vessels in the harbor except two, which the enemy took away with them, were burned. The meeting-house of the first parish, which was then unprotected by other buildings, was perforated by several balls and grapeshot, some of which were found in the ceiling and other parts when it was taken down in 1826. * * A great quantity of personal property was unavoidably destroyed, from the scarcity

of teams, and the confusion and alarm of the occasion. Many articles were thrown into the streets and left there to perish. An immense quantity of furniture and other property was piled up indiscriminately, as it was plucked out of the fire, in the field opposite the head of High Street, where much of it was destroyed by the rain of next day, and much stolen or irrevocably scattered. All the compact part of the town was destroyed, containing a large proportion of the most valuable buildings. One hundred dwelling-houses only were left standing, many of which were damaged by balls and the bursting of shells." The situation of the inhabitants after this great calamity was very distressing. Congress rejected an application for remuneration, for fear of establishing a precedent; but in 1791, the general court granted the inhabitants two townships, each six miles square, situated in the county of Somerset. The services and sufferings of the people in the cause of liberty during the Revolutionary war fill a glorious page in their annals, and entitle them to grateful remembrance.

A MIGHTY RIVER.

The Amazon, in South America, the largest river in the world, has an area of drainage nearly three times as large as that of all the rivers in Europe that empty themselves into the Atlantic. This plain is covered with a dense forest, through which the only paths are those made by the river and its tributaries. This forest is literally impenetrable. Humboldt remarks that two mission stations might be only a few miles apart, and yet the residents would require a day and a half to visit each other, along the windings of small streams. The wild animals themselves get involved in such impenetrable masses of wood—even the jaguar—that they live for a long time in the trees, a terror to the monkeys, whose dominions they have invaded. The trees measure from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and the intervals are occupied by shrub-like plants, which here, in these tropical regions, become aborescent. The Amazon is navigable for 2000 miles from the ocean; it is nearly 100 miles wide at its mouth, in some places 600 feet deep; and its torrent projects, as it were, into the ocean more than 300 miles, perceptibly altering its waters at this distance from the American shore.

HANGING BASKETS.

An exchange suggests to ladies, as a pleasant parlor pastime, the cultivation of "hanging baskets" of flowers. These baskets are made of rough pieces of bark in rustic style, or of boxes covered with acorns, cones, etc. Leave a hole in the bottom for drainage; then put in some broken pieces of flower pots, or river pebbles, and then some light, spongy, sandy soil; in this insert your plants, and give the whole a good wetting to settle the sod well around the roots, and if you keep it in a warm room, be particular about wetting it every day; morning is the best time as the earth soon dries. There are a great many plants suitable for hanging baskets; anything that has a trailing character will answer.

Every young girl ought to walk, locked close, arm-in-arm, between two guardian angels.

**CITADEL SQUARE CHURCH,
CHARLESTON, S. C.**

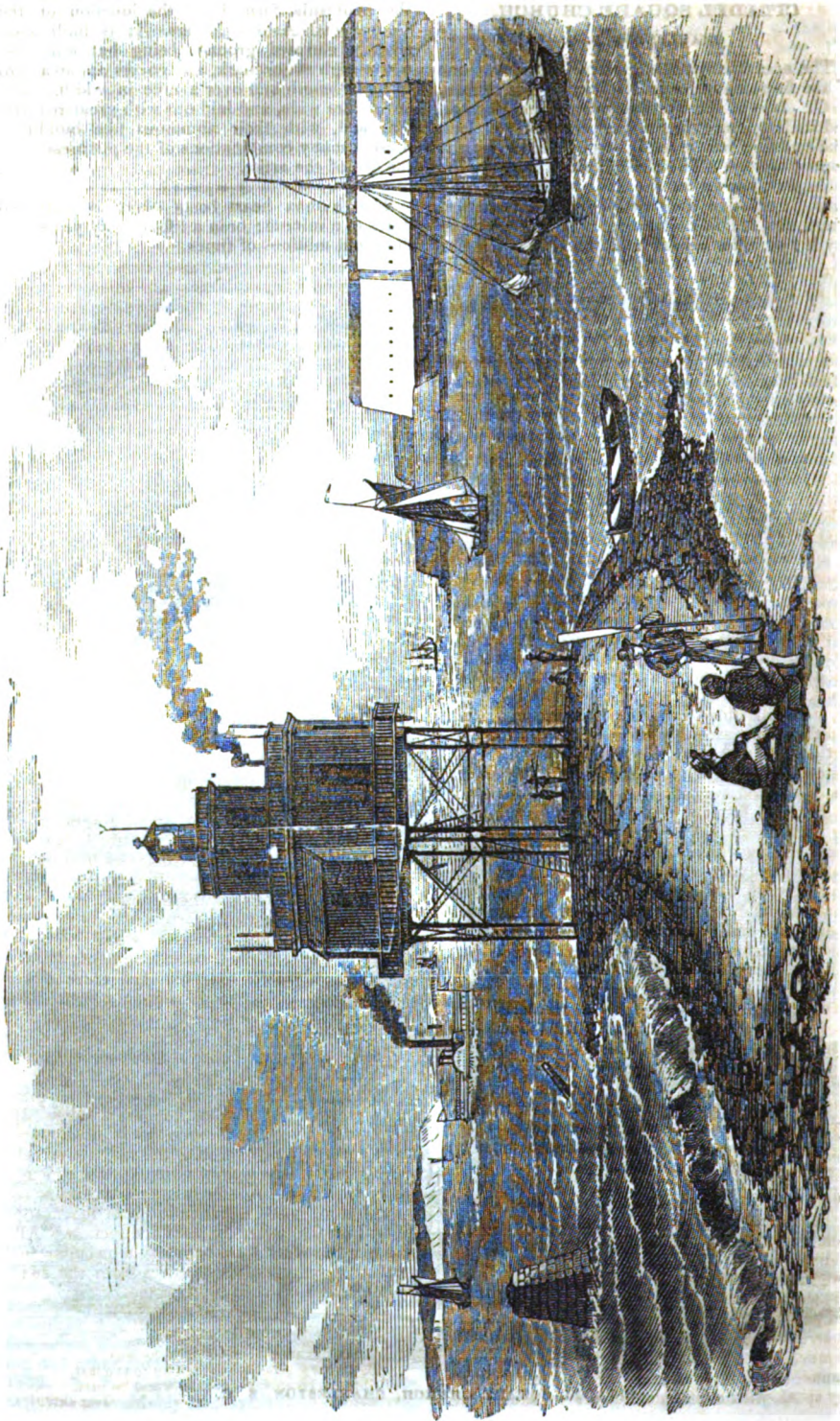
The accompanying engraving represents one of the finest churches in the city of Charleston, S. C. It is of the Norman style of architecture, and its lofty spire rises to the height of 200 feet. The building has recently been erected by the Baptist society. The citadel, which faces on the noble park known as the Citadel Square, presents a massive and picturesque appearance. Charleston is finely situated. The harbor of the city is two miles across, and the town occupies

the peninsula formed by the junction of the Cooper and Ashley Rivers. It is built upon slightly elevated ground, being but nine feet above high water mark, and covers an area two miles in length and over a mile in width. The streets are wide, and laid out with great regularity; and, with their numerous fine buildings, present many combinations of the picturesque to the eye of the artist.

The human heart beats about seventy-two times in a minute; or in a life of sixty years, two thousand millions of times.



CITADEL SQUARE CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.



THE SPIT LIGHT AND FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR.

SPIT LIGHT, BOSTON HARBOR.

The "Spit" Light, delineated in the accompanying engraving, is a remarkable feature in Boston Harbor. The "Spit" is a long neck of beach of a winding formation, entirely covered with water at high tide, on the extremity of which the lighthouse is situated. It will be seen that the "Spit" serves as a break-water, so that while on one side the waves are quite angry and something of a sea is going, on the other the water is quite tranquil. On the right of our picture are seen the frowning bastions of Fort Warren, and on the left Pettick's Island, and again, a little to the left of this is the entrance to Hull and Hingham harbors.

PANDA, THE KAFFIR KING.

The spirited engraving given on next page represents King Panda, a noted Kaffir chief, of the tribe of Zooloos, and Mr. Maynard, an American traveller, who paid him a visit in 1841. The menacing attitude of the savage sovereign, and the alert coolness of his guest, are well depicted. But the danger to the traveller is less imminent than might be imagined. The king is only endeavoring to strike terror into his visitor, and neither he nor his wild armed followers will commit any hostile act. On the occasion which furnished the subject of the picture, the king suddenly appeared in his war-dress. In his left hand he held four assagays (darts) artistically fashioned, under a white shield striped with black; in his right hand, which was ornamented with a bracelet made of a monkey's tail, he brandished a steel assagay; on his head was an otter cap, with silk plush ear-pieces that fell upon his shoulders, the whole surmounted by a nodding crest of blue and red plumes. Tufts of red and green wood, mingled with ox tails and monkey's tails, decorated his breast and girdle. A twisted tail encircled his left leg, and his anklets were also formed of the caudal appendage of some animal. Thus attired, in the height of Kaffir military dandyism, the chief advanced in a menacing attitude, his hideous face expressing determination and ferocity, brandishing his formidable assagay, and taking aim at the heart of his visitor. Perhaps, had the latter testified the slightest perturbation, the weapon would have been buried in his breast, but with true Anglo-Saxon hardihood he looked the Kaffir full in the eye and sat perfectly still, without moving a muscle of his countenance; so that at last the king ceased his hostile demonstrations, and falling back into the ranks of his followers, put them through a series of evolutions which displayed their agility and dexterity.

A COUNTRY PARSON'S LIFE.

You walk in shady lanes; you stand and look at the rugged bark of old trees; you help to prune evergreens; you devise flower-gardens and winding walks. You talk to pigs, and smooth down the legs of horses. You sit on mossy walls, and saunter by the river side, and through woodland paths. You grow familiar with the internal arrangements of poor men's dwellings; you see much of men and women in those solemn seasons when all pretences are laid aside; and they speak with confidence to you of their little

cares and fears, for this world and the other. You kneel down and pray by the bedside of many sick; and you know the look of the dying face well. Young children whom you have humbly sought to instruct in the best of knowledge, have passed away from this life in your presence, telling you in interrupted sentences whither they trusted they were going, and bidding you not forget to meet them there. You mark the spring blossoms come back; and you walk among the harvest sheaves in the autumn evening. And when you ride up the parish on your duty, you feel the influence of bare and lonely tracts, where, ten miles from home, you sometimes dismount from your horse, and sit down on a gray stone by the wayside, and look for an hour at the heather at your feet, and at the sweeps of purple moorland far away; you go down to the churchyard frequently; you sit on the gravestone of your predecessor who died two hundred years since; and you count five, six, seven spots where those who served the cure before you sleep.—*Elvyn.*

PHENOMENA OF GLASS.

In a very interesting and scientific article on glass, the Hydraulic Press says:—That glass resists the action of most acids, science has proved; its weight is not diminished by use or age. It is more capable than other substances of receiving the highest degree of polish which almost rivals the diamond in brilliancy. If it be made into a phial, with the bottom much thicker than the sides, and suddenly cooled in the open air, instead of being tempered in the usual manner, the result on its susceptibility to fracture is the most extraordinary. It will bear a heavy blow, or severe pressure, from any blunt instrument, uninjured: but if any hard and angular substance, even so small as a grain of flint, or sharp sand, be dropped into the phial, the bottom will crack all around, and fall off. A small fragment of iron has been passed through the thick bottom with apparently as little resistance as if dropped through the web of a spider. Instances have occurred in which one of these phials has been struck by a mallet, with a force sufficient to drive a nail into some descriptions of wood, without causing fracture, while a small fragment of flint, dropped gently into the phial has cracked the glass to pieces. A piece of white-hot metal being dropped gently into cold water, and taking the form of a round lump elongated to a tail, is terminated a cracker. The round part will bear a heavy blow without fracture; but if the least part of the tail be broken off, the whole flies into innumerable fragments as fine as powder. If this glass be placed in a wine bottle filled with water, and a small portion of the tail broken off, by the aid of a long pair of nippers, the concussion by the explosion (for it is almost similar to an explosion) is so violent as to break the bottle and scatter the water in every direction. All these curious results are owing to a peculiar inequality of the glass, which arises from the sudden cooling to which it is subjected.

RESIGNATION.

Resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

GOLDSMITH.



PANDA, THE KAFFIR KING.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE COTTAGE HOME.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

Dear cottage home, my heart hath thrilled
As thy cherished scenes my eye have filled;
Standing there 'neath the tall trees' shade,
Where, in days gone by, I oft have played,
Methinks the spot will ever be
The hallowed haunt of memory.

How oft in the old east room I've sat,
And passed the hours in social chat;
Or watched from the window the ripples play
On glassy Burncoat o'er the way:
The landscape dear, each vale and hill,
With joy will be remembered still.

And there 's the barn, where oft I'd stray,
To sport among the fragrant hay;
Or down the lane and o'er the stile
Have roamed the grand old woods awhile;
Those blissful days, too bright to last,
Are numbered now with the sunny past.

The dear old home and I must part:
I speak the words with saddened heart.
Never to cross the threshold more,
As oft I've done in days of yore;
For there the forms I loved are not,
And others own the sacred spot.

'Tis thus, as fleeting years go by,
We yield at length each earthly tie;
No more beneath thy roof to dwell,
Dear cottage home, a sad farewell!
Dwellers at last in a heavenly home,
May all who loved thee ever roam!

[ORIGINAL.]

MRS. ERMINGTON'S HOUSEKEEPING.

BY OLARA AUGUSTA.

I WAS married at the age of seventeen, a period of life at which few women are fitted to assume the responsibilities of wifehood. My heart aches when I see a young girl going to the altar in the very first flush of her youth, before her character is formed, or her judgment matured by contact with the stern realities of existence. I think how much of sweet, fresh freedom will be crashed out of her life by the pressure of domestic cares for which she is unfitted; of the heavy burdens her tender shoulders will have to bear; of the bitter disappointment of her husband over his disorderly household; of the weary nights when her pillow will be wet with tears, when, after trying to do her best she has failed to do well; and I say to myself, God be very merciful to the child in this, her time of trial!

American mothers are greatly to be censured

for the manner in which they train their daughters. Doubtless they mean to do right, but the wretched lives of their offspring evince anything but the evidence of their success. There is a tendency—a growing tendency—to shun labor, the means which God himself ordained by which man was to eat his bread—a disposition on the part of the majority of parents to have the little girls grow up white-handed, fair-faced, wasp-waisted, fine ladies; ignorant of the fact that the sun was formed for any other purpose than the tanning of delicate skins; and practically believing that the pure, sweet air of heaven is a nuisance completely ruinous to a pretty complexion!

All this is radically wrong. There is a reform needed—a reform to commence at our own firesides, and extend throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. And if we attend to this object as Christian duty requires us to do, we shall have little chance of seeing after the affairs of our neighbors, because our time will be fully occupied with our own concerns.

But to return. My mother died when I was three years old, and I was brought up by a hired nurse, assisted by a hired housekeeper. Both were excellent women in their way, but nothing on earth can atone to a child for the care of a judicious mother! My father, unfortunately, was wealthy, not that I would by any means disparage wealth; but in this case, it was productive of a defect in my education that caused me great unhappiness and perplexity. I was reared to know nothing whatever of work, and to look upon those who used their hands as the Creator designed they should, as a little lower in the scale of being than myself.

Many a child ten years old, the daughter of some honest, hard-handed farmer, could have taught me my alphabet in housekeeping, at the time I gave my hand, and with it my earnest love, to John Ermington. I now know that dearly as I loved my husband, I wronged him deeply by marrying him, for no woman is qualified to become a wife, no matter how elevated the station she is expected to occupy, until she can, if necessary, attend to the duties of her household with her own hands.

"O, well," people said, "to be sure, Hattie Melville is inexperienced, but then Mr. Ermington has a handsome income, and she will not be obliged to soil the tips of her fingers!"

And I believed so, too, my father believed it, John believed it, and we were all supremely happy in our ignorance. We had yet to learn that, after all which may be said to the contrary, a bad mistress will never have a good servant.

My husband owned an elegant house in the city of Albany, and was the junior partner in a large dry goods establishment there, with the income of four thousand dollars a year. Our prospects were favorable, life looked very bright to us, and we entered on the experiment of housekeeping with undivided happiness.

Two servants, a cook and a chambermaid, the one Irish, the other English, graced my premises; and Tom, the errand boy, came up from the store frequently, to do chores for the cook.

The first two or three days passed off well. The meals were none of the best, it must be confessed, but John and I were in love, and people in that interesting condition are not expected to have discriminating palates, or exacting stomachs. The bread tasted suspiciously sour, the steak was either burned black, or half raw, and the coffee varied in shade from pure white to inky density. John, at length, began to be annoyed by these things, but he resisted manfully the inclination to assume a husband's usual mode of redress—fault-finding. But one morning, when the breakfast was worse than common, and the muffins heavy as lead, he said to me, as he took up his hat to go down town:

"Hattie, dear, I wish you would just look after Peggy a little. I noticed two dead spiders, and a defunct fly in the muffin I tried to eat this morning; and the coffee was horrible."

I received his farewell kiss; giving in return my promise to invade the precincts of the kitchen forthwith, and to institute a new order of things without delay. I dressed myself in a becoming pink cashmere morning robe, with Valenciennes sleeves and collar—it was well to be dressed, I thought, in case anybody should call—and after practising a new aria on the piano, I descended the stairs to the kitchen. The scene which presented itself struck me with surprise and disgust; a good housekeeper would have been horrified at one glance.

Nothing was in its proper place, I knew enough of domestic order to be convinced of that; the range was ornamented with dirty towels, ragged aprons, an old sun bonnet, a basin of gravy, a basket of chips, a sauce dish, and a couple of spring chickens which John had sent home for dinner. The fire was out, and on the hearth, well sprinkled with soot and ashes, was seated my presiding Peggy. Beside her was a tub half filled with lukewarm water, in which a part of my beautiful breakfast service was soaking, while the remainder lay around on the floor, affording an admirable roosting place for the myriads of flies that made the place dark with their shadows. Peggy was humming a snatch of

"Rory O'Moore," and wiping the coffee cups on her apron at the same time.

"Why, Peggy," I cried, "what are you doing?"

"Can't you see, mum? Shure it's washing the dishes I am."

"But why don't you take them to the sink, or the table?"

"Bekase it's not convaniant. The bafesteak and pretaty peelings fill up the sink, and the table's not big enough. The flure is the only dacent place."

"Decent place indeed!" I ejaculated. "Take them to the table this moment, and wash everything over again. And use a towel for a wiper."

"Where's the need?" demanded she, saucily. "Me apron's clane as your own clothes—begging your parding—and a dale handier than a towel!"

But I am naturally of a determined disposition, and in consequence, did not yield the point. Peggy transferred the china to the table, but, evidently, she did not relish the interference, for I heard her muttering to herself about folks who meddled with other folks' business.

While I was watching the dish-washing, I ventured to broach the coffee question. Peggy held up both dripping hands in astonishment. The coffee was good enough for the king of England, letting alone the president, she said; it was the strangest thing in the world that I was not of the same opinion.

Her assurance nonplussed me. I began to think that the fault might lie in the coffee itself, rather than in its method of preparation. I desired Peggy to bring me the canister containing it. She did so; I examined the contents with the air of a connoisseur. The substance thus scrutinized was black, or nearly so, finely granulated, and strongly odorous. I decided instantly in my own mind that it was unfit for use. John had complained of the color, in particular, and I was well pleased to get at the root of the difficulty. I instructed Peggy to throw it away, and gave her a half dollar to go to the grocery and purchase a pound of coffee just as it grew! I was particular on this point. And my mollified cook departed on her errand as soon as she had finished the dishes, glad of an opportunity to get out on the street, where she would like to have stood, staring at the passers-by, all day.

It was noon before she returned. I hastened to the kitchen, and we examined the new coffee together. This time we had a grayish sort of a nut, split in two, and bearing little analogy to the blackish mess which had been thrown into the gutter that morning. I asked Peggy for the change remaining from the half dollar, but she

assured me that the coffee had cost "just fifty cents intirely."

There was a coffee grinder in the kitchen, and into this Peggy poured the coffee, and went through the process of trituration. Evidently this was no easy thing to do, for her round face presented as many different phases as the focus of a kaleidoscope. At length it was over. Peggy, flushed, and perspiring, with her arms akimbo, was waiting for further orders. I was sadly puzzled, but it would not do to seem so. I courageously told her to put the compound to soak in cold water, and afterwards boil it over the fire.

A little in doubt as to the means of my experiment, I returned to the parlor, and passing before the full length mirror, I saw with dismay that nearly half of one side of the skirt of my robe was deluged in soot, and at the same time, dripping with partially congealed gravy! The kitchen was no place for the display of fine clothes; I had learned that. I had barely changed my dress, and made myself decent, when John returned in season for a half hour's conversation before dinner. I hastened to tell him that I had lectured Peggy, and set things to rights. He kissed me rapturously, and called me his little domestic treasure! Poor John!

Dinner was announced. Peggy bore in the coffee with an air of triumph. I poured out a cupful for John, but at first sight of the "wishy washy" looking beverage, my hopes sank. He sugared and creamed it, put the cup to his lips and tasted the contents. A taste was sufficient. The remainder went into the slop bowl.

"Good gracious, Peggy!" cried he, "what do you call this particular beverage which graces our table-to-day? It's a new invention, isn't it?"

"It's the mistress' own coffee," exclaimed Peggy, putting herself on the defensive instantly, "and good as new wine! Illigant coffee it is!"

John made no reply—for a hungry man he was very considerate—but called for a glass of water, which, when brought, contained more particles of floating dust than ever a double-lensed microscope revealed of animalculæ. The whole dinner was a failure. The potatoes were watery, the steak a perfect cinder, the chickens came to the table with their heads and feet on, the omelette was spiced with particles of egg shell, and the fruit pudding was a nondescript article, which might have been mistaken for almost anything save the edible it was represented to be.

John gave utterance to a prolonged whistle, rose from the table with a sharp appetite, and left me without his usual kiss. And I went up stairs and indulged in a violent waste of tears.

I should have wept more, but the disorderly condition of those chambers made weeping in them ridiculous, instead of romantic. Whoever heard of a heroine pouring out her grief in a room where the bed was turned topsy turvy, and the carpet an inch deep in dirt?

Ann, the chambermaid, was the most shiftless of all human creatures! The beds were rarely made till night; sweeping was an institution unknown in the regions under her supervision, and as for filling the pitchers, she declared that ceremony all a waste of time—"folks might wash to the sink, for what she cared."

If I reprimanded her, she would grow very red in the face, and advance toward me in a particularly unpleasant manner, with her arms brandished, and her chest thrown out, displaying her muscle. And in this attitude she would hasten to assure me "that she didn't come from Hingland to be hinsulted by nobody! Her mother was first cousin to the butler of the Duke of Dunbarton, and she only lived out for the curiosity of it. And in all the families where she had had the honor of residing, she had never before had a mistress what was continually poking her nose hinto haffaire that didn't concern her! She should certainly give notice, if I wasn't careful."

And so she kept me in fear, for I thought that a bad servant was better than none; and as almost every one of my acquaintance complained of her troubles with the "worthless tribe," I naturally enough concluded that all servants were alike full of evil, and insusceptible of receiving good.

All at once Peggy broached a new idea. We had "waste" enough to feed a pig "illigantly," she said, and her cousin, Mrs. O'Donnelly, had a jewel of a one that she would sell for the sum of five dollars! Peggy urged her plan with so much enthusiasm, and dwelt on the delight she should take in attending to his pigship's wants with such charming ardor, that I began to think favorably of the proposed addition to our establishment, and spoke to John about it. He laughed at my earnestness, but confessed himself somewhat dubious as to the expediency of the thing. However, he said Peggy and I might do as we liked; and piggy was purchased the next day, and installed in a sty at the extreme end of the back yard. And by this sty Peggy spent the larger part of her time, talking to her favorite in her rich brogue, and explaining to his listening ear the enormity of the crime it was for him "to root his vittles out of his beautiful trough."

One Saturday morning, John said to me, before going to the store:

"Hattie, my mother used to have baked beans on Sunday mornings; do you think you could manage to get them up?"

I told him I didn't know, but I could try. I consulted my cook book, but that authority was silent on the subject of beans. I applied to Peggy, but she knew nothing about it at all, at all. If I wanted outlandish dishes, I must cook 'em myself. She had been brought up like a leddy in her own father's house, and never did a stroke of work till she came to Ameriky! Beans indeed!

I had a sort of an impression that pork was necessary to the perfection of baked beans, but how either ingredient was to be prepared was to me a profound mystery. I took some time, all to myself, for consideration. Baked beans, why they must be baked like anything else, and the pork must be baked with them. How stupid of me not to have known at once!

Peggy was my willing assistant. She fished the pork from the barrel, and brought the beans from the produce store, and I rolled up my sleeves, and prepared them for the oven, which was heated to a white heat. I put beans and pork, after washing clean, in a broad earthen platter, and having consigned the precious cargo to the oven, I returned to my embroidery in the sitting-room. Somehow I could not keep those beans out of my mind. They were so hard, how could they ever cook through? And how long ought they to remain in the oven? And would they suit John at last?

I was revolving these questions over in my mind, when suddenly one of the most singular sounds I had ever heard burst on my ear, followed by a hundred other sounds of the same ilk. It was a mingling of cracking, sizzling and hissing, and proceeded from the kitchen. A piercing scream from Peggy caused me to fling aside my work, and to descend to the lower regions with all haste. Peggy was not visible. I called her name long and loudly, but received no answer. The ominous sizzling still filled the kitchen. I gazed around in half defiant alarm. Presently, there was a deafening explosion, and then quiet ensued. I thought I could trace this last manifestation to the oven, and with a trembling hand I threw open the door. Reader, judge of my surprise at the sight which met my eye!

Every single one of my beans had hepped out of the dish, and splitting open, were now lying on the bottom of the oven sputtering and hissing like so many little steam engines. The pork, in solitary grandeur, was crisping all by itself—the platter having become two platters, or rather two

pieces of one platter. I ran to the door, and called at the top of my voice for Peggy.

"Here, mum!" The response was mellowed by the distance, and casting my eyes around, I spied my worthy cook perched on the top of the styre where our pig was wont to repose at night. She was pale as a ghost, and her faded blue eyes bore strong relationship to saucers in size.

"Come down quick!" said I. "I want you this moment."

"Share, mum, and ye'd not be afther murderin' a poor girl as has neither kith nor kin in Ameriky nor out of it? I'd do anything to oblige the likes of yees, but niver ask me to inter that kitchen again! The devil and all his imps is there! And it's snapping and snarling mad, they be! Och hone! Bad inadae was the day whin I bade adieu to swate Ireland!"

"Come into the house!" I cried, sharply. "The noise you heard was the beans in the oven!"

"Och, now, was it, misthress, darlint? Share, and I niver knowed before that banes was live annermills. No wonder they hissed, now, poor jewels! it's not pleasant to be roasted alive at all, at all."

Peggy hastened down from her refuge, and together we cleared away the remains of the shipwreck, and John got no beans on Sunday; neither did he ever know that we had made the experiment of baking any dry.

Ann, my chambermaid, grew worse and worse. She was indolent and filthy, and so insolent that I dreaded to come in contact with her in any way. She had a train of beaux around her, and with one or the other of these worthless fellows she was out almost every evening. A single word of remonstrance from me would elicit a torrent of abuse, and at last I despaired, and allowed her to go on in her own way.

She had the habit, too, of purloining little articles of jewelry from my drawers, and though I was well assured of her culpability, it did me good to accuse her of the theft, as she angrily denied all knowledge of the missing property, thus adding falsehood to larceny.

John knew nothing of my trials—he had enough of his own, poor fellow! with his ill-arranged house, and his miserable meals. I used to absolutely shudder when he spoke of bringing home a friend to dinner, for I was never sure that the dinner would be eatable, or the table set fit for a decent person to eat from.

Another thing troubled me greatly, though I was so ignorant of such matters that I did not know whether I had any reason for disquietude on this score or not. Groceries, and provisions

of all kinds, were used up in an astonishingly short space of time. Barrels of flour and sugar followed each other to the land of nothingness in days, not weeks; and the tea, coffee, rice, and sweetmeats went in the same ratio. I spoke to Peggy about it; she assured me that sugar always kept growing less, whether it was touched or not; it "avarpoorated," she said, with a knowing shake of the head.

But her confidence did not allay my suspicions. Several times I had noticed a dark cunning-looking Irishman, going out of my area gate, carrying a basket with a strangely suspicious appearing cover. One day I mentioned this to Peggy; she flushed up with indignation.

"That is the second cuzzin of me father's wife's grand-darter, Mike Filligan, as honest a chap as ever drew breath—barring he's nither chick nor child, and it's not Peggy O'Torligan that would be afther denying to do a bit of mending for the poor sowl! I's all done in me spare minnits, ivery blissid stitch, what have yees to say aginst it?"

Of course, I had nothing to say against this Christian grace of Peggy's; but I was not convinced. I did not fancy the looks of this same honest Mike. And one day, when I saw him coming towards the house, with that inevitable basket, I crept down stairs and secreted myself in a closet which adjoined the kitchen, and through the glazed door of which I could see what was going on in that region without being observed. Peggy met Mr. Filligan with a very cousinly greeting, and there ensued between them a little conversation about the mistress, by which it appeared that Mike was fearful of being discovered in his foraging tricks. Peggy reassured him, however, by the remark:

"Set your heart at aise, Mikey, darlint, the mistress is an illigant soul! She knows no more about housekaping than a dumb shillaleh, and I jist have things me own way! Come down to the sullar, Mikey, dear, and while ye ate some preserves, I will tell ye all about the way she lets things go on."

It is a true saying that listeners never hear good of themselves, but I forgave Peggy for the left-handed compliment, since I could not deny its applicability. As soon as the two conspirators had descended the cellar stairs, I stepped from my hiding-place, and secured the basket, which had been already filled by the charitable Peggy. I tugged it up stairs to my chamber, and examined the contents at leisure. A package of tea, another of sugar, a half dozen sperm candles, a piece of cheese, some raisins, a mince pie, a small sack of flour, a preserve plate, and

a couple of my silver spoons! These were what was disclosed by the removal of the basket cover.

I said nothing to John of my discovery, but at the very first opportunity I gave Peggy a piece of my mind. She protested her innocence to the last; declared Mike "the thafe of the wourld," and persisted in informing me that she was as guiltless as an "unborn baby."

Peggy and Ann could never exactly agree, and one day, while they were cleaning the dining-room, Ann dusting, and Peggy mopping the floor, warfare broke out between them. Ann taunted Peggy with being an Irish bog-trotter, and Peggy retorted by charging Ann with having encouraged the addresses of one Tom Bernegat, who got drunk and broke the peace.

From the sitting-room I heard the whole colloquy, and arrived at the dining-room door just in time to see the "action." Ann brandished her duster, Peggy her mop-handle. In the melee they knocked my best china teapot off the table, breaking it into fragments; fractured a fifty-dollar chandelier beyond hope of redemption, and smashed in the lower part of a window. Peggy's luxuriant auburn hair came out by handfuls, and Ann's black locks were scattered over the floor in the wildest confusion. Thoroughly alarmed, I ran to the door, and called in a policeman, who came very near getting his head broken in quelling the tumult. The poor fellow carried a black eye where Ann's duster lodged, for a month afterwards.

John had to be informed of this occurrence, and the consequence was, he paid Ann her wages and dismissed her on the spot. The intelligence office was our sole resource, and from this a girl came to us whose tawdry finery surpassed anything I had ever seen. Angeline DeVose was her name, and her pretensions were even more startling than her name. There was nothing in the house good enough for her. She must be shown the chambers, complained that the water was not brought into them by pipes, and expressed herself exceedingly loath to live in a family the master of which did not keep a carriage. She must have her Sundays, and Wednesday afternoons to herself, and if she wanted to entertain a select party of friends in the back parlor at any time, she should claim the right to do so. I took her on trial, and a trial it was, I assure you.

In the meantime, affairs in the kitchen grew worse than ever. Peggy knew that I was unqualified for a mistress, and she did not hesitate to take advantage of it. John's meals were

mostly eaten at a restaurant, and I sent to the confectioner's for half my food. My life was very wretched. My husband was still kind and indulgent towards me, but I saw that he was disappointed in me, and the knowledge made me most unhappy. I was almost ready to declare myself weary of life—nothing but my earnest love for John kept me from despair.

Angeline was a coquette, and her evening "re-unions" were great affairs, lighted with gas, and warmed at our expense. Moreover, she took amazingly to the wines and brandies in the cellar, and made up the beds in the most execrable manner. You might as well have sought sleep stretched lengthways on the back of a camel, as in a bed made up by my new chambermaid.

As for Peggy, her time was chiefly devoted to the pig, which thrived finely. He was her principal object of admiration, and her confidential friend—"a dale of company," she said. And by-and-by, to my unmitigated horror, she admitted his pigship to the kitchen! I remonstrated, she flew into a passion, pronounced the pig good society enough for anybody, and threatened to give notice if her favorite was denied the *entree* of the house. I reprimanded her for her abominable cookery; she observed that I might do it myself if I thought I was the more capable. "Folks that didn't know nothing themselves shouldn't find fault with other folks that know a great deal more," she said. I acknowledged the wisdom of the remark, and was silenced.

One morning I went down to the kitchen to give some orders about dinner, and on opening the door what a tableau presented itself to my astonished gaze! Peggy, sitting in her armchair, with a smile of intense satisfaction on her rubicund face, watching piggy, who, with his long nose inserted in my china soup tureen, was imbibing the turtle soup that was left of yesterday's dinner! The sight was too much for my equanimity. I was always particularly afraid of a hog, but now all fear was swallowed up in anger. I seized a mortar pestle, and made at the beast with all the energy I could master. Piggy's temper was none of the sweetest, and this insult to his dignity was resented with true swinish "grit." With wide open mouth, he sidled towards me, uttering an angry growl that made my hair start up in terror. I bounded to the top of the kitchen table, unmindful of the fact that it was covered with hot pumpkin pies, and there, armed with my pestle, I prepared myself to endure a siege. Peggy, impudent thing, made no effort to quell the passion of her pet, but instead, she cheered him on, clapping her hands, crying:

"That's the jewel of a pig! Niver say die! Fight for your rights, mourveen!" And it really seemed as if the pig comprehended her meaning, for more decidedly hostile demonstrations than his I had never encountered. Just as I was on the point of fainting from sheer terror, John suddenly appeared on the scene. Never was the bearer of a white flag welcomed by a beleaguered city with more joy than I welcomed John! He understood matters at a glance, and unceremoniously kicked piggy out of doors, and was about doing the same for Peggy, when my voice for deliverance drew his attention. He took me down from the table, carried me up stairs to my chamber, and locked me in. A half hour afterwards he returned to say:

"There, Hattie, your troubles with Peggy and piggy are ended. Her I have sent out to seek her fortune; him I have sent to the butcher."

After that we had several cooks. There was Catharine, and Bridget, and Sally, and Betty, all of them quite as stupid as poor Peggy, and causing us untold trouble.

Angeline, my chambermaid, was a mere cipher, so far as work was concerned. She pretended to be subject to a heart complaint, for which she was in the habit of taking a cordial, and the "cordial" in question smelled astonishingly like gin. And it was by no means a rare occurrence that my chambermaid was so far intoxicated as to make up the beds with the feather ticks and mattresses above the sheets and counterpanes, and the pillows piled up in a heap at the foot. She frequently became so oblivious of propriety as to greet our guests with hearty hand shakings, and warm inquiries after the health of their families, a proceeding which was as amusing to them as it was mortifying to me.

Judge Wallace, a very proper, dignified old bachelor, was my husband's particular friend, and often dropped in of an evening for a game of chess, and a little social conversation. One evening when Angeline had taken rather a larger dose of cordial than usual, there was a ring at the street door, which she generally attended. I was coming down the hall stairs, and witnessed all that followed. My model maid staggered to the door, which she opened hastily, and disclosed the portly figure of the judge standing on the threshold. The girl uttered a shriek of pleased surprise, and without more ado, flung her arms around the neck of the stately visitor, and bestowed upon him a hearty smack, crying out at the same time:

"O, Tim Murphy, if this aint a 'greeable surprise! I thought you was in York. Come right into the parlor, dear, the back parlor, there's a

splendid fire there, and plenty of lemonade in the corner closet!"

Angeline had evidently mistaken the judge for Tim Murphy, one of her specially favored admirers. Never shall I forget the expression that dwelt on the august countenance of the judge. It was a study for a painter. He shook her off with the same lofty contempt that he would have manifested for a viper, and strode past into the parlor, where in dignified embarrassment he flung himself into an arm-chair, without observing that it contained my superb *papier mache* work basket, and an exquisite card rack of gold wire that I was engaged, in constructing. Of course, both the elegant trifles were ruined, and the judge's sense of propriety had received a shock from which he never fully recovered. I talked to Angeline about her odious conduct, and when fully satisfied that the gentleman she had treated so unceremoniously was Judge Wallace, her disgust was stronger even than his had been.

"To be shore!" she exclaimed. "Well, who ever? I thought for certain it was my dear friend, Tim Murphy, as fine a lad as ever was raised! If I'd known it was that doughfaced old curmudgeon, I'd sooner have kissed the chimney sweeper!"

Angeline had another habit exceedingly detrimental to good taste and order, that of hiding all kinds of articles under the cushions of chairs and sofas, and behind bureaus, etc., when required to put the rooms to rights. I remember on one occasion, when we had quite a large and genteel company of guests, that one of them unfortunately displaced the sofa cushion, and it fell to the floor, while from its folds out rolled a loaf of bread and a cold chicken, out in the midst of the company, greatly to the amusement of some and the disgust of others. Those edibles had been intended by my chamber-maid for a little private feast of her own, but probably she was likely to be discovered in the mischief, and had hidden them under the cushion to prevent detection.

The New Year was approaching, and John and I had received an invitation to a grand party at the mansion of General B——, one of the most aristocratic gentlemen in the city. I had a new dress made for the occasion, and a magnificent thing it was. White *moire antique*, with falls of rich black lace, caught up by *bouillons* of crimson velvet. A *parure* of diamonds presented by my father, was to be worn with this dress, and I was well satisfied that my appearance at the important *soiree* would be surpassed by none. John was delighted with the effect of my dress, and particularly jubilant over the sen-

sation which my beauty would be sure to make. I had made my husband a wretchedly bad wife, but he never complained, and was as proud of my personal charms as before our marriage.

The night before the party there was to be a concert, to which John was very anxious I should go, the principal performer being a favorite of his, and we left home quite early, Angeline and Judy the cook remaining to keep house; but owing to the sudden illness of the basso, the entertainment was postponed, and we returned home fully two hours earlier than we had anticipated. The back parlor was one blaze of light, and sounds of laughter and merriment issued therefrom, and reached us at the hall door. John entered by the aid of the latch key, and while he was taking off his overcoat, I hastened to the door of the back parlor, and peeped into the room.

There on the sofa sat Angeline, arrayed in my beautiful *moire antique*, diamonds and all, and by her side lounged the identical Tim Murphy, with a tray of molasses candy on his knees, from which he was feeding his companion, with small regard to the dripping of the syrup over my splendid dress. I should not have been a woman if I could have looked on this sight with composure. I shrieked in dismay. John flew to the spot. Angeline turned to flee up stairs, but catching her foot in one of the lace flounces she stumbled and fell, completely ruining the lower flounce, and bursting out every separate seam of the waist! I burst into tears; Tim Murphy jumped out of a back window, and Angeline went off in one of her paroxysms.

The consequence was what might have been expected. My chamber-maid was discharged the next morning, and Judy received her "walking papers" at the same time. When they were gone, John drew me down by his side, and talked to me very candidly. He proposed that we should break up housekeeping, rent the house, and board out. He thought, that under existing circumstances, it was the best thing we could do.

But I had not lain awake all the previous night for nothing. I, too, had formed a plan, and with its formation, all the native energy of my character had come back to me. I had a worthy aunt living some fifty miles back in the country, a practical, sensible, old-fashioned woman, whom I had hitherto ignored because she believed in labor, and despised indolence. To her I would now go, and confessing all my sins and short-comings, throw myself on her mercy, and learn to work! I told all this to John, and before I had half finished, he caught me in his

arms, and fairly danced about the room for joy.

"My true, noble wife," he exclaimed, admiringly, "thank Heaven that you see life at last as it is!—real and earnest—practical, not theoretical. I do not want to make a drudge of my wife, but if she could only direct her servants, and order her household, how very happy I should be."

Well, reader, we did not go to the party that night, for my dress was unrepresentable, and I had neither time nor inclination to purchase another. But the ensuing morning saw John and I en route for Millville, the residence of Aunt Lucy, by whom we were received with so cordial a welcome that the tears of shame came to my eyes when I remembered how long I had neglected this excellent woman. She entered into my project for reform with a hearty zeal, which in due season proclaimed its legitimate effects.

I learned the science of housekeeping. It was a hard and weary task, and cost me many an ache and pain, besides innumerable blisters, contusions and calluses but through much tribulation my object was accomplished. And at the end of a year, John and I again undertook housekeeping. We had three servants, all of them quite as refractory as Ann or Peggy, but they had a mistress who was capable of directing their efforts, and who was not alarmed by their threats of "giving notice," because she knew that, if necessary, she could provide for the wants of her household with her own hands. And, in closing, permit me to say to all young ladies contemplating marriage, don't do it until you have learned to superintend a household.

ENEMIES.

Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies, is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be but re-action, if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

Sorrow points out to us truths just as the night brings out the stars.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MEXICAN LOVER.

From the Note-Book of an American Officer.

BY LT. FRANK JAMISON.

THE heat of the day was almost insufferable. There was not the vestige of a cloud in the heavens, to shield it from the fierce rays of the burning tropical sun; and the faint breeze which came slowly and languidly from the mountains, was more an aggravation than otherwise. Fatigued by the long gallop of the morning, the troop was proceeding with broken ranks, at a leisurely pace; and its leader, myself, having gained a hundred yards upon it, was taking the opportunity for a few moments' rest and shade, beneath a roadside palm.

Our present duty was the most harassing that our mounted soldiers were called upon to perform, during the war. A band of guerillas had for some time hung upon the flank of the army, upon its march, rendering itself as obnoxious to the natives, by its plunderings and rapacities, as to our own forces, by its annoyances. My troop had been detailed early in the morning, to scour the country in search of the depredators; and, if possible, to bring them to a decisive engagement. The first part of our task had thus far been performed; the second was not so easily accomplished. Although in the saddle since daylight, we had found nothing of the marauders; and, with the natural flagging of energy, I was about to order a halt, when the incident occurred which I commenced to describe.

The troop had arrived opposite the tree under which I was reclining, while my horse cropped the grass beyond; when a wild tumult of voices, followed by the discharge of carbines, and a thrilling female shriek, came in quick succession to our ears. To spring to my saddle was the work of an instant; and ordering the troop to close up behind me, I started in a rapid trot down the road.

"The guerillas! the guerillas!" ran from lip to lip; and the eager looks and nervous rattling of bridles and holsters spoke of the excitement which the name aroused.

The thick growth of shrubbery upon our left indicated our proximity to a villa; and a repetition of the ominous sounds which had at first greeted us, assured me that violence was being done to its occupants.

"Forward!" was my excited command; and the word went from rank to rank in wild repetition. A gate, torn from its fastenings, lay in the

road ; and spurring up the avenue of palms into which it had opened, we swept in upon such a scene of violence as I never wish to witness again.

A pleasant verandahed country house was embowered among the trees, completely hidden from view from the road ; and around this, the guerillas had dismounted, and were now engaged in their nefarious work. Several of them were trying to fire the house ; more were stripping the ornaments and valuables from the dead bodies of the household (as I supposed), whom their murderous volleys had slain ; while, in the centre of the scene, a dozen of the ruffianly savages were assisting their leader in tearing a beautiful Mexican girl, who struggled wildly in their grasp, from a wounded youth over whom she bent in tearful solicitude.

Such was the aspect of affairs, as we gained the spot. With a startling hurrah, we bore down upon the terrified and flying ladrones, sabreing and pistolling right and left. Their rout was instant and complete ; full half were slain outright, more were forced to surrender ; and what few were able to gain their horses and fly, were closely pursued by a number of my troop. The leader of the band—a ferocious, brutal-appearing ruffian—had fallen at our first discharge, and now lay close to the wounded youth whom I have mentioned, a look of baffled rage distorting his dead features.

A brief examination of the house and its surroundings showed that all of the household, save these two, had been slain ; and their bodies were scattered where the guerillas had left them, around the yard. The wounded youth still lay where he had been struck down ; and I discovered, to my astonishment and regret, upon approaching, that he was an American, and one, who, as an attache of our colonel, had commanded general love and esteem, from the boyish frankness and affection of his heart. But his moments were evidently now numbered ; a ghastly wound traversed his temple, and he seemed insensible of all that was passing around him.

From him, my eyes turned to the beautiful Mexican. She had thrown herself upon the ground by his side, after being released from the hands of the guerillas ; and twining her bare arms around his neck, she passionately kissed him, again and again, her black hair sweeping over his pale, fair cheek. Her broken accents, as she implored him in what little of his own language she could command, to open his eyes and speak to her, would have acquainted me with the story of the fearful scene, even had I not surmised it before. The guerilla leader had evident-

ly been a discarded lover of the well-nigh frantic girl ; and maddened with jealousy, he had attempted to gratify his revenge, and abduct the maiden, by one bold stroke. In the first he had succeeded too well ; the second, our timely arrival had prevented.

Our surgeon was, during this time, examining the pulse of the youth ; and as he rose from his hopeless task, the girl turned upon him an appealing look of despair. The surgeon sorrowfully shook his head.

"He is already dead !" was his reply.

I have seen deep and powerful grief ; but never such as that simple announcement called forth. In its first wild tumult, she cast herself upon the dead body of her lover, and besought him to come back to life ; and then, as the first paroxysm passed, she sat motionless by him, the picture of despairing grief, holding his hands in hers, her eyes riveted upon his face, while bitter tears coursed rapidly down her own.

"I could have borne it that *they* should die," she murmured in Mexican, and her eyes were turned for the first time to the bodies of her kindred ; "but Paul, dear Paul—O God, let *me* die, too !"

A rush of blood from her mouth interrupted her, and she fell forward upon the corpse of her lover. Surprised beyond measure, I raised her up ; and, horrified at the conviction, discovered that she, too, was dead !

The mystery, however, if such it could be called, was quickly solved. The devoted girl had herself received a mortal wound from the volley of the guerillas ; but overpowering anxiety for the fate of her lover had prevented her from betraying its effects, or even from knowing it herself, until the moment of her death.

We buried them in one grave, sadly and solemnly ; and after also interring the other victims of the guerillas' foray, we resumed our saddles, and, with our prisoners took the road upon our return to the main army.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

The following anecdote, illustrative of the character of the late Judge Parsons, is, both in thought and language, sublime. A gentleman, by the name of Time, had been concerned, in a duel, when the ball of his antagonist struck his watch and remained there. It saved his life. The watch was afterwards exhibited, with the ball remaining in it, in a company where Judge Parsons was present. It was observed, by several, that it was a valuable watch. "Yes," said Parsons, "very excellent, it has kept *Time* from eternity."

The dead are images cut into the earth ; the living, images raised upon it.

[ORIGINAL.]

GOD KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN!

A BALLAD.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FIFTH.

There may be future hours of bliss,
Which fancy now portends,
And skies more genial than this
May shelter kindlier friends.
Yet here, where life has passed away
With flying feet, I ween—
Where love's wild power has witch'd the hour,
God keep my memory green!

In other lands, in later days,
When dies the spectral past,
While still my longing, lingering gaze,
Thence backward shall be cast
To haunts where erst I loved to dwell,
(To graves that lie between!)
One heartfelt prayer shall fill the air—
God keep my memory green!

O, welcome thrice, eternal rest,
Draw near, life's final wane,
When to our mother's sheltering breast
Her child returns again!
No heraldry need vaunt my name,
My grave might lie unseen,
Could this wild will one spirit thrill—
God keep my memory green!

[ORIGINAL.]

RETRIBUTION.

BY DR. C. L. FENTON.

My mother dying when I was a wee thing,
and my father having gone down to the depths
of the sea in his own ship when I was only five
years old, I was taken and cared for by my moth-
er's younger sister. Auntie—I never called her
by any other name, and never shall, I presume—
lived at Linden, a little village on the banks of
the Mercer. I remember the first strange sense
of quiet and stillness, so unlike the grating and
rattle in the midst of which I was born, as though
it were yesterday, though many, many years
have rolled between that experience and to-day.

Auntie lived with her grandfather in a little
brown house just beyond the grove of oaks,
through which, when the leaves began to fall,
flashing of a silver something would strike against
the cottage windows on shining afternoons as the
sun sank towards his rest beyond the river.

The village lay a little to the right of us; so
that auntie, "grandpa"—I was to call him
"grandpa" always—and I, were just one side of
that quiet cluster of men, women and children.
How clearly at dusk, came the tinkle of cow-
bells on the still air! The crickets in the grass

under the moonlight, the baying of the dogs in
the distance, and the drowsy hum of the stone
flour-mill, a half mile away, fell on the ear, defin-
able as the clear outlines of a prairie horizon fall
upon the eye. I liked it; in beautiful contrast
to that confused rush and rattle of the city, where
individuality of sound is lost in noisy chaos.

I was happy in my home; and I am sure that
auntie loved to have me with her, if my child-
hood whims did sometimes cause her trouble and
anxious care. She used to fold me in her arms
at night, just as I can imagine an own mother
would have done, and, rocking me, sing nursery
songs and tell the pleasantest stories. Grandpa
petted me, too. He put his great rough hand on
my head when he prayed at night, and followed
his every amen with a kiss. He was very noble,
large, and not much bent by the weight of the
years his shoulders bore. I remember particu-
larly the snowy whiteness of his hair. It does
not seem to me to have been gray, but pure, un-
mingled white. Nor was it wanting in luxuri-
ance, for when he ran his fingers under it, as he
would do when thoughtful, almost the whole of
his great hand would be hidden.

One other memory is very vivid. His cane.
It was not remarkable in its size or workmanship,
but the top of it, a sort of enlargement of the
same material, was so smooth and glossy! I
think I never passed that cane—it stood behind
the kitchen door—without stopping and gazing
at it, with my hands folded reverently. The top
was so smooth and shining! And yet the hand
had worn away the wood until every fibre was
visible like the blue veins of the sick. I was
reverential. Not caring to handle it, I would
stand a long time with my hands clasped behind
me, looking at it and thinking about grandpa.

He had had a fall one day, and the cane had
been broken under his weight. The fall was not
a serious one in its results, but when they brought
him home the broken cane was forgotten, and
they sent me for it. I picked it up with the old
feeling of curious reverence, and loitered a mo-
ment, looking again at the shining knob. At
that instant a man bounded over the fence from
the grove near me. Seeing me, he stopped, gas-
ped a moment, turned round, walked away a few
steps, turned towards me again and began to ap-
proach. I do not think I was a timid child, but
there was something vagabond in his air, which
touched my childish fear, and dropping the frag-
ment of grandpa's cane, I ran away. I form no
clear picture of the man or his dress. I saw on-
ly that he was haggard, wild, rough, ragged and
frightful. Afterwards a man was sent for the
cane; but it was not to be found.

Some six months after, one of the neighbors was just in the edge of the forest shooting pigeons. Peering stealthily through the trunks and branches of trees in search of game, he noticed the figure of a man standing with folded arms against a tree at a little distance. The man was barefoot, with gray pantaloons and a red shirt, one sleeve of which was gone, revealing a brown but slender arm. A flock of pigeons settled in an adjacent tree-top, and the gun of the hunter woke the echoes. The man bounded as the deer bound when touched by a rifle ball, and ran, almost as fleetly, into the thicket. The apparition was the subject of many guesses and some gossip. I remember that it was thought to be the same as had frightened me.

A year had gone by, and the mysterious vagabond was quite forgotten, when one morning, before day, as some of the villagers were passing the churchyard they distinctly heard the clink of a spade among the clods and stones.

Curious that the sexton should be at work thus early, and not having heard of any recent death, one of the men called out. The sounds ceased. He called again. No answer. On examination, it was found that in one corner of the churchyard a grave was partially excavated. The work was evidently done by an unaccustomed hand; and the spade which lay upon the mound, belonged to grandpa.

The circumstance of the spade troubled grandpa not a little. Indeed, the degree of attention given this apparition, combined with my previous experience, made me very curious; and in one of my visits to the churchyard—taken at high noon, you may be sure—I found a shred of silk, soiled, carefully folded and attached to a string like a child's half dollar. For some reason, I could never bring myself to show that bit of silk, or tell that I had found it. And yet it seemed to me of value, familiar, as though I had seen it or its like before.

After a while the excitement and interest died away. In the space of two or three years the circumstances were almost forgotten, the grave had long since been filled, and nothing had happened to revive the old mystery. But one evening in autumn, a man lay in the edge of a grove that skirted the river, watching for a pair of ducks that were swimming hither and thither at a tantalizing distance from the shore. It was getting late, but he was persistent, and waited till the dusk had settled down upon the river, and the stars were beginning to glisten from the village windows. Splash went an object into the stream from behind a little bushy promontory. As it came into view, at a considerable distance,

the gunner found it impossible to decide its nature; but reasoning in his eagerness that it was something to be shot at, he pulled trigger. The shot fell in a slant shower all about the object without arresting its progress. What was his dismay to see it reach the opposite bank of the little stream, and emerging from the water in human shape, creep wearily up the bank.

The next morning a farmer's boy came into the village, breathless from a search for a stray heifer, with the tidings that he had just seen the "awfullest looking man with his head all bloody," asleep in a tree-top. Half a dozen men turned out to investigate the matter, but either the boy was bewildered by his fright and unable to direct them to the spot, or the strange man had gone. The same evening there was a gentle tap at our own door; and when grandpa opened it, a rough-looking figure was stalking away. Grandpa called to him, but making no reply the figure moved slowly on, opened the gate, closed it without turning, and moved at the same pace up the road.

Upon this, the community was filled with the wildest stories. Apparitions in bed-chambers, sounds from the churchyard, visions in the air on tempestuous nights—a thousand and one wild rumors ran through the towns-people and penetrated the more scattered population, miles around. Grandpa became exceedingly nervous and fretful. It was as much as auntie could do to soothe him to anything like equanimity. He could give no reason for his uneasiness; only, as he said, he "couldn't help feeling frustrated."

Over the space of eleven or twelve years, beginning with my adventure in the woods, this restless apparition, at long intervals, haunted the people of our quiet village. It was pursued, searched for, discussed and belied many and many a time, and still it came to make its strange, brief visits; and still it went, to be gone till almost forgotten.

We were sitting one day—auntie and I—under the orchard trees, netting, reading and talking, when a sharp bound of my restless heart—it had been growing ungovernable lately—reminded me that I had something to tell her, something that must be told. Nothing saddening, or in the least to be regretted, and yet something which produced a throbbing almost painful.

"Auntie," I said, "I have a secret to tell you."

Then auntie, knowing intuitively what it was, crept close beside me on the grass, and winding her dear arms about me, got the whole sweet story with only a word or two from me. When we had ceased talking, she lay a long time with her head on my shoulder and her eyes closed.

"Would you like to have me tell you about myself?"

I had wondered many and many a time, that the most lovable woman I ever knew had not been sought and won. I had mused on the strange fact years ago, when I was only a little child. And this very afternoon as she sat reading to me, in that sweet, clear voice, her neat figure wrapped in a purple lawn, which swept away beyond her feet, her auburn curls falling upon the whitest of necks, her cheeks just tinted a little, her eyes kindling with thoughts of the page before her; and all this, deepened by my long experience of her unvarying faithfulness, tact and sweetness, I had mused for the hundredth time upon the strange fact of her unwedded life. So I said, "yes, auntie," with a kiss on her sweet lips; and then she told me all.

He was a dashing young man—was Henry. He took her little heart by storm when he came meteor-like within her orbit, before she had fairly put off girlhood and put on womanhood. She loved him, absorbingly, wildly. They were betrothed. But auntie was young, and so the wedding was put, by careful friends, a long, long way ahead. In the meantime, Henry would busy himself in business, and would accumulate for the home to which he was by-and-by to take his little betrothed.

The months of a year followed each other in rapid procession to the past. Henry was not far away—in a neighboring city. Auntie lived with her mother in the same brown house whose orchard was shading us to-day. Auntie was very happy—"perfectly happy," she said.

But there came a little shadow from the city. It was rumored that Henry was wild. Auntie would save him from that by loving him all the more. Then there came a whisper that Henry had loved before, or had sought another hand. But auntie doubted it very much, wept over it a little, for it was hard to be a second, in appearance even, when her whole soul was given into his hand from her first thought of love. But she crowded down the feeling as unworthy, and was happy yet in his present devotion.

Careful friends searched it all out for her. And now she was told tenderly, tearfully, that this idol of her heart was unworthy of any woman's love. Henry had won another little maiden in another little village and left her to pine and perhaps die, for the latter prize by the banks of the Mercer.

Auntie suffered as women suffer who lose all in a breath. Traces of her great sorrow were yet left in a thoughtful brow and mien; yet I could never have guessed the whole truth, but

for the tremulous heaving of her breast and the quiver of excitement with which she recalled the dreadful trial to picture it for me.

Henry came to her; and she calmly heard his own story. When he had finished, she put her hand in his, and said, deliberately but kindly:

"Henry, you were my first love. I gave you my very soul, because I thought you noble and true. When I heard that you were in danger from dissipation I loved you none the less, but thought I would throw my arms about you and hold you tight and save you. When I heard that you had first sought another, I wept, loving you still with the same devotion. But when I found that you had left a maiden's heart to wither—a heart that you had won as you had won mine—my love died, died in an instant. And now you may go. I shall never love you again."

From that time she had never heard of Henry. But Lucia, the little maiden whose life had been saddened by his desertion, had, strangely enough, fallen into her hands, and she had closed the eyes with the long lashes, and buried her in the churchyard, with flowers resting on her bosom and twined in her hair.

"O, Miss Ina!" said Johnny Marion, running in upon us with a countenance expressive of interest, wonder and excitement, "O, Miss Ina! they've found that strange man, that crazy man, dead, dead as he can be, right down by the spring there below the hill. And he had—he had 'Henry' printed in blue ink on his arm; and father found a little picture in a belt around his body, and it looks like you—it does."

Auntie clasped me convulsively, and then was white and breathless for a long time.

The body was buried from the cottage; and she went with it to the grave. When I left auntie a few months later, to solve the glowing problem of my own destiny, she was the same sweet, pure, cheerful, perfect woman that I had ever found her.

INTOXICATION.

The love of narcotics and intoxicating compounds is so universal, that it may almost count as an instinct. Every nation has it in a greater or lesser degree; some in drink, some in snuff, but from the equator to the snow line it exists—a trifling change in dress, according to the climate, but always the same need, the same desire. Kings have decreed punishment on the secular side; priests have anathematized on the spiritual; law-makers have sought to pluck out the habit, root and branch, from the people, but all to no good—man still goes on smoking, snuffing and chewing, putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, and finding immense satisfaction in a practice that makes him both an invalid and a madman, and never quits him till it has laid him fairly in the grave.

[ORIGINAL.]

SING, SING, SING!

A Tennysonian Parody to Cherry, a Canary Bird.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Sing, sing, sing,
In thy prison-home, my bird;
And I would that thou couldst utter
The songs that I once have heard.

Is it well for the orphan child,
That he sighs for the long-lost hours?
Or well for the maiden mild,
That she thinks of greenwood bowers?

And the speeding hours go on
To caves in the Lethæan hill;
But O, for the sight of a vanished smile,
And a voice forever still!

Sing, sing, sing,
On the perch in thy cage, O bird!
But the tender words of a daylong dead
May nevermore be heard.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DOCTOR'S SUBJECT.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

"One hundred dollars."

Doctor Metcalf made room for the young man at his desk, saying:

"Just sign your name there if you please sir, payable in six months."

"It's a heavy bill, doctor," said Harry Lane, hesitating a moment, with the pen between his fingers, ere he added his signature to the note.

"Heavy bill? well, now I don't know," and Franklin Metcalf, M. D., tapped his foot rather impatiently upon his office floor and gazed absently from the window.

"A hundred dollars is earned more easily by you than by me, doctor," said the young man, still hesitating. "I've had an unlucky year of it, and I haven't made that amount in the last twelve months. Couldn't you make it a little less?"

"What, the bill?"

"Yes."

"Not a cent, Lane. Medicine costs—and my time is valuable. You would have my services, and you couldn't expect the president of a medical institute to practice for nothing."

"Certainly not," replied Harry Lane, making an energetic dash upon the paper and writing his name in bold, heavy characters. "There, Doctor Metcalf, I only hope I'll be able to keep my word and make it good in the course of six months."

Doctor Metcalf folded the paper and placed it with others of like character in his desk. Harry Lane arose, buttoned his overcoat and put on his mittens. The surgeon paced the floor rapidly a few moments, and then advancing to where Harry Lane stood by the stove, he asked in a low tone:

"Are you in any haste, Lane?"

"None in particular."

"Then sit down a moment—I want a word more with you."

"Very well, sir," replied the young farmer, resuming his seat and tapping his fur overshoe with his riding whip.

Doctor Metcalf drew his office chair close to where the young man sat and began:

"That account is one hundred dollars."

"Yes, I understand that."

"Let us enter into a little calculation—corn is twenty cents per bushel, it will take five hundred bushels of corn to pay this bill!"

Harry Lane's countenance looked quite desponding.

"I shan't raise half that amount of corn in all this year," he said. "The season's been unfavorable—the late rains did a good deal of damage, and the early frost blasted a considerable of the late planted."

"Well, then, we'll give up the corn—how about wheat?"

"Will have scarcely enough for our own use."

"Potatoes?"

The young man shook his head.

"Pork?"

Another shake of the head.

"Beef?"

"Have only a yoke of oxen and a cow."

"Look here, Lane," said the surgeon in a low tone and confidential manner—"that bill must be paid!"

"I shall try and pay it, sir."

"You're an honest man I know, Lane—but it will be tough work, paying a hundred dollars in cash, or out of your scant yearly allowance of grain. I'll make it easy for you."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry Lane, gratefully.

"I said I'll make it easy for you—you can pay that debt in one night. Listen to me—I am in need of a subject!"

Had a bombshell exploded at the young farmer's feet he could not have started up in greater surprise.

"I am no grave-robber, Doctor Metcalf," he said, indignantly.

"Look here, Lane, you are very unreasonable. Science demands this. I have a class of students, who, in order to acquaint themselves with the

human frame perfectly, *must have a subject for dissection*. There is nothing wrong in this, on the contrary—"

"Well, well, I don't want to talk about it," said Harry Lane, uneasily.

"No, you don't want to talk about it, but I do. This forenoon a stranger was buried in the—graveyard—he was accidentally killed, he would make a good subject."

"Go to some one else if you want a grave-robbor," said Harry Lane, indignantly, rising to go.

"Perhaps you'll think better of my offer, Lane, after you think the matter over. Bring me a body to-night and I'll give you up your note. Should you bring one, come to the back door of the office, as I sleep here to-night."

"Good day, sir," said Harry Lane, bowing himself out and closing the door.

Doctor Metcalf threw himself into a chair and took up a note that lay on the table. It was written in a delicate female hand, and there were traces of tears upon it. The note ran as follows:

"DEAR FRANK:—Amy has propped me up in bed so I can just write a word to you. I am ill and wish you would come to me; it is a long ride to be sure, but I must see you once before I go. I shall send this by Harry Lane, who has just stopped to see how I do. Morris is gone as usual. Do come, Frank, to your miserable sister,
CATHERINE."

Doctor Metcalf bowed his head upon the table with his fingers over his eyes, and when he withdrew his hands there were tears upon them—tears, real genuine tears, and why? These were the pictures that passed like a panorama before him.

A happy home, father, mother, brother, sister, all there, he was the brother, Catherine was the sister. They were both children then. Another picture—Thanksgiving night. Father and mother, and the brother returned from college.

"Where is Catherine?"

No answer. Only does the brother know that his sister is as one dead in the family. She had fled from her home with a man her parents despised, not because of his poverty, but for his vices, and yet that sister loved him notwithstanding all.

Another picture—Father and mother dead, the son holding a high position before the world, the sister a drunkard's wife, surrounded by half-starving, half-naked children—this was the picture that brought tears to Doctor Metcalf's eyes, he remembered that the miserable broken-hearted woman was the little sister Cathie, who used to be all in all to him.

Doctor Metcalf called for his horse and cutter,

and wrapping himself well in furs and shawls—for the day was very severe—he set out for his sister's miserable home, and arrived there after an hour's hard driving.

A girl of ten years came to the door in answer to his rap. She was a pretty child, with a profusion of dark auburn hair, and blue eyes that looked so much as her mother's used to. Little Johnnie sat before the cheerless fireplace, crying bitterly. He stopped and looked up as his uncle entered, and seeing it was a stranger fled and took refuge beneath the miserable bedstead upon which his mother, a poor sad woman lay. The sick woman looked up gratefully and extended her thin hand.

"I'm so glad you've come, Frank."

Doctor Metcalf looked around—misery, poverty, perfect wretchedness was written upon everything.

"Catherine," he said, half impatiently, "have not you concluded to accept my offer yet?"

"And what is that?"

"Don't you remember? I told you as soon as you would leave that miserable—"

"O, Frank!"

"I say he is a miserable wretch! vociferated the doctor, bringing his clenched fist down upon the bare pine table with a force like iron—"I say he is a miserable wretch, off on a spree now, I dare say, leaving these brats—"

"O, Frank!"

"Well, I won't, if it hurts you, the children look likely enough, they take after you, Cathie."

"They're good children, Frank, and he's good when he's sober. There never was a better husband than George Morris was, until he went to drinking. Father and mother didn't like him, I knew it was because he would tittle, but I never saw him drunk, and I didn't believe he drank enough to hurt him."

The poor woman put her thin hands to her eyes and cried quietly. Doctor Metcalf looked this way and that in a troubled, half impatient manner.

"And why don't you leave him?" he questioned, at length. "I told you when I saw you before, that any time when you'd leave George Morris, and give me your sacred word you never would live with him again, I would take care of you and your children, but no, you want to reform him, when you couldn't do it any more than you could turn the Mississippi river bottom side up."

The poor woman made no reply.

"Say, Cathie?" he questioned. "Consent, let George Morris take his own course—let me take care of you."

"And give him up?"

"Yes, let Satan take his own. George Morris is one of his surely, for nothing but a fiend could have a heart to do as he has done, and bring his family to such wretchedness."

"But when he's sober—"

"O, yes, when he's sober, but—"

"He is sometimes, Frank, and there never was a kinder, better man, but I can't leave him. I promised never to leave him, whatever might come, nothing but *death* should divide us!"

Doctor Metcalf arose impatiently.

"Then take your own course, Catherine, *never will I help you one cent while you live with George Morris!*"

After her brother was gone the poor woman called her little daughter Kate to her bedside, and said:

"There's only one who can help us now, Katie; ask God to help us!"

"But he don't hear us, mother, we've asked him so many times but he don't answer us."

"But he will if it is his pleasure, Katie."

The child obeyed, and the blue pinched lips murmured, while the little purple, half frozen hands were folded reverently:

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Harry Lane finished his business in town, and started for home about sundown. Doctor Metcalf met him, and called out to him:

"Remember that offer I made you, Lane."

Harry Lane nodded and passed the doctor's cutter with a bound. Night set in before he arrived at home, and when he reached the gate, his wife, a pretty little woman, met him with a lantern.

"I'm so glad you've come, Harry," she said, in a relieved, overjoyed tone.

"And why, my little puss?"

"I've been so afraid all the afternoon."

"Afraid?"

"Yes, but do come in and have supper before you unharness, Harry."

"And of what were you afraid, Em?"

"Well, I'll tell you. George Morris came here just a little while after you left. He came in and sat down before the fire, and acted dreadful strange. Pretty soon I found out he was about half drunk."

"And what did he do?"

"Nothing only drink, and talk, and drink, but I was so afraid of him. I've heard so much of people being killed by drunken men, and he got so dreadful drunk, Harry. Well, he stayed until nearly dark and then he emptied the jug he had with him and fell over dead drunk."

"In the house?"

"Yes."

"And is he there now?"

"Yes."

"Perfectly insensible?"

"Yes, as insensible as a log."

Harry Lane gave a sudden leap into the air and a wild hurrah that quite startled his gentle little wife. He had nearly unharnessed his team but he replaced the harness as quickly as possible.

"What are you going to do, Harry?"

"Hitch Bonny and Fleet to the sled again."

"What for?"

"Never mind, you're quite sure George Morris is insensible?"

"Yes, and been so for half an hour."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the young man. "Whoa, Bonny, stand still, Fleet, my man, ha! ha!"

"Why, what does ail you, Harry—are you crazy? what are you doing, for pity's sake?"

"Just wait and see, Miss Em."

Harry Lane fastened the horses to the bars, and ran up the well-trodden path to the house, followed hastily by his wife.

"Get me a sheet, quick, Em!"

"A sheet?"

"Yes, a sheet, quick!"

"What for?"

"Never mind—there, that's it, help me to wrap this fellow up in it, he'll make a capital subject! ha! ha!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Never mind—just take hold of his feet, Em, steady now, that's it—don't think me crazy, little one, I'll tell you all about it when I get back—have supper warm for me when I come."

George Morris was placed on the sled. An hour afterwards Harry Lane knocked at the back door of the doctor's office. The worthy Doctor Metcalf presented himself.

"Where shall I take the body?" he questioned, in a low voice.

"Right through into the dissecting-room and lay it on the table. There, I thought you'd think better of it, and you've been quick, too. Stopped at the graveyard as you went along, didn't you?"

"And the note?"

"Here it is, you're welcome to it, Mr. Lane. You're a good hand at such little matters, and I shall have to call upon you again."

"If you like the subject, I may be able to furnish you more of the same kind," replied the young man, tearing the note into strips and closing the door with a "good evening, doctor."

Doctor Metcalf chuckled to himself, well pleased with his success. For a half hour per-

haps, he sat in his easy office chair, whiffing a fragrant Havana, at the end of that time he took up the candle and went into the dissecting-room to see what kind of a subject had been brought for his class to work upon the next day.

He held the candle in his left hand, and turned back the sheet with his right. The fumes of liquor met his nostrils. He started back with a ludicrous combination of anger, surprise and amazement upon his countenance.

"George Morris, by all that's evil!" he ejaculated—"Drunk!"

Doctor Frank Metcalf saw that he had been sold, and to the tune of an hundred dollars, too. His first determination was to give Harry Lane a large piece of his mind, his second was to have the worth of his money, at any rate. Students are generally in for sport, and those belonging to the institution superintended by Doctor Metcalf were no exception to the general rule. Several choice spirits among them were sought out by the victimized doctor, and instructed in the subject under consideration and the part they were required to perform. Everything was in readiness about the time George Morris awoke from his drunken stupor.

He looked around—ghastly skeletons, horrid grinning skulls, fleshless bones met his gaze on every side—he tried to move, he could no more have raised an arm or foot than he could have flown. A dim light revealed all this to his astonished gaze—a moment more and he was in impenetrable darkness.

Suddenly right before him, in flaming characters, he saw the word *Perdition!* He trembled, he groaned, he shrieked in terror. Was he in the abode of the lost? Again a dim light revealed by his side a horrid figure, that might well have represented the prince of darkness.

"Mortal once," spoke a ghostly voice, "you have come to this dreadful abode for the sin of drunkenness!"

"Mercy, mercy!" shrieked the trembling man, in great fear.

"Mercy! *that* never enters here—behold you have brought your own ruin upon yourself!"

Again all was darkness. Groans, horrid yells and shrieks fell upon his ear, ice-cold fingers passed over his face, and dreadful pinchings were inflicted upon various portions of his body. He shrieked aloud—he gave vent to his agony and terror in groans and cries for mercy.

"You were a drunkard while living," said an unearthly voice.

"O, yes—yes," groaned the unhappy man.

"You had a good wife and interesting children."

"O, yes, dear Satan, yes, the very best of wives, the loveliest of children."

"And you left them to suffer and to starve, O, you incorrigible man!" said the unearthly voice.

"Alas, yes!"

"And therefore receive your reward!"

Again the pinchings and burnings were continued, and an almost intolerable odor of sulphur besieged his nostrils. Again he shrieked and pleaded in agony.

"O, mercy! mercy!"

"You had no mercy upon the wife who loved you, the children who cried for bread," said the unearthly voice, "yet upon one condition you may go back to them."

"And that, what is it? *any* condition!"

"That you will become a better man. That you will never touch another drop that can intoxicate and make you a brute. Those are the conditions, do you promise?"

"Yes, yes, anything, good ghost, anything!"

"And remember I shall watch you, and if you ever cause that noble wife of yours a tear—"

"O, I never will!"

"Then remember," said the ghostly voice again, "remember!"

Chloroform rendered the miserable man insensible, and it that condition he was conveyed to a barn near by and placed in the manger, there to recover himself as best he might.

George Morris never drank another drop of spirituous liquor. He became an industrious man, a good neighbor, a kind husband, and a tender and provident father. One day he told his wife in confidence that the reason he had reformed was because he appreciated her generous devotion, but we know better.

For awhile Harry Lane was a little shy of the doctor, but when he did meet him the worthy physician shook him warmly by the hand, saying that although he did not particularly wish for any more such subjects, he thanked him very much for the one he had brought him, as by that means a most inveterate drunkard had been reformed, and a broken-hearted wife had been rescued from the very brink of the grave.

Harry Lane asked no questions, but when the name of George Morris was proposed a few years afterwards for the nomination of county judge, he gave a peculiar whistle, and said in a low tone, "Well, it all comes of being the doctor's subject!"

THE BRIDE.

But where is she, the bridal flower.
That must be made a wife ere noon?
She enters, glowing with the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower.—TRANSCOT.

[ORIGINAL.]

AND I AM THINKING OF THEE.

BY WILLIE WARE, AUTHOR OF "DRIFTWOOD."

'Tis night—all is hushed and still,
 Evening shades have gathered on the hill;
 The day has faded from our view,
 She bathed her red cheeks in the evening dew,
 And I am thinking of thee.

The moon shines through the cloudy sheen,
 As bright as in the days gone by, I ween;
 The nephyrs play on the rose's breast,
 All is wrapt in deathlike rest,
 And I am thinking of thee.

The star of evening shines amid the blue,
 And glistens brightly in the drops of dew
 That fill the flowers' fairy incense cup,
 Thin, feeble stalks can scarce hold the burden up,
 And I am thinking of thee.

The birds' sweet songs are hushed and still,
 The music of the murmuring rill
 Falls softly on my listening ear—
 It is a sound I dearly love to hear,
 While I am thinking of thee.

'Tis sweet to think of thee, my friend,
 When fancy all her charms doth lend;
 And I can almost see thy form and face,
 And in the whispering wind can trace
 A voice that speaks to me.

'Tis thine—it comes at evening's hour
 With strange, mysterious, entrancing power,
 And seems a whispering tone from thee,
 And in the evening darkness says to me:
 "Think, always think of me!"

[ORIGINAL.]

TATTLEWOOD SEWING CIRCLE.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

"COME, Jane, do fly round a little faster, here it is one o'clock, and the sewing-circle meets here at half past two, and it don't seem to me as though I was half ready for 'em. Some how or other everything's gone wrong end foremost to-day."

"There, don't fret, mother. I shall soon have things in order. We shall be all prepared for the company, I have no doubt, by the time they begin to arrive."

"Well, I hope so, in all conscience. I would not have Betsey Locke git here afore I'd got the house to rights and myself slicked up, for no money. I wonder what she'll say to these new boss-hair chairs. I guess she'll open her eyes sum, for she felt mighty proud of them cane-seat chairs she had last fall, and they wan't any great shakes nother."

"What's that you say about the chairs, wife?" said Mr. Woodman, entering just then. "I want to know if that's all the reason why I had to go without a new coat this summer, to git them chairs, 'cause you wanted to outdo Betsey Locke? This everlasting quarrel between you two women will make Locke and I as poor as church mice afore long. I don't see a mite o' sense in it, and I should be glad if I could live to see the end on't."

"Perhaps you will, father," quietly remarked Jane, as she went round the room vigorously dusting the new chairs.

"I hope I shall. But howsumever, this ere wont do for me. I've got another load o' hay to git in afore three o'clock."

"There, I told ye, Jane, everything went wrong to-day. Who'd have thought your father would have happened in just as I was talkin' about them chairs? Now I shall never hear the last on't, I s'pose."

"Well, mother, they say a bad beginning makes a good ending, so we will console ourselves with that."

"I wish I was as easy about things as you, but I aint, and never was. Now, Jane, I do hope you'll put the best foot forward this afternoon and evening. I hope I haint sent you two quarters to Burrville Seminary for nothin'. You know I paid two dollars a quarter more than Betsey Locke paid for her Miranda at that highfalutin boardin'-school, I forgit the name on't, and I'm sure you ought to have on a lectle more polish than she."

"Say about four dollars' worth, mother."

"There, Jane, you have such a comical expression on once in a while when I'm talkin', I don't know whether you're makin' fun of me or not. But there's one thing I want you to do, and that is to treat Lawyer Pyncheon a little more civility than you have done. You know he's been buildin' that ere new house yonder, and it aint to be expected he'll keep his cage long without a bird to put in it. I think he's a notion arter you. At any rate, if you set your cap right for him, there's no knowin' what might happen."

"I'll try and treat him as politely this evening as you wish, mother."

"Do, that's a good girl. But sakes alive, I don't know but them custards are all burnt up. Run, Jane, and take 'em right out the oven this minute."

As the reader has become aware from the above conversation, there was a quarrel of long standing between Mrs. Locke and Mrs. Woodman. It began in an idle remark made by the

latter, which was carried to the ear of the former by the village gossips, in such a distorted shape, that it conveyed an entirely different meaning from what was intended. From that time there was a constant rivalry between the two women, and the feud grew into such dimensions, that it became apparently the sole object of their lives to rival and outdo each other. Their husbands, strange to say, were fast friends, and devoutly hoped that something might happen to reconcile their wives. How far their hopes were realized, we shall see hereafter.

"There, Jane, I b'l'ieve I'm ready, and I see you've got slicked up too. I'm glad you've got your hair fixed up so nice. Miranda Locke never begun to look so well. Now do put yourself out to appear something extra, to day."

"I am glad, mother, you are suited with my looks and appearance so far, and I have not the slightest doubt but that I shall make as great a sensation among your company as you could possibly wish."

"There they come, three or four of 'em, and there's Betsey Locke and Miranda, too; run, Jane, and let 'em in, and be sure you take 'em into the spare chamber to take their things off. I want Betsey Locke to see that new white quilt on the bed."

The large, old-fashioned parlor of Mrs. Woodman presented a very social appearance, as about twenty ladies of Tattlewood had assembled and were exchanging greetings. Mrs. Woodman, with new cap and smiling face, was bustling about among them, trying to make them comfortable as possible.

"Mrs. Ashley will not be able to meet with us this afternoon," remarked Mrs. Deacon Makepeace; "and as I hold the office of vice president of the circle, I suppose I must take her place in distributing the work. If you will step up to this table, ladies, you can be furnished with such work as you may each prefer. There is considerable to be done, before we can fill with clothing the box we are preparing for a missionary family out West, and it is hoped we shall be able to accomplish very much towards it this afternoon."

"Yes, I hope so too," said Mrs. Smalley, "for I think it would be a burning shame if the Burrville folks get their box ready before we do. I shouldn't wonder if they did either, for their minister's wife takes right hold and helps them, both in the circle and at home, too."

"There's where they have the advantage of us," said Miss Sally Crusty, giving her sewing a violent twitch. "Their minister's wife has got some energy, and can do something. She don't

sit down in the rockin'-chair, and leave all her duties for other folks to perform."

"I suppose you mean by that, our minister's wife belongs to the lazy class, don't you?"

"I didn't say so. But it seems you think the garment fits pretty well and so have put it on her, Miss Carter. Seeing you've said so much I might as well add, that I think Mrs. Ashley might come to meetin' oftener, and be at her post here in the sewing-circle. What's the good of havin' her for a president if she's never here?"

"I thought the ladies were all aware that Mrs. Ashley has a young babe that requires all her time at present," mildly remarked Mrs. Makepeace.

"I don't think that need to keep her in the house all the time," persisted Miss Crusty. "There's Parson Dexter's wife, she brought up ten children, and didn't keep an Irish girl, either, and she found time to tend all the meetin's, sewing-circles, and everything. But that's neither here nor there. I s'pose when folks think another an angel, it's no use sayin' a word agin 'em."

"By the way, Miss Jackson," said Mrs. Smalley, to her right hand neighbor, in a loud voice, "have you heard the news from the south village?"

"No, do tell us," replied the lady, and a half dozen other voices echoed her answer.

"Well, Mr. Newton has failed for ten thousand dollars! I guess that'll take the airs out of Miss Newton some. They are the proudest set I ever did see. Why, I heard that they used their silver forks every day, when there wa'n't any company there, and napkins, too."

"You don't say so, Mrs. Smalley. I wonder if they'll move out of the house?" asked Miss Carter.

"I should think they ought to," said the widow Flint, in a sharp voice. "What business have they livin' in the house any longer, when they are owin' so much, I should like to know. I wouldn't miss goin' to meetin' next Sunday for nothin', just for the sake of seein' Miss Newton come in. I wonder if she'll hold her head as high as ever?"

"I always liked the family very much," said Jane Woodman, "and when I was at Burrville Seminary, Mary Newton was my most intimate friend. I am really sorry if the report is true that her father has failed."

"I hope you don't question its truth," snapped Mrs. Smalley, "when Miss Goodwin told me that she heard her cousin say that John Chester's wife told her he'd failed."

"Of course it's true," said Miss Crusty. "I

knowned he'd fail before any one else suspected such a thing. I'll ventur to say there can't anything happen in Tattlewood without my knowin' something about it."

"We shall see," murmured Jane Woodman, with an arch smile, as she stooped to hand Miss Crusty's ball of yarn to her.

"Did you ever see," said widow Flint, "how Miss Hammond dresses now days? I should like to know where all the money comes from. That bunnit she had on last Sunday didn't cost less than six dollars. And to my certin knowledge she's had five new dresses since last winter. There, if you don't call that extravagauce, I don't know what is."

"I s'pose her husband can afford it off the profits he makes in the store," sneered Miss Crusty. "I shouldn't wonder if there was a half pound of sand in two pounds of sugar I got there t'other day. I s'pose you know sand weighs down pretty heavy."

"I know one thing, he don't always give good weight," said Mrs. Carter. "I sent Tom after half a pound of raisins the other day, and I don't b'l'ev he brought home more'n a quarter of a pound."

"We all know what Tom Carter is," whispered Susan Colby to her neighbor, "I s'pose he ate the raisins up himself."

"I don't think it looks well to see young gals whisperin' when older folks is talkin'," said Miss Crusty, severely.

At this speech, Susan gave her companion a pinch, which caused her to utter a faint scream, thus provoking the indignation of Miss Crusty still more.

"Seems to me gals now days haint got no manners," muttered this venerable spinster, as she jerked her chair away from the vicinity of the offenders.

"I'm glad she's gone," again whispered Susan, "I s'pose she was mad because she couldn't hear what we said."

"It seems Lawyer Pynchon's new house is done," remarked Mrs. Peters, and all eyes were turned towards the windows commanding a view of the stylish-looking structure.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Woodman, "and I think it's the handsomest house in Tattlewood."

"It'll do well enough, but I think there's too much flaggree about it, altogether," said Mrs. Smalley. "Besides, what does Pynchon want of such a house as that when he's an old bachelor, I should like to know?"

"Perhaps he means to select a wife soon to put in it," said Angelina Flint, with a simper.

"Humph, I guess if he does," said Miss Crus-

ty, "he'll go out of Tattlewood, for he can't help seein' all the gals here are crazy arter him, and I never knowed a gal to run arter a feller yet, but what he run as far t'other way."

"I guess that's why she never got married," whispered Susan to her friend. "She run too hard for some beau in her youthful days, and he took to his heels."

"I'd give a good deal if I could go in and see the house," said Mrs. Carter; "they say it's mightily fixed up inside, with stucco-work and such like."

"Perhaps you'll have a chance to gratify your curiosity sometime," said Jane Woodman. "Don't you admire the color Mr. Pynchon has chosen for the outside? I have always thought a neutral tint for a house much prettier than white."

"A neuter tint? Why didn't you say mud-color, and done with it? This comes of gals now days gettin' so much book-larin', they can't tell the color of a house without bringin' in some jawcracker word to tell how much they know. For my part I think Squire Pynchon's house the homeliest color I ever see in my born days."

"O, we all have a right to our own opinion," said Jane, good-naturedly, as she followed her mother out to assist her in getting tea.

"I wonder what has become of that girl that's been stopping at the minister's lately," said Mrs. Locke. "I meant to had my daughter Miranda get acquainted with her before she left town, for I liked her appearance very much."

"I s'pose you know 'pearances are deceitful," squeaked Miss Crusty. "I guess it's just as well Miranda didn't get acquainted with her. I don't think myself she's any better than she ought to be."

"Why, how you talk, Miss Crusty," said Mrs. Smalley, eagerly. "Do tell us—do you know anything against her?"

"I don't alwars tell all I know," replied the spinster, looking mysterious.

"There now, Miss Crusty, you do know something, and I should think you might tell us."

"Well, I promised not to tell, but I don't know as it'll do any harm to know."

"There, now, do tell, Miss Crusty. Of course we wont tell nobody. I never do. There's Miss Manly told me as much as a month ago that her daughter Hannah was fixin' to git married, and I never told nobody on it yet."

"Well there, that explains something I thought was kinder misterus at the Manlys t'other day. I'm real glad I found out. But about that girl at the minister's. I used to see her hangin' around the minister and bein' altogether too fa-

miliar with him, and one day Hepsy Lee was goin' by there and told me she see Mr. Ashley drive off with her, and leave his wife cryin' in the door."

"Well, now do tell. If that aint scandalous to hear such carryin's on in Tattlewood," gasped Mrs. Smalley, with great horror depicted on her face.

"Why, Miss Crusty, I am surprised you should have formed such an opinion of Miss Evans. I don't think the familiarity you spoke of is anything to Miss Evans's discredit, seeing Mr. Ashley is her brother," remarked Mrs. Makepeace, somewhat severely for her.

"Her brother!" retorted the spinster, "I should like to know how you make that out, when his name is Ashley, and her name is Evans."

"Very easily. Mr. Ashley's mother was left a widow when he was quite small, and she married Mr. Evans for her second husband, so that the young lady you spoke of is Mr. Ashley's half sister. When you saw them driving away together, it was to see their mother whom they had heard was dangerously ill. As she was very much beloved by Mrs. Ashley, I think her tears on the occasion were very natural."

Just then, much to Miss Crusty's relief, Mrs. Woodman appeared, and invited the ladies out to tea.

"There, ladies," remarked the hostess, after she had helped all her guests to their favorite beverage, "do take right hold and help yourselves, but I don't know as you'll find anything fit to eat on the table. I didn't have a bit good luck with them biscuit, somehow I never do when anybody's comin'."

"I'm sure they are very nice," said Mrs. Makepeace, and a dozen other voices made the same assertion.

"Well I'm glad if you can make out to eat 'em. Jane, wont you pass them preserves? I was most ashamed to put 'em on, they aint half so good as I have sometimes."

"Why how you talk, Miss Woodman," said Mrs. Smalley, helping herself the second time. "They are real delicious."

"I'm glad you think so," replied Mrs. Woodman, looking benignant. "Miss Crusty, is your tea out?"

"No, I thank ye, but I should like to have you fill it up with all tea. When I drink it at all, which I seldom do, I want some strength to it."

"I'm sorry I made it so weak in the first place, but I didn't think—"

"O, no matter. Of course what suits me aint of no consequence to nobody," whined Miss

Crusty, with the look of a martyr. Mrs. Makepeace's lucid explanation of the little piece of domestic scandal she had served up about the minister's family, still rankled in her heart. Notwithstanding she seldom drank tea, before she left the table she managed to swallow the contents of her fifth cup.

As all tea-drinkings have an end, so did Mrs. Woodman's, and with tongues more nimble than ever, the ladies of Tattlewood returned to the parlor, Mrs. Woodman and Jane remaining behind to clear away, and in their absence their guests had a fine chance to discuss the merits of their late entertainment.

"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Smalley to her Crusty ally, "that Miss Woodman made excuses about them preserves. I really b'l'ieve what I've eat now is going to make me sick."

"You should have let 'em alone as I did," was the sharp retort. "The looks on 'em was enough for me. Such slops as she had for tea I never see before in all my life."

"Why, Miss Crusty, I thought I saw you send back your cup to get filled several times."

"Well, if folks would mind their own business, they wouldn't know every swaller their next neighbor takes."

This remark greatly incensed Mrs. Smalley, who indignantly withdrew to the other side of the room. Mrs. Woodman and Jane now entered, and announced the fact that several gentlemen were to be seen in the road, on their way to the house. Whereupon Mrs. Makepeace requested the ladies to deliver up their work into her careful keeping, and they proceeded to do so with great alacrity.

There was a flutter of excitement among the girls when the young gentlemen began to arrive, and many a fair one's heart beat faster as the handsome Arthur Locke exchanged with her the usual greetings. In due time Mr. Ashley arrived accompanied by his wife, who had entrusted the care of her babe to an aunt who had providentially arrived that afternoon.

"It seems Miss Ashley can leave home to come to the circle in the evenin', after all the work's done," growled Miss Crusty.

The remark was overheard by the lady in question, but considering from whence it came, she tried to dismiss it from her thoughts. The possibility that others for whose opinion she did care, might thus misconstrue her frequent absence from the circle, threw a shadow upon her heart the rest of the evening. After an hour or so spent in the most social manner, Mr. Ashley stepped forward and rapping upon the table to enjoin silence, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you will give me your attention for a few moments, I will promise you that you will be amply repaid for so doing."

At this moment the door opened, and Jane Woodman, attired in bridal robes entered leaning upon the arm of Arthur Locke, and stood before the minister. A simultaneous exclamation of astonishment was about to burst forth, when the words "let us pray," caused a profound hush.

After a fervent petition for the Divine blessing to rest upon the bridal pair, in a few words he pronounced them husband and wife, and amid an array of faces expressing the most intense wonder, the happy couple retired at the same room which they entered.

"My good friends," said Mr. Ashley, "Mr. and Mrs. Locke the younger have authorized me to invite the entire company over to their new house which has been building for them this summer under the superintendence of our friend Mr. Pynchon. With such a large company we can give the house a most excellent warming, and I propose that we all accept the invitation in a body, and adjourn there immediately."

They needed no further urging, and there was a rush for bonnets, shawls and hats, amid exclamations of "Did you ever?" "My conscience!" "Sakes alive!" "Mercy on us!" "Who ever saw the like?" "It beats all natur!"

The parents of the newly married pair were not the least astonished of the crowd, and as Mrs. Woodman neared the house with her husband, a sudden feeling of exultation came over her, that *her* daughter was going to be mistress of the new house instead of Miranda Locke, and she was about to express it, when it flashed upon her that Betsey Locke's son was the owner of the house, and she was silent.

In a conspicuous part of the room stood the bridal party, and with dignity and grace combined received their astonished visitors. Miss Crusty could not be prevailed upon to pay her respects to them, her indignation was so great that a couple had actually got married right before her eyes and she never had the remotest suspicion that it was going to happen. Such an unheard-of thing had never been done in Tattlewood from its first settlement to the present time. The crest-fallen dealer in news was, however, induced to accept a piece of wedding cake, and a very liberal slice found its way into her capacious pocket, notwithstanding she protested to everybody she never ate such detestable stuff for wedding cake in her life.

The rest of the company enjoyed themselves finely, and in due time they departed, to discuss

the astounding events of the evening, on some future occasion. The parents of the bride and groom remained after the other guests had left, and the fathers were extremely delighted at the union just consummated.

"Come, Arthur," said Mr. Locke, "I think it is about time we old folks were told how you two came to strike up a match without our knowing anything about it. And how came you by this house? I hope everything is all right."

"Don't have any fears about that, father. The fact is, I thought that legacy that Uncle Roger left me could not be better invested than in a good substantial house to begin life in, as Doctor Locke, and so not caring to answer the questions of all Tattlewood as to my intentions in building, I turned the whole affair over to Mr. Pynchon, who, as you see, is an excellent architect as well as lawyer. Jane and I, although members of rival houses, took it into our heads to fall in love with one another, after the fashion of Shakspeare's immortal lovers, Romeo and Juliet, and to save a prodigious amount of idle gossip before the happy event, we decided to introduce the new fashion of a sewing-circle and a wedding combined."

"Well, you've done up the business in good shape, that's a fact," said Mr. Woodman, giving the hand of his son-in-law a hearty shake. "I had rather you would be Jane's husband than anybody else I know of in these parts. Come, mother," said he, addressing his wife, "now's the time for you and Mrs. Locke to make up."

Jane, who during these words, was standing with one arm affectionately around Miranda's neck, now sprang forward and led her mother up to Mrs. Locke, and before they knew it themselves the two women were cordially shaking hands.

"I shouldn't have had such hard feelings towards you, Betsey," said Mrs. Woodman, "if Miss Crusty hadn't told me such awful provoking things you said about me. She said she never thought of goin' to your house only when the sewin'-circle met there."

"What a story. She took tea at our house last night, and said she wished the circle was goin' to meet anywhere else but at your house, she hated you so bad."

"You see now what her stories are good for," said Jane, "and I propose that after this, we bear with her presence when we meet her, as an unavoidable infliction, and let her stories enter at one ear and depart at the other."

The proposition was received with favor by all, and from that happy evening the two families were the best of friends.

[ORIGINAL.]
A D I E U.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

I wish, fair one, that I might be
Forever by thy side,
And shelter thee from every storm
On life's tempestuous tide.

But 'tis in vain to wish or hope,
We meet to bid adieu;
But memory shall ever trace
My flowing love for you.

I go across the stormy sea,
In other lands to dwell,
Where never swells upon the gale
The peaceful Sabbath bell.

I leave thee for a distant shore,
And for a sunny clime;
Where fruits are fair, and skies are blue,
As Eden's halcyon time.

But in the land of sunny love
I'll think, fair one, of thee;
And only ask that thou shalt give
A lingering thought for me.

Should sorrow light upon thy brow,
And rob thy cheek of bloom,
Yet thou shalt have my fervent prayer
Amid thy care and gloom.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE GOVERNESS.

BY M. A. AVERY.

I WAS an orphan, poor, but well educated; and had been for two years a governess in a distant cousin's family, when she was taken suddenly ill of a malignant fever, and in a few brief days passed on to that better land, the home of the blessed. Her next youngest child, a beautiful girl of seven summers, her parents' pride, and my own pet and darling, soon followed her; and I was left comparatively alone with the bereaved husband, and three little motherless boys.

I had loved, and nursed, and watched over Mrs. Stuart, with as deep and tender an interest as if she had been my own sister, for she had been very kind to me since I became homeless and friendless; and before her death, I had, amid sobs and tears, promised her that I would remain with the bereaved family, till such time as the future wife and mother *she herself had selected*, could be induced to come home to them. The request and selection seemed strange to me then, but I did not question its wisdom or expediency.

The lost wife and mother was a very superior woman; and we all mourned for her sincerely; and as time passed away, I often wondered how the husband who seemed to think of her so much, love her so deeply, and have such a holy reverence for her memory, could ever think of replacing her by another wife—which he seemed in no hurry to do.

Mr. Stuart was a merchant; a smart, energetic business man; who attended strictly to his own concerns; went very little into society, and when there, appeared rather cold, proud and reserved; but he had, nevertheless, strong domestic feelings and affections; was social and agreeable at home; and it had always seemed to be the delight of his life to add to the happiness of his family. He was wealthy, and had plenty of servants; but it was something of a trial to me, to assume, as I was obliged to do, the responsibilities of the mistress of a family. There were some symptoms of insubordination at first, but the quiet dignity I assumed, soon quelled them, without reference to the master of the household; and the children who had been taught to respect me, generally yielded without difficulty to my requests or commands.

They were bright little fellows, and missed their mother much; but we continued our lessons as usual, and as their father usually spent his evenings at home, read and talked with them, and interested himself in their studies and plays, we got along much better than I expected. Out of pity for their motherless condition, however, or some other cause, he petted and indulged them more than usual, which led them of course to take greater liberties with papa than they had ever done before.

It was early spring time when Mrs. Stuart left us, and the ensuing summer, autumn and winter went by, without bringing much of change to the household. We had little company, but though we still missed and mourned the lost one, the time did not pass drearily; for we had books, and work, and music, and conversation to cheer and enliven us; and sometimes when less melancholy and abstracted than usual, Mr. Stuart who had read, and thought, and travelled much, would pour out some of the rich treasures of intellect and memory for our benefit.

He was a grave man, middle-aged, some twenty years my senior; to whom I had always looked up with a distant respect, almost amounting to reverence; but I found after a while, that this pleasant and confidential intercourse was making a great change in my feelings and opinions of him. He seemed much nearer to me than when in imagination I had placed him upon such a

lofty pedestal, and yet not less worthy of respect and confidence.

I learned almost unconsciously to miss him in his absence, to look and listen with eager expectation for his coming; and to feel a quiet happiness in listening to his conversation, that I had never felt before, and as yet would not acknowledge even to myself.

After that memorable winter, when we had spent so many long and quiet evenings together, I roused myself as from a dream; and began to wonder occasionally, when the new wife and mother would be brought home to us—who she was, and how long Mr. Stuart would think proper to wait, before he made a move on the subject? I heard, too, about this time, of some remarks made by the neighbors regarding my stay in the family, that troubled me not a little, though I said nothing to Mr. Stuart on the subject.

I felt as if I *must* stay to fulfil my promise to the dead. I wanted to stay because it seemed like home to me, and I was happier there than anywhere else; and yet I felt as if for my own credit's sake, I ought to leave them.

In this state of trouble and uncertainty regarding my future, a new member was added to the family, in the person of Charles Kingsley, the nephew and former ward of Mr. Stuart, who had been for several years in the West; and had now returned, partly at his uncle's desire, to assist him in the care of his business. Charles was a keen, lively, high-spirited young man; just about my own age, which was twenty-five; and though he was gay and handsome, and I plain and sober, we were soon the best of friends, and before long he gave me his confidence.

He had, it seemed, gone away seven years before, because his guardian opposed his marriage with a poor but beautiful girl of the village, who had since inherited a fortune; and one reason for his return, was the fear, through some reports he had heard, that he was about to lose her forever. Many sought her hand, now that she was an heiress, and one it was rumored had won her favor; but I, who knew her well, did not believe this; and in his doubt and uncertainty how to act, promised to intercede for and assist him.

His coming was a new era in our existence, for he was very kind to me and his young cousins; we talked and walked, and rode with him, as we had not often done with their father; and at his desire, and perhaps from a certain restlessness of spirit that had come over me, I went into society more than I had ever done before. And there, poor, and plain as I was, I attracted

the attention of a worthy young man, who earnestly sought my favor.

Charles joked me, professed to be jealous, and made all manner of fun of him at home; but I knew that he was rich and unexceptionable, while I was poor and homeless; and that I ought to think well before refusing him. And yet, when urged to decide, I could not help it, my reply was in the negative.

About this time, too, Charles ascertained that Emily Baker was true to him; and I promised him one day, that I would ascertain his uncle's present sentiments on the subject.

It was autumn again, and I was sitting that evening by the open window of the sitting-room, with little Eddie, a boy of five upon my lap; listening to his childish prattle, thinking of his father's coming, and watching the bright hued autumn leaves, that were glimmering in the last rays of the setting sun, when Mr. Stuart came up the walk, and entered the house without seeing us. He looked more gloomy and desponding than usual, which was needless, as I had noticed for some time, that he grew more melancholy every day. I felt that something troubled him, and longed to comfort him, but what it was I could not divine.

He came into the room, and I was thinking how I should broach the subject of Charles's engagement to him, when he came up to me; and after looking at me gravely for a moment, said, with a seeming effort:

"I have been surprised by a call from Mr. Hartwell to day. He wished me to intercede for him with you, Cousin Eda, (they all called me cousin). Is it of any use for me to do so?"

"None at all," I said, with a rising color.

"But why not? he is a fine young man, and very well off in the world."

"I know it; and I respect and esteem him for his many fine qualities, but I—I do not love him well enough to be his wife."

"Indeed! Charles, then—"

"Is much more successful," I returned, laughing.

"So I feared," he said quickly, with a displeased look, and sudden change of color.

"You still dislike it then? He has hoped that under present circumstances you would not again oppose his wishes."

"Nor shall I. I interfered with them once, thinking him too young to know his own mind upon so momentous a question, and I was sorry for it afterwards. I do not blame, and shall not oppose him now; and besides, he is old enough now, to choose, and act for himself."

"But he does not like to act without your concurrence, Mr. Stuart and for my part, if you will allow me to speak my mind, I cannot see what fault you can find with Emily Baker. I know her well, and consider her one of the finest girls of my acquaintance."

"Emily Baker!" and his face flushed, and his eyes lighted up with a sudden and joyful glow, "I—I thought it was yourself, Eda?"

"No, no; Charles and I like each other very well, but there has never been anything of that kind between us."

"Thank God for that!" he exclaimed, impulsively.

"The fervency of your thanks is very flattering to me, certainly, Mr. Stuart;" I said, with an angry flush, and a rising in my throat that was almost a sob, to think that he despised and considered me beneath an alliance with one of his family.

There was an awkward pause—broken at last by little Eddie, who had got down from my lap, and been all this time playing with the bright leaves; and was now beginning in earnest to tear down the twining rose-vines.

"There, don't do it, my son, you're always in some mischief," said the father, reprovingly.

"But, papa, mama used to let me pull the roses into the window," he urged.

"But your mother did not allow you to pull down the vines, child."

"Well, I'm going to have Cousin Eda for a mother, and she'll let me do as I please," said the spoiled boy, roguishly.

Our eyes met—Mr. Stuart's and mine, but mine dropped instantly; and with a face crimson with blushes I rose to leave the room, when he suddenly caught my hand with a look of eager inquiry, and said:

"Is it in vain for me to hope for such a thing, Cousin Eda?"

"You—you—I thought—"

"What *did* you think?"

"That your wife had selected a companion for you; a mother for her children;" I stammered.

"She did; and it remains to be seen whether the lady will accept of that position."

"Is it not about time you asked her?"

"I think so;" he said, with deep emotion.

"Will you be my wife, Miss Lyndon, and the mother of my orphaned children?"

"I—I—am not the one she selected," said I, tremblingly.

"It is even so. You were her choice, Eda; when I felt as if I could not abide by it, and it were crime to think of it; you are mine now

that I know and love you so well as to have suffered unspeakable tortures during the past few months at the thought of losing you forever. And now that you have lifted that heavy cloud from my heart, will you tell me truly, whether it is possible for you to love one so much older than William Hartwell, or yourself, as I am, well enough to be my wife?"

"It is," I said, in a tone of deep emotion. "I have loved you in spite of myself, Mr. Stuart. I did not dream that I was the chosen one; if I had I could not have remained here a day. I looked upon you as the affianced of another; had no thought of your asking me to become your wife, and yet I learned to love you so well that I dared not become the bride of another—dared not utter vows that I knew would be but a mockery."

"God must have kept you for me, Eda, with such temptations, and I thank him for the priceless gift of your affections. Make my happiness, and I will make yours, as far as human endeavors can do so," said he, solemnly.

We were married soon afterwards, and so were Charles and Emily; and though there were some who cavilled, and wondered that I should take the uncle instead of the nephew, after all the attentions the latter had paid me; and others who thought Mr. Stuart had descended immeasurably in wedding his governess, we were all happy, and very well satisfied with the arrangement.

SIXPENCE A DAY.

There is now an old man in an almshouse, in Bristol, England, who states that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated. A gentleman who heard this statement, was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year, at five per cent., compound interest, would amount to in sixty years. Taking out his pencil, he began to calculate, putting down the first year's savings (365 sixpences), £9 2s. 6d., he added the interest 9s 1 1-2d, and thus went on year by year, until he found, that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a day reached the startling sum of £3225 16s 8d. Judge of the old man's surprise when told, that had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might have been worth the above noble sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have contented himself with a house of his own, costing £700, and fifty acres of land, worth £50 an acre.—*English paper.*

EARLY LOVE.

There's a love which, born
In early days, lives on through silent years,
Nor ever shines but in the hour of sorrow,
When it shows brightest, like the trembling light
Of a pale sunbeam breaking o'er the face
Of the wild waters in the hour of warfare.

MRS. BUTLER.

[ORIGINAL.]

LOVE ME AS OF YORE.

BY WILL ALLEN.

O, take me to your heart again—
 O, take me, I implore!
 Forget the words that made us part,
 And love me as of yore!
 O, bitter, bitter were the words
 That made us sadly part;
 But O, forget them!—O, forget,
 And love me as of yore!

We meet, but ah, thy look is cold,
 And cold is every tone;
 We meet, but ah, as strangers meet—
 Thy every smile is gone.
 O, chide me not, nor look so cold,
 But smile as once before;
 And take me to your heart again,
 And love me as of yore!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS.

BY MARION D. CHESTER.

It was one of June's most beautiful and cloudless days which witnessed the bridal of Hiram Woodfell and Huldah Graham. Any old gossip of the little village where they dwelt, will remember the bright loveliness of the summer day, for the little church or "meeting-house," as the quiet people called it then, was crowded by young and old, who came to witness the consummation so long expected—for the young couple had been lovers from childhood.

No need of formal introductions, or costly wedding garments *there*—all the scattered inhabitants of the country town knew and loved the pretty Huldah and her handsome, stalwart bridegroom, and the kind wishes and congratulations, when the white-haired pastor pronounced them man and wife, though not gracefully uttered, were, perhaps, quite as sincere as those spoken now-a-days amid more fashionable surroundings.

It was a pretty sight—even for fastidious eyes—that young bride in her white attire. No line of grief or care marked the smooth white brow; no shadow dimmed the sparkling eyes, that veiled themselves so shyly beneath the snowy lids, for twenty bright summers had brought only happiness to her heart. And the happy bridegroom, no studied art could have made more tender the earnest care with which he guarded the very steps of his pretty bride, watching her every look that her slightest wish might be divined and anticipated.

How his broad brow would have darkened and the dark eyes flashed—we fear even the rosy lips of the gentle bride would have worn for a moment an indignant pout, had the most timid whisper breathed a doubt of the undying strength of their attachment, or hinted at the transitory nature of the devoted love and tenderness which made the first months of wedded life seem like a fairy dream.

A few months passed by—we dare not say how many—and there came a change. Alas, that gentle hearts whose sustenance and vital breath is love, sweet love, should be doomed to dwell in mortal bodies, subject to all their clamorous cravings for the gross and earthy. Alas for our young lovers, Hiram was not of angelic mould; Huldah was not of that green-robed band who find ample space for parlor, kitchen and hall, in the heart of a half-blown rose. Hiram was only a man, with a man's appetite for good bread and butter, roast beef and plum-pudding. Huldah was only a woman, with a woman's taste for nice dresses, pretty bonnets and handsome shawls. Worse than this, Hiram was only a retail merchant, with a small capital, a limited custom, and a fortune yet in dim perspective, and Huldah was a portionless bride.

And so when some months of the honeymoon had fled, the happy husband found that a portion at least of his time must be given to his business, or those necessary adjuncts of terrestrial existence, the butcher, the grocer, the tailor and mantau-maker must go unrecompensed for their indispensable services, and the loving wife began to understand that if the steak was to be tender and juicy, the coffee properly settled and the bread light and sweet, a large part of her love-crowned day must be spent in the kitchen, in the uncongenial society of her one maid-of-all-work.

At first, of course, a great deal of self-denial and strength of purpose was brought into requisition to the necessary separation from each other, during the performance of these commonplace duties, and the daily parting and meeting of our young couple was attended by as rapturous joy, and as much affectionate anxiety, as would now be manifested in case one or the other had just returned from, or was embarking for, a voyage round the world.

But gradually, as Hiram's business talents by the polish of use regained some of their olden brilliancy, good bargains and quick sales began to assume some importance in his eyes, and Huldah, feeling the growing interest of a notable housewife, in house-cleaning, preserve-making and house-keeping generally, the innumerable caresses, last words, and *more last words*, dwindled

slowly till at last a warm kiss, and a kind "good-by, my dear," sufficed instead.

'Twas a sad falling off, to be sure, but so gradually had it taken place, neither husband nor wife suspected that the flame on love's altar was not strong, warm and glowing as when it beamed with brighter radiance.

Months lengthened into years, and years brought changes far more important than that we have recorded. Six children came one by one to claim a place in the pretty cottage, adding to the cares of the affectionate mother, and making still stronger the necessity for the father's earnest labors. Six of them—a little host—to be gathered each morning around the breakfast table, and each evening to be marshalled carefully up stairs, and tucked snugly into their respective places. Six little mouths, for which an astonishing quantity of bread and milk must be daily furnished; six pairs of plump shoulders, requiring jackets and pinafores almost innumerable; six little bodies to be fed, clothed, nursed in sickness and cherished in health, educated in morals and intellect, and trained as far as parental care could accomplish it, to take a successful part in the scuffle of life. 'Twas a Herculean task, and made more difficult from the fact, that in spite of Hiram's unceasing toil, the fortune which in youth had seemed awaiting him in the distance, was, alas, as far away as ever.

You will not wonder then, if, when fifteen years of married life had fled, there was little of the loving romance of its early days lingering in the little cottage. Not that we believe—any of us who read this true story—that love is incompatible with toil and care, or, that hardship and over-work are subtle vampires that sap slowly the life-blood of affection from the heart. We do not say that the pair once so happy, had ceased to feel affection for each other, but Time and the never-ending toil he brought had dimmed the light of Cupid's taper, and piled high the cold ashes of indifference upon love's altar. Even the solitary kiss, and kindly word at parting, had for years been discontinued. The busy merchant had no time for such nonsense now. Home was to him no longer the earthly paradise of his youthful imagination, but only a place to eat and sleep, a little more comfortable than his bachelor boarding-house to be sure, but requiring more than enough extra expense and trouble to balance the improvement. The children were noisy, the baby fretful. The spic and span order of early house-keeping days had vanished. If he came in unexpectedly of an afternoon, he found the sitting-room floor littered with toys, his favorite chair occupied by dolls and their varied furniture,

and his wife sitting calmly in the confusion, sewing on some ever-present child's frock or apron. She had come to tea more than once with frowzy hair and calico wrapper. Who would have thought it who saw her satin-smooth braids and tasteful dress fifteen years ago? How fast she had faded and grown old; her eyes had lost the azure lustre of her young days; her cheeks were sunken and wan; while her voice had grown thin and sharp.

What mortal man could be expected to love home, when such an awful array of disagreeables awaited him there. Not that Hiram ever summed up the list as we have done, but he had a selfish dread of trouble, and a vague sense that the discomforts of his home were in part the result of neglect on his part, won him gradually to spend more and more of his leisure hours away from the home circle. He had the instinctive love of a father for his children, and felt a sort of pride in their robust health, intelligent faces and winning ways, but any casual visitor at the home knew as much of their particular tastes and characteristics. He could not spare time to make the acquaintance of his little ones, and considered his duty done if he supplied their childish wants.

He rarely, now, spent an hour with his family; business often detained him away, and the scientific lecture, the concert room, or some social gathering—scenes long strange to his wife—occupied his leisure evenings.

Huldah felt that the heaviest of the burden fell upon her shoulders. Plodding day after day in the same monotonous track, superintending her household and caring for her children, laying down one task only to take up another—life had for her few rosy spots aside from the love of her idolized little ones.

Who shall blame her, if sometimes when the undivided burden of her care and labor rested heavily upon her, the hasty word trembled on her lip, and frowning discontent darkened her brow? Who shall wonder if the olden love—if it still lived in her heart—became dull and torpid, too faint and wearied by neglect and slight to make itself manifest by the sweet evidences of those early days? She almost thought herself, that it had died out utterly from the heart, almost believed that through all the weary downhill way of life, through the desert of age, even to the shores of death's dark river, she was destined to tread her darksome path alone, uncheered by sweet affection's ray—an unloved and unloving wife. But such was not the fate awaiting our gentle bride and devoted mother.

It was a chill, stormy evening in the early part

of December. Huldah sat with her three eldest children in the cheerful, brightly-lighted sitting-room. The glowing coal fire shed its cheering light over the pretty though simple furniture, and the bright shining faces of the little ones. The thick curtains with their heavy folds, excluded every breath of the rude north wind, admitting only a faint lulling murmur, to tell of the mad antics it played in the deserted street. The children, busy with their play, took no note of the absence of him who should have been the crowning feature of the pretty domestic picture. They had too rarely shared his companionship to feel regret though his place at the fireside was unfilled. But the wife and mother as she mechanically plied her needle, remembered the days when she did not sit thus lonely in that quiet room, remembered when pleasant conversation, and books, and music, and the society of a loved husband, beguiled the evening hours.

She too had grown accustomed to his absence, and months had passed since she had indulged a pang of sorrow at his estrangement, but to-night memory brought back the past, and emotions long unfelt, struggled into life within her heart. The merry laugh of the little girls roused her from a deep and painful reverie. They were busily working with careful though unskilled hands, fashioning from various bright-colored scraps of silk and velvet, sundry pin-cushions, needle-books and the like, destined to serve as presents to the smaller children when the Christmas holidays should arrive.

The mother watched them a moment, smiling at the transparent mystery in which they sought to enshroud their work, hastening to huddle it in a confused heap beneath the sofa cushion, if the sound of a closing door, however distant, reached their ears, though they knew the little ones, for whose surprise all their secrecy was observed, had been for hours snug dwellers in dreamland.

But Huldah's smile was followed by a sigh. She thought of the Christmas times long ago, when she too, had such pleasant secrets to guard, and when the simple gifts interchanged had seven-fold value as tokens of the love of the husband or wife. That pleasant custom had vanished now, died out, she thought, like the thoughtful love which prompted its observance, and with saddened face the wife was lost again in painful memories. She could not disguise from herself the fact, that she herself was in a measure accountable for the sad change which had entered their once happy home. It was true, her utmost care could not banish entirely the annoyances so distasteful to her husband, but she remembered with pain how often her bitter words or quarrel-

some complaints had helped to disgust and drive him away. Who could tell what happy fate might have been hers, had she always remained gentle, patient and forbearing, soothing unselfishly the cares and sorrows of others, and forgetting the weariness and gloom oppressing her own heart? Perhaps conscience, newly awakened, was too severe in its reproofs, but there were earnest tears in the mother's eyes as she laid aside her work, and prepared to attend her children to their beds.

Obedying a sudden impulse, she turned when the last good-night was said, to her own room, and unlocking a drawer containing various appliances of embroidery, commenced searching with an eager hand among its many-colored contents. Selecting at length a small but beautiful pattern—a moss rose surrounded by buds and drooping sprays of green—she sought amid the flossy silks the bright hues required, and when at last the deep crimson, the lighter pink and delicate rose color rested with the less showy green upon the rich black velvet already chosen, she gathered them up, and returning with a far lighter step than was her wont to the vacant sitting-room, commenced her task, the preparation of a New Year's gift for her husband.

It was many days ere the gorgeous pattern was fully completed, for the duties of the busy housewife and devoted mother must not be neglected, and the toll-wonted hands had long been unused to their delicate task. Christmas day had come and gone before the brilliant flowers beamed out in all their glowing loveliness from the glossy velvet, but when the last night of the old year had come, the embroidered slippers lay finished and beautiful upon the table of the happy wife.

Scarce three weeks had passed since their commencement, yet Huldah felt that the olden love had in that short time grown to new stature in her heart. Was magic concealed in the soft folds of that shining velvet? Did bewitching power lurk unseen in those satin bands of merry-tinted silk? Nay, only the magic which dwells in every heartfelt act of kindness, only the enchantment which renders ever true the holy words: "It is better to give than to receive."

Love, fervent and unselfish, awakened by her pleasing unwonted labor, glowed in the wife's heart, and spoke in all her acts. Patient love—which kept back from the lips of the wearied mother all angry words. Peaceful love—which incited her to watch unceasingly that strife and discord should mar no more the sweet pleasures of home. Beautifying love—which tuned her voice anew with rich music, brought back the

lustre to her eye and the bloom to her cheek. The husband noted the change, though he guessed not the cause. He watched, wondering greatly when the provoking trials and annoyances which were of daily and inevitable occurrence failed to elicit the usual expressions of vexation or complaint. He had grown accustomed to repining and reproach, and its cessation arrested his attention, and aroused his curiosity. He could not know the thoughts that filled the heart of his wife, when after a day of care and toil she sat till far into the night working over the little gift destined to testify, in its simple worth, of her still living love. Her work and its associations brought vividly before her the past, with its mingled light and shade, and the future, upon which rested the heavy pall of doubt and indifference. Visions of life wasted in strife, or endured with the lifeless apathy of a palsied heart, flitted before her mind in those lonely hours, and as she contrasted these with the bright picture of love, patience and peace filling each day with purest bliss, it is not strange if the trifling evils lost their power, and a strong desire for a better life took the place of the fretful repinings of discontent.

It was thoughts like these which dictated the soft answer, the soothing patience, and prompted the kind, winning attentions, which few hearts could receive unmoved. The gentle forbearance born of many tears and deep repentance, was not without its influence upon the long estranged husband. Emotions which had long been strangers to his heart, were awakened there.

He began to reproach himself for the selfish coldness with which he had stepped aside from the natural burdens of domestic life, leaving them to be borne alone, by her he had been so proud and happy to call his bride. He wondered if a vestige of the old affection still lingered in her heart, and shuddered at the pang which rent his own, as he thought how little his care and kindness had done to preserve it.

Little by little he assumed the care and interest which rightfully belong to every man who owns the title of husband or father. Day by day Huldah felt her burdens growing lighter, and the hope of better days grew stronger, cheering her heart, and lighting up the wan, tired face, as she bent over her labor of love.

And so, even before the moss roses had attained the fullness of their beauty and bloom, the love which had incited to their creation had grown deep and fervent, and its strong power had sought and found an echo in the heart of the still loving husband. And when New Year's morning came, the wife placed her gift on her husband's

dressing-table with far different feelings from those she had anticipated at their commencement.

She no longer felt herself to be an unloved and neglected wife. Her husband's love was still hers, she had triumphed over the demons of anger and discontent, and had found during her loving task the talisman—sweet patience—which should banish forever from her household the dark clouds which had overshadowed it in times past.

Of the surprise and pleasure with which the unexpected gift was received, we will not write. A beautiful and costly present which came ere the day was past, gave the rejoicing wife not half the pleasure which she felt as she listened to the sweet, long unheard assurances of her husband's love, which accompanied it.

Earnest, self-denying love, reigns now in the happy home of the reunited pair, and when charity and forbearance, those attendant angels of pure affection, seem, in the oft recurring struggles with passion and selfishness, to be almost over-powered, Huldah thinks of the embroidered slippers, and recalling the lessons they taught, holds fast to her talisman—patience—and murmurs, victory.

ANTS AS FOOD.

White ants, or termites, are eaten by various African tribes, both raw and boiled; and it is said the Hottentots "get into good condition on this diet." In India, the natives capture great quantities of these insects, which they mix up with flour, producing a kind of pastry, which is purchased at a cheap rate by the poorer classes. Some of the Africans prepare large quantities of them for food, by parching them in kettles over a slow fire. In this condition they are eaten by handfuls as delicious food. The traveller, Smeathman, states that he often ate them dressed in this way, and found them to be "delicate, nourishing and wholesome, resembling in flavor sugared cream or sweet-almond paste." In Brazil, the abdomens of yellow ants are eaten by many persons. Humboldt states that in some of the South American countries ants are mixed with resin, and eaten as a sauce. In Siam ants' eggs are considered a luxury; they are sent to the table curried, or rolled in green leaves, mingled with fine slices or shreds of fat pork. In Sweden ants are distilled along with rye, to give a flavor to the inferior kinds of brandy. Chemists have ascertained that ants secrete a pleasant kind of vinegar, or a peculiar acid called formic acid.—*African Life*.

THE SEASONS.

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say:
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

SHAKESPEARE

[ORIGINAL.]

NELLIE BLY.

BY ARTHUR L. MESSERVE.

Hark! hear you the joyous laughter
 Coming on the evening breeze,
 O'er the meadow, up the highland,
 Out from midst the apple trees:
 Where beside the rustic cottage,
 And the brook that murmurs by,
 Driving home the cows at even,
 Comes the maiden, Nellie Bly?

Hush! hear you that gush of music,
 As her voice breaks forth in song,
 Singing joyous like the blackbird,
 As she drives the herd along?
 Ah, the maiden knows not sorrow—
 May it ever pass her by;
 Never cast a dark-winged shadow
 O'er the fair one, Nellie Bly!

Hush! 'tis in the maiden's chamber,
 And she's kneeling now in prayer;
 Let us join our voices with her,
 While she asks the Just One's care!
 Let us ask that dark-winged angel
 May yet long years pass her by—
 She who fills our hearts' best places,
 The peerless maiden, Nellie Bly!

[ORIGINAL.]

MADGE.

THE STORY OF HER HEART.

BY JAMES F. FRANKLIN.

THERE are finer sympathies in our natures—there are true and powerful sensibilities, hidden under the cold and careless exteriors of everyday life, like the slumberous volcanic fires beneath the crust of the crater, which, unseen, unfelt though they be, must and do break forth in gushes of generous emotion, beneath favorable and unusual influences; and thank Heaven that it is so! They are guaranties for our humanity; they show that something of the godlike still animates us—that our hearts are not wholly steeled and corroded by contact with an evil world.

Thoughts like these could not but rush through my brain, as I sat expectantly in the "best room" of the old, familiar farm house, whither I had just been ushered by a domestic, by whom my impatient, nervous stroke upon the old-fashioned brass knocker was answered. The moment while I thus continued alone, was filled with the reflections of years—of a lifetime; they went dizzying through my mind, like the swift and startling phenomena of the kaleidoscope.

They were thoughts of the boy, who, years ago, dwelt beneath the roof of this very farm-house; of his boyish restlessness—of his wild ambition—of his farewell to his old home, and journey to a distant city—of his struggles, his toils, and his final triumphant success; of the man, who had now returned, for the first time, to this dear haunt and home,

"Scene of his youth, when every charm could please," bearing a name, a fortune, honors and applause, and (for I wished not to deny it, even to myself,) a heart!

Ah, how these fresh oases of heartsome thought rise up to gladden us! The strifes and contentions of business, the whirlwind round of city pleasures and follies, the enviable notoriety of my name—all, all faded like a brief illusion from my memory, and I became, as it were, once more a child, in the midst of my childhood's scenes. Dear, loved spots and faces—how my heart yearned to them again! Twelve years seemed to have left the place unchanged; its home-aspect was the same, the hills, the trees and rocks around it were all there; and even the quaint, antique pictures upon the walls, and the ornaments on the mantel, towards which my childish eyes had wonderingly turned—not one was changed. My heart throbbed quick and loud, for a moment, and I could have wept out my excess of feelings. Yes, I, Ralph Elmore, whom the world chose to call proud, and cold, and heartless; and my eyes were dimmed, for the first time in years.

But this was not all; deeper and stronger than any of these, was the remembrance of the little black-eyed beauty, Madge Bernard, my playfellow and constant companion in childhood, and whose girlish tears at my departure, twelve years before, had not been forgotten. Strange that trifles such as these should linger so long; but I found the thought of Madge Bernard uppermost in my mind, and I knew my heart beat still quicker, as I heard a light step in the passage, and the entrance of the subject of my thoughts scattered them in an instant.

It was Madge—I could not be mistaken; for though she was taller than of old, and had the maturity of a woman, both in face and form, and a beauty which her girlhood had hardly promised, yet there was still that soft, bright beaming of the eye, and those tell-tale traces of a lurking smile, in her features, which would have betrayed her to me, among a thousand.

I rose, as she paused, hesitatingly, and took both her hands; pronouncing, at the same time, her name:

"Madge—Madge Bernard!"

"That is my name, sir!" was her puzzled reply.

"And you don't know me, Madge?"

Something of my old, familiar look must have forced its way through the hardened and bearded face of manhood, for a pleasant smile of recognition shone out like a sunbeam from her countenance, and she joyously pronounced my name. And I,—with the impulse of that pleasurable moment, I kissed her; but as bashfully and bunglingly, I think, as did ever a boy of thirteen!

For an hour we sat there together, and talked of the past. I was happy, and I should have been; for it was an hour to which I had long and anxiously looked forward. Peace and repose had long been the craving of my heart; at last, they were found. As we continued to converse with the pleasant familiarity of old friends, I fancied ourselves the Ralph and Madge of past years; I analyzed my feelings (little labor in that!)—and found that Madge was still my ideal—that years, in fact, had only confirmed a love, as natural as every inspiration of air; and this, my increasing emotions urged me to declare to her. I did say it; and more than this, I told her of all the longings which had struggled, pent up in my breast for years; aspirations for the beautiful and good, which always centred in her; of the fame I had won, the success which had greeted me, since our adieu; and of the one thing wanting to secure forever to me the happiness to which all else seemed trifling—the love of one true, womanly heart!

I strove to interpret love from her downcast eyes, her quick breathings, and her blushes; for though I knew that she admired and respected me, these did not answer my prayers. But I received no answer then; the door suddenly opened, and admitted a person, whose face seemed not altogether unfamiliar to me, and who now stood awkwardly upon the threshold, as if conscious of an intrusion. He was a handsome youth of twenty-two or three; and Madge, rising in embarrassment, presented him as Mr. Walter Layard.

The name was as familiar as the face; it was that of a boy-acquaintance, much younger than myself, but whom I remembered as a school-mate with Madge and me. Yet I could not greet him cordially, although I saw a gleam of pleasure in his eyes, as he heard my name; I had noted the changing color which his coming called to the cheek of my companion, and I became at once cold and repellant towards him. It could not escape my notice, that he immediately took the seat by the side of Madge Ber-

nard, which I had vacated, or that his bearing towards her was easy and familiar. My air castles seemed to totter to their destruction, as I narrowly and jealously watched them; and when I could endure the sight no longer, I turned to the window, grieved and heart-sick, and—shall I say it? stung with jealousy!

Several weeks had now elapsed since my return to the farmhouse; and the relative positions of Walter Layard and myself had been defined. We were rivals, from the outset, stern and uncompromising; and our mien towards each other was hostile and defiant. In the bitterness of my heart, I hated him; his unlooked-for presence was a blur upon the fair picture which my hopes of future happiness had drawn; his interference with this darling plan of my lifetime was an offence which could not be forgiven. And for his part, his hatred was as cordial, as heart-felt, and as deep, as mine!

But I conquered—as I knew I must, from the beginning. Walter Layard was the boy—I, the man; and contact with the world had given me the experience which he lacked. Yet this was hardly the reason for my success. It was my stronger nature that gained the victory; and Madge at last yielded her consent to be my wife, because, as I know now, she could not withstand the impulsive coercion which I brought to bear upon her. My impassioned pleadings were not lost, nor was I doomed to disappointment in this, the last and best object of my life, that Madge Bernard might be my wife. She had consented; I had prevailed; and my heart exulted in the confirmation of this blessed aspiration!

And yet—strange inconsistency!—I hardly dared ask myself whether she really loved me. Nay, let me speak frankly; I feared to ask it! There were years between Madge and myself; her heart was fresh and unsullied—mine was cankered and careworn; love for her was the sole and only green spot about it. The truth could not be concealed, much as I might wrestle against it; there could not be the same generous sympathy of feeling between Madge and myself, as between her and Walter, had I not stood between them.

She never owned this to me; but it could be read in her changing manner, in her cheeks, where the roses bloomed less brightly than before my coming, and in the dreary, faded brightness of her eyes. Her laugh, too, was far less musical, and less frequent; she was changed, sadly changed. Yet, I had won her, and I could not help glorying in the thought. She was to be mine; mine for life, mine for eternity!

And Walter Layard—he, too, had wondrously altered, since he knew of the prospective relations between Madge and myself. His cheeks grew thin and hollow, his eyes dull and sunken, and his voice tremulous and faint; grief, sorrow beyond description, was gnawing like a canker at his heart. He moved about the house, from day to day, pale, emaciated and restless; though the vivid, angry blood often burned in his cheek when he met me. He and Madge, too, seemed to avoid each other's society, as though it would add to each a painful and tantalizing bitterness, not to be endured.

The truth was as plain to my eyes, as a printed page; Walter Layard was slowly wasting away, dying of a broken heart! The door of death seemed unclosing to him; he took to his bed, and, shall I confess it? my fervent prayer was that he might never rise from it! For how could I give up all the hopes which a lifetime had matured—forego everything that was dear to me, that he might live? And while he still lived, I knew that nothing but enmity could come between us.

Day by day did the doomed boy grow weaker and more attenuated. Madge ministered by his bedside unceasingly; I cared not to forbid her, for I could well afford to grant him this consolation. Words, ordinary forms of address, rarely passed between them; but often, *how* often, have I seen his eager eyes follow her about the room, influenced, as it seemed to me, by a magnetism in her presence; and then, as his emotion grew uncontrollable, he would bury his wan face in his pillow, and weep bitter tears of grief! He had nothing to live for; death would come as a grateful relief to him; yet I well knew the remedy which would quickly restore him to life and strength! It lay within my power—but I would not, I *could not* apply it.

He died, at last, and my heart beat more placidly. For *myself*, I might have loved him; for *Madge*, I could not but hate him, and I was not hypocritical enough to sorrow over him. We followed him to the grave; Madge, with tears and sobs which she tried not to restrain. I, as cold and passionless as the marble which they raised above his dust. And in each case, the feeling was genuine and unfeigned.

And at last, the wish of my heart was fulfilled, for Madge Bernard now became my wife. The stormy turbulence of my life was at an end; domestic peace and retirement, and therefore happiness, for which I had yearned, was attained; and my life passed quietly on towards its goal, cheered and blessed by the love, as I thought, of my wife. Nay, I was not unreason-

able enough to entertain a doubt of her love; she was mine now, lawfully mine, and her interests must all have been centred in me. Children, also, had been born to us, to strengthen the bonds of heart-union between us; and as they grew up to manhood and womanhood around us, thoughts like these to which I have here given shape, grew foreign to me, and at length almost ceased to annoy me.

And, still later, I stood by the deathbed of Madge, my wife, and received her last breath. They left me, a while, to sorrow over her, as she lay dead before me; almost as beautiful as upon the day when my heart bounded to greet her, on my return to the old farm-house. And then, in an evil moment, some demon whispered in my ear the hateful, startling query—“*Did she ever love you?*”

The same evil genius must have guided my hand to a gold chain which I had often observed around the neck of Madge, in life, while I had always studiously refrained from questioning her concerning it. I withdrew it from her bosom, and discovered a locket attached to it. My fingers nervously pressed the spring; and there, transcribed with all the painter's cunning, the face of Walter Layard, himself triumphant, even in dissolution, glowered upon me from the cold ivory!

My question was fully answered; she had *never* loved me! The tell-tale miniature had betrayed the secret, zealously concealed while she lived; it had lain next her heart, since the day of Layard's death; and though true and faithful to her vows, in heart and spirit she had been as faithful to him.

The wane of my eventful life has been thus burdened with a secret too heavy to be borne; for I am old, now, and weak in soul, and my own grave will soon be made. The grandchildren of Madge surround me, recalling powerfully, with their bright, sunny faces, the image of the loved and lost; they sportively climb my knees, and, in childish sympathy, wipe from my furrowed cheeks the tears which they unconsciously force from my dimming eyes. And constantly—now that I know that it never was, as it never can be, mine—my spirit silently yearns and sorrows for the love of Madge!

The pictured face of Walter Layard smiles, as if animate, from the miniature upon yonder mantel; a strange fatuity compels me daily to gaze upon it. Fatal revelation! It has made my nights sleepless, and haunted my waking hours with unrest! Without it, I might have been happy; with it, alone, have I gained a perfect knowledge of the heart of Madge Bernard.

[ORIGINAL.]

"A HEART FOR ANY FATE."

BY GARRIE CALDERWOOD.

'Tis well to smile and sing the while
That love and fortune wait;
But O, 'tis better—braver far
For him outside the gate,
Who looks and sees thy life of ease
Compared with his estate,
To bear within his noble breast
"A heart for any fate!"

For any fate! though toll await—
Though pleasure passes by,
Though love, the angel of his life,
Looks with averted eye;
To dare and do, to still be true
To every pure emotion;
To pledge himself each day anew
To duty's stern devotion—
O, this is brave, though care enslave,
Though fate ambition check,
Though many a ship launched on life's sea
Drift back again a wreck,
There'll be a glory round the life
Of him "outside the gate,"
Who bears within his noble breast
"A heart for any fate."

[ORIGINAL.]

JONAH THE SECOND.

A MARVELLOUS SEA YARN.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

SEVERAL years ago, while homeward bound from the East Indies, I listened to the following tough yarn from the lips of one of my shipmates—a veteran web-foot, whose Munchausen-like narrations had procured him the significant appellation of JACK LONGBOW. I should hardly be willing to vouch for its truth, albeit I know by experience, that those "who go down to the sea in ships" see wonderful things; but "I will tell the tale as 'twas told to me," and the reader may believe it or not, whichever he chooses.

It was during the second dog-watch, when all hands had collected in the fore-castle for a brief season of unrestrained enjoyment, that Jack Longbow, in answer to repeated requests for "a yarn," having first put aside his pipe, and settled himself into a comfortable position, opened his "potato trap," and laid himself out as follows:

"Wall, shipmates, I reckon I'll tell yer 'bout a carkimstance what come under my parsonal observation, wunat, down in the South Pacific. I was then bound hum from Wollerperaiser, (Valparaiso) with a cargo o' dry hides. We'd

been out o' port some ten days, or thereabouts, but owin' to head winds and so on, we hadn't gained much towards hum; howsoever, we didn't care much 'bout that, for yer see we reckoned the old reckonin', "the more days, the more dollars," and havin' a set o' jolly good fellers in the fore'k'sle, plenty ter eat an' drink, and precious little ter do, we wasn't in no great hurry to git back ter the States, anyhow.

"One mornin' 'bout seven bell, an' jest as we'd finished washin' decks, the old man come on deck, an' arter squintin' round for some time, as he gin'rally did when he fust come on deck, he suddinly diskivered a big sparm whale 'bout half a mile ter lee'ard of us an' a little for'ard o' the the beam. With that an idee seemed ter strike him kinder suddint like, an' his eyes begun ter twinkle like they always did when there was any fun goin' on, an' he hollowed ter the mate ter come aft. I allers calkilated, an' do now, that the steward must ha' made the old man's eye opener a leetle too strong that mornin', or else he'd never acted as he did. When the mate come aft the old man says to him, says he:

"Do you see that are sparm whale, Mister Smith?"

"Yes, sir," says the mate.

"Wall," says the cap'en, "I want to run him 'long side an' astonish him a little. Is there ary harpoon, or anything that'll answer for one, aboard?"

"I reckon not, sir, 'thout you take the cook's tormenter and hitch the eend of a ball o' spun yarn to it," says the mate, kinder jokin' the old man.

"Wall, never mind," says the cap'en, "you jest put your hellum up and run him 'long side, and in the mean time I'll fix a dose for him, that'll start him out o' that, quick time."

"Ay, ay, sir," says the mate, an' with that he sees the hellum put up an' the ship pinted straight for the whale, while the cap'en sings out ter the steward ter bring his double barrilled gun on deck, with his powder-horn an' half a dozen bullets. Yer see the old man was tarnation fond o' gunnin', an' he allers went prepared ter take a vi'ge ashore whenever he could find a chance. Wall, the steward he fetched the gun and the ammerition, an' the old man loaded 'her up with two thunderin' charges, and put three balls inter each barrill.

"By the time he'd got this done, the whale was pooty nigh 'longside, an' the old man jumped inter the mizzen rigg'in' to pop the feller with both barrills, as he passed under the counter. The darned critter must ha' been asleep, fur he never moved nor stirred till the fluke o' the an-

chor kinder scraped his back as he come under the bows, and then he looked up as much as ter say, 'what yer doin' there?' Pooty quick he spied the old man standin' in the mizzen chains, all ready to let sliver, and jest like he understood the hull scrape at wunst, the feller gin a kind o' backward summerset an' made at him with his mouth wide open!

"This skeered the old man orful, an' he sot out to jump in board, but in doin' so his foot slipped, and afore a mother's son of us all could lend a hand to help him, he'd tumbled, headfust gun an' all, right squar' inter the whale's big mouth! The feller shot his jaws teu with a snap that might ha' been heered a miled off;—then he gin one flap with his tail, and went down afore you could say Jack Robinson, leaving us struck all aback, and perfectly speechless with horror at the suddint an' orful eend o' poor Cap'en Jobbles!"

A chorus of groans, and exclamations of astonishment, either real or feigned, burst from the lips of Jack's auditors as he paused at this point, and looked around the forecabin to mark the effect of his words, while one or two gave vent to an incredulous whistle. Jack, however, either did not hear these demonstrations of unbelief, or chose to regard them with silent contempt, and at length, after being repeatedly urged to "heave ahead," he resumed his marvellous narration.

"In course, we all felt bad 'bout losin' the old man, fur he was a good feller, an' allers treated his men fust rate, but bimeby, arter we'd got over the fust shock, an' had begun to talk among ourselves, the mate he called all hands aft an' told us that he was cap'en now, an' should 'spect us ter treat him 'cordin'ly. Then he gin orders to splice the mainbrace, so arter we'd put in a long splice, a short splice and an eye-splice, we went for'ard feelin' a good deal more reconciled to our loss than we did at fust.

"The same afternoon it begun to blow like great guns, an' then 'twas claw up an' furl in a hurry, I kin tell yer. 'Fore dark we'd got the old scow under close reefs, and calk'lated we shouldn't have nothin' more to do till mornin', but by the great horn spoon! we hadn't no idee o' what was comin' in. 'Bout four bell o' the fust watch, they put a fresh hand ter the belluses, an' arter that the wind kept comin' wuss an' more of it till mornin'. Howsomever, we got the old washtub hove to under the lee clew o' the main topsail, and thar we laid rollin' an' tumblin' about, with the sea makin' a clean breach over us for twenty-four hours. All that night an' the next day we had wind enough to blow the devil's horns off, an' I tell you we come

darn nigh goin' to Davy Jones's locker; but arter a spell the gale blowed itself ter pieces, an' went down; but it looked so kinder dirty to wind'ard for some time longer, that we didn't make sail for another four an' twenty hours.

"In course we'd got drifted off a good ways ter lee'ard in this time, so when it come good weather agin, we cracked on all dimity to make up the loss. We went on tol'able well fur two days more, but yer see the mate was no navigator at all, an' bimeby he begun to wonder whar in thunder he was. He tried ter take the sun, but that wan't no go, cos he couldn't make the darned quadrant work, so he giv' it up as a bad job, an' sent a man aloft to look out for land. Yer see he reckoned if he could sight some land, he might cypher out his wharabouts on the chart. Wall, pooty soon, Bill Jones, what had gone up to look out, sings out, 'Land, ho!'

"'Whar away?' says the mate.

"'Couple o' pints on the lee bow, sir,' says Bill.

"With that the mate keeps the ship off for the island to git a nearer squint at it, an' bimeby Bill sings out agin.

"'On deck, thar,' says Bill.

"'Ay, ay,' says the mate.

"'Thar's suthin' on the island that looks like a dead whale, and thar seems ter be some kind of a signal flyin' from a pole a leetle ways inland!' says Bill.

"'So?' says the mate, 'then we must send a boat ashore an' see what's the meanin' on't.'

"Wall, it wan't long afore the ship was close in shore, an' we could see the dead whale an' the signal, which wan't nothin' but a red shirt on a pole, an' bimeby we see a man standin' on top of a hill an' wavin' his hat to us. So the mate hove the ship to, an' lowered the quarter boat, an' he an' I an' three other men pulled ashore. The man come runnin' down ter the beach ter meet us, an', by the holy poker! who should it be but Cap'en Jobbles, alive an' well, an' tarnation glad to see us, I kin tell yer!"

Here another full chorus of "O's!" "Ah's!" and similar exclamations of wonderment interrupted the speaker, but no one ventured to comment upon the seemingly incredible statement which had just been made, and when quiet was restored, Jack continued:

"We was all in such a maze like, at findin' the old man so, that we couldn't none on us speak for some time; but arter we found he was ra'aly in the flesh, an' the same jolly old coon as ever, thar was a great shakin' o' hands, I kin tell yer. Arter congratlatin' the old man, cos how he was dead and come to life agin, all hands put

in an' begun to ax him how it happened, an' then he told us all about it.

"Yer see when he got down in the whale's belly he found plenty o' room there, but 'twas orful dark, and kinder close, too. Howsomever, he found he was in for it, and concluded he mought as well make himself comfortable. So he set down in one corner, an' bimeby he begun to feel a little more at home. Then he begun to think 'bout how he was goin' ter git out, an' this was a question easier axed than answered, you'd better believe. He thought of a number o' plans but they didn't none on 'em suit. One was to tickle the whale's belly so as to make him vomit, an' the old man was jest goin' to do it, when he rock'lected that he wasn't nigh no land, an' if he was cast out there he should be drowned sure, an' he concluded he'd rather stay whar he was a spell longer. Bimeby he begun to be hungry, but fortunately he had a lot o' ship biscuit in his starboard pea-jacket pocket, so he made a good meal o' these, an' then he thought if he only had a light, he should like it, so that he could see what thar was in the whale's belly. Wall, yer know necessity is the mother of invention, an' arter a while he contrived to light up his lodgin'-room fust rate, by makin' some wicks out o' his trousis and stickin' 'em inter the blubber all round him and overhead, and lightin' on 'em with a match that he happened ter have. Arter that, he kept a light burnin' all the time till he got out.

"Come ter look round, the old man was kind o' 'stonished to see what a variety o' things the whale had swallowed, afore he found him a stranger and took him in. Thar was pieces o' stove whale boats, anchors and chains, coils o' rope, oars, boathooks, a six-pound ship's cannon, an' two boxes that the cap'en found was full o' preserved meats in sealed tin cans, 'sides other things too numerous to mention. When he see all these things 'specially the provisions an' the oars, the old man begun to feel kinder encouraged like.

"Yer see he had a pocket compass in his pea-jacket, an' a chart o' the South Pacific, an' come ter look at the chart, he found he wa'n't more'n three hundred miled from the island whar we arterward found him. With that he set about contrivin' a way to make the whale head for that island, an' bimeby he hit upon a tip-top way. In the first place he took his sheath-knife an' cut a hole through the whale's belly near the starn, an' shoved out one o' the oars through the hole, an' then yer see, he could steer the feller whichever way he wanted him to go. This plan worked fust rate. The whale kept swimmin' along, an' the old man kept him headed

straight for the island by the compass. Wunst in a while the darned critter would undertake to 'tack a ship, but the old man would only jest clap his hellum hard a port or hard a starboard, an' fetch him round agin. He kept on this way two days, eatin' the preserved meats an' ketchin' a cat nap wunst in a while, jest enough to keep him feelin' wide awake the rest o' the time, an' then he begun to think he must be nigh the land. So what does he do but jest steer the feller up ter the top o' the water, an' then fire both barrills of his gun right through his side so as ter make a couple o' port holes ter look through. As soon as he clapped his toplights to these holes, he spied the land, not more'n a miled off. Jest then he happened ter think that the whale wa'n't swimmin' fast enough so that he could beach him high an' dry on the island, an' with that he sets to and begins to scull like blazes.

"By the time he come nigh the island he'd got the feller goin' like lightnin'. When he struck the land he scooted up ashore as much as ten rods from the water, an' stuck thar dead as a log! The old man soon cut his way out, with his sheath-knife, an' when we found him, he'd been on the island three days, livin' on the preserved meats, an' sleepin in the whale's belly o' nights. We took him aboard the ship, an' then we went back an' got the anchors an' chains an' so on out o' the whale's belly, makin' three boat loads in all; an' finally when we sailed from the island, we took the feller himself in tow. We held on ter him till we met a whaler, then we sold him for a lot o' beef an' pork, an' such like, an' made a darned good bargain out on't too!"

At this moment eight bells were struck, and simultaneously came the cry of "all hands on deck, shorten sail!" A heavy squall was approaching and we tumbled on deck in a hurry, without stopping to express our belief or unbelief in Jack Longbow's marvellous story of

JONAH THE SECOND.

THE FAREWELL.

Now ends the hour's communion, near and high,
We have heard whispers from the mountain's heart,
And life henceforth is nobler. With a sigh
Of grateful sadness let us now depart,
And seek our lower levels—rills that start
From this hill's bosom, there reflect the sky:
And a fair valley, in green gladness drest,
Wears in its shadow the unconscious art
Of beautifying that whence it is bhst;
Through this to labor and to care we move.
Yet, seldom though the distant peaks unshroud
Themselves from baffling mist and rainy cloud,
We, walking o'er the ever-freshened green,
Shall know the sources of our life above,
Among the mountain-heights of the Unseen.

LUCK LABOON.

Fame is like a river, narrowest where its birth-place is, and broadest afar off.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MANIAC LOVER'S SONG.

BY WILLIE WARE.

'Tis at the evening's quiet hour,
 When all is hushed and still,
 When softly falls with mystic power
 The murmuring of the rill;
 'Tis when the moonbeams o'er the lee
 Like fairy phantoms glide,
 That I devote my thoughts to thee,
 My gentle spirit bride!

'Tis when I am alone, alone,
 All free from worldly care,
 When nought but thee, thee, only thee,
 My thoughts and feelings share;
 'Tis when the evening zephyrs' stir
 The leaflets by my side,
 That I devote my thoughts to thee,
 My gentle spirit bride!

'Tis at the hour of midnight still,
 When stars are in the sky,
 And when no sound falls on my ear,
 Save the gentle zephyrs' sigh;
 When no light save mine is seen
 Across the prairie wide,
 I dedicate my muse to thee,
 My gentle spirit bride!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE COW DOCTOR:

—OR—

NORA'S STRATAGEM.

BY M. T. CALDER.

WHEN the western sunbeams slanted low over the high mountainous land lying back from Tralee, flooding the luxurious herbage (which in the mild, moist climate of Kerry county keeps fresh and green the year round) with a rich stream of gold and purple, there came loitering down the sloping pathway of one of the lowest summits, a herd of cows, all plump and fine looking animals, of the pure Irish middle born breed, as goodly kine as even a thrifty western farmer would wish to own, and behind them, sauntering along in the same careless, indolent way, was a young girl of seventeen or eighteen years.

Her jaunty straw hat, lightly surmounting a thick coil of nut brown tresses that many and many a proud lady might have envied, shaded joyous blue eyes, and red lips always dimpled with smiles just enough to show the pearly teeth, never yet insulted by the dentist's inquisitive touches. And a pretty girl she was, this Nora O'Shean, as more than one sighing swain testified with admiring eyes and throbbing heart,

when in her gay holiday-suit she accompanied her brother to the May fair at Tralee.

Now as she came tripping down the hillsides, swinging a bunch of redberries carelessly in her hand, and alternately singing a gay snatch of some ballad, and calling out in her clear, musical voice to the dallying cows, with the green up-rising mountains behind, the broad glen with its brown cottage roof beneath, and afar in the distance, the blue waves of Tralee Bay, and the shining line where Ballymullen River caught up the largess flung it by the departing monarch of day, and transformed itself into a ribbon of molten gold—no artist would have asked a finer human figure for the foreground of the picturesque scene, than the upright, graceful form of pretty Nora O'Shean, driving home to the milking-yard her brother's herd of kine.

Every now and then the girl cast behind her a quick, expectant glance, or shaded her eyes to look further into the lane towards which the moping cows were aiming, as though on the watch for some welcome intruder. Nevertheless, when the tall stout figure started up from a concealing clump of bushes and came eagerly towards her, the little coquette's eyes were fixed demurely upon the ground, and she gave a pretty little start of astonishment when a clear, cheery voice said:

"Och, Nora, acushla, it's late ye are with the kine. Sure, and ye've kept me waiting this half hour."

Nora tossed her head and smiled roguishly.

"And who says Mr. Connor Mahony need be after waiting any longer than he's a mind for? If it's me ye mean, never a bit did I hurry on the way."

"Och, Nora, and it's after blarneying ye are," said the handsome young fellow, not a whit abashed. "Maybe ye're right there, and didn't hurry—for sure an ye expected me to be coming down the hill behind ye."

In spite of her attempted frown, Nora laughed at this shrewd guess at the truth, while his dancing eyes peered roguishly into her face.

"But Nora, dear, I'm not just feeling like the joke, neither," continued he, "for as I came a bit beyond the dyke, faith, guess now, Nora, who it was I see going over to your brother's house?"

Nora's merry face took a shade of vexation.

"O, Connor, now don't be after telling me it was Tim Buckley, that sorry scarecrow of a cow doctor! I'm all afraid it was, because ye see Dennis was fretting this morning about that beautiful cow of Sir Edward's, sent down by the steward of the castle. And then he's not loth to call him in at any time. The ragmuffin!

Whist, but I'll make him sore repent his coming. I'll tease the life from him or my name's no Nora O'Shean." And Nora pursed up her pretty lips into such a look of fierce determination, Connor came closer to her side, and stroked fondly the little sunbrowned hand that held the spray of berries.

"O, Nora," he said, half fondly, half ruefully, "if Dennis would only think like you, Mavourneen, wouldn't Connor Mahony be the happiest fellow in ould Ireland?"

"And what is it ye're meaning by that?" said she, turning around sharply, although there was a small look of humor in her eyes that belied the tone and words. "What could ye be after hinting an honest girl like myself has to think about a bold, good-for-nothing boy like ye?"

"Now Nora, darling, honey, jewel, where's the use of bothering a body like this? Haven't we said our vows at the trysting place long ago? Sure you're well knowing to my loving you better than the whole world, the great English queen and all her gold beside. And didn't you own to me ye had the same like feeling for me? For what else did I get the holding, and the cottage, waiting there all alone by myself barring the old woman, all because Dennis O'Shean thinks a gentry cow doctor would be a mighty fine match for his sister. The poor old beggar! Sure, and he's nothing else, living around, here a bit and there a bit. Faith, and I can't say how many poor creatures he's killed with his physic and pills. I say, now, Nora, it's all hard enough for me, without your plaguing and teasing."

The girl saw the vexation on his face was genuine, and answered cheerfully:

"Now, then, Connor, ye ought to know it's only the fun I'm after, and if the way to help it was mine ye shouldn't have that same to complain of. I can't act out agin my own brother, and sure, you're not the man to have me, but this much I tell you now, Connor, I'm no sweetheart for the cow doctor, gentry or no gentry."

What more Nora might have said in answer to Connor's brightened looks, one cannot say, for just then emerged from the style beyond, between the cows and the lagging couple, a stout man of thirty years or more, with an awkward form, and stolid, stupid face, so unlike Nora's bright, intelligent countenance, and graceful ways, it seemed impossible there could be any tie of relationship between them.

"Come along, Nora," he called out gruffly. "Does it take the day long to bring home the cows? Ye'd better hurry a little, and waste no more time shillyshallying. There's yer betters a waiting at home to see you."

The sneering glance cast at her lover awoke Nora's spirit, and she answered hastily:

"How long, Mister Dennis, since you've taken to lording it over women, and your own sister at that? I sha'n't hurry yet awhile, and ye can be after seeing I'm in good company."

"But there's a gentleman waiting at home."

"Ha, sure then his lordship has rode down from town, or the middleman has come to see about the holding. But, Dennis, what old beggar was creeping down the lane awhile ago? It looked as if the old cow doctor was around again. Who's turned him off so soon?"

Connor joined her merry laugh, and Dennis, foaming with wrath, drove along the cows himself without another word.

"I'm likely to get a few hard looks for that speech, but I'm their equal, when there's only eyes and tongues at war," said Nora, laughing gaily, as she said good-night to her lover where their ways parted.

Before she reached the cottage, however, she saw her brother with the obnoxious doctor, standing in an adjacent field before the ailing animal. She passed near enough to see plainly the expression of their faces, and her pretty red lips curled in scorn as her glance returned to them from the road where the manly athletic figure of her youthful, handsome lover was disappearing in the distance.

Tim Buckley, the cow doctor, as he was universally known throughout the country, had long passed over the shady side of thirty, but he still attempted to assume the jauntiness of extreme youth, although the expression was ludicrously mingled with an air of the most profound wisdom and self-importance.

The time had been when Tim had rejoiced in the flattering carresses of many a gay circle, but dissipated habits and vagabond propensities had cast him away from his original high estate, and sent him adrift in the world, homeless and penniless. Then the little education he possessed, with the advantages of his early life, came to the broken-down bachelor's relief. He set up for a cow doctor, and floated over the country, turning up annually here and there, generally living up on the owner of one patient, until called away to another. He managed to assume an air of wisdom and gentility that won him the deferential respect of the ignorant yemen, but to simple Dennis O'Shean, he seemed a miracle of knowledge, and a nobleman of rank. The very fact of his having been once the sporteen (gay fellow) of circles above his own, was enough to recommend him to the shallow mind of Dennis, who, though an unusually thrifty farmer, and much

more beforehand in his crops and sties than any of his neighbors, had scarcely wit enough to comprehend a single sentence of the braggadocio talk with which Tim took care to regale him.

Dull and stupid as he was, Dennis was yet possessed of a determination, or rather obstinacy, which rendered it almost an impossibility to remove any impression he had already formed, or to divert him from any plan he had laid out for himself. Here was where Doctor Tim had a decided advantage over Nora and her frank-hearted, quick-witted lover. Dennis had conceived all alone, what he considered an exceedingly bright idea. When Tim rattled off one day, a long string of high sounding names, and dashed over in great style a letter to the apothecary, and, with the rest, cured a sick calf, then popped into Dennis's head the unlucky idea, what a grand husband Tim would make for his pretty sister, and what an honor to the family would be this alliance with a "real gentleman." And from that moment he ceased not to scold and bluster whenever he found Connor and Nora in lover-like vicinity, which sooth to say, was often enough to vindicate his animosity against the undaunted Connor. Tim, nothing loth to accept the prize, winning a pretty girl and a comfortable home at the same time, was shrewd enough to hide his eagerness, and raised one or two objections.

"Faith, Dennis my good fellow," said he, "don't be after thinking I no appreciate the good faith of yer offer, nor Mistress Nora's loveliness, but—well, really, it isn't just the easiest thing to express. Ay, you see, Dennis, my family was of the rael old stock. Then more'n that, there's Captain Dunnovan, and Baillie Vaughn that have just the same as spoke for me for their young ladies. Well, well, ye're a good fellow, Dennis, a thriving farmer, I may call ye, and Mistress Nora's beauty sure can't be beat nohow. I'll think of it, I'll think of it, Dennis."

The words were nothing extraordinary, but the tone and gesture and lordly, aristocratic bearing were inimitable. They had their intended effect in making Dennis tenfold more determined to see Nora Mrs. Tim Buckley before harvesting was over. That the maiden herself emphatically vetoed the whole arrangement not at all disconcerted her brother's plans.

But all this time I have left Nora in the lane, gazing at the pair over in the level field beside the ailing cow. Scornfully her bright eye wandered over the seedy, shabby, genteel would-be lover of hers, as he stood his walking-stick under the arm whose yawning sleeve had before provoked her railery, one hand outstretched toward

the gaping Dennis, who was scratching away at his head, vainly endeavoring to gain admittance for a single idea of the grandiloquent harangue by which Tim gave his opinion of his bovine patient.

"Faith now, Dennis," said he, in conclusion, "it's myself now can see all the ailing of the beauty. I'll fix a dose, and ye'll see her in the morning eating as though there was nothing to be left before her."

"What did ye say, Mister Doctor, about ye're eating in the morning? And ye're wise to be after letting us know. I'll speak a word to Biddy to put on an extra pot since ye intend to stop with us."

"Ha, Miss Nora, the top o' the morning to you," said Doctor Tim, taking off his well-dented beaver, "it's rare refreshing to behold the likes of yer pretty face. I forgot ye never a minute in all my travels."

"I reckon ye stopped not in Tralee, else the tailoring men had kept ye for a sign of the fashions," said Nora, saucily.

"Arrah, but ye're a jewel of a girl for a witty tongue! ye see, beauteous Nora, I'm minding to get some wedding clothes shortly, so I make these old ones last till then," answered Tim, with a comical grimace at his dilapidated elbows. "I be after having a wife soon, and then if ye see rents, faith the fault will be your own."

Rather discomfited at this, Nora dropped a mock courtesy, and tripped on towards the cottage.

"Dennis," said Tim, impressively, "I've reflected most profoundly. I can't help the other disappointments, I'm ready to marry Nora as soon as the license can be got."

Dennis's dull eye brightened.

"And it's myself will see the wedding comes shortly," was his emphatic reply.

The next morning Dennis despatched Nora on her stout pony to Tralee with the recipe for the apothecary, and putting a pound note into her hand, he said:

"Ye may as well buy the wedding finery. I want ye should look trim and neat when ye're made Mrs. Buckley."

"Dennis O'Shean," cried Nora, blazing at him a fiery glance from her blue eyes, "when that same is done, ye may be there, but ye'll have leave to look a long while for me! Medicine for a cow doctor!" she continued angrily, fingering the recipe. "I wonder at ye for trusting his lordship's cow with such as he. What'll ye do so he kills her?"

Dennis looked aghast at the suggestion.

"Kill her, kill Daisy, my lord's favorite cow,

he charged me to keep thriving? ye're a sorry wench to spake such a thing. Get along, Nora, and say no more agin yer husband that is to be."

Nora had flung away the bank note. All at once she secured it again, while a swift flash passed over her face, and hiding with her wide-rimmed hat her dancing, mischievous eyes, she said, coaxingly :

"Look ye here, Dennis, let's we make a bargain now. I'm no believer in the cow doctor's blarney, and so the cow be sick. I'm sure he'll not cure her, but if you'll say if he don't help her, I'm free from your wish to marry him, I'll promise, and keep my word to marry freely the man who cures the cow."

"Faith, I'd be a fool not to agree to that same," replied Dennis, confident of his favorite's skill, and delighted to obtain his sister's consent so easily.

"Then ye'll make yer sign of it," said Nora, tearing off a corner of the paper, and handing her pencil to him.

Dennis laughed, but made his cross on the paper, and Nora rode away towards Tralee at a swift gallop, while many a plodding pedestrian bent forward to catch another glimpse of the joyous young face so full of mirth and mischief her flapping straw hat exposed to view, as she darted by them.

She returned home upon a by-road that led by Connor's cottage. As she expected, he was there, just returned from his morning work. It did not need her eager gesture to bring him to the side of the pony, and an earnest but brief conversation ensued. When they parted Nora called out for the second time :

"Now, Connor, mind ye're after watching closely, and come along just as though it were a happening, and have the other medicine handy—O-ho, but we'll fix it, so never a bit more will we see of the cow doctor or his good-for-nothing physic!"

That evening, while Tim and his host were regalling themselves with their pipes, and an occasional draught at the whiskey jug, the old cowshed saw a strange sight. For there was pretty Nora kneeling down by the sick cow, one arm around her neck, and the other hand holding towards her a small basin of water, apparently, and the merry sparkle was drowned out from her blue eyes by fast dropping tears, as she whispered, kindly :

"Arrah, poor old Daisy—acushla—it's sorry a heart Nora has to give you the drug that will torment ye with woful pains. But Connor will come with the apothecary man's medicine to take it all away. Mind ye that, my beauty, and no

look so reproachful at me. Many's the nice green bank ye shall feed on, to pay for this, and a right good dinner Nora'll stir up for ye to-morrow. Poor old Daisy, drink, and not take it unkindly of Nora who loves ye, only not half so much as Connor."

The unfortunate animal, the luckless victim of the lovers' plot drank it all, and Nora flitted back to her chamber, shaking her little head threateningly, when she passed the door through which came to her the sharp high voice of her brother's guest.

Scarce had daybreak reached over the mountains to tinge with Aurora's carmine the dimpled face of Tralee Bay, ere the plaintive cries of the suffering cow brought Dennis to the shed. He found the poor creature in extreme agony, rolling and plunging on the earth. This looked so little like Doctor Tim's prophecy, he stood aghast with astonishment and disappointment. This cow of all the herd was the one Dennis could least afford to lose, since it belonged to the castle, and for keeping it his lordship's middleman had promised to pay his tithes. With no laggard step Dennis proceeded to the cot where Doctor Tim was sleeping soundly.

"What, what!" stammered Tim, staring around him, and rubbing his eyes. "The cow, did you say? O, yes, then didn't I tell ye she'd be all right this morning?"

This speech coming at such an unlucky time staggered Dennis's faith a little, yet he replied, respectfully :

"And ye'd better come out and see her yourself, doctor. The way of her seems bad like to me!"

Tim himself looked dismayed when he beheld the poor creature's sufferings. The harmless potions he administered had never failed before, with the aid of time, and plentiful faith on the owner's part, to justify his pretensions to a physician's skill. He was at an utter loss what to advise, being mindful of the momentous interest his patron took in the life of his lordship's valuable cow. So after talking learnedly awhile, he acknowledged he knew nothing likely to save her. Dennis was nearly frantic. He rushed around furiously, eyeing a little disdainfully the crestfallen doctor, little aware of the dancing blue eyes watching him from the dairy window. At that moment came sauntering up the yard, who but Connor Mahony.

"Good morning, Dennis," said he, "here's a parcel Mary Neal sent to Nora, but hallo, what's the matter with your cow? Why, doctor, can't you ease her a little?"

"Sure, and I've tried, Mr. Mahony," replied

Tim, pompously, "but I wasn't here in time. There's nothing going for to save her now."

Connor went up to the cow, lifted her drooping head, whistled a minute, and then turning to the wobegone Dennis, said coolly :

"Well, Dennis, sure you wont let her die, will ye?"

"If there's no help, I suppose she must," was the sullen reply. "The doctor says it."

"The doctor—blarney!" Connor said the words with a little significant wink and snapping of the thumb over his shoulder. "I say, now, I can cure her in two hours."

"Do it, do it, Connor Mahony, and I'll give you—"

"The bit I'll ask for," interrupted Connor. "Well, bring me out some sugar, and pepper, and salt. I've a little else in my pocket, here."

The dose he prepared was administered, despite Tim's scornful laugh. But it was plain to see Dennis had little hope. Nevertheless, when the two hours were up, the patient was standing upright again, and quietly reaching out her huge jaws for the wisp of grass Connor held towards her. Dennis was nearly as wild with joy as he had been frantic with grief. As for Doctor Tim, he quietly hunted up his walking-stick, and made the best of his way toward the highway. Then came along Nora, tripping lightly with the foaming pails.

"Arrah, Dennis," said she, stopping to look at the wondering object of so much solicitude, "sure, and Daisy's all right again. What's the cow doctor gone off so fast for, now he's cured the cow?"

"Gone off? by Saint Patrick, that's what he better be after doing, the ignorant blackguard! setting up for a cow doctor, and not knowing so much about it as Connor Mahony."

Nora gave a pretty little start.

"Why, Connor. Sure, and is it yourself here so early in the morning?"

"Faith, Nora, and I happened here the right minute to save the cow for Dennis."

"What, you? Now ye're not able to cheat me that way, is he, Dennis?"

"Sure, and he speaks the truth, Nora. Connor saved the cow."

"O, ho," laughed Nora. "Why, Dennis, Dennis, what did you go and make your cross for, that I should marry the man who cured the cow? Where's the end of the mischief it will make for Connor and myself?"

And with another echoing peal of laughter, that made poor old Daisy turn her large eyes wonderingly around, the pretty milkmaid tripped away out of sight, and Connor smiling fondly at

ter her, said something that made even stolid, matter-of-fact Dennis smile also, and together the twain passed along toward the house behind her.

After harvesting, Nora and Connor were married. There was one who had confidently expected to enjoy the great supper Dennis gave his sister's friends, but who was not there. Alas, Tim is still a bachelor, and a cow doctor.

PLAYING TRICKS.

A young man was studying at a college. One afternoon he walked out with an instructor, and they chanced to see an old pair of shoes lying by the side of the path, which appeared to belong to a poor old man at work close by. "Let us have a little amusement at his expense," said the student. "Suppose we hide those shoes, and conceal ourselves in the bushes to watch his perplexity when he cannot find them." "I can think of a better trick than that," said the instructor. "You are rich. Suppose you put a silver half-crown in the toe of each of his shoes, and then we will hide." The young man did so. The poor man finished his work soon, and went to put on his shoes. You can imagine his surprise when he stooped to take a pebble, as he supposed, from the toe, and drew the silver half-crown from it, and found still another in the other shoe. His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered a long, fervent thanksgiving, in which he thanked a kind Providence for sending some unknown hand to save from perishing his sick wife and children. Do you wonder the young man stood in his hiding-place deeply affected? When you wish to enjoy real pleasure in witnessing the perplexity of others, see if you cannot some way imitate the student.—*Temple Bar (English)*.

A SWISS LEGEND.

Drachenried, near Stanz, was once the abode of a monstrous serpent, which became so formidable that the inhabitants abandoned the valley, and gave it the name of "Oedwyl," a wilderness, or desolate place. There had lived in the land a valiant man, who had distinguished himself in the wars, and had been made chevalier; but having the misfortune to kill another in a duel, he was banished, as this was then a crime, because it deprived the state of a brave man. In his exile he heard of the ravages of the serpent, and begged permission to return upon condition that he should slay the monster. It was granted. He entered the valley, attacked the serpent, and finally destroyed him, by thrusting a lance armed with thorns down his throat. But in the combat he received a wound which terminated his own life. A chapel was erected to his memory, and on its walls we read, "To Struth Von Winkelried."—*Travels in Switzerland*.

THE MARTYR SPIRIT.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
Doth unto glory burn;
And tears that from love's torn heart flow,
To pearls of spirit turn.—*MASSEY*.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE TWO VOICES.

BY CARRIE CALDERWOOD.

"Let me go!—the tide of fortune
Bears me where the breakers roar;
I am on a stormy ocean,
Waft me to the peaceful shore.
For the beacon lights have faded,
And life's wave is very dark;
O, within the happy haven
Let me—let me moor my bark!"

"I am tired of ever striving
'Gainst the current of the tide,
With no resting-place before me,
Where at length I may abide.
I am weary, very weary,
And the wave is very dark;
O, within the happy haven
Let me—let me moor my bark!"

"Let me stay," another crieth,
"Others' sorrows to beguile;
That I may make some heart the better,
Let me tarry here awhile.
Though I seem to be afflicted,
I am surely, truly blest,
While my words can soothe another
Weary, weary heart to rest.

"Where'er from the warm, bright sunshine
Pass I to the dreary shade,
Let my heart grow strong within me,
And my faith be perfect made.
Though the cares of life are many,
I can bear them day by day,
Till an angel's voice shall call me
To the peaceful shores away!"

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION.

BY W. S. BLAKESLEY.

It was the night before the famous battle of Austerlitz. All day long, Napoleon and his officers had been fully occupied in the disposal of that great army, which upon the morrow was to win for him his greatest victory. Now, as the night came on, the watch fires were lighted, and the soldiers crouched beside them to snatch a few hours sleep, or to talk in low tones of past exploits and dilate with eagerness upon the prospects of the coming battle.

The wind was cold and sharp, and was succeeded by a thick mist, which made the night intensely gloomy. The half-dozen soldiers, who had been gathered about one of the red camp-fires, drew their piles of straw further forward, and crept closer to the blaze.

"Bah! who can sleep on such a night?" mut-

tered one. "To-morrow may bring me an epaulette, or if not that, a glorious death, perhaps. What do you say, Carembre?"

"What do I say?" repeated a tall, noble-looking soldier with a scarred face. "As for me, I say nothing. If I live, there will be nothing better for me than the ranks; if I die, who cares! But yet, there is one perhaps."

The altered tone of voice in which he said this last, kept his companions silent for a moment. Then a movement on the part of a handsome young man, who occupied a station at the farthest end of the fire, attracted attention.

"Ah, Emile, my lad," said Carembre, making room for him, "you must be cold at that distance. See, here is a place for you nearer the fire. I am an old campaigner, for I was with the emperor in Egypt. But you, my lad, are not used to such rough scenes. That, one may see at a glance."

The person addressed colored high, and answered a little petulantly, whilst at the same time he moved forward to the place designated.

"However that may be, Monsieur Carembre, I think I have never complained."

"That you haven't," was the kind, soothing answer. "Those who have seen you in battle would not, I am sure, question your bravery or powers of endurance."

The young man's face flushed with pride, but he spoke not a word.

"Since we cannot sleep," said the soldier who had first spoken, "tell us something about yourself, Carembre. You must have entered the army early. Why is it that you were not promoted long since?"

Carembre's face sank lower and lower upon his folded hands. Then he looked up, pale and proud.

"Six separate times have I deserved promotion, and so many times have I been returned unnoticed to the ranks. There is something that works against me, comrades. It is useless to fight against fate. I shall die as I have lived, in the ranks."

"Shame! Shame!" muttered one or two, as Carembre paused.

"But was there no reason for such a slight?" asked another.

"Nothing that I know of. True, there is an officer in the army who once declared himself my mortal enemy. But I cannot believe he would stoop to injure me. This was the way of it, comrades. I entered the army rather young, as you guessed, leaving behind me the handsomest, the smartest and the most charming girl. The officer I spoke of, also loved Nannette, but

she would not listen to him, and then he vowed vengeance. He was once my neighbor and companion, now he will not deign to speak to me."

"What of Nannette?" asked one, as Carembre paused.

"Ah, poor girl, I have not heard of her this long time. She it is, who will mourn for me, if she hears of my death. Parbleu! How Nannette and I did love the general. She made me vow never to desert him as long as he wanted my services, and, comrades, I never will."

"Did he ever speak to you?" asked the young man almost in a whisper.

"Ah, that he did," said the other, proudly. "When we were at Cairo, and he stood almost fainting with fatigue and excitement, he beckoned to me, and—"

"Hush!" whispered a comrade, as the challenge of a sentinel came distinctly to their ears. Carembre, half angry at the interruption, paused, drew himself up in a martial attitude, and listened attentively. A succession of short, quick steps was heard. Carembre changed color, and looked about uneasily.

"It is the little corporal," he muttered. The words startled each one of the little group, the young man especially. But ere any comment could be made, their remarkable leader himself stood before them, clad like a common soldier, in a rough suit, but distinguished by the great cross of the legion, which he wore across his breast. His face was pale and stern—an expression not uncommon to him, especially upon the eve of a great battle. He took another step forward, then glanced about sharply.

"Ha! what is it that you are doing here?" he asked, in a quick tone.

"Waiting for the morrow to come, *mon general*," was Carembre's prompt answer.

"Good, and who may you be, my man?" asked Napoleon, turning with characteristic quickness to the speaker, and scanning him closely.

"Carembre, a soldier of the 10th, sire," was the reply.

"Ha! I remember. You were in Egypt?"

"Yes, sire."

"And for brave conduct, were several times presented for promotion?"

"Yes, sire."

"How happens it then, that you are here?" asked Napoleon, sternly.

Carembre hung his head in momentary forgetfulness of the question. His companion's warning touch aroused him.

"I know not, *mon general*," he said with an air of patient sorrow. "It is my fate, perhaps."

The eyes of the emperor seemed to read the

soldier, then suddenly they were fixed upon the fine, handsome face of the young man.

"Your name, sir," was the swift question.

"Emile Morard, your majesty," was the faltering reply. And a flush, rich and delicate, crept over the young man's face, plainly to be discerned even by the light of the fire.

"Can you fight, young sir?" asked Napoleon, a peculiar smile playing around his mouth.

"That he can, sire. I've seen him in the thickest of the battle, wherever the part of danger was," was Carembre's eager answer.

"He followed your footsteps, perhaps," was Napoleon's comment.

"Yes, sire," said the young man, placing his hand affectionately upon the arm of Carembre.

Napoleon smiled, moved away a few steps, then turned around again.

"Here, you, now, Carembre. If you survive to-morrow, see that you report yourself to me. I will never forget my brave soldiers." And he moved swiftly away from the place.

"What do you think of that, comrades?" asked Carembre, with a face upon which no longer a trace of sorrow was to be discerned.

"What do I say?" rejoined one. "Why, I would give my life to be so spoken to and so looked upon by him. Parbleu! your fortune's made this time, Carembre."

"Yes," chimed in another, "speak of somebody and he is sure to be near."

"As for me," rejoined his neighbor, "I mean to snatch an hour's sleep, and dream that I'm captain of a regiment. At the most, I can but die for the emperor."

Presently all was silent around the fire. The hardy soldiers gradually dropped off into a short slumber, with the easy indifference as to their fate in the coming battle, which characterizes a true French soldier. The young man alone kept a silent watch, now and then stirring the waving fire, and occasionally casting anxious looks upon Carembre, who was slumbering quietly, like his comrades. Suddenly a dull sound fell upon the ear of the watcher.

He stooped down, placed his ear to the ground, and listened attentively. Then regaining his position, he touched the shoulder of his sleeping neighbor. The light touch completely aroused Carembre, who was wide awake in an instant, and gazing inquiringly at his companion.

"What is it, Emile?"

"Listen. Do you not hear that dull sound? The enemy are in motion."

For one moment, Carembre listened with bent head. Then his practised ear had caught the sound and guessed its import.

"They are dragging the guns over the rough ground. Ah, Emile! To-morrow will bring us work."

For two hours Carembre and his companion continued to listen, now and then exchanging a few words, but for the most part watching in silence. Then a single, faint gleam of light began to show itself, and almost at the same moment the drums beat to quarters, and the trumpets summoned the cavalry to the field.

When the sun arose upon the famous field of Austerlitz, the right of Napoleon's great army was engaged in close battle with the enemy, the centre and left wing remaining as yet mere spectators of the conflict. Carembre and Morard stood side by side, awaiting with ill-concealed impatience the order to move on. The face of the young man glowed with enthusiasm, his eyes sparkled with eagerness, and he muttered under his breath:

"Glory, or death!"

"Did you speak?" whispered Carembre, turning hastily towards him. "*Ma foi*, will the word never come? If I fall, Emile, tell Nanette, poor girl. Ha, Emile! did you hear that?" And the soldier listened eagerly for the sounds of the battle.

A single horseman was now observed galloping madly down the long lines. A few moments passed, and then the troop were moving hastily forward to the support of their comrades. Nearer and nearer they approached the scene of conflict, the officers in command waved their caps and cheered their men on, the latter responded wildly, and presently officers and men were rushing headlong into the thick of battle.

In spite of the heavy rain of shot which fell about him, Carembre pushed steadily onwards, doing good execution at every step. A tall, Russian soldier, sabre in hand, singling him out from the mass, suddenly confronted him, with upraised weapon.

"I have you at last," he muttered, with a smile which displayed his glittering teeth.

"Ha!" answered Carembre, and he dashed hastily forward, but stumbled and fell just as he reached the enemy. The Russian sabre glittered over the head of the prostrate foe. But ere it had accomplished its purpose, the arm of the enemy, suddenly unnerved, fell by his side, and the weapon became powerless. Carembre sprang to his feet, the smile upon the Russian's face changed to one of deadly hate, as, falling backward among the wounded and slain, he beheld his late antagonist moving on, unharmed.

"Press on, press on to victory or death," shouted some one in a clear, bell-like voice, which

made itself heard amidst all the din of battle. Carembre cast a single glance backward, and beheld Emile following directly in his footsteps, dealing blows right and left. He was speedily recalled to his duty by receiving a slight wound in the shoulder from a sabre. In spite of this warning, however, he could not avoid casting an anxious look behind to see how his companion fared, between whom and himself—though but a few months before perfect strangers—there now existed an unaccountable affection.

Hitherto this portion of the troop had been engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with the enemy. Now a battery was suddenly opened upon them, which mowed down the men by scores, making fearful vacancies in the ranks.

"Fall back!" shouted an officer in a hoarse voice, dashing madly along the thinned ranks.

Over their fallen comrades they retreated in perfect order, though at every step some from among them fell never to rise again. At length they gained a spot, sheltered from the murderous fire of the enemy, but still accessible to flying shots.

The eyes of both Carembre and Emile were fastened on a little swell of the land just above the troops. The central figure of the group stood out conspicuous from all the others, not alone from the uniform and the great cross of the legion which hung across his breast, but from that remarkable profile, which once seen was never to be forgotten. Now with compressed lips, and a stern expression of countenance, he looked abroad over the field of battle, seeming to penetrate with eagle glance the smoke which shrouded portions of the plain. Suddenly the emperor turned to one of his staff.

"Do you see that redoubt yonder? Twice have our men been mowed down before it. It must be carried, if the whole army perishes in front of it. Ride forward with orders to use a petard."

The single horseman rode swiftly down the hill and was soon lost to view. The eyes of all, from the emperor down to the humblest man in the ranks, were now fastened upon the redoubt, before which, in spite of the constant fire of the enemy, a little crowd swayed to and fro. Suddenly they fell back, obedient to the hoarse cry of the officers, and at the same moment the enemy ceased their firing, and a half-silence reigned in that portion of the field.

But no explosion follows the pause. Something is the matter. Napoleon's brow contracts and he mutters between his teeth. The moment is a dreadful one, but the genius of Napoleon does not desert him. He sees that through care-

lessness or accident, the train is not fired, and that the redoubt is in no danger. At that moment, he turns towards the ranks, every man of which is like a statue.

"Soldiers of the 10th," he exclaims, as his eye first falls upon them, "honor and glory to him who fires yonder train!" And he waves his chapeau, and holds aloft the magic cross, at the sight of which every man's courage is increased tenfold.

There is no more to be said. Maddened by the words and manner of Napoleon, men spring from the ranks by scores, the only anxiety being, who shall be foremost. But Carembre leads the van, and has already snatched from the hand of a gunner a burning match, with which he hastens forward, fleet as the wind. Nearly all the other competitors fall back, hopeless of success. One alone follows Carembre, treading in his very footsteps; and scarcely allowing his eye to wander from him for a single instant. Carembre hears the footsteps, and half-angry at the pertinacity of his unknown rival, he increases his speed.

The enemy smother their fire for the moment. The strange pursuit, as it appears in their eyes, engages their wondering attention, and in their eagerness to see the result, they allow Carembre and his companion to approach the redoubt, without firing a single shot. The French also keep an eager watch on the proceedings, standing in breathless silence. Not a single manoeuvre or movement has escaped the eye of Napoleon, who has already determined in his own mind, what shall be the reward of the brave survivor.

Carembre stoops down, his pursuer kneels beside him and thus shields him from the observation of the enemy. The enemy are slow to comprehend the movement, and still look on wonderingly. At length the train is fired. The dull red spark, creeping slowly onward, is perceptible to the French, who call with frantic cries to their companions to move back. For the first time, the enemy perceive the advantage they have unwittingly given to their opponents, and suddenly reopen their fire.

It was clearly impossible for Carembre and his companion to regain their former position, exposed as they would be to the enemy's aim. They crept along silently, therefore, beneath the parapet, until they had nearly reached a sheltered place. Carembre suddenly uttered a low cry, and pressed his hand to his side. A chance shot had wounded him.

"*Ma foi*," he exclaimed, staggering onward, "I expected that long since." A few steps further on, and he halted as if overcome with weakness.

"Lean on my arm," came in an agonized voice from behind him. "We are not yet safe, let us press on a little further."

"What matters it, what matters it?" exclaimed Carembre, impatiently. "As well die here as anywhere. Let me alone, whoever you are."

When Carembre awoke out of unconsciousness, and raised his head to look about him, he saw the parapet towering above, and heard the battle raging about him.

"You are better?" said some one, softly.

"Yes. But tell me, is the redoubt gained?"

"Our people have forced their way to the parapet, and are victorious."

"Thank Heaven!" said Carembre, falling back relieved. A moment passed, and then the attentive listener caught another question from the lips of the wounded man.

"Emile! Tell me about the emperor. Does he know?"

"He does. He watched you throughout the whole. And when it was accomplished, he waved once more above his head the great cross, which to-morrow he will bestow upon you, and then turned and congratulated the 10th, upon their brave comrade."

"Ah! did he so? Then I am content." And he closed his eyes, and lay like one dead.

"He will die!" murmured the one above him, and Emile Morard wrung his hands in despair. "What shall I do to arouse him?"

For a moment, he stood thoughtfully looking down upon the apparently lifeless body of his comrade.

"Yes, there is but one way. I must say the word that will arouse him, if aught on earth will!"

He leaned down, and whispered in the ear of Carembre.

"Ha! what did you say? Nannette! Where is she?"

"Here, Carembre."

He looked up with an air of weariness.

"I see no one but you, Emile. Was I dreaming of Nannette?"

"No, she is here. I am Nannette! Did we not vow to love and fight for the emperor, years ago? And to-day I determined that you should win his praise, or that we both should perish."

"You, Nannette? It cannot be. Emile, you are trifling. And yet, now I look again, there is a likeness. Dear Nannette, is it really yourself?"

"Really and truly myself, Carembre. But see, here comes some one to my aid. Courage, Carembre, you shall not die this time."

The battle was now won—but with what cost?

When the moon shone over the field, it brought to the spectator's view many dreadful sights. His ear was pained by the groans of the wounded, which at a little distance seemed one mighty, mingled wail of sorrow, rising to the calm-eyed orb above. The dead lay by thousands around the place of battle, amongst which, talking in low tones, went those who searched for the wounded, to bear them to the temporary hospitals.

At midnight, the emperor himself walked through the buildings where the wounded were collected. The very groans were checked as he approached, and ghastly faces were stretched forth to mark every step of his progress. The few words he spoke, well and fully chosen, were eagerly listened to, and seemed an ample reward for every suffering. At last the emperor approached the bed of a patient, who was tenderly cared for by a young man.

"Ah, Carembre, my good fellow, and how fares it with you?"

"Better, sire, much better."

"Ah well, Carembre, I am glad of it. I have made you a general of brigade; and see, here is my own cross of the legion, which no one but myself has ever worn."

Carembre's eyes sparkled as Emile placed the cross about his neck. The emperor turned to the young man.

"And you have a good nurse, Carembre," said he, with a significant smile, and he passed on.

BEARDED CLERGYMEN.

The wearing of full beard by clergymen, which was a great novelty on both sides of the Atlantic thirty years ago, has since become so prevalent, that one of the English bishops, his Grace of Rochester, noticed it with rebuke in a recent charge to the clergy of his diocese. This, of course, provoked quite an outpouring of wit from the journalists. There is, however, a serious side to the subject. There are many congregations where the appearance of a minister with his face covered with long hair would so surprise, and we may say, shock the people as to incapacitate them from hearing him with any pleasure or profit. Yet, on the other hand, it seems hard that a poor Levite, who is afflicted with a wiry beard and a very tender skin, and who has a native inaptness to get or to keep a razor sharp, should be compelled to endure a small purgatory every morning, for the sake of some unreasonable prejudices on the part of his parishioners. To be sure, the matter is a trifle, yet trifles make up the sum of human life.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

GRATITUDE.

Love rules the universal heart of man
Through all its range of age, rank, place and mood;
But thou, since first in heaven her reign began,
Her holiest offspring art, O Gratitude!
Man's hard, stern heart grows soft, with thee imbued
And sweeter wells the fount of woman's love.

COLTON

THE ATMOSPHERE.

Under favorable circumstances, the atmosphere will transmit to great distances any agitation that is raised in it. As an instance of this, the experiment of M. Biot may be cited. Having an opportunity of operating with a very long cast iron pipe, forming part of an aqueduct in course of construction at Paris, M. Biot found that, even when the pipe was one thousand and forty yards, or more than half a mile long the explosion of a pistol fired into it at one end would blow out a candle at the other, and that the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly audible at the other as to the speaker himself. The experiment succeeded better at night than in the day time. Although, however, the air in a tube, where any lateral escape is impossible, shows this marvellous sensitiveness, a similar result does not follow from speaking in open, unconfined air. It is a matter of familiar experience, that sound, under these circumstances, decays and dies away, until at last it ceases to become audible. This decay is only the natural consequence of the fact that the original force is constantly spreading through a wider space, and is getting, so to speak, diluted.—*Scientific American*.

THE EAR-RING.

The rabbis assert that Eve's ears were bored when she was exiled from Eden, as a sign of slavery and submission to man, her master. If so, the slaves have since found a way to make their masters atone for this humiliation; the latter must pay dearly for the diamond badges of their wives' servitude. Since then, not money alone has these baubles cost; blood has been poured in torrents to procure them for some capricious fair one, while the sacrifice of them has, at other times, been attended with fatal results. The golden calf was made entirely from the golden ear-rings of the people—probably the same they had borrowed of the Egyptians, and neglected to return—and three thousand men paid with their lives the use to which the jewels were put. The ephod, also, made of the ear-rings of the princes of Midian, "became a snare unto Gideon, and to his house." Among the Arabs, the expression, "to have a ring in one's ear," is synonymous with "to be a slave." When one man submits to the will of another, he is said to have placed in his ear the ring of obedience.—*Notes and Queries*.

THE NEWSPAPER.

A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind, to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it; for a newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men—it is the wisdom of the age—of many ages, too. A family without a newspaper is like a family without a library.

mind from the
circle.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO GERTRUDE.

BY EFFINGHAM T. HYATT.

Why so unkind!—what light caprice has set
 The darksome frown upon that girlish brow?
 Has love been false?—or would you fain forget
 The fairy tress of thy maiden vow?
 Then, do not turn away, my love!
 O, do not turn away;
 For by the light of heaven above,
 I love thee night and day!

Why so impatient?—must I ever brook
 Upon thy lips the angry curl of scorn?
 Instead of smiles, the unforgiving look,
 To taunt me with imaginary wrong?
 Then, do not turn away, my love!
 O, do not turn away;
 For by the light of heaven above,
 I love thee night and day!

Why not forgive?—by thy own heart, Gertrude,
 Judge me of mine you stirred its latent fire;
 Then meet me ever in some happy mood,
 Too bright for sorrow and too kind for ire.
 Then, do not turn away, my love!
 O, do not turn away;
 For by the light of heaven above,
 I love thee night and day!

[ORIGINAL.]

AN ITALIAN TRAGEDY.

BY WILLIAM PITT HOWARD.

A SMALL town in Italy, not remarkable for anything striking in its appearance or famous in its history, was yet the scene of a tale of horror which, although it has had its parallels in Spanish mysteries, had been unheard-of before in countries not so near the sun. Its one great man, which all villages are in duty bound to have, was Signor Marianni, whose property in a large city having fallen away from him by one of those mysterious processes which cannot be explained by any principle of mathematics, he retired to this province where he had a little cottage and a vineyard whose produce he fondly hoped might support himself and his young daughter.

To Beatrice, it was one of the sweetest retreats that her father could have chosen. She loved the free, wild life that this rural district allowed. She was afraid of neither sun nor air; never paused to think if either were deepening the olive on her cheek, or sending up the rich and radiant flush too brightly for the glass of fashion. A child of nature, she never dreamed of art; a

votary of nature, she worshipped only at her shrine.

When Signor Marianni lamented his poverty for her sake, she stopped his mouth with kisses that drew their fragrance from the air in which she loved to breathe. She declared, sincerely, that she had no wish to return to the gaieties of city life, and was willing to live and die in this dear retreat. So the father smothered his own regrets, and contrived to make himself very happy with his beloved daughter.

For Beatrice alone, Signor Marianni desired life. It seemed to him that half his heart was buried at Fiesole with her mother. The other half was solely, undividedly hers. Indeed, she was the very image of the beautiful Italian girl whom he had won when fortune smiled, and for whom he sometimes thanked the virgin that she had not known his hour of poverty. Beatrice had the same beautiful eyes, looking into his very soul; eyes whose radiance he could not have borne, had he not been good and true; the same sweeping tresses, the same purely classic features. How could he do otherwise than love the dead Julia's living resemblance?

He could not bear to be absent from her an hour, save when she slept. It was his fancy to take her out into the vineyard, place her in some picturesque spot—some bower arranged for the time by arching the green branches over head, and leaving the entrance open where he could see her as he directed the vine-dressers—her pretty white dress mingling pleasantly with the verdant hues around her, and her beautiful black hair falling over the clear, smooth cheek.

There was another eye that beheld this vision, beneath the sweetest sky that had beamed on it in the lifetime of its owner. A young English artist had chanced, one afternoon, to wander into this paradise, and saw the Eve enshrined in one of the fond father's vine-covered bowers. At first, the sight pleased him as a fit subject for his pencil; but when Signor Marianni approached and courteously questioned the stranger, and introduced him to his daughter, Arthur Howard was still more charmed with her sweetness and simplicity of manners, than he had been with her beauty.

He told them his name, and was far more communicative than his countrymen generally show themselves, in regard to his business and the object he had in visiting Italy—acknowledged his poverty, and exhibited his sole possessions, a palette and a few pictures, most of which he had painted from the simplest scenes of rustic life.

A welcome to the cottage was warmly given;

and soon a little studio was found for him in an unused chamber at the top of the house, where he was allowed to work in quiet all day, with occasional glimpses of Beatrice gliding through the leafy paths beneath his window.

He had bargained for his meals at a little inn; but once having tasted the bread made by the hands of Beatrice, and the soup and macaroni which she prepared so exquisitely, he could not return to the sour bread and still more sour wine of the hotel, and begged and prayed to be received as a regular guest at her table.

Months passed away, in which he taught his art to Beatrice in return for her lessons in Italian and music, and Arthur began to dream that he had indeed found an Eden without the serpent. He dreaded to think of removing; but his work was over—he had painted every object of interest, and many of them over and over again; and, with a sigh that came from the bottom of his heart, he prepared to bid his kind friends adieu.

Could he go without telling Beatrice what a solace in his wanderings her picture would be to him? Could he leave this fairy spot without knowing if her heart would ever go out upon his solitary track and long for his return?

His evident sadness was observed by his host who drew from him his secret grief. Never was there a more generous and self-denying spirit than Signor Marianni's. The young Englishman's poverty did not trouble him at all. Beatrice should do just as she pleased. He would be no bar to her happiness. If she liked Arthur Howard, he was willing that she should wait for him.

Armed with this generous permission, Arthur told his tale of love. It was with a full heart of joy that he heard the beautiful girl's confession. And when they parted, it was as betrothed lovers. Arthur was to make a name for himself and then return to claim his bride.

What evil fortune sent the Count Vincenti to the paradise which Arthur Howard had thought so secure? He came for a season's pleasure among the mountains, and chance brought him to seek shelter in Marianni's cottage from a terrible storm. Rich, powerful and self-confident, he could not believe that he might not ask and take the treasure it contained. Beatrice shrank from his assured air, and begged her father to entertain him alone.

Unasked, he encroached upon their hospitality although he must have known it was disagreeable; and just at this juncture, the seemingly fated family experienced another reverse. By the treachery of one of Signor Marianni's most

trusted agents, the proceeds of his whole harvest were taken from him, and his house and a great part of his land were almost insufficient, when sold, to pay off his worthier vine-dressers.

But now the count seemed inspired with a sincere wish to do good. He bought Marianni's property at a high price, and offered it to him at a merely nominal value, to be paid only when the next harvest should yield its purple store. He offered, too, to loan him money; but this, Marianni would not consent to do; or rather, was dissuaded by his child from incurring an obligation that might never be cancelled.

"O, if Arthur were but here!" she one day exclaimed, not knowing that the count overheard her. He profited by the exclamation—set his servant to find out from the work people who "Arthur" was, and was soon in possession of the whole story of the young English artist who loved the signora so much and painted her so often.

One week from that day, the count received letters. He opened them, read one by one, and paused at the last, with an exclamation of well-affected horror. His host naturally inquired the cause of his emotion, and he accounted for it by saying that a young Englishman whom he had seen several times, had been murdered while crossing the Appenines. Beatrice heard and trembled, while her father asked the name. That name was Arthur Howard!

To describe the distress of the young girl at this terrible news, is impossible. Days and weeks came and went, but there still brooded over her the wings of despair. Her father, too, was completely prostrated; for he had loved the noble youth well, and would have gladly given him his daughter. He was struck with the delicacy of the count who, though evidently loving Beatrice, was yet too manly to intrude upon her grief. He had not yet learned the character of his guest. When calmness had succeeded to the first terrible agony of Beatrice, Vincenti renewed his addresses, and Marianni felt bound to encourage him. So completely indeed had he mesmerised his host, that he undertook his cause with his daughter, and even brought up his own obligations to him, alleging that he could never repay him what he owed him.

Meantime, Vincenti himself was all softness and sympathy—admired the constancy of her love, and only pressed his suit in the most gentle and tender manner. Hopeless in her grief, but feeling that her father's heart was now set upon her marrying the count, she accepted him, but with a weary, indifferent air, that showed too plainly that love had no part in the sacrifice.

He now carried his beautiful bride to his splendid home. She cared not whither she went, if her father accompanied her. For her husband she did not seem to care, nor for the splendors he lavished upon her. She would turn from him with such an air of listless weariness, that it pained her father to think of.

He did not like to have her left alone. It was difficult to say *why* he would not suffer her wounded spirit to brood over her recent grief, since he must be a fool indeed who could be jealous of the dead—but from some cause, he would not suffer Arthur Howard's name to be mentioned even by Signor Marianni himself.

Three months after this ill-omened marriage, the three were passing a week at the cottage. Vincenti had been out all day; a relief to poor Beatrice, who was ill at ease when those great black eyes were watching her and seeming to read her soul. She was sitting by her father, who had been greatly broken since his misfortunes, and recalling the time when this dear cottage was his own, and Arthur Howard was dwelling with them. A shadow darkened the doorway and Beatrice looked up. O, God! what face was that, risen from the grave! With the first glimpse, her senses fled, and her father, turning from her pale face, saw for the first time that it was Arthur Howard, instead of her husband, who had entered. She recovered to find herself in those dear arms—to hear how narrow was his escape, and how strange he thought her long silence. And while her tears fell fast, and her burning cheek told her emotion, her husband stood before her! There was a lurking demon in his eye when he bade her prepare to go home; and in an hour the ill-assorted pair were on their way. Her father lingered to tell Arthur the miserable story. It was pitiful to see the strong man weep.

"I shall leave Italy forever," said he, "but I must see Beatrice once more before I depart." He entreated his friend so strongly to allow him to do this, that he had not a heart to refuse; and he bade Arthur come to his house on the next Thursday when her husband would probably be absent.

All seemed favorable. The count went away and Arthur came. It was a painful meeting, but for any thought or act of guilt, it might have been witnessed by angels. Yet in that room, hidden by the heavy folds of the window curtain, was a face that might have belonged to Milton's Satan; and when the unhappy wife rose and gave her trembling hand to her lover, in token that the interview must terminate, the dreadful face glowered upon her sight.

There was a small room, scarce eight feet square, leading from this apartment, used by Beatrice as a sort of oratory. Here she had daily prayed for the soul of Arthur Howard, and into this room she instinctively pushed him, to shield him from encountering those diabolical eyes. There was but one egress from this little room, and that was into the one in which the husband and wife now stood. Window, there was none.

With a savage sneer, the count shut and locked the door. From a groove above, there might be seen the edge of a door or shutter of massive iron, which could be rolled down at pleasure. The count had explained this to Beatrice when she had discovered it, by saying what was really true, that the place had been used as a receptacle for family treasure, in times of danger.

He touched the chain, and the shutter rolled slowly down to the floor, completely covering the door; and then he sat down on a couch which he drew before it. Beatrice shrieked aloud, and fell on her knees before him. "You will not murder him!" she cried. "It is Arthur Howard—my father's friend and mine! he whom we believed was murdered by assassins. O, God! it was you who told the tale. If you wished his death then, O, spare him now. I have bidden him a last farewell. He will never come again."

"No, he never will come again, you may be sure. Sit still, madame. One word to call for help, and I will cut him in inch pieces before you."

The day passed wearily on. The eyes of Beatrice were fixed on the iron door with a dull, stupid gaze. At night the count rang for refreshments which she refused, but of which together with a quantity of wine, he partook heartily, declaring that his watch was to be a long one. Once or twice a deep moan issued from the closet, startling Beatrice into a deeper paleness, but heard by the count with a smile.

Every moment seemed an hour. One hope Beatrice still held—that her father would come for Arthur. Alas! he had hoped that Arthur was far on his way, for, unknown to her, he had bidden him farewell that morning, and Marianni had returned to the cottage to await his daughter and her husband.

Drearly the night went on. The count fell asleep at his post, and then the white hands of Beatrice were bruised and bloody, in her ineffectual attempts to raise the ponderous door. She even believed that Arthur heard her and spoke. Perhaps it was so; but this cannot be known until the earth gives up her dead.

Another day went by—another night! There had been but one witness to this fearful tragedy,

and she was fast journeying to the Eternal City, to bear the record of that terrible deed to the throne of God. Toward morning she grew delirious; called for her father and for Arthur. The name struck on the dull ear of the count, who was heavy with sleep and wine. When he wakened into consciousness, Beatrice had gone forever.

TRAVELLING FISHES.

The truth is, that in Ceylon, and elsewhere, certain fishes have the power of journeying over land in search of water, or, when water fails, of burying themselves, and becoming torpid until its return. Both of these habits of certain Indian fishes were learnt by the Greeks accompanying Alexander, and are recorded in the works of Aristotle and his pupil Theophrastus. The Romans ridiculed the notion. "Now," said Seneca, when quoting Theophrastus, "we must go to fish with a hatchet instead of a hook." Nevertheless, here is a fact. The doras of Guiana have been seen travelling over land during the dry season, in such numbers that the negroes have filled baskets with them. Sallegoix, in his account of Siam, names three species of fish which traverse the deep grass; and Sir John Browning, when ascending and descending the river to Bangkok, was amused with the new sight of fish leaving the river, gliding over its wet banks and disappearing in the jungle. All these fishes are of a kind with heads so constructed, that they carry with them moisture enough to keep their gills damp. In Ceylon, the chief traveller of this sort is a kind of perch six inches long. It generally travels by night through the dew; "but in its distress it is sometimes compelled to travel by day; and Mr. E. L. Layard, on one occasion, encountered a number of them travelling along a hot and dusty gravel road under the mid-day sun." Mr. Morris, government agent of Trincomalee, tells how, on the drying up of tanks, the fish crowd into the little pools, and roll by themselves in the gruelly mud. The same witness has seen them crawling by hundreds from the pools as they travel, drying and working over half a mile of hard soil, indented by the footprints of cattle, many of them falling into cracks, where they become the prey of kites and crows. —From Sir Emerson Tennent's *Travels in Ceylon*.

THE DANISH CUCKOO.

When in early springtime the voice of the cuckoo is first heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand and asks the question, "Cuckoo? Cuckoo! when shall I be married?" And the old folks borne down with age or rheumatism, inquire, "Cuckoo! when shall I be released from this world's cares?" The bird in answer continues singing "Cuckoo!" as many times as years will elapse before the object of their desire will come to pass. But as some people live to an advanced age, and many girls die old maids, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her, that the building season goes by; she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of a hedge-sparrow. —*Maryatt's Residence in Jutland*.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

In the afternoon there comes round a man selling cats'-meat—not the flesh of cats, but food for cats. All the cats know him, and when he calls out "cats'-meat!" keep your cat in the house if you can. The cats'-meat business is a great business in London. One of the prettiest villas near the city of London, I was told, belonged to a cats'-meat man, who used to buy old dead horses and cut them up for cats'-meat. He would sell the skin, and hair, and bones; we can very well imagine what they were sold for. Then he sold the nostrils and hoofs for jelly, and the blood for catsup, because that kind of blood is said to give a peculiarly fine flavor to catsup. So that you see that a great deal can be made out of a dead horse! Even the London criers are dying out. Their glory is departed. The links that connect the present with the past are becoming more and more lost every day. Many of the old customers have already disappeared, and we weep not for their loss. There are others that we can spare. We do not have the bull-baiting; but the butchers still prosecute their calling in the city, and it is a disgrace to the metropolis. The bull-ring has given place to the gymnasium, the cock-pit to the mechanic's institutions, and the whipping-post to the ragged schools. We no longer see in front of Newgate eight or ten wretches swinging from the hangman's rope, executed for crimes of every grade, from stealing a loaf of bread to murder. As we compare the past with the present, and see the intellectual and moral improvement which has been made, we can well spare the absence of external forms, the mummeries of dress, and the festive processions, which gave the London streets their peculiar greatness and charm of character in the days gone by. —*J. B. Gough's Lecture on London*.

SUPERSTITION AT COPENHAGEN.

Concerning the construction of these ramparts there is told a story so horrible I can hardly give credit to its truth, but the Danes themselves relate it. It appears that the earth crumbled down, giving way as fast as the workmen built it up. The engineers themselves were at fault, so they determined to consult a wise woman, who declared the mounds would always continue sinking unless a living child was buried underneath. So they prepared a recess of brickwork under the ramparts, and decorated it gaily with evergreens and flowers, and placed therein a little table and chairs, with toys and dolls, and sweetmeats, and a tree lighted with many little tapers; and having enticed a little girl of five years old, they clothed her in new garments, and brought her to the bower, accompanied by a band of music; and whilst the child in her delight played with the dolls and toys, the masons quickly closed up the aperture with solid brickwork, and shovelled the earth over it. From that time the ramparts sank no more. —*Jutland and the Danish Isles*.

MEMORY.

The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt;
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without.
O, then, if Reason waver at thy side,
Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide;
Go to thy birthplace, and, if faith was there,
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer!
O. W. HOLMES.

[ORIGINAL.]

MAGGIE MOORE.

BY CLARA ELIZABETH.

I wish that you could see her—
Our teacher young and fair:
With sunshine threading brightly
Her smoothly-braided hair,
As, tripping to the music
Her joyous heart would beat,
She came across the meadow
With light and flying feet.

I wish that you could see her—
Now, standing in the door,
Then, dancing like a sunbeam
Across the sanded floor:
Her hat all crowned with roses,
The bell within her hand,
To call to wisdom's portals
Our laughing, romping band.

I wish that you could see her
Through all the summer day,
As hours fled so swiftly
On hidden wings away;
While love within our young hearts
Dispelled each thought of care,
And nestled, like a warbler,
To sing forever there.

I wish that you could see her
When Requite Norton came
To visit this fair teacher,
Miss Maggie Moore by name.
We knew that she was happy,
Her bright face told us so;
But, like the summer flowers,
We feared that she would go.

I wish that you could see her,
As standing by his side
The gray-haired pastor made her
A loved and honored bride.
But tears were welling upwards;
There fell at least a score,
Because our gentle teacher,
Dear Maggie, was no "Moore."

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WITCH OF RHENFELS.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. M. F. MINOT.

"It is near the hour, my lady. It wants but fifteen minutes of midnight."

These words were spoken in a cautious tone, and she to whom they were addressed, a beautiful girl of nineteen summers, roused herself from the reverie into which she had been for a moment plunged.

"You are sure we can leave here unobserved, Elsie?" she murmured, tremulously.

"Yes, my lady," was the reply, "it is a good two hours since his lordship retired, and the last servant did so sometime ago; the way is clear before us."

"Then we will go at once," said the lady, "do you see? The signal torch is already burning in the tower of yonder ruin." And enveloping her youthful form in a black mantle that lay near by, the fair girl stole from her room, closely followed by her maid.

Noiselessly, like spectral shapes, they glided through the gloomy halls and galleries of the grim old castle, carefully avoiding the broad patches of light cast by the full moon on its tessellated floors, and passing through a small gateway, they emerged upon an avenue shaded by moss-grown oaks, the growth of centuries. This path they pursued for a time, and were about to issue into the clear moonlight, in order to gain the height on which stood the ruin where the Lady Helen was to meet her lover, when their steps were suddenly arrested.

"It is the witch Elspeth," whispered Lady Helen. And the two crouched trembling in the deepest shadow, feeling as if the burning glance of the tall, gaunt form standing a few paces off, would, if it had not already, detect them in their hiding-place.

But the witch, after a few moments, took a path leading to her home in the hamlet of Rhenfels, which lay in a contrary direction to that which they were to pursue, and with cautious steps the two continued their way. Silently, and with suppressed breathing, they glided on till they had passed the bounds of the estate of which Lord Rhenfels, Lady Helen's father, was the proprietor. Then Lady Helen ventured to express her thoughts.

"Do you know, Elsie," she murmured, "that I stand in great fear of the witch Elspeth? Not that I believe in her art, for I have no faith in witchcraft, but when my mother was living she offended Elspeth by refusing to cross her palm with gold to have her fate foretold, and by expressing at the same time a disbelief in her power. The enmity thus aroused lasted during my dear mother's lifetime, and at her death it was transferred to me, and now I feel as if the witch was about to accomplish some harm against me, for she has cast fearful glances on me of late. God grant that she may not have discovered our secret interviews!"

"Ah, my lady," responded the maid, "I believe that what is said of the witch Elspeth is true, that she is leagued with the prince of darkness, and that her charms do much evil. But you have nothing to dread from them, for there

is one more powerful than she, whose counter-spells will protect you. It is the sybil. She who dwells in the darkest recesses of the forest, on whose home no mortal eye has ever yet rested."

"I know the sybil is a true friend to me," replied Lady Helen; "but for that dark, mysterious being, Lord Alvar and I could never have met secure from discovery. Alas that one so noble as he should be hunted like a beast of prey! Guiltless of crime, he is charged with the most base of all offences, high treason. Would that Heaven might deliver to their just punishment the enemies who have so foully belied him!"

"Amen!" responded a voice, and at the same time a female figure issued from the forest along the borders of which they were passing. Her tall, stately form was clad in sable garments, and in her helmet-shaped cap of black velvet, a diamond crescent glittered. Her face, which was clearly revealed by the bright moonlight, was one of uncommon beauty, and wore an expression of lofty thought. But there was a shadow resting upon it, for a world of sadness lay in the depths of her large dark eyes.

"Maiden, you will realize your wish," said the sybil, grasping Lady Helen's hand, "though storm and darkness lie between you and its accomplishment, for I see with a prophetic eye. But fear not, God is with you."

Lady Helen did not reply, but her look told even better than words that she was prepared to suffer all things to attain the desired end, and the sybil without further comment led the way up the steep height on which stood the ruin. On reaching it, the sybil and maid stationed themselves as sentinels, while Lady Helen stole cautiously in.

"Heaven be praised! I feared lest some mishap had befallen you, it was so long past the hour," said her youthful lover; and he clasped his arm about her, conducting her with the tenderest care over the heaps of rubbish that obstructed their way. "This is for the last time. God alone knows when we shall again meet, Helen," said Lord Alvar, as they entered a small apartment that had for the most part escaped the ravages that marked the place. "Yonder lies the ship that will bear me, ere dawn, from all that would have made life dear. And Helen," he added, with sudden vehemence, while the storm that shook his soul was pictured in every lineament of his noble countenance, "at this late hour I crave your pardon for my thoughtless selfishness. For, believe me, not till this moment has it occurred to me how unmanly, how

ungenerous has been the part I have acted toward you. Bowed to the earth with the infamy that has attached itself to my name, I have yet clung to your love with a tenacity that admits of no excuse. Helen, you shall part from me this night free, and may you speedily forget one whose heaviest misfortune has been to cast this shadow over your pathway."

The young girl had listened with a face pale as the newly-fallen snow; but a deep crimson now tinged both cheek and lip as she replied:

"Herman, you do yourself the greatest injustice. When you stood high in favor at court, my father sanctioned our betrothal; and though a timid king has accredited the accusations of your enemies, though my father has commanded me to forget you, and you yourself, through a mistaken notion of honor, now would have me do the same, I refuse to break the tie that binds us, for, Herman, your misfortunes have, if possible, deepened my love. I know your soul to be untainted by aught of evil, and if in the future, justice is not done you, I will go, and as your wife, share your exile."

There was a moment's silence, and then Lord Alvar spoke.

"Helen," said he, in a voice nearly choked with emotion, "you are a ministering angel sent to calm the despair that has rent my soul with untold agonies, and if I do wrong in accepting this sacrifice, may God forgive me!" And a tear stole down his manly cheek as he clasped the fair girl to his heart.

Lady Helen would have spoken, but wild sobe came instead. She shortly regained her composure, however, soothed by her lover, who now in his turn uttered words of cheer. And then came a calm interchange of thought, till at last their farewell was spoken, and Lady Helen stood alone, gazing with strained vision, as the little boat, in which was her lover, glided in and out from the shadows cast by the cliffs on that rugged coast, and then shot rapidly toward the vessel that was to bear him, perhaps forever, from his native land.

"Ah," she exclaimed, as she strove to distinguish Lord Alvar's form among those that issued from the boat on its gaining the vessel's side, "in Herman Alvar, Scotland has lost its fairest jewel. God grant that the king ere long may see the error he has committed." And tearfully she turned away, and a moment after, accompanied by the sybil and her maid, moved homeward.

On reaching the oak-shaded avenue, the sybil left them, and with yet more cautious steps they moved toward the castle. The postern was

gained, and Lady Helen, closely followed by her maid, was passing within, when a shrill, mocking laugh rang out on the quiet air, and at the same time Elspeth the witch darted from her hiding-place, and confronted the terrified girl.

"Ha, ha," she shrieked, "you thought to outwit me, but with the aid of the self-styled sybil you have failed. Ha, ha, ha! I possess a power greater than hers, a power of which you little dream, skeptic that you are." And she swayed her bony hand threateningly. "But go in, go in," she added, with a sneer, "a choice scene is awaiting you, and I would not defer its enjoyment."

With these words she stepped aside, and at the same moment Lady Helen was seized with a powerful grasp, and borne within the castle. And well might she tremble, for the assaulter was her father, who with foaming lips and a face purple with rage, loaded her with abusive epithets.

"Traitor!" he howled, "how dare you league yourself with one branded as a regicide? But mark me, ere the dawn he shall be on his way to the scaffold in lieu of a foreign land, and while I secure the traitor, you are to remain in this good woman's care." And he pointed toward the witch, of whose presence Lady Helen had been till now unconscious. "Aha," he added, "you little dreamed the witch Elspeth was on your track. And, thank Heaven, she this night discovered your secret soon enough to save my name from eternal infamy." And with a curse he left the room, securing the door with his own hands.

A moment later, with a sinking heart, Lady Helen saw her father move rapidly away at the head of the small body of horsemen that had been hastily assembled from his own domain. But then a different mood seized her, and she determined to make an effort to save her lover. Rushing to a chest richly covered and ornamented, she unlocked it, and drew forth jewels of rare beauty and great value. These she extended toward the witch.

"Elspeth," she exclaimed, "these and more are yours if you will aid me in saving him. All, all that I may ever possess shall be yours," she added, observing the relentless look the witch's face wore.

But her proposal was received with the same wild, heartless laugh that had greeted her once before that night, and her blood chilled with horror as again and again it rang through the room, till finally the witch exclaimed:

"Well, you are credulous at last. In the extremity of your despair you seek my aid, but I

tell you, were the world's wealth at your command, I would not forego the gratification of my hatred toward you. Ha, ha, ha! this is a happy moment to old Elspeth." And placing her hands on the fair girl's shoulders, she fixed her burning, cat-like eyes upon her, while a sneer curled her thin, feline lips.

At this Lady Helen recoiled, a haughty indignation flashing from her azure eyes, usually so gentle in their expression.

"Woman, how dare you show this familiarity toward me?" she exclaimed.

"Because you dared to bribe me," replied the witch, with an awkward attempt at dignity. "But," she added, sarcastically, "I cannot be tempted from my duty toward your father, who has entrusted you in my keeping, even by jewels fair as those you offer, though my Lord Alvar would have stolen the royal treasure and murdered his king."

Lady Helen did not reply to this, but the witch trembled now before her, and would fain have recalled her words, for there was that in the young girl's mien that filled her with awe, despite her audacity. It was truth facing falsehood. That slight, youthful form seemed to have expanded to majestic proportions, and the beautiful face had become white as the sea-foam, while her whole soul was concentrated in the withering, scornful glance that Lady Helen fixed on the witch, who, unable to endure it, shrank away to the remotest corner of the room, where she crouched in abject humiliation.

But Lady Helen, suddenly unmindful of the witch's presence, of everything save her lover's danger, now threw herself on her knees, and during the long hours that followed, poured forth her soul in prayer for his deliverance. And her prayer was answered, for ere the party had accomplished the distance between them and their coveted prey, wind and tide had borne him beyond their reach.

It was a cruel fate that had thus compelled Lord Alvar to become an exile, after three months of wandering, during which he had several times narrowly escaped detection. But though a more loyal subject had never trod on Scottish ground, his enemies, men of ignoble birth, but favorites with James the Third, had succeeded in poisoning the mind of the king against him. They had accused him of conspiring with others to gain possession of the royal treasure, which was to be forwarded to the king's brother, the Duke of Albany, who had fled into England, and whom they said Lord Alvar had sworn to aid in his efforts to ascend the Scottish throne.

Thus accused, and allowed no defence, Lord Alvar had been thrown into prison, with the prospect of a speedy execution, but he succeeded in effecting his escape on the third night after his arrest, and now after unparalleled sufferings he had thus narrowly escaped a recapture that would have been at once followed by an ignominious death.

Months had passed, during which Lady Helen had been closely watched, but now she was a prisoner in her father's castle, for Lord Rhenfels had sworn that ere Christmas, which was near, she should become the bride of a neighboring baron, to whom he had betrothed her shortly after Lord Alvar's escape, and who was a proud, stern man, possessed only of the harsher traits that mark human nature.

The unhappy girl had received no word from her lover since his flight, and as the day of her trial drew near, she, in her despair, prayed for death as a release from her sufferings. One night she was thus employed, when a hand was laid gently on her shoulder, and looking up she beheld the sybil. Lady Helen suppressed the cry that rose to her lips.

"I gained access to the castle as a wandering minstrel and fortune teller," said the sybil, in answer to Lady Helen's inquiry, and pointing to her male attire, "In this last character I administered a powder to your keeper that was to render him irresistible in the eyes of the maid whose love he coveted, and he now lies at your door in a dreamless slumber which has enabled me to abstract the key from his girdle, and thus reach you. If you wish to escape, the means are now yours."

"Heaven knows how gladly I would fly anywhere to avoid the fearful doom that threatens me," exclaimed Lady Helen, wildly.

"And are you willing to espouse Lord Alvar to-night," queried the sybil, "and flee with him to a foreign land? He is awaiting you with a priest who is ready to perform the nuptial rite."

"Has Lord Alvar indeed returned?" ejaculated Lady Helen, overcome at this abrupt announcement. "God be praised! O, let us hasten, hasten! Gladly will I become his wife, and flee forever from this scene of our misery, for it is the hand of God that has brought him here, at this, the eleventh hour." And she quickly assumed the disguise the sybil had brought, upon which the two stole from the castle, moving cautiously but rapidly toward the seashore.

Not till they had entered a subterranean passage which, the sybil assured Lady Helen, with the cave to which it led, was unknown to any

save herself, did the two venture again to speak; but then the young girl learned that Lord Alvar had that day returned, and had immediately sought the sybil, who had revealed the secret of her abode only to himself and Lady Helen, and that they had together arranged the plan for her escape, thus anticipating by a day, one that the sybil had already formed in her own mind for the fair girl's deliverance.

And as a quietus to Lady Helen's fears lest the witch should again betray her, the sybil informed her that Elspeth had some weeks before gone away on a mission of her own, when she had contracted a disorder of which she had died, and that the hut she had occupied was now the temporary abode of a gipsy chief, who, with his band had for some days infested the neighborhood, and who was about to receive orders to leave under pain of summary punishment in case of delay.

Thus re-assured, Lady Helen followed the sybil into the cave with a heart bounding with the hope of happiness in the future. And as she felt her lover's arms once more clasped about her, a scene in accordance with the tumultuous joy that thrilled her being, met her bewildered gaze. It seemed the effect of enchantment, for Nature with her mysterious workings had here blended with harmonious touch the beautiful, gorgeous, grand, sublime, and had stamped the whole with that mystic meaning that gives to fancy so glorious a realm in which to soar.

Proud shapes were there in the majesty of stern repose, and high above them towered vast columns enwreathed with the purest crystals, and sustaining as it were in conscious might the vaulted roof whose glittering surface seemed strewn with gems. The voice of water also fell on the ear, as, murmuring their own harmonious lullaby, they sought rest in a basin white as the sculptor's marble, and enwreathed with crystallized mosses. And beside this fountain, with the waters chanting in harmonious diapason, the lovers stood to breathe their marriage vows.

It was a striking group, the priest with his long white hair and beard, the youthful pair in the flush of their unrivalled beauty, and the dark, majestic form of the sybil standing by in pleasing contrast, while at a little distance, in holiday attire, were two servants who had clung to Lord Alvar through all his misfortunes.

With deep, impressive voice the priest had commenced the marriage rite, when there rang on the air a sound in fearfully discordant contrast, the voice of Elspeth the witch, who at the same moment rushed toward the party, followed by Lord Rhenfels and his retainers.

A conflict, short as it was desperate, followed, and with a wild cry Lady Helen fell senseless as she saw her lover overpowered and borne away captive, while Elspeth the witch brandished her long arms and shouted in demoniacal joy at the success of the ruse she had practised.

When the unhappy girl again recovered consciousness she found herself in her own room, in which the morning sun was brightly shining, and near her was seated Elspeth the witch, in whose custody she had been once more placed.

"Aha," exclaimed the latter, "old Elspeth has triumphed at last! You are all now caught in toils from which there is no escape, for know that the self-styled sybil is also a prisoner. Ha, ha, ha! she thought me dead. But not a look, not a word, not a motion of hers has escaped me; and when you and she moved so securely into the cave, I and my party followed closely in your track and concealed ourselves till the right moment in the deep alcove. Dame Nature had so obligingly made near the entrance. Ha, ha, those whom the fates have doomed strive in vain for deliverance!"

And the witch stood with a countenance more repulsive than ever, awaiting the expected reply to her taunting speech, but Lady Helen had become suddenly unconscious even of her presence, being attracted by a scene without that at once absorbed her every thought, for they were bearing away her lover, who was bound hand and foot, and surrounded by a guard armed to the teeth. A cry of the deepest agony escaped her, as with strained vision she followed the receding band, a cry which told that hope had now become extinct.

"Lost, lost!" she exclaimed, wildly. "Herman, God grant that I may quickly follow thee into the spirit world!" And she was about to turn from the window, giddy with the anguish that tore her heart, when shouts loud and clear rang on the air as a new party appeared to view.

It was a gay company, in striking contrast with the one it was about to meet. The riders, borne by their prancing steeds, glittered in gorgeous array, and at their head rode one whom, aside from the shouts of "The king! the king! Long live the king!" Lady Helen would have at once recognized as Scotland's sovereign. Her anguish, which seemed to have reached its height, grew even deeper at this unlooked-for event.

"O, Heaven spare me, spare me from drinking of this bitter cup!" she groaned. "They will doubtless now murder him before my very eyes. Herman, would that I might die for you!" And the fair girl now stood spell-bound, as in a fearful vision, awaiting what might follow.

She saw the king advance alone, and, motioning away the guard, face the prisoner. Words seemed to pass between them, and then, evidently at the king's command, Lord Alvar's fetters were stricken from him, and the next moment he was riding, at his sovereign's right hand, toward the castle.

"O, this must not, cannot prove an illusion!" exclaimed the bewildered maiden. "It is a blissful reality that will soon be explained to me!" And she sank on a couch, nearly overcome by this sudden revulsion of feeling.

And the witch, she too had been an absorbed spectator of the scene that had just transpired, and she now stood, gazing alternately at Lady Helen and at the two parties that had by this time nearly reached the castle, while the baleful fire, expressive of disappointed hate, burning in her sunken eyes, and the livid hue that spread itself over her thin, wrinkled visage, rendered her aspect more than ever repulsive. A hiss finally escaped through her compressed lips, and she was about to speak, when a rushing of feet and sudden opening of the door arrested her.

"Ha, witch, base sorceress, you are about to suffer the doom you have so long deserved!" exclaimed one of those who with rude hands now held and bound her. And a moment later she was borne away, shrieking and howling, while fearful execrations burst from her at this unlooked-for change in her destiny.

In the meantime the sybil had glided in, and now, with the head of her youthful protegee pillowed on her bosom, she explained the mysterious events of the morning.

"The king," said she, "who you know has been sojourning at the castle of the Baron of Eglestane, ten miles away, last night received a confession, written on his deathbed, from one of his favorites, Sir John Merton, stating that he, with two others, Homer Exeter and Abner Brown, who both also stood high in the king's favor, had been guilty of perjury in charging Lord Alvar with the crime of high treason. The reason for this, he said, was jealousy lest the young lord, with his grace and accomplishments, should supplant them with the king, and he now humbly craved pardon for the crime that, with another he was about to confess, had brought such darkness and terror to his last hours. On learning this," continued the sybil, "his majesty immediately caused the arrest of the two accomplices, who were attached to his retinue, and he has also issued a proclamation announcing Lord Alvar's innocence, and his restoration to the favor and rights he had so unjustly forfeited. And learning, on starting for the capital this

morning, that his lordship, your father, had captured Lord Alvar, and was about to bear him thither, the king proceeded here, 'to announce in person,' he said, 'to the gallant subject who had been so foully belied, his restoration to the royal favor.' Thus, my child," added the sybil, "has God rescued Lord Alvar from the awful doom that awaited him, restoring to you both a happiness apparently lost forever. And this is not the only result of that confession, for there was a clause in it concerning myself, particularly, and which has restored to me also a lost position and honor."

And with tears flowing fast, the sybil went on to explain that years before, when Lady Helen was an infant, she had become the reluctant bride of the Baron of Avandale, who died shortly after, with every symptom of having been poisoned. The suspicions thus aroused were at once fixed on the innocent and unhappy wife, who by flight narrowly escaped a felon's death. For days she wandered amid dreary wilds, subsisting on the scanty supply of roots and berries that she found, till at last, in the extremity of her despair, she revealed herself to Lady Rhenfels, who had for years been her confidant. The latter soon found a place that promised safety to her unfortunate friend, and the following day she became the occupant of a rude stone hut that stood within the forest, and which years before had been the abode of a hermit, whose ghost was said to haunt the spot, thus rendering it universally avoided. And as an additional security she assumed the guise and character of a sybil, which enabled her to mingle at will with her kind, who, by the tact and ability with which she sustained her part, soon came to regard her with a species of awe that excited the ire as well as jealousy of the witch Elspeth, who thus became her mortal enemy, and who, hating Lady Helen as she did for her mother's sake, had had a double motive for the relentless course she pursued.

But the clause in Sir John Merton's confession had sealed the witch's doom, as well as restored the sybil, and disclosed the following—that the Baron of Avandale had bequeathed in his will a rich legacy to one Charles Forest, his nephew, who, impatient to possess the treasure, with the aid of his friend, Sir John Merton—to whom he afterwards gave a large reward—had plotted for the death of his uncle, employing for this purpose, Elspeth the witch, who succeeded in secretly mixing the fatal poison with the baron's drink, a crime for which she perished on the gallows a few hours after her arrest.

But a bright dawn had opened on her intended

victim. And at Christmas Lord Alvar and Lady Helen spoke their nuptial vows, in the presence of their sovereign and the entire court, whose most brilliant ornament, next to the fair bride, was one who gazed upon the happy pair with a mother-like pride, the Baroness of Avandale.

BUSINESS SIGNS IN LONDON.

A stranger is surprised in London by some of the signs, which have been handed down for generations, which are used to distinguish particular places of business. Many of them are perfectly unmeaning, but are corruptions of the original signs. A public house was called "The Bag of Nails," which was derived from the old name, "The Bacchanals." "The Bull and Goat" was corrupted from "The Bologne Gate," as the place was called in compliment to Henry VIII., who took the place in 1642. There is another public house called "The Goat and Compasses." It was established in the old Puritan times. In the days of Cromwell, it was "God encompasses us," but in Queen Victoria's time it is "The Goat and Compasses." There is one public house called "The Three Loggerheads." The sign has a picture of *two* men, and the inscription underneath:

"We three
Loggerheads be."

And the passer-by wonders, as he reads it, where on earth the third loggerhead can be.—*John B. Gough.*

INSECT APPETITE.

The man who wished he had a throat a mile long, and a palate all the way, might envy the feats performed in the world of insignificance. Some insects are endowed with an appetite so keen and a digestion so rapid, that they eat incessantly throughout the whole of their lives. They begin as soon as they are born, and go steadily on till they die. Their existence is a feast, without a change of plates, or a pause between the courses. Morning, noon and night their mouths are full, and an endless procession of favorite food gratifies the unwearied palate. They know not the names of meals. Breakfast commenced with infancy, and their only after-dinner nap is a passage to another state of existence.—*Once a Week.*

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.

A gentleman being overtaken by a shower, sought shelter from the rain in the cabin of a negro fiddler. On entering, he found the negro in the only dry spot, the chimney corner, as happy as a clam, fiddling away most merrily. Our traveller tried to keep dry, but the rain came in from all quarters. At length he said, "Jack, why don't you fix your house?" "O, cause 'er rain so I can't." "But why don't you fix it when it's not raining?" "O, when 'er don't rain 'er don't want any fixin'." There are millions who go through life like this colored person, without making any provision for a rainy day.—*New York Picayune.*

[ORIGINAL.]

WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

BY WILLIAM WARD.

When thou art near, my love,
Methinks the evening star
Sheds on the earth and me
A brighter ray by far.
The wind's low whisper seems
Sweeter, love, to me
Whene'er I listen to its tone
With thee, my love, with thee!

When thou art near, my love,
The gentle moonbeams fall
With more bewitching grace
Upon the earth and all;
And sorrow leaves my heart,
And all is joy to me,
Whene'er I pass the hours
With thee, my love, with thee!

[ORIGINAL.]

COUNT CASARES'S BRIDE.

A TALE OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY T. P. EDGEWORTH.

It had been a bright day in February, 1760—more than a hundred years ago. From the walls of Fort St. Marks the Spanish banner still floated proudly, and the echoes of the sunset gun died away slowly among the narrow streets, and the quaint, low-built houses of *la siempre fiel ciudad de San Augustin*. Nearly two centuries had passed since the brave, but cruel and bloody Pedro Menendez de Aviles made the first permanent settlement upon the shores of the Western continent, and the flag which he had there raised, was as yet ununsplanted by that of a victorious enemy.

On the walls of the strong and stately castle, a young officer was walking, slowly humming to himself a Castilian love song. He was very youthful, apparently not more than twenty years of age, but bore in his countenance the marks of a firmness and daring that the world seldom attributes to one of so gay a smile and so laughing an eye. He was clad in the steel corselet of the period, and wore at his side a trusty Toledo blade; but on his head, instead of the heavy helmet, there rested a blue silken cap, richly wrought with gold thread, and curiously trimmed with the soft feathers of the Florida red-bird. He was alone on the ramparts, and his thoughts apparently wandered towards the ancient city that lay outstretched before him, half hid by its groves of orange trees just then in bloom, and filling the air with their sweet perfume; for once he pass-

ed in his solitary walk, and gazed earnestly towards a stately mansion but a little distance from the fort, so near, indeed, that the splashing of the water in the courtyard fountain fell distinctly upon his ear in the quiet twilight. But the outer windows of the house were firmly closed, and with a dissatisfied look he resumed his monotonous pace.

The twilight quickly deepened into evening—for in those southern latitudes night so quickly follows day that the interval can scarcely be noted—nothing disturbed the quiet except the shrill cry of the homeward flying curlew, or the occasional challenge of the sentinel. But the young man continued his walk, till, at last, as the full moon rose slowly over the island of St. Anastasia, the tinkling notes of a guitar came faintly from the house towards which he had been gazing, and presently, as he stopped to listen, a female voice accompanied them, at first, so low that he could scarcely distinguish the air, or the words, but soon swelling out so rich and clear, as the singer gained confidence, as to remove all doubts from his mind. It was the air he had been humming to himself. Taking the silken velvet cap from his head, he first passionately pressed it to his lips and his heart, and then waved it thrice above him. From an aperture in one of the windows of the house, a white handkerchief fluttered for a moment in the air. It was quickly withdrawn, but the young man had seen it, and his pace sensibly quickened as he continued his walk, still humming the old love ditty.

Another had seen it too, for as the guitar's notes ceased, an older officer mounted the rampart and walked towards him. He was past the middle age of life, and his face, covered with deep scars, but poorly concealed by a short grizzly beard, wore a most sinister and forbidding aspect. Heavy lines beneath his eye, and a yellow, jaundiced complexion, told of the ravages which years of dissipation had made. Yet Alfonso del Caboso was a brave man and a valiant soldier, and had won himself no little fame in the late wars with the English colony of Georgia. But an evil reputation for sins of cruel licentiousness hung about him, and even in those days, and among the wild warriors of a foreign garrison, caused him to be looked upon with loathing and detestation.

"How now, sir count!" he said, saluting the young officer as he approached him, "what mean those dulcet strains that just now floated to mine ears? Methinks the syrens of old have come to these wild western shores to renew on the officers of our lonely castle the wiles they practised so unsuccessfully on the crafty Ulysses."

"I am but a poor scholar," replied the count,

laughing, "but I fancy it was but the song of some fair village maiden that greeted the ears of *Senor del Caboso*. The marshes and swamps in this American province of these most puissant lieges, would be but a poor dwelling place for goddesses."

"Yet such are even here in the eyes of Count *Roderigo*, if the rumors that fill the garrison may be credited, and if I mistake not, the wings of one just now gleamed from yonder casement, a fair leman too, if these same reports are not true." And he pointed as he spoke to the window from which a light was even now throwing its radiance far out across the bay.

"I know not," replied the count, somewhat hotly, for the light tone of the debauchee chafed him, "what reports the *Senor del Caboso* may have heard; nor boots it me to heed the idle gossip of a garrison, but this I know, that if the beauty of the *Senorita Inez de Concha* be but as great as the sweetness of her voice, she would be a fitting consort of our most royal king."

"Nay, what a pity that we have not in our province the somewhat free and looser manners of our Georgian neighbors, whereby one might now and then gaze on such a peerless maid, instead of dreaming only of her eyes, as we *Castilians* must perforce. It is indeed a shame and a useless pretence, to ape the manners of lordly *Madrid* in this wild, and so to keep the fair ones under lock and key that never a brave soldier can catch a glimpse of one, save by some lucky chance, till the husband leads her forth from her privacy to mingle with the world. A very shame and a pretence, for there is not one of these same precious maidens, that would not meet her lover alone if she had but the power to do so, and would grant him too, not only a glimpse of her face, but all favors the most daring could ask for. Ah, rare girls are these of this little city of ours. And fair lemans will they be to take back to Spain with us."

"I prithee, spare one from your jests," said the count, the color glowing through his swarthy cheek. "The *Senorita Inez* is no fit subject for comments. The eye of man—save in her own family—has never gazed upon her charms, and she is as pure and lovely as the unfledged dove. I wear her gift upon my brow, and blush not, to own myself her lover. The stars favoring, she shall cross the waves with me, and reign my love and wife in the halls of beloved Spain. So guard thy speech, *Senor del Caboso*, or thy blood be on thy head."

"Much grieved am I, sir count," the *senor* responded, with a courtly bow, while a fiendish smile played about his lips, "to mar so fair a scheme,

nor could I find it in my heart by word or deed of one so humble and so far gone, *senor*, as I, to harm such sweet projects. But foul blood must never blot the fair escutcheon of *Casares*. Know you this rose?" he added, drawing from his breast a bud whose crushed golden petals exhaled a delicious perfume.

"Ay," responded *Casares*, while a frown gathered on his brow. "There is but one garden in *St. Augustine* that bears them."

"And in that garden blooms a fairer flower than even this rose," added *Del Caboso*, tossing the petals contemptuously from the rampart. "Ay, she is indeed most fair. Fame for once has spoken truly. Seldom have mine eyes beheld one more lovely. And her voice is as sweet as her form is graceful. The music of the *Harp of Alvor* is harsh compared with it. It whispers love as softly as the south wind stirs the orange blossoms. Of a verity, sir count, you should hearken unto it."

"How mean you, *senor*? Dare you breathe aught against the virgin fame of *Senorita Inez*?"

"Virgin fame forsooth. Nay, I charge nothing against the fame of any virgin. But, sir count, of my leman I speak as I will."

"Enough, *senor*. I know the arts by which you have sought to gain her love, and the proud and haughty air with which she repulsed your licentious advances. I know whence came that rose, and how your thievish valet stole it from beneath my pillow. I charge these foul calumnies home upon thee, more false knight, and bid thee own them as such, or die." And as he spoke, he laid his hand upon his sword hilt.

The traitorous soldier trembled for a moment, but only for a moment, for though a false and traitorous man, he was still a brave and valiant warrior, and with a lowering brow and proud and menacing look, he answered back:

"Such words as these but ill become young boys to men of older age and tried steel. *Del Caboso* never yet refused to stand by what his lips had uttered."

"Then guard thyself, and God favor the right!" was the quick answer, and at the word, two sharp and slender rapiers glistened in the moonlight, and with fierce eyes, but silently, the rivals crossed their angry steel.

The contest was long and severe; for practice and coolness in the one compensated for the strength and agility of youth in the other, but at last, as *Del Caboso* made a backward step to avoid a home thrust, his foot slipped on a mossy fragment of stone, and in an instant the count's sword passed through his breast, and he sank powerless on the rampart.

"Now yield thee, senor, and avow thy fiendish lies," exclaimed the count, leaping towards his fallen adversary, and holding the point of his rapier to his throat. "Retract thy base falsehoods, or, by our holy patron saint, thou diest like a dog."

"I yield me," responded Del Caboso, faintly; for the life-blood was fast flowing from his veins. "I yield me to thy mercy. For Jesus's sake bring the holy padre that I may make confession of my sins, nor leave this world without his sacred unction. I know not Senorita Inez," he added, as he saw the glistening rapier still menacing him. "For all me, and for all I know, she is as pure as an Andalusian snow-flake. Carlo gave me the rose. Haste thee, good count, haste thee, for I am weak and dying."

Sheathing his yet bloody sword, the court hurried away, and in a few moments returned with the priest and the surgeon. But the wound was beyond the power of the latter, and in a little while, Del Caboso breathed his last, having first received priestly absolution, and relieved Count Casares from all blame of his death.

Few mourners there were for him in that garison, for his proud and haughty mien had alienated all hearts from him. Even those who through fear had courted his company, and sat most frequently at his table, were secretly glad he was gone. Perhaps the saddest of any of the little group which gathered around the new-made grave, just outside the ramparts, was the young Count Casares. It was the first life his sword had taken, and though, according to the moral code of those days, he was more than justified, he could not help remembering that life had been as dear to the man above whose senseless corpse he was standing, as to him, and that a feeling of disappointed love which that now silent heart had known, was a palliation for many sins.

But Casares had soon other matters to think of. The duel had been fought without witnesses and within the fort, and he was therefore arrested for disobedience to two orders. The commander was away at Havana, so that the trial could not be held for many weeks. Meanwhile, the fiery young officer must remain a prisoner in the lonely cells which the old janitor still shows to the curious visitor. It was on the western side of the fort—the same cell that was afterwards occupied by the noted Black Hawk, in the days of the early Indian wars.

It was a gloomy room—narrow and high-vaulted, and lighted by only a single window near the roof. A bedstead, a chair and washstand were all its furniture. No carpet was on its stony floor. The bare, naked, cold walls frowned sul-

lenly on the young man, and for much of the day the room was too dark for reading by sunlight.

But Casares was of a blithe and cheerful temperament, and though his spirit chafed at the long confinement, he was ever looking forward confidently, to a certain acquittal; and with frequent visits of his comrades and many books, time wore away speedily.

Perhaps another circumstance contributed to render his imprisonment less tedious. Each evening, after the sun's rays had taken their farewell of him, and the darkness began to gather, there rose from the house outside the castle walls, the light notes of a guitar, accompanied by a female voice, and always one among the songs of the unknown minstrel, was the air he heard on the fatal night of his arrest. It made his heart beat quicker, and the blood fly to his face. He tried to clamber to the window to gain a sight at his serenader, but the bars were too closely placed to admit of his thrusting his head out far enough. He could only wave his handkerchief as a signal that she was heard. Sometimes, indeed, but always at a distance, he saw a slender form disappear into the gloom that shaded the low-roofed city. It seemed as though half his life went with it.

All things must have an end, Providence has decreed, however long that end seems to be in coming; and so at last the commander returned and the trial was held. Casares was found guilty, but the provocation he had received was well known, and, to the Spanish mind especially, was deemed more than sufficient. So the same sentence which pronounced him guilty gave him his pardon, and bade him go forth a free man.

Pleasant indeed was the balmy spring air to the tired and worn prisoner. Pleasant was the broad, bright expanse of blue sky that greeted his eyes, so long used to gaze only on the gray stone walls of his cell. Pleasant was the smell of fragrant violets and roses as he passed them in the little courtyard, far different from the hot, stifling odor they gave out in his close room. And grateful it was to his cramped limbs, to wander freely at will along the stately ramparts, or through the narrow streets of the ancient city. Only he who has been long imprisoned by men or illness, can fully realize the priceless value of health and freedom.

Many congratulations were heaped upon the officer, not only by his fellow-soldiers, but by the citizens with whom his genial manners and cheerful temper had made him a deserved favorite. They crowded about him to testify their pleasure at his appearance, and presents, and invitations

to their houses, were showered upon him. It chanced that very night a ball was given to the officers of the garrison, at which he was specially urged to assist. He was the more eager to attend because a rumor had come to his ears that the fair Inez was to be there.

Strange to say, as yet he had never met her. The customs of old Spain were maintained with equal, perhaps greater strictness in the American colonies, and young girls were never permitted to receive the visits of members of the other sex, and indeed seldom saw them, except at some ball, and then always in the presence of some grim duenna. Few of these parties had been given since Casares arrived at the Fort St. Marks, and at none of these had the two chanced to meet, and thus it happened, that save by rumor, her face and form were wholly unknown to him. Yet in his heart the fire of love burned none the less warmly. The soft, sweet accents of her voice had enkindled a passion that nothing could extinguish. He had sought to win her love by letters, glowing with the warmth of his passion, which a bribed servant had secretly conveyed; by bouquets, in which the flowers conveyed a hidden meaning to her; and by nightly serenades beneath her window, to which a faint response at last told him the fair maiden was not indifferent. Now he only waited to meet her, and declare the love which consumed him. Impatiently he longed for the happy hour that should bring him to her side, and let him feast his eyes upon those charms which only in his dreams he had as yet beheld—how impatiently, only he that has once loved can imagine, and to him no words of portrayal are needful.

It was a warm May night when Casares ascended the steps of the governor's palace, with a firm step, but a flushed cheek and wildly beating heart. He was alone, for he had hastened away before the rest of his associates, eager to hurry to the mansion within whose gaily hung walls was she who was dearer to him than all the world beside. It was yet early, though a few stars were glimmering in the sky.

A sudden blaze of light burst upon him, as the doors of the drawing-room were thrown open, and the servant announced, the Count Casares. The parlors were brilliantly illuminated and gorgeously hung with flags of all the then known nations. At the further end of the room was a group of richly dressed maidens, with dark, Spanish complexions, raven tresses, and eyes black as midnight and bright as its stars. With them were a few withered duennas and some elderly men.

Casares stood in the doorway a moment, half

bewildered. This sudden entrance into a world of life and beauty was too much for the tired prisoner. He was transfixed with surprise and admiration. Fortunately, the governor saw him and hastened to his rescue.

"Thanks, noble count, for this speedy visit. Many a prayer has been offered in this mansion for thy safe deliverance, and many a bright eye of Augustine's fair ones has wept because of thy long entombment in the dungeons of yonder frowning fortress. Thrice welcome to our midst."

The count bowed his thanks silently, but his glances were secretly turned towards the group that stood before him. The governor remarked the direction of his eyes, and said, playfully:

"Ah, count, I see. Gray hairs and wrinkles have but small attractions when youth and grace are by. Well, be it so. The rose soon fades. It is wisdom to breathe its fragrance while we may. And one there is in yonder bevy of smiling maidens, who, if report speaks truly, is not unknown to the Count Casares. The fair Senorita Inez is there, let us seek her." And he offered his arm to the count.

But the young man answered, his eyes lighting up with a strange, lambent fire, and his cheeks crimsoning as he spoke: "I would fain seek her myself, Senor Governor, for though her face I have never looked upon, there is in my heart a perception of her loveliness that will not let me mistake her. I prithee, let me search for her alone among these many fair ones."

"As it pleases thee," answered the governor, not unwillingly, for he perceived the young man's thoughts, and was not reluctant that love should be his guide to the feet of his mistress. "As it pleases thee, but there are many lovely maidens in Augustine, and take good heed thy footsteps do not wander."

But the young count was already on his way through the long and spacious parlors of the palace. Many and curious were the glances that fell upon him as he approached. All had heard of his bravery and manly beauty, and all were eager to see him, though wondering why, a stranger to them, he advanced alone. He walked slowly, casting earnest and piercing glances before him on every side. As he came near, maidenly modesty and habits of prudery overcame girlish curiosity, and they shrank back on either hand, making for him a path through their midst.

There were lovely women in that ample hall, gay with southern flowers and many-colored streamers. It was a time of comparative peace with the northern colonies, and Pennsylvania and distant New England had sent many of their

beauties to the far south to escape the snows and harsh inclemencies of a northern winter. These perchance, fell back somewhat less, as the warrior approached, for the training of their homes though certainly to the full as rigid as that of the Spanish dames on all matters of morals and decorous reserve, was more lenient respecting the sexes in the everyday walk of life, relying for the safety of maidenly purity rather on principles carefully instilled into their minds from youth, than on material bolts and bars—poor defences against wild and raging passion. So all classes of beauty were present, from the sunny, laughing blonde with golden curls falling upon a neck of snow, and eyes out-rivalling the deepest blue of August seas, to the dark brunette, with the warm blood richly glowing through her southern cheek, tresses black as the wing of night, and lips full and ripe, and quivering as the tremulous fires of sunset. The most ardent admirer of graceful motion and sylph-like forms might have found enough to satiate his sense of beauty as the gay girls swayed to and fro, looking with startled eyes upon the slowly moving count.

But though his glances were ever wandering about him, they seemed unsatisfied, and yearning for more than they saw, and each fair girl on whom in turn they were cast, felt inwardly vexed and wounded at his indifference, as he turned from her. It was not thus they were used to be met, the few times they appeared in public. Far other glances than such cold and calm ones were they accustomed to. What meant such want of ardor in one so young and full of life and gayety as the young count?

He passed on through their midst, still ever turning his eyes to the right and left, and still withdrawing them with the same air of insatiate longing till he had nearly reached the end of the hall, when suddenly his whole countenance changed of an instant, as if a magician's wand had waved before him, and transfixed him.

Close by one of the recesses, half embowered in festoons of flowers, and long gray moes that hung from the ceiling, stood a young girl scarcely seventeen. She was above the medium height, but so slightly built that as her light form swayed to and fro it seemed like the movement of the willow tree. Her glossy black hair, decked here and there with pure white camellias, was gathered in close braids about a brow purer and fairer than any of the northern maidens could boast of. From beneath long drooping lashes, gleamed eyes, dark, dreamy and lustrous. As Count Casares paused before her, her small white hands clasped each other involuntarily, and her delicately cut lips quivered for an instant, but her face was pale

as marble and she uttered not a word. Only a glance of the eye said: "I am she whom thou art seeking." Slowly, on bended knee, even there in that crowded hall, regardless of all but her and the love he bore her, the count sank upon his knee.

"Inez, dearest Inez," he murmured, softly, "I have come. Nay, look not coldly on my love. Art thou not mine? Wilt thou not leave with me these western shores and seek the orange groves of fair Seville? Say, dearest," and he turned his eyes upward imploringly.

The blood rushed tumultuously to the lady's cheek, but her lips were mute. Only she reached her hand to bid her lover rise. He clasped it to his heart and covered it with fiery, passionate kisses.

Early in June, the good ship *San Jose* left the harbor of St. Augustine, and among the many who gazed fondly from its decks for the last time on *la fiel ciudad*, were the noble Count Casares and his smiling, blushing bride.

A HARDY SNAKE.

From Koum Chi we moved towards Bunarbashi. When very near, I saw a snake between four and five feet long swiftly gliding. I sprang to the ground, and with my sword made a blow which severed about four inches of the tail from the body. The snake immediately reared to attack me, and opened very considerable jaws. A cry from the Turk, warning me to retire, seemed to frighten the snake, for he immediately darted forward, but I overtook him, and, as he rose with violent fury, to project himself upon me, my sword happily cut him in half. The head portion, however, continued to advance, and would have gained security, if Allen had not most opportunely severed the head within about three inches from the body. Even then the head advanced several feet, and continued to the last eager for revenge, gripping the sword that was thrust into its mouth.—*Private Diary of Gen. Sir Robert Wilson.*

THE TEETH.

Take care of your teeth; cleanse them with a brush. This simple direction, faithfully followed, will ordinarily keep the teeth good till old age. I would urge this, because, if neglected, the following are the results: Your breath will become offensive from defective teeth; your comfort will become destroyed by frequent toothache; your health will suffer for want of good teeth to chew your food; at last, though not least, you will early lose your teeth, which will materially affect your voice both in speaking and singing. These may seem small affairs now, but the habit of neglect will bring bitter repentance, when it is too late to remedy the subject.—*Dr. Otway.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame.
It still is giving, and still burns the same.—*GAY.*

[ORIGINAL.]

CHIEF.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOCKE.

Thou art not happy—all the past
But proves thy life a weary dream :
A mingled mystery, fleeting fast,
Too full the cup, too thick the stream.

Yet would I bid thee nobly brave
Each adverse tide that sweeps along ;
There is a strengthening arm to save ;
A power to shield the heart from wrong.

It may be that a waking hour
Will some time break this nightmare-time,
And that the budding hope will flower,
And that the muffled bell will chime.

It may be that a real shore
Will some time bid this river dark,
And when its storms are all passed over,
A rest there 'll be for shattered bark.

If so, these tempest-hours shall seem
As painful visions gone for aye ;
Their suffering moments but the dream
Which with the morning light must die.

Take to thy heart such cheer as this,
Perchance the clouds may lighter grow ;
Perhaps the sun may stoop to kiss
The darkest waves that round thee flow.

[ORIGINAL.]

CENTAUR.

A TRUTHFUL STORY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I HAVE had many friends during the course of my changeable life—some true, some false—and have often stood in need of friendly hands and offices ; but never, I think, have I known a truer, more faithful one, nor been more benefited by friendly acts, than by the gallant fellow and his prowess, whose name heads this memoir !

"He is only a dog," some fastidious spirit might say ; and yet I will avow that he has a greater heart and more humanity in his composition, than many a biped whom I have chanced to meet. Byron had his Boatswain, and loved him well, too ; and I honestly think that I have far more reason to recount the praises of my noble Centaur. True, Boatswain saved the life of his master on several occasions, if I rightly remember ; but then if the illustrious poet is to be believed, it was the saving of that about which he was perfectly indifferent ; while as for Centaur, he was the saviour of that which—but my story will tell all about that, when I have disposed of a few necessary preliminaries.

Dear reader, look in, for a moment, if you please, upon our home circle, this frigid, stormy winter night ! Our fire blazes brightly and pleasantly upon the hearth, around which are grouped a young and lovely woman, mother of the family, your humble servant, father of the same, four or five sunny-faced children, junior members of our establishment ; and last of all, old Centaur, who has just now laid his head in the lap of the person first mentioned, and turned his great brown eyes affectionately up to her handsome face, while her hand caresses his shaggy coat—her hand, so white, so soft, and so diminutive, which is also mine—while the smallest of the aforesaid little ones has mounted the back of his faithful guardian, and is trying to attract his attention long enough to secure a ride across the parlor.

A very happy and pleasant scene for me, you will say, and so it is ; but when I tell you, in addition, that it is chiefly through the unswerving fidelity of our huge Newfoundland ally that I have been enabled to gain all this domestic happiness, you will see that I am but performing an act of simple justice, in lending my pen for awhile to his service.

I well remember the circumstance of my hero's advent into the family of the old lumberman, up among the pine forests of Maine, where, for reasons which will presently be sufficiently obvious, I found it convenient to pass a number of weeks in each winter season. He came to the old homestead, early one morning, a poor little vagrant, friendless, and more than half starved, but still helpless in all the unwieldiness of early puppyhood. Little promise, I ween, did the homeless waif give, of the mighty influence which he was yet to exert over the safety of that family ; but the kind heart of the good housewife warmed towards him, and he was speedily made a pet and founding. Successively he passed through the various stages of his dog existence, exhibiting all the playful nonsense and harmlessness, in the earlier stage of his career, to which puppies of both species, biped and quadruped are prone ; and finally maturing into the most splendid specimen of his kind that I have ever seen. His frame was large and powerful, and his strength wonderful ; while his instinct was so unerring, his affection for his friends so marked, his faithfulness so unswerving, and his conduct and deportment so universally gentlemanly and proper, that we were all glad to vote him the respect and unlimited confidence of the household. The honor of naming him fell to me, and from some whimsical fancy of the moment, I dubbed him with the classic designation of Centaur, which he has borne from that day.

So rapid, indeed, was the growth of our dumb friend in popularity, and so marked the favor with which Winnie Melville, the daughter of the old lumberman, regarded him, that Frank Waters and myself began to be quite jealous. And as this remark serves to remind me that Centaur is not the only one of whom I wish to speak, I will leave him for a while, and glance at those others, assuring them, in parentheses, that I mention them after Centaur, only because he is, as I have intimated, the hero of my story.

First, then, the old lumberman and his wife, of whom I have already several times spoken. They were hospitable, warm-hearted, down-east souls, who were independently wealthy, who loved their only child almost as much as she deserved to be loved (which is admitting very much), and who had contracted a kind of parental fondness for the individuals mentioned third and fourth below, and to whom the old homestead among the pines was always open.

Second, Winnie Melville: a bewitching, fascinating beauty of the backwoods, a little of a coquette, a good deal of a woman, with good looks, good sense, and good heart enough to have furnished an abundant supply to a score of city belles, just the person, in fact, to turn topsy-turvy the heads of two susceptible young men like numbers three and four.

Third and fourth, then, Frank Waters, and your humble servant; both agreeable, handsome, and prepossessing (so report had it), and both dying, or at least in a very precarious condition, through love for Winnie Melville, and jealousy of his friend.

A word or two more, however, in relation to the peculiar situation of Frank and myself. The year previous to the one of which I speak, we had left the city together for a northern hunting tour, during several weeks of mid-winter; and had then accidentally stumbled upon the house of the Melvilles. Very little game was secured after this occurrence, for both seemed to have suddenly found a more congenial pursuit within doors; except at intervals, when we sallied forth to accompany Winnie upon one of our glorious skating parties, which I have yet to refer to more particularly.

The winter months slipped by imperceptibly, while we were thus congenially employed, and it was with a deep sigh, heaved from our respective breasts, that we at last, in answer to urgent calls from home, bade farewell to our new forest friends, and turned our faces to the city, each mentally resolving that the acquaintance should not terminate at this point.

The battle seemed a drawn one between Frank

and myself, from the beginning; and we almost succeeded in eclipsing each other, by a piece of skillful strategy, operated by both at the same time, at the commencement of the present campaign—that is, the winter season subsequent to the one just referred to, and in which the thrilling occurrence happened, which forms the staple of my story. But of that anon. The adroit manœuvre of which I have spoken, was in this wise. Button-holing Frank in the street, just after the first fall of snow, I queried him thus:

"Whither this winter, my friend? To Maine, on another hunting expedition?"

"No!"—most emphatically, was his instant reply. "I have arrived at the conclusion that I have thrown away enough time in those unprofitable pine-barren backwoods. I shall stay away, or go elsewhere, for my future idling; and I seriously advise you to do likewise."

"With all my heart," was my ready rejoinder. "I concur fully with your views, and shall most decidedly not visit that dismal region again!"

We separated with a chuckle, each flattering himself that he had been throwing dust by the double-handful into the eyes of the other. But what ninnies men are when in love—and I say it deliberately! Hardly a week had elapsed since this singular unanimity of opinion was expressed, before Frank and I met under the roof of the ancient lumberman, arriving with the difference of hardly half a day between us!

And a memorable meeting it was! We were so thunderstruck, at first, that we couldn't think of anything to say; then so awfully angry, that we were prudent enough not to attempt to say anything; and lastly, so perfectly overwhelmed by the inevitable ludicrousness of the occurrence, that, amid our prolonged and uproarious merriment, we were unable, for the lives of us to speak. We laughed long and heartily; so much so, that Father Melville actually took his pipe from his mouth, probably for the first time in many years, and stared as if trying to assure himself that we had not both gone demented; while Centaur, the grave and dignified Centaur himself, erected himself upon his haunches, and looked at us reprovingly. A plan of operations was instantly agreed upon. I offered my hand; Frank shook it heartily, and a basis was thus formed for an amicable agreement. Talking in riddles, so that the lumberman might not fathom our meaning, we spoke as follows, I beginning:

"All right, my boy; a fair field and no favor! 'None but the brave,' etc.; 'faint heart never won,' etc., etc. But pshaw—you understand me; let it be all fair and chivalrous, and then 'let him laugh who wins!'"

"Agreed! But by all the powers of ice and fire, may the laughing be mine to do!"

And thus our rivalry was fairly and systematically commenced, and most vigorously pursued. In doors and out, we were constantly with Winnie, who treated us with such exact impartiality, that neither could claim the slightest possible advantage above the other; while the parents looked on, smiling approval upon both. We had at least the satisfaction of knowing that the fight lay between ourselves, and that after one or the other had conquered in the dubious strife, the victor would not be compelled to besiege in vain the strong outworks of parental affection.

And those were pleasant times, I must confess, spite of the constant anxiety of rivalry which harassed me. It was delightfully pleasant to sit by the side of Winnie, during those long winter evenings, before the great fireplace of the family room, reading, singing, or conversing with her; and my devotion never seemed so devoutly performed, as when I occupied a place near her, each Sunday, in one of the slips of the old mission church. Yet, I had constantly upon these occasions, to ruminate upon the disagreeable idea, that although I sat upon one side of her, Frank Waters just as certainly occupied the other.

Gratifications like these, nevertheless, were trivial, in comparison with one other, to which almost every leisure moment of the day was devoted, as well as many of the brilliant moonlight evenings, during our stay. I allude to the pastime of skating. A large tributary of the Androscoggin ran past our door; and this, with a score of lesser runlets, which in spring-time swelled its waters to a torrent, but all of which were now locked so fast and deep in smooth, firm ice, as to forbid the possibility of an accident, furnished material for our sport, better than which could not have been desired. And what an exulting freedom was that which we were then able to obtain! It makes my old blood leap quicker in my veins, as I remember myself, "with skates fast bound," careering away over the frozen stream, at a rate which would make the head of any but a youth giddy barely to think of!

Frank and myself were both excellent skaters, and about equal in our proficiency; but neither of us attempted to contest the palm for a moment with Winnie. Long practice had made her wonderfully skillful in the art; and I have no difficulty in remembering numberless instances when we were fairly compelled to hold our breath, in view of her audacity. Time and time again has she challenged us to a race; and the united efforts of both of us could not avail to

so much as touch her! And how the little minx would laugh; how, when we were compelled to pause, panting and breathless with exhaustion, she would circle nimbly to within a rod of us, with one of her brilliant pigeon-wings, (appropriate figure for two winged pigeons as we were!) and flaunting a little glove in our faces, provokingly invite a renewal of the strife! And then we would pursue her with a new desperation, which more than once laid one or both of us sprawling ungracefully at her feet!

Ah—Winnie Melville was beautiful and captivating anywhere, but doubly so when flying like a frost-spirit over the ice, dressed in her appropriate closely-fitting skating costume, her cheeks glowing with the exercise, and her hair often flying loose in the wind! That portion of our wooing which was not carried on upon the ice, pales into insignificance, as I think of it. Often, too, I must confess, I inwardly wished that Frank might dislocate his ankle, and thus be debarred from interfering with my out door prospects; and I have no doubt that he was equally charitable in his desires towards myself—with the substitution, perhaps, of neck, for ankle!

I have a very vivid recollection of the fierce and wordy wars which arose at the commencement of each excursion, as to who should perform the delectable task of binding on the young lady's skates: a controversy which was sometimes only decided by her own disposition of the matter; namely, that each of us should perform a portion of the labor, dividing it between us. And for a long time, the most consummate generalship was displayed upon either side, in the protracted effort to become the sole companion of the object of this worse than Trojan and Grecian feud, if but for one occasion. But too much vigilance was displayed by both, to allow of this, and the idea of the possibility of such a thing was at length reluctantly relinquished.

I have thus rapidly sketched out the relations which existed between the different actors in this truthful transcript of human life, and have brought down the narrative to the night of an occurrence, memorable, in its after influence upon myself, over all others which have ever in any manner affected me. The scenes of that night rise up before me, as I essay to place them upon paper, with a thrilling distinctness which almost re-creates them; and little wonder, indeed, that the mental impression is so indelible! But let me proceed with my narrative.

The night in question was a most glorious one; the air sharp and frosty, and free from motion, and the moon as round and bright as ever in harvest nights. The whole scene was one plane

of dazzling white, as the snow reflected the moon-beams; while the scene of our anticipated enjoyment resembled a shining ribbon of silver, winding in a serpentine course towards the distant river. Muffled warmly from the biting air, we three, as usual, left the house together, and walked down to the ice, as eager for the sport as though we had never participated in it before.

But from some cause more than ordinary, Frank and I had been remarkably cool and reserved in our intercourse all day; so much so, that three words had not passed between us in as many hours. And now, just as Winnie's skates had been firmly fastened,—how, I know not, but in some manner, a petty difficulty arose between Frank and myself. A careless word on one side was followed by a harsh rejoinder; and the angry blood instantly flew to our faces. We were too excited, for the moment, to speak. A casual look at Winnie, however, quickly diverted our thoughts. She seemed no less excited than we, and the indignant color eddied ominously into her cheeks, as she balanced for a single instant on her skates preparatory to motion.

"My company cannot be either very agreeable, or very desirable," she said, with cutting irony, "when you can think proper to quarrel before me. Your companionship has never been absolutely indispensable to me, and for to-night, at least, I wish you both a very good evening!"

With the last words upon her lips, she skimmed away from us like a swallow, the sharp ring of her skates growing fainter and fainter as she disappeared. Thoroughly ashamed of our boyish demeanor, we would have followed, but pride forbid it—and so watching her lessening figure until we could see it no longer, we turned and again sought the house. Melville was sitting by the fireplace, as usual, with his pipe, while the huge form of Centaur lay at his feet. The latter had always accompanied us upon our excursions, but had in some way been left behind, upon this evening. Our entrance aroused him, and going successively to each of us, he thrust his nose into our hands, and then continued to search around the room. In a moment he grew uneasy, whined and scratched repeatedly at the door, and upon its being opened for him, dashed immediately out, and away. My heart reproached me as I saw the act. Centaur was but a dog, but he was far more faithful and constant to his mistress, than I!

Nevertheless, Frank Waters and myself sat down before the fire, and continued to gaze doggedly into it. Old Melville had been dozing away in a kind of stupor, produced by the fumes of his tobacco; but he suddenly roused himself,

a moment after the departure of the dog, and lifting his finger, exclaimed, "Hark!"

We did hark—and we *heard*! There was no mistaking that sound. I had lain awake too many nights and listened to the infernal chorus, to be deceived. It was the deep, hoarse bay of the northern wolf, echoing through the silence of the night, which made it seven times as frightful!

"The weather must be stinging cold," the old man observed, in the intervals of short and energetic puffs, "to bring those creeters to our doors. But cold and hunger always drive them from the forest, and Heaven help any poor wanderer who falls in the way of their jaws to night!"

He stopped abruptly, as he observed the effect of his words upon Frank and myself. We had both risen from our seats, and were staring into each other's faces, with concentrated and sickening horror.

"Hey—what's the matter?" were the old man's words.

"Winnie!"—I gasped, and then stopped.

"Winnie?" he echoed, springing to his feet with a vehemence which spun his chair into the fireplace, and looking hastily around—"Winnie—for God's sake where is she? Speak, man, speak!" and he gripped me by the shoulder with a force that almost drew a cry of pain from my lips.

"On the ice," was all I could answer.

"*On the ice—to-night—and ALONE!*" he fairly yelled in my ear. "In the name of Heaven, why—*why* did you expose her to this awful peril? why did you permit her to encounter it? It would be bad enough were you both with her; but alone—alone—it will kill me! Would to God, young men, your shadows had never darkened my door!"

The frenzied reproaches of the old man nerved me. Snatching up my hunting pistols from the window, I rushed from the house, and down to the ice, closely followed by Waters. Not a word was spoken between us; the distant howl of the wolves came to our ears while we were strapping on our skates, and when we rose again to our feet, and set our muscles for the struggle, there was the determination of death or life in our faces!

Not a word—not a syllable—but striding off with a frantic swing, we began the desperate race. And what a race! There was the nerve and excitement of a century, compressed into one brief hour. The ring of the sharp steel upon our feet, bringing sparkles at every stroke from the solid ice, seemed like the clashing of swords, in its regularity; and at every additional one of those terrible signal notes of danger, our speed seemed

to redouble. An object appeared upon the ice before me: in an instant my headlong speed had whirled me past it, but my heart sickened, and my brain reeled, as I recognized the little cap which Winnie had worn upon her head! The incident, unobserved by my companion, who had thus far steadily maintained his position on a line with me—the incident stunned and bewildered me. I threw out my feet and hands with one spasmodic effort to recover myself; and the next instant I was precipitated half a dozen yards forward, bruised, almost senseless, while Frank Waters rapidly swept past, with a triumphant cry, as though he deemed the race nothing more than one of rivalry. Perhaps he was right!

I arose to a sitting posture, weak and helpless, and gazed around me as well as I could, through the kaleidoscope of colors which seemed to flash before my eyes. I had fallen directly opposite to a small creek which opened into the main stream; but my eyes first followed the rapidly retreating figure of Frank. A great many thoughts whirled dizzily through my brain in a few seconds; but prominent above the rest, was the idea that Frank's happiness was now secured. *He might rescue Winnie—I could not; and if he rescued her he might have a claim upon her gratitude which she could not deny. Why might he not marry her?*

A prolonged and fearful howl, very near at hand, broke in rudely upon my thoughts. Then followed a faint, despairing cry, which brought me to my feet as I heard it—for I recognized the voice of Winnie—and last, a deeper, hoarser bay than the others, which, with a thrill of hope, I pronounced the voice of Centaur!

What could it mean? A second's reflection brought the solution. Frank Waters had taken the wrong course; the real scene of danger lay up the creek which I have referred to! The chorus of the wolves again burst forth, and throwing aside everything, however minute, that could in the slightest impede my progress, I grasped a pistol in each hand, and sped like an arrow from the bowstring up the branch. Twenty nervous strokes brought me to a turn—two more round it—and I was in sight of the scene of the peril!

Right out upon the open ice of the creek, a dozen rods in advance of me, fully as many gaunt, fierce wolves were running up and down, snapping and growling, and occasionally howling vociferously. Right among them, it seemed to me, Winnie lay extended upon the ice, perfectly motionless, while over her stood my noble Centaur, changing his position constantly, so as to confront his cowardly foes. The fore paws o.

the gallant fellow rested upon the dead body of one of the brutes, while another lay near by writhing and moaning in his death agonies!

Rapidly comprehending these details, as I flew onward, my plan was instantly formed. Increasing my speed, I bore right down upon the pack, shouting as loud as I could raise my voice, and discharging my pistols right and left. Two of the brutes fell dead. Centaur, encouraged by the sound of my voice, seized another and throttled him, while the remainder, dismayed at this sudden onset, turned and fled precipitately.

The danger was over—Winnie was saved—and I actually sat down upon one of the dead monsters, and shed tears of joy, while glorious old Centaur put his great paws upon my shoulder, and licked my face. Winnie had now revived; her first glance was at the wolves; her next at me—first a shudder, and then a smile—and I transferred her from the ice to my arms. There were also, gentle reader, some other little things done, and quite a number of things said, in no very angry manner, considering the nature of our parting an hour before; but as these are matters of an entirely private nature, I do not deem it necessary to observe much particularity in relation to them. I may remark, however, that Winnie was still weak and nervous from the fearful adventure she had passed through, which necessitated my almost carrying her home, which I did with a great deal of pleasure, while our four-footed friend marched on proudly before; that we arrived at home without further adventure; that Frank Waters came in about an hour afterwards, looking crest-fallen and humble; that the old man received us with open arms, as did also the old lady; that they listened with tears to our stories, and declared that I was a brave-hearted fellow, that Centaur was worth his weight in gold, and a great deal more, and that Winnie might have whoever she wanted—and, finally, that the young lady unhesitatingly chose—*myself and Centaur!*

Dear reader, this is the simple and truthful story of the best and bravest quadruped that ever rendered signal service to mankind. He lies there now, upon the rug before the fire: the little one has fallen asleep on his shaggy coat, and the great intelligent eyes of the animal are watching the movements of my pen, as though he suspected the business upon which I am engaged. Brave Centaur!—gallant Centaur! Others may walk uprightly, and possess a soul and a reason in which you are deficient; but none can be more devoted, none more constant, none more faithful.

The most common things are the most useful; how wise and good the Father of all.

The Florist.

Look, the massy trunks

Are cased in the pure crystal; branch and turg
Shine in the lucid covering; each light rod,
Nodding and twinkling in the stirring breeze,
Is studded with its trembling water drops,
Still streaming, as they move, with colored light.

A little B) anical Information.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." Perhaps it may be, but no learning is still more dangerous. As botanical information is rare, even with those who are fond of flowers, we venture to communicate some simple facts. Too much watering is almost as bad as too little. Too much sun is equally injurious. Never pour the water close to the stem of the plant. In spring and autumn it is best to water plants in the morning, but in summer the usual time is the evening; while in winter, the very little which is required should be given in the middle of the day. Many persons object to watering plants when the sun is on them, but this is not at all injurious, so long as the water is not too cold, and is only given to the roots. When plants have been suffered to become too dry, the ground should be loosened before watering it. It should never be forgotten that air is as essential to plants as water and sun. The effect of hot water, not heated above 200°, in forwarding bulbs is astonishing, but it must be observed that it is never to be poured on the bulb or leaves, but on the earth near the rim of the pot. Hot water is often efficacious in softening seeds with hard coverings when soaked in it; and some of the seeds of the New Holland acacias will not vegetate in this country till they have actually boiled for some minutes.

Care of Verbenas.

Verbenas will mildew, especially in dull, dark weather—that and the green fly are about the most destructive enemies we have to contend with in artificial heat. They are, however, pretty easily subdued; the fly by means of fumigation with tobacco, which may be pretty strong before the verbenas are affected by it, and it is sure death to these pests. If, however, they have gained some headway—if the old ones are pretty effectually destroyed, a fresh brood is soon hatched, which a second smoking entirely subdues. Once clean they keep so for some time, and if seen in season afterwards are easily destroyed. If mildew is showing itself, take a coarse piece of linen, and form into a small bag—fill with sulphur, and dust carefully on all the affected parts; wash off with a syringe when it has been on two or three days.

Starting a Hotbed in freezing Weather.

In hard freezing weather this is a troublesome as well as a difficult operation to many. A practical old man told us the other day that with a peck of shorts it was an easy matter in any kind of weather. Build the hotbed as usual—never mind if part is frozen. Then take the shorts, wet them and place them in a hole in the manure. This soon ferments and sets the whole thing going. Cover the glass and all over with litter, until it is fairly started. We have never seen this experiment tried, but being so simple we give it to our readers.

Woodsia.

A very beautiful kind of British fern, with very delicate green leaves. One species, the most fragile and beautiful, is a native of Brazil.

Spring Work.

All who intend laying out a flower-garden during the spring, or design making any changes in the arrangement of flower-beds, shrubbery, etc., should by all means take advantage of the comparative leisure of winter to form their plans. They should make a list of the various shrubs which will be needed, and inform themselves of the characteristics of those selected, that they may plant them to the best advantage. Great mistakes are made at the outset, which might have been avoided had a little care been taken previously to settling out, to acquire some information concerning height and habit of growth, etc. At the risk of repeating what has been said in former articles, we will give a few brief directions, which may prove useful to some readers. The flower-garden should be slightly inclined to east or south—never to the west or north, if such an exposure can be avoided. A flat garden, or one steep ascent, is not desirable. The soil should be deep—neither heavy nor light, and moderately rich. If not, it should be well drained. The walks should be formed of such materials as will always form dry walking. The edgings of the flower-beds may be of grass, cut six inches to a foot in width, box, thrift, dwarf Iris, plinks, or similar plants. No large trees should be allowed to stand on the ground chosen for the flower-garden, as they injure the plants by their roots, shade and drip. Almost all plants require a full exposure, during a greater part of the day, to the rays of the sun.

Fragrant Flowers.

Although fragrance and flowers are inseparably connected in the minds of most persons, and the instinctive act of every one who picks a flower is to put it to his nose, to enjoy its delightful odor, yet the simple fact is, that most flowers have no distinctive fragrance at all. As a general rule, the flowers which attract the most attention for their beauty are the least fragrant. The dahlia, king of flowers, symmetrical and gorgeous, is without odor. The verbenas, beautiful bedding-plant as it is, has no fragrance. So we might go through a long list of flowers, and find the case the same. The rose, "queen of flowers," is a notable exception. Provision should be made for a supply of fragrant flowers for summer bouquets. Nothing can be found superior to the mignonette or heliotrope for that. Both are too well known and prized to require any words of recommendation from us.

Commeliera.

Perennial and annual plants, hardy or tender, with beautiful bright blue flowers. *C. caulescens* has tuberous roots, but it may be raised from seed, by sowing it in a hotbed early in the season, and turning it out in the open border, in common garden soil, tolerably rich, during the summer; and in autumn its tuberous roots may be taken up and preserved during the winter, to be re-planted in the open ground in the spring, or they may be left out, and protected by covering the ground with ashes or sand.

Liparia.

Dwarf greenhouse plants, with orange or yellow flowers, natives of the Cape of Good Hope. Many of the species are called and more commonly known under the name of Priestlyja. They should be grown in loam and peat and are easily propagated.

Yellow Rattle.

A British plant, very ornamental from its yellow labiate flowers, having each a dark bright eye.

The Housewife.

Drink Pure Fresh Water.

Set a pitcher of fresh water in a room, and in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the respired and perspired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The cooler the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature, a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence, water kept in the room awhile, is always unfit for use. For the same reason, the water in a pump stock should all be pumped out in the morning before any is used. Impure water is more injurious to the health than impure air.

Apple Dumpling.

Line a bowl with a potato crust, allowing the paste to come a little over the edge. Have ready pared apples enough to fill the bowl; scatter in a little cinnamon or nutmeg and a wine-glassful of rose-water; cover with paste, and turn over the edges, and wet them with water, and pinch them together; set the bowl into the oven, or into a cloth, if for boiling, and boil it in water already boiling.

Boiling Potatoes.

There are many ways of boiling potatoes, but only one best way, and this is the formula:—Let each mess be of equal size. Let the water boil before putting the potatoes in. When done, pour off the water and scatter in three or four tablespoonsful of salt, and cover the pot with a coarse cloth. In five minutes take out and serve. Watery potatoes are made mealy by this process.

Waterproofing Leather.

Mix together in a pipkin on the fire two parts of tallow to one of rosin, and having warmed the boots or shoes, apply it melted with a painter's brush till they will not suck in any more. If well polished before applying the above mixture, they will polish afterwards.

Oil for the Hair.

Oil of ben, one pint; civet, three grains; Italian oil of jasmine, three fluid ounces, otto of roses, three minims; If otto of roses is not to be had, ten or twelve minims of common oil of roses may be substituted. This oil strengthens and improves the hair, makes it curl, and gives it a beautiful gloss.

To make old Silk look new.

Unpick the dress, put it into a tub and cover it with cold water, in which is placed a tablespoonful of ox-gall; let it remain an hour; dip it up and down, but do not wring it; hang it up to drain; iron it very damp on the wrong side and it will look beautiful.

Chapped Hands.

Take the yolk of one egg, two ounces of honey, one of oil of almonds, a little scotch, and half an ounce of powdered orris-root. This will last one person three months. Use as little as possible at a time.

Cream Custard.

Mix a pint of cream with one of milk, five beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of flour, and three of sugar. Add nutmeg to the taste, and bake the custards in cups or plates in a quick oven.

To whiten Linen.

Stains occasioned by fruit, iron-rust, and other similar causes, may be removed by applying to the parts injured a weak solution of the chloride of lime—the cloth having been previously well washed—or of soda, oxalic acid, or salts of lemon, in warm water. The parts subjected to this operation should be subsequently well rinsed in soft, clear warm water, without soap, and be immediately dried in the sun.

To keep Ice from Show-Windows.

We find the following directions to keep ice from show-windows going the rounds:—Take an ordinary paint-brush or sponge and run over the glass once or twice a day a little alcohol, and it will keep the glass as free from ice as in the middle of summer, and it will also give as good a polish as can be got in any other way.

Beef Tea.

This is a very nourishing food for an invalid, but should be carefully prepared if the stomach of the patient is weak. The best method is to cut up one pound of lean beef into small pieces and put into a saucepan with about one quart of water. Place on slow fire and skim carefully. After simmering one hour, if it is not clear, strain through a hair sieve, and season to suit.

Lemon Tart.

Take half a pound of lump sugar, slice three lemons, and lay them in the sugar for the night. Cover the bottom of a dish with a pound of savoy biscuits, lay over them slices of candied orange and lemon peel, four ounces of pounded almonds and one of butter; put in the sugar and lemons, and cross-bar the top.

Rice Pudding.

Wash six ounces of rice, mix it with three-quarters of a pound of raisins, tie it in a well-floured cloth, leaving room to swell; boil one hour and three-quarters, and serve with sweet sauce. One pound of apples, quartered (instead of the raisins), will also make a good pudding.

Starching.

Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic, put it in a pitcher, and pour on it one pint of boiling water, cover it, and let it stand all night; in the morning pour it into a bottle and cork it; a tablespoonful of it put in a pot of ordinary starch will improve it very much.

Leicester Spiced Beef.

Take a round of beef, rub in a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, finely pounded; let it stand a day, then season it with half a pound of bay-salt, one ounce of black pepper, and one ounce of allspice, both pounded. Let it lie in the pickle a month, turning it every day.

To make a Candle burn all Night.

When, as in case of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put finely-powdered salt on a candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night by a small piece of candle.

Sweet Apple Pudding.

Take one pint of scalded milk, half a pint of Indian meal, a teaspoonful of salt, and six sweet apples cut into small pieces, which afford an excellent rich jelly. This is one of the most luxuriant, yet simple puddings made.

Curious Matters.

A Curiosity for the Medicine Men.

Mr. Lewis Foot of Plainville, Ct., aged 72, died on the 11th ult, and the next day, an immense bony excrescence, extending from the back of his right ear to his right hip, was removed. It weighed *fifty-two and a half pounds*, and is called by the doctors—skipping their jaw-breaking technicalities—"a degeneration of the shoulder blade." It had been growing since 1856, and did not affect his general health very seriously. The operation was performed by Dr. Jackson of Hartford, assisted by Dr. Moody of Plainville, Dr. Hart of Southington, and Dr. Carrington of Farmington. Mr. Foot was at a national convention of medical men at New Haven last year, and the universal testimony was that nothing like it had ever been seen. The size of this extraordinary excrescence or tumor is such that it nearly fills the *half barrel* in which it was put for preservation as a medical curiosity.

Marvellous Sleight of Hand.

Recently in giving the claim of an inventor of a new machine for stamping letters, it was stated that it would stamp *fifty a minute*. To show that the hand is still in advance of machinery, it was lately shown us that one of the employees in the post-office in this city can stamp *two hundred letters a minute*. Incredible as this may appear, it is a fact, readily demonstrable. In the presence of some visitors, a day or two since, this was actually accomplished. There seems therefore no present need of stamping machines in the post-office.

A very old Ancient.

The Secretary of the Archæologic Society of Constantine (Algeria) has discovered, tolerably well carved on a rude obelisk, the following Roman epitaph:

D. M.
C. IVLIVS
PACATVS
V. A.
CXX.

i. e., "To the god Manes; Caius Julius Pacatus lived one hundred and twenty years." Many similar examples of longevity have been discovered in this "old Numidian land."

A droll Animal.

On the island of False River, Louisiana, is found a frog whose peculiarities, we believe, have hitherto escaped the attention of naturalists. It is called the "egg frog," from its hankering after "hen fruit," and is a great nuisance to farmers in consequence. Being unable to break the egg, it is swallowed whole, after which the frog climbs a tree and then precipitates itself to the ground, the fall breaks the shell, and the frog spits it out, piece by piece.

A queer Case.

M. Jacquet died at Rouen, leaving all his fortune to a lady in Paris. Singular to relate, the lady died about the same hour leaving to M. Jacquet all her money. The heirs of both are to contest which was the survivor.

Burial in an Upright Position.

Clement Spelman, Recorder of Nottingham, who died in 1679, is immured upright, enclosed in a pillar in Narburgh chancel, so that the inscription on the pillar is directly against his face.

Goethe's House.

The house at Frankfurt on the Rhine in which Goethe was born is still pointed out to the stranger. It is a large, triangular-faced building, constructed in an original style. Over the door is the coat of arms of Goethe's father, the suggestive poetical device of three lyres and a marble slab, circled with a fresh wreath of flowers, and with the words, "In this house was born Johann Wolfgang Goethe." In the same city is to be seen a curious slate-colored, half-a-dozen-sided building, in which the great reformer, Martin Luther, once resided. Beneath a window is his bust, and the inscription in Latin, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

Effects of Frost on Iron.

A Montreal paper relates an incident that occurred a few days since at the Chatham station of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, which illustrates in a singular manner the astonishing effects of severe frost upon metal. A signal man attempted to lift a large and powerful lever used for working a signal, when it snapped in two like a pipe-stem. The bar was of wrought iron, and 2½ inches in thickness, whilst its weight was only a few pounds less than one hundred weight. The point at which the fracture occurred showed the iron to be of very good quality, and no indication of a flaw could be found.

Producing Silver by artificial Means.

It is said that a German chemist has discovered a method by which he produces sterling silver at a cost of about seventy-five cents an ounce, and that a company is forming to work the discovery on a profitable scale. The appliances required are certain chemical preparations and galvanic apparatus of sufficient power to act on them. Should the experiment succeed on a large scale the profits will be handsome, and additional weight will attach to the opinion that all metals are resolvable into two or three elements.

A sagacious Donkey.

The English papers state that an unfortunate shoeless donkey, astray on the road near Braunton, Devonshire, walked into a blacksmith's shop of his own accord, and was there shod by the smith, who naturally supposed his master somewhere in attendance. As soon as he had his shoes, Master Long Ear, acting on an understanding of the principle of commercial credit, which lifts him quite above the level of the brute creation, walked off without paying, and has not since been heard from.

Boring Glass.

The London Magazine states that John Chedgely of that city, has succeeded in turning and boring glass, and has thus rendered it more applicable to a great variety of useful purposes. He makes glass cylinders perfectly round and smooth; also very strong glass pipes as substitutes for metal in conveying acids and alkalis, and his cylinders are eminently adapted for the barrels of pumps. Glass tubes of moderate bore are quite common, but they are never made with a uniform size of bore.

Singular Effect of Diphtheria.

Noah Burnham, Jr., a young man nineteen or twenty years old, and Elizabeth Clifford, about sixteen, had the mysterious throat malady a few months since, says the Cape Ann Advertiser, which has resulted in paralysis of their lower limbs—both being unable to walk, and not being able even to stand upon the floor.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

INDEX TO THE VOLUME.

It will be seen that we have introduced an Index in the present number of the *Dollar Magazine*, as this issue closes the thirteenth volume. When the Magazine is bound—(we bind it in a neat, uniform style for thirty-eight cents)—the Index will be cut out and bound at the commencement with the title-page. Vast numbers of our subscribers bind up the work for preservation, and we have thus complied with a request very generally expressed, to arrange in future an Index for each volume.

EDWIN BOOTH.

In our opinion this young artist is the greatest of living actors. A lady correspondent of the Home Journal agrees with us in this estimate of his genius. She says: "There is here and there a dissentient male voice as to Booth's being the greatest of actors; but our sex are unanimous, I believe. True, he has Byron's beauty, and the men tell us we are carried away by his profile and his waving locks; but it is not so. There are cool critics, even skirt-enclosed; and, though a young and handsome Hamlet is to be preferred to an old and fat one, yet I think we should not all absolutely go mad over Lester Wallack, and he, the artists say, is the handsomest man of the present 'sock and buskin.' Booth can be ugly enough, too, when he chooses, and his Shylock was a dirty and disagreeable Jew, very Rembrandt-like, to be sure, but still disagreeable. A classic authority, you will allow Mr. Gulian Verplanck to be, and he says that Booth's is the most Shakspearian Hamlet he ever saw. But his Othello, O, what an intense intellectual treat was that! What a putting away of the curtain for one who had never before seen anything but the stage Othello, a mouthing Hercules of a villain who murders his wife! This was as different as a picture by Delaroche is different from a colored photograph. It was a study, genuine from the Orient, and all Venice and the Mediterranean, and all the scenes of the middle ages floated through your mind, as you looked and listened. Mr. Booth's face is like Shakspeare's genius. It fits itself to any nationality. He is French in Richelieu, English in Richard, intensely Hebrew in Shylock, and perfectly Eastern

in his slender, bronzed, black-eyed Othello. He looked always like a picture of the character by Vernet. But, after all, I think his Iago was the most consummate thing—the perfection of handsome society villany. He made him a very agreeable fellow at times, and not always dark and mysterious as is the stage legend. Hicks, the artist, says of Booth that his face has the most tragic power of expression that has been shown to the world in the present age. You know he painted his portrait."

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—A lady subscriber writes to us from Windham, Vermont, that she has tried the *Troches*, which we have often recommended, and that they have relieved her from a throat difficulty which has distressed her for nearly five years. She writes: "It has been nearly two years since I have been able to sing a note of music, but after using a couple of boxes of these pleasant *Troches*, I have regained almost entirely the command of my vocal powers." This long-tried specific is endorsed by the medical faculty.

MANNERS.—In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, good manners required that persons of different sexes, when invited to parties should sit down in couples, and each couple should have one plate between them. In families one goblet was deemed sufficient for all, and St. Bertrand was disinherited by his father, who was affected by the leprosy, for having wiped the edge of the goblet before he drank.

CONTENTED POVERTY.—Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament thy poverty. Out of the meanest hovel is obtained as fair a sight of heaven, as from the most gorgeous palace.

TREES.—In America there are one hundred and twenty different species of forest trees; whereas in the same latitude in Europe, only thirty-four are to be found.

CABS IN CHINA.—The Chinese are more civilized than we are apt to fancy. There are regular cab stands in Peking.

MONEY-MAKING.

Perhaps the greatest evil of the age, and prolific of a host of other evils, is the worship of the golden calf, the absorbing pursuit of wealth. This ignoble passion has led, within a few years, to the commission of monstrous commercial crimes all over the world. In this country a series of robberies, breaches of trust, and fraudulent failures consigned their authors to infamy, and their victims to misery; then, in steady-going, honest old England, there were notorious operators in the same line, and on the same great scale, and finally France has had her gigantic defaulter in the person of Mires the banker, who has swindled the confiding public out of something like five hundred millions.

Some moralists, in their abhorrence of mammon-worship, rush to the other extreme of denouncing all the arts of money-making as sinful and pernicious. Such men are very apt, by the way, to be extremely seedy, and to be always asking acquaintances for the loan of five dollars. But honestly to make money for the purpose of spending it properly is legitimate and praiseworthy. It should be the aim of every man to render himself independent, to guard against the exigencies of sickness, hard times, and the prospect of becoming a burthen to his friends and the public. This involves the practice of several virtues and good qualities, prudence, forethought, temperance, self-control, which also find their application and reward in other ways. Moreover, the man with a capacity for accumulating wealth, and the spirit to employ it well, does wrong if he does not use the faculty. Such a man, in the conduct of great industrial and commercial enterprises, furnishes employment to hundreds who have not the capacity or means to create employment themselves. When such a man patronizes the mechanic and fine arts he becomes a great public benefactor. What though he be a millionaire? So much the better—he is the mechanic's and artist's banker. It is only when wealth is sought as the end, not the means; when its accumulation occupies every thought of the day, and every dream of the night; when it is loaned at rates of usury ruinous to the borrower; when it is hoarded up, or when it is spent in profligacy corrupt in itself and corrupting in example, that it is the root of the evil, and its possessor a just object of indignation and denunciation.

The distinction is scarcely borne in mind. It is the fashion with the improvident to denounce the rich man, whether he be the honest and noble merchant prince, or the sordid Dives who begrudges Lazarus even the crumbs that fall from

his table. Men without a copper, because they will not work, or if they work, persist in running in debt to double the amount of their earnings, are constantly devising schemes to pull down the rich men, and are clamoring for a division of property. The blockheads do not know that if all the property in the world could be equally divided, in a very few months the conditions of wealth and poverty would be re-established. The imprudent would waste their share, the lazy would refuse to work, the prudent would labor and economize, and again there would be rich and poor.

Money-making, then, is not in itself an evil, but grasping at wealth for the sake of self-indulgence is an evil. The progress of luxury may well alarm the thoughtful. In this we have surely and sadly degenerated from the good old times. We have become dainty, enfeebled, unmanly. We are hot-house plants, unable to endure the biting air and healthful toil that invigorated and ennobled the men from whom we sprung. Clerks now think they must live in a style which would have been deemed extravagant for prosperous merchants a century ago. American women have not the power of helping themselves, and must be surrounded by hosts of servants. In the early days of the republic, the wife of Washington did not think it beneath her station to go daily into her kitchen to superintend the culinary operations, and see that the service was properly performed. Now even the wives of poor men have a higher "mission," as it is called. They are not ladies unless they are profoundly ignorant of household details. Such folly, carried to a ruinous extent in cities, is a fruitful source of commercial crime, of robbery from employers, and all sorts of mean villany on the part of employes, while it tends to deter the honest and prudent from marriage, and thus saps the very foundations of society and virtue. A reform in the habits of living must be inaugurated, or a terrible social disorganization must ensue.

MYSTERY AND DANGER.—Mystery magnifies danger as fog does the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.

THE LAW.—It has been decided in England that a clergyman cannot legally perform his own marriage ceremony.

GOOD BREEDING.—A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

No feature of European life strikes the American traveller, particularly if he be a New Englander, more strangely than the contrast presented by the foreign mode of observing the Sabbath to that which he has been accustomed at home. Here, stillness and quietness, the absence of all public festivity; there, a strange mixture of church-going, promenading, military parades, out-door shows by day, and public exhibitions, such as theatres and concerts by night. A correspondent of the New York Sun thus sketches some of the features presented by a Sunday in Paris:

"Could a sober New England deacon of the last century be dropped into the streets of Paris on a Sunday morning, I can imagine the unspeakable horror which the poor man would feel to find a sacred day so disregarded. In truth, there is no Sunday in Paris, or at best a faint resemblance of what the day is in England and America. Some of the shops indeed are closed, but the majority are open. The course of traffic goes on as usual, though perhaps not quite so briskly. The churches are open, and some of them well filled, but the Boulevards and the Champs Elysees present an animated spectacle. All the world, to use an expressive French phrase, is abroad. Gay equipages dash by, containing men who do credit to their tailors, and ladies elegantly and expensively dressed. There seems to be no end to the long line of private carriages. Ha, here comes one which everybody is turning to look at. It contains the emperor and empress, who are taking their favorite drive to the Bois de Boulogne. The emperor bows affably to the right and left, and although no enthusiasm is displayed, no hearty demonstrations of loyalty such as the English know so well how to show, no face shows other than good will. It is a fact not to be denied, that the emperor commands the respect of the French people. They recognize his ability, and they are proud of the position which, under his rule, France holds in Europe and the world.

"Here is a *rouge et noir* board for children. The young people must pay a sou and set a ball rolling, mentioning at the same time either *rouge* or *noir*, as they prefer. If the ball stops in a hole of the right color, the little speculator is entitled to six little ginger cakes, otherwise he gets nothing. Further on a clown is amusing a crowd by feats of dexterity. I cannot particularize the thousand and one little games and amusements, chiefly for children, to be found on the Champs Elysees on Sunday afternoon. Among them are little barouches, drawn by

goats, containing seats for four inside, and two out. The former cost three sous, the latter five, including the privilege of driving. But if we wish to observe the crowd at our leisure, let us sit down in one of these comfortable iron arm-chairs, but let us also have four sous ready to pay the woman who will soon come along to require payment for their use. However, is it not worth four sous to sit in comfort and have all Paris sweep by you? Ah, if I were only a philosophical observer, how I should speculate upon the various faces that pass me by, representing all ages and all grades in society."

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Prince Napoleon, who has hitherto only been famous for looking like the first and greatest of his name, for leading a fast life, and for making an indifferent figure in the tented field, has lately come out remarkably strong as an orator. A speech on the Roman question in the French senate, in which he declared the strongest liberal opinions in reply to an attack of de la Rochejacquelin, a bigoted legitimist, on the imperial policy, has established his reputation as a brilliant speaker. It elicited a letter of congratulation and thanks from the emperor, who said that he endorsed nearly all the sentiments the prince uttered. Apart from the development of personal ability indicated in this speech, it is interesting as a foreshadowing of the prospective policy of the emperor on the *questio vexata* of the temporal policy of the pope. It is not likely, however, to win back for Louis or his cousin, the good graces of the court of Rome.

INGENUOUS.—It is said that an editor in Glasgow prints all his marvellous accounts of murders, elopements and robberies on India-rubber paper, so that his readers will be able to stretch these stories to any length that pleases them.

A SPORTING OFFER.—A celebrated turfite in New York. Mr. McMann, offers to trot Brown Dick at mile heats, to wagons, best three in five, for \$1000 against any horse in the world, bar Flora Temple.

A HINT TO WIVES.—Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands should recollect that a little warm sunshine will melt an icicle much sooner than a regular northeaster.

AMBITION.—The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

THE AGE OF RUDENESS.

Various general terms have been adopted to characterize the period we live in, as the "Age of Gold," the "Age of Brass," the "Age of Invention;" but perhaps none of them is so applicable as the term we have prefixed to this article. It is indisputable that the race of polite men has passed or is passing off the stage. The few who survive are very old men, and consequently have no influence. It was only a few months since we followed to the grave the earthly remains of an old and esteemed friend, Major Howitzer, one of that nearly extinct set, the "gentlemen of the old school." One of his achievements alone should be enough to confer immortality on his name. A lady of his acquaintance, also one of the old school, but in reduced circumstances, was in the habit of going to market daily, and sometimes bringing home her own purchases concealed beneath the voluminous folds of an ample shawl. Upon one occasion she was daintily picking her way up Washington Street, having in her possession, carefully hidden from view, a small leg of mutton. The major meeting her, saluted her with a superb bow which only George the Fourth could have equalled. The lady, fluttered with pleasure, replied by one of those courtesies with which the dames of old saluted their partners in the minuet *de la cour*. As she did so she slipped on a treacherous piece of ice, and extending her arms to preserve her equilibrium, the leg of mutton fell upon the sidewalk. She was passing on, unconscious of her loss, when the major picked it up, and restoring it, said, in his sweet, flute-like voice, "I beg pardon, madam, but you have dropped your *fan*!" Such an idea would have made his fortune at the court of Louis XIV.

But all this is changed. Politeness has gone out of fashion; slang and rowdiness are the rule. Young gentlemen speak of father and mother as the "old man" and the "old woman." "My aged maternal parent," never by any possibility drops from the lips of young America, those lips polluted by tobacco and the flavor of villanous compounds. Is it not high time to inaugurate a reform? Let us add that men of mind and energy are at work setting the ball in motion, and that we are not without hopes of seeing their efforts in behalf of the rising generation crowned with success. Sea captains are proverbially rude to their employees. Listen to the shipmaster as he stands by the man at the wheel, "Luff a little, you lubber; luff you may—luff you must—luff! You son of a gun, why don't you luff?" How much more proper for him to address the "gentleman" at the wheel thus, "Mariner, I shall be

very much obliged to you if you will luff a little?" One sailor says to his shipmates, when he desires their assistance, "Bear a hand, you lubbers!" How rude! How shocking to those sensible feelings which exist in every human organization. Is it not just as easy for the mariner to address his associates politely, and ask, lifting his hat and bowing, "Gentlemen, will you afford me your co-operation?"

The London costermonger, who, in thrilling, melodious song, declared that if he "had a donkey what wouldn't go," instead of "walloping him," he would address him kindly, and say, "proceed, Edward," had a perception of the short-comings of the age, and evinced a determination, as far as his intelligence went, to obey the dictates of a higher social inspiration. We always admired the spirit of that mate of a vessel who accepted his captain's invitation to attend the Italian opera in London, and expressed himself "delighted with the performance, though he did not understand a word of Italian, had no ear for music, and was too bashful to look at the dancers."

Even when it is necessary to settle a dispute by blows, rude language need not precede the physical encounter. We have been inexpressibly shocked by the rude threats and demonstrations of men calling themselves gentlemen. In one of the most famous battles on record between the French and English, the former declined to fire first, calling out to the latter, "After you, gentlemen of the guards." Perhaps this incident suggested to De Quincey the idea of his essay on "Murder considered one of the Fine Arts." However this may be, we trust that we have said enough to call attention to a matter of national importance, a subject serious enough to be considered as intimately interwoven with the civilization of the age.

THE MAN OF GOLD.—The money maniac is fond of money because he owes all his importance to it. He is nothing without it, and very little with it.

HISTORICAL CONUNDRUM.—What Grecian piece was copied from a Dutch painter? The city of Troy, taken after Teniers (ten years).

PLEASING.—The power of pleasing is founded on the wish to please. The strength of the wish is the measure of the power.

ATROCIOUS.—Why is a lover like a dog?—Because he bows and he wows.

Foreign Miscellany.

The telegraphic lines of Russia are rapidly advancing into Asia.

The prince of Wales's income from his Cornwall property last year was near \$3,000,000.

They manufacture pencil cases in England from human bones gathered at Sebastopol.

The first lunar eclipse on record, was observed on the 19th of March, 720 B. C.

In 1558 the aggregate tonnage of the whole English navy was only 11,820 tons, or about one half of the Great Eastern.

Mintie, the inventor of the rifle bearing his name, supervises an immense workshop in Paris. The perfection of arms is the devouring passion of his life.

The theatres of Paris paid into the hands of the dramatic authors and composers, for works performed during the year 1860, the munificent sum of fifty thousand pounds sterling.

Sir Charles Fellows has bequeathed the watch of Milton to the British Museum, with the stipulation that it shall always be kept exposed to public view.

A widow named Lecuriot recently died in Paris at the age of ninety, in the very room where she was born, and which she occupied during the whole course of her long life.

Sir Roderick Murchison, at a late meeting of the Ethnological Society, said there were now living in the forests of Poland animals which have hitherto been supposed to be extinct.

The American sugar maple tree has been planted experimentally in the woods of Boulougne, in order to test the practicability of, acclimating the tree in France for its yield of sugar.

The cubic contents of St. Paul's Cathedral in London are 5,000,000,000 feet. This is heated by thirteen hot air stoves, and an average temperature of 50 deg. Fah., maintained during every day in winter.

In Paris firewood is very scarce, and sold only for domestic purposes, and generally in small sticks, or what would be called in America, brush. It is used very sparingly, as the price is fifty cents per hundred, or half a cent a pound.

In the summer of 1859 the Volunteer Riflemen of England numbered but 1500 men. Now a force of 140,000 men perfectly equipped, are fit to take the field. This army has its own cavalry, its own artillery, and its own engineers, as well as its battalions of infantry.

The London Society of Female Artists have recently opened a successful exhibition in that city. The works are divided into two classes, oil pictures and paintings, and drawings in water colors and chalks. A marine painter, Eliza D. Murray, is highly spoken of. Juliette Bonheur, a sister of Rosa, is one of the contributors.

It is said that in Denmark carriage horses are taught to step highly by the substitution of magnifying glasses for blinkers. They mistake every pebble for a boulder, and lift their legs accordingly. This must be in the same place where green spectacles are worn by jackasses, who thus suppose shavings to be wisps of hay.

The bombardment of Gaeta cost twenty-five millions of francs.

The best London omnibuses cost 665 dollars each.

The money gambled away annually at Baden Baden, Germany, amounts to \$10,000,000.

Every person in Great Britain pays annually an average of about three pounds sterling for the support of the government.

Horseflesh is regularly quoted in the market prices current of several towns in Germany, not on the hoof, but cut up for feed.

The Clydesdale horses are famous for their strength, frequently drawing four tons and a half at one load.

Madame the Duchess of Gallifet went to a fancy ball, in Paris, in the costume of a tulp! A lively princess appeared on the same occasion as a butterfly.

Handsome velvet pile carpets are now sold in England at seventy-five cents per yard (our money), about half what is asked for them in New York.

A bridle has been invented in France, with which a runaway horse's nostrils are suddenly closed, an effectual method, it is said, to stop the animal.

A beautiful stone mansion near Funchal, with offices, terraces, shrubbery, and every convenience, is advertised for sale at \$4000. This gives us some idea of the value of the estates in Madeira.

A musical society a hundred years old exists in London, and will soon hold its centenary anniversary celebration. It was founded in 1761, and called the "Nobility and Gentry's Catch Club."

Two electric lamps are now placed in the Place du Carrousel, Paris, kept brilliantly lighted by an electro-magnetic machine, which is itself worked by a portable steam-engine of two horse-power.

An ingenious English inventor proposes to remedy the want of bust in ladies of "a given thinness," by a jacket, to be inflated by the wearer to the proper shape, and, as Willis would say, "plumtitude."

A Scotch girl, named Barbara Crawford, has been found in one of the islands in Torres Straits. She was the only person saved from a wreck, and had been kindly used by the natives, among whom she lived five years.

The emperor of the French has contributed 10,000 francs towards a prize which the Academy of Sciences propose offering for the best essay on the question of the "Reproduction of bone when broken, or crushed by accidents, etc."

Religious liberty of the most unrestricted character has been proclaimed at Naples. All former concordats and treaties with Rome are abrogated, and ecclesiastical power is limited to the punishment of ecclesiastical offences merely.

The last Prince of Wales (afterward George IV.) when he came to the throne had debts amounting to nearly a million, which the nation was compelled to pay; the present prince on coming of age, will find a snug nest-egg of half a million of money invested in his name.

Record of the Times.

The oil springs of Little Kanawka, Western Virginia, yield 50,000 barrels a day.

Coal ashes placed around peach trees do them a heap of good.

The export of dead Celestials to their native land, is a great business in California.

In 1858, the State of New York manufactured 24,000 tons of maple sugar.

An Indian paper is published at Sarnia, C. W., called the "Petebun" (Peep of Day).

Statistics of Syrian massacres show that 16,000 Christians were killed, and 3000 women and young girls sold into Turkish harems.

The London Omnibus Company calculate that the "knock downs" of their drivers are at least \$150,000 per annum.

The new opera house in Paris will have a large garden arranged for promenades in the intervals of performance. The idea is New York Niblo's.

It is stated that carbon and iron have recently been found not to be elementary substances, the former being convertible into silicon, the latter into rhodium.

The wife and mother of an humble family in Great Barrington, all of whom were employed in a factory there, has lately come in possession of an English legacy of \$500,000. So it is reported.

The Melbourne (Australia) Herald states that in less than a quarter of a century, Australia has increased from 170,000 to 530,000 persons and in ten years has exported 23,000,000 ounces of gold.

A report has recently been presented to the Paris Academy of the Sciences on the deterioration of Egyptian wheat which has been going on during recent years. The causes are stated to be want of new seed, and the bad quality of the land selected for sowing wheat.

No State tax is to be levied in Illinois for the next two years; the accumulation of the sinking fund for paying off the State debt, beyond the amount falling due, and the revenue from stock on the Central Railroad will defray all the expenses of the State government.

A new carpet manufacturing machine has been tested by the Chamber of Commerce at Nismes, in France. It is claimed to be applicable to shawls and all woolen stuffs, saving labor, material and expense, and insuring brilliancy of color and brightness of pattern.

The quantity of gas used in Philadelphia is perfectly enormous. Last year the consumption amounted to 639,578,000 cubic feet, and on one occasion, 2,828,000 feet were produced in a single day. There are 474,961 private lights and 5345 public lamps. The total sum received for gas, coke, etc., during the year, was \$1,238,447.

The Bristol (Eng.) Post says that one of the parish churches in that neighborhood was lately the scene of a gay wedding, which attracted no small degree of attention from the fact that the bride was a fine young lady, six feet and two inches in height, while the happy bridegroom rejoiced in the altitude of three feet two inches—being one inch more than half the number measured by his fair helpmate.

The Turkish bath as a means of training race-horses, is extensively used in England.

The metropolis of London contains four times the population of the city of New York.

The famine in Northwestern India extends over thousands of miles.

Put charcoal about your rosebushes; it will greatly beautify them.

Two emotions, says Mr. Rarey, fear and anger, a true horseman should never feel.

Potatoes were in general use in New England in the year 1720.

A man at Penn Yan, New York, has invented a machine that husks, shells, cleans, and puts corn into bags.

According to an official report, fifty-five persons have been killed by the Indians in Texas during the last fourteen years.

Some miscreant in Cleveland, Ohio, hurled a stone at the statue of Perry, breaking the sword he holds in his hand.

Florida has just sold half a million of acres of land to some New Orleans speculators at two cents an acre.

Galileo, the great astronomer, was imprisoned for life because he declared that Venus shone with a borrowed light, and from the sun, as the centre of our system.

Three hard-working miners took out of a quartz vein on Feather River, California, \$20,000 worth of ore in three days. One forenoon's work was \$8000.

Sir Arthur Cotton, an eminent engineer in India, says that to produce cotton in that country successfully will require irrigation by means of canal communication with rivers.

The celebrated pianist, Henri Herz, whose playing and compositions were alike popular in the musical circles of London, some years ago, has just published in Paris his 200th work, a remarkable example of prolific genius.

In the historical collection at the Palace at Berlin, there are two cannon balls, each with one side flattened, said to have been fired by opposite parties at the siege of Madgeburgh, and to have met together in the air.

A capital definition of good farming was given by a Mr. Kane, at an agricultural discussion in England. He said he fed his land before it was hungry; rested it before it was weary; and weeded it before it was foul.

Lotteries are flourishing in the South. They are in operation in Savannah, Charleston, and other cities, with so-called "prizes," ranging from \$5000 to \$200,000. The business appears to have received an impulse.

Matthew Vassar of Poughkeepsie has given upward of four hundred thousand dollars to endow a college for the education of young women. Mr. Vassar bears away the palm for liberality and generous devotion to the interests of the fair sex.

Among the conditions of a recent horse race at San Francisco, was the stipulation that the owner of the losing horse was to proceed to Oakland, stand on the string piece of the wharf, and permit himself to be shoved overboard by the more fortunate winner!

Merry-Making.

What plant is fatal to mice? Catnip.

Why is the letter N like a buck's tail? Because it's the end of venison.

When is the bark of the pine no longer bark? When it's a fire (on fire).

When is a man most in danger of being beaten? When he belongs to a club.

When is a man, like friendship, most severely tried? When he stands a loan.

In all noble enterprises, the ladies are like the electric telegraph—far in advance of the males.

If you use a fire-arm, take care that in shooting off your arm you don't shoot off your hand.

What is it which never asks any questions, but requires many answers? The street-door.

The boy who undertook to suck an egg-plant, and was choked by the yolk, has recovered.

It is a great waste of raw materials to put five dollars' worth of beaver on ten cents' worth of brains.

Why is a New York omnibus like the heart of a flirt? Because there is always room for one more to be taken in.

An eminent tetotalter would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water colors.

Some fellows deposit all their money inside their vests in the form of victuals and drink, and call that investing it.

What's in a name? Tommy Trott is the name of the new chief clerk of the post-office department. He is a Connecticutter.

"I can't undertake, wife, to gratify all your whims; it would be as much as my life is worth." "O, sir, that is nothing."

It would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that a loadstone isn't the most diverting thing in the world.

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

Perhaps tailors are not braver than other people, but any one of them can face a dozen regimental coats without flinching.

The press published a paragraph recently, respecting a scented diamond. Most women prefer to have a diamond sent.

"I think I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?" "O, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Sawyer, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

A tar, who had been boasting of the numerous foreign places he had seen, was asked if he had ever seen Louisiana. "No," said Jack; "what country does she live in?"

Waiter: "Did you wish for anything else, sir?" Testy Old Gent (who has had all that can be wished for): "Of course I do." Waiter: "What is it, sir?" Old Gent: "My appetite."

A young candidate for the legal profession, was asked what he should do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for ten dollars on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

"After me, is manners," as the roast beef said to the pudding.

An Irish paper advertises, "Wanted, an anybody man as a washerwoman."

If ladies will wear hoops, they must necessarily make themselves butts.

It is said "the hare is one of the most timid animals, yet it always dies game!" Why shouldn't it when it is always made game of?

We were considerably amused by an anecdote that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six men on the ground; and six misses.

A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with herself in the formation of an "Art Union."

A money lender serves you in the present; but he lends you in the conditional mood, keeps in the subjective, and ruins you in the future.

"I am going—you need not make so much noise about it," as the cannon ball said to the cannon.

"You look as if you were beside yourself," as the wag said to the fellow who stood by the side of his ass.

Many persons are in advance of their age; an old maid generally manages to be about ten years behind hers.

An eastern editor says that nothing is sweeter than the warm and ardent kiss from one who is unless it is molasses.

It is mentioned as a curious circumstance, that a watch should be perfectly dry when it is running spring in it.

Husband—"Mary, my love, this apple-doling is not half done." Wife—"Well, then, my dear."

If an empty purse could speak, what a like speech would it make? "You'll find change in me!"

A young man who has recently taken a bath, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

"You lost two legs in the army, you say; how did you gain by it?" "Single blessedness, for, after that, no woman would marry me."

If a very rich old lady is dangerously ill, dutiful relatives are sure to remember that pain and disease entitle one to every possible attention.

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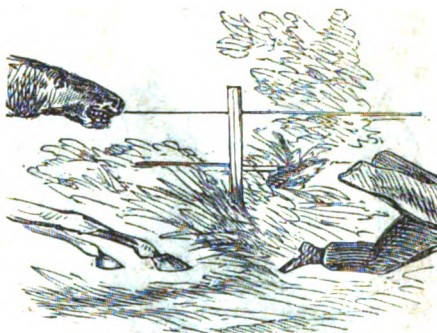
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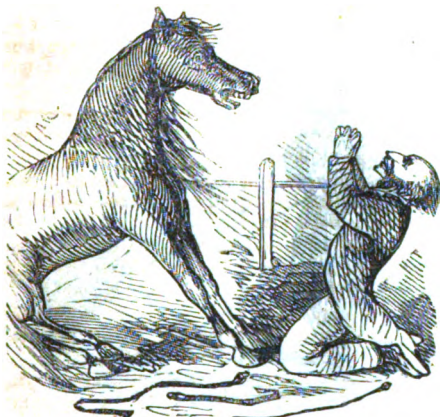
Mr. Verisopht's Experience as a Horse-Tamer.



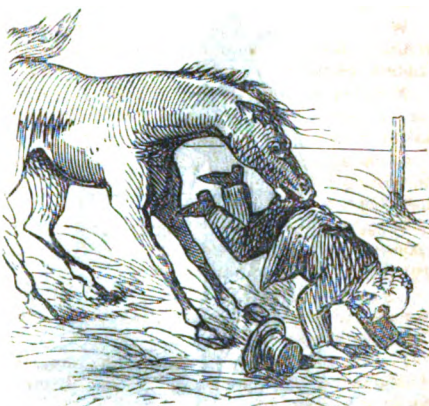
Mr. Verisopht gets himself in dead imitation of Rarey, to commence his experiments.



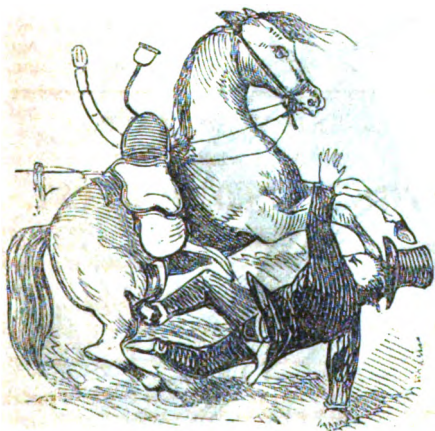
The horse he attempts to approach proves a hunter, and gives him a sharp run.



The horse not falling on his knees, Mr. Verisopht falls on his, and tries moral suasion.



The ungrateful quadruped makes an attack in the rear, to the damage of Mr. V.'s pantaloonery.



Shows how Mr. Rarey doesn't mount a horse without buckling the saddle-girth.



Mr. V. succeeds in taming the fore legs, but the hind legs prove entirely refractory.

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The way our artist proposes to tame the hind legs—patent applied for but not received.



A horse offered to him for taming, but peremptorily rejected at sight, as worse than Crusier.



The way Mr. V. appeared after being overpowered by Crusier No. 2.



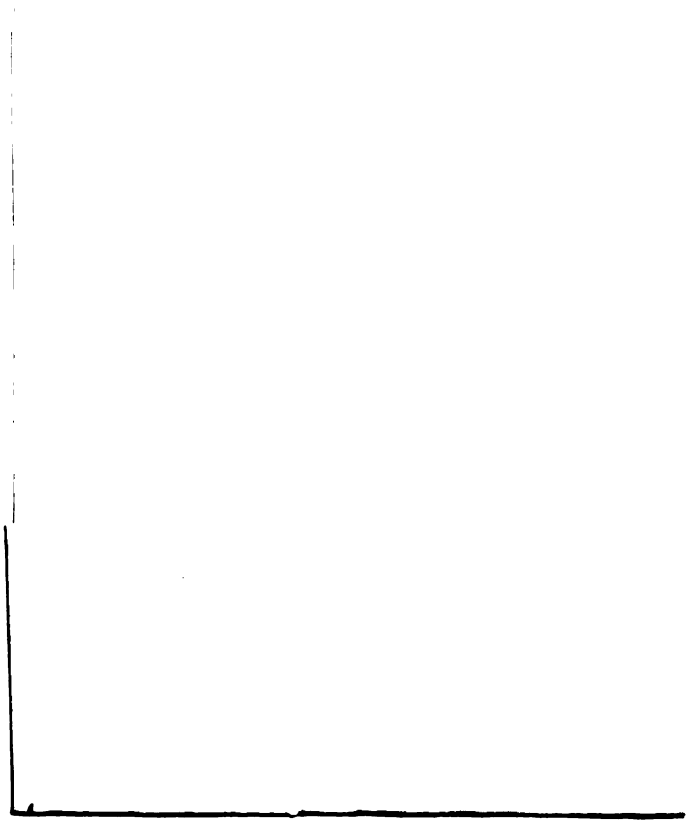
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